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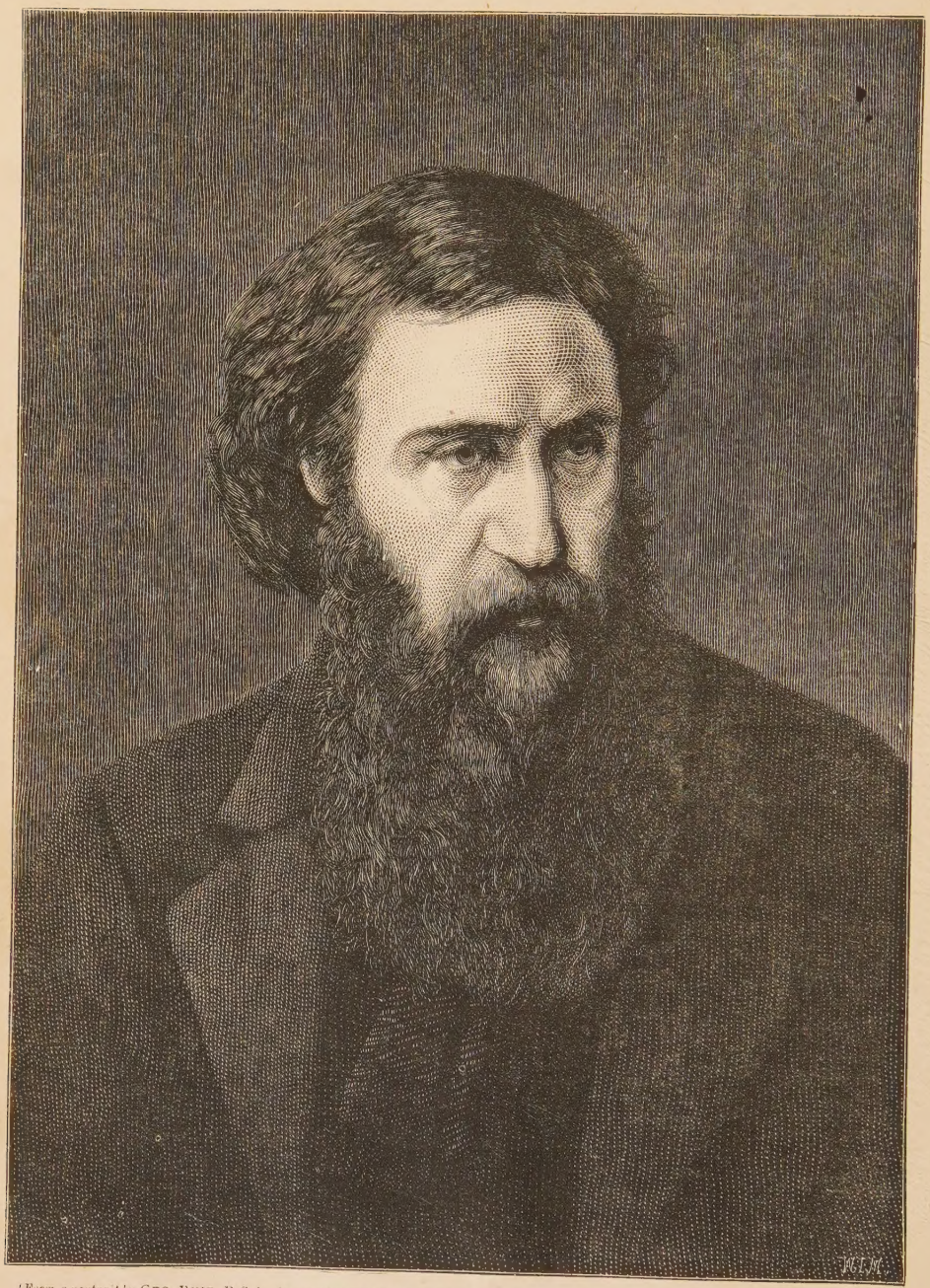

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Yours most truly
George MacDonald

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WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER I.—BAD WEATHER.

IT was a gray, windy noon in the beginning of autumn. The sky and the sea were almost of the same colour, and that not a beautiful one. The edge of the horizon where they met was an edge no more, but a bar thick and blurred, across which from the unseen came troops of waves that broke into white crests, the flying manes of speed, as they rushed at, rather than ran towards the shore: in their eagerness came out once more the old enmity between moist and dry. The trees and the smoke were greatly troubled, the former because they would fain stand still, the latter because it would fain ascend, while the wind kept tossing the former and beating down the latter. Not one of the hundreds of fishing boats belonging to the coast was to be seen; not a sail even was visible, not the smoke of a solitary steamer ploughing its own miserable path through the rain-fog to London or Aberdeen. It was sad weather and depressing to not a few of the thousands come to Burcliff to enjoy a holiday which, whether of days or of weeks, had looked short to the labour-weary when first they came, and was growing shorter and shorter, while the days that composed it grew longer and longer by the frightful vitality of dreariness. Especially to those of them who hated work, a day like this, wrapping them in a blanket of fog, whence the water was every now and then squeezed down upon them in the wettest of all rains, seemed a huge bite snatched by that vague enemy—against whom the grumbling of the world is continually directed—out of the cake that by every right and reason belonged to them. For were they not born to be happy, and how was human being to fulfil his destiny in such circumstances?

There are men and women who can be happy in any—even in such circumstances and worse, but they are rare, and not a little better worth knowing than the common class of mortals—alas that they *will* be common! *content* to be common they are not and cannot be. Among these exceptional mortals I do not count such as, having secured the corner of a couch within the radius of a good fire, forget the world around them by help of the magic lantern of a novel that interests them: such may not be in the least worth knowing for their disposition or moral attainment—not even although the noise of the waves on the sands, or the storm in the chimney, or the rain on the windows but serves to deepen the calm of their spirits. Take the novel away; give the fire a black

heart; let the smells born in a lodging-house kitchen invade the sitting-room, and the person, man or woman, who can then, on such a day, be patient with a patience pleasant to other people, is, I repeat, one worth knowing—and such there are, though not many. Mrs. Raymount, half the head and more than half the heart of a certain family in a certain lodging-house in the fore-front of Burcliff, was one of such.

It was not a large family, yet contained perhaps as many varieties of character and temper as some larger ones, with as many several ways of fronting such a misfortune —for that is what poor creatures, the slaves of the elements, count it—as rainy weather in a season concerning which all men are agreed that it ought to be fine, and that something is out of order, giving ground of complaint, if it be not fine. The father met it with tolerably good humour; but he was so busy writing a paper for one of the monthly reviews, that he would have kept the house had the day been as fine as both the church-going visitors, and the mammon-worshipping residents with income depending on the reputation of their weather, would have made it if they could, nor once said *by your leave;* therefore he had no credit, and his temper must pass as not proven. But if you had taken from the mother her piece of work—she was busy embroidering a lady's pinafore in a design for which she had taken colours and arrangement from a peacock's feather, but was disposing them in the form of a sun which with its rays covered the stomacher, the deeper tints making the shadows between the golden arrows—had you taken from her this piece of work, I say, and given her nothing to do instead, she would yet have looked and been as peaceful as she now looked, for she was not like Dr. Doddridge's dog that did not know who made him.

A longish lad stood in the bow-window, leaning his head on the shutter, in a mood of smouldering rebellion against the order of things. He was such a mere creature of moods, that individual judgments of his character might well have proved irreconcilable. He had not yet begun by the use of his will—constantly indeed mistaking impulse for will—to blend the conflicting elements of his nature into one. He was therefore a man much as the mass of flour and raisins &c., when first put into the bag, is a plum-pudding; and had to pass through something analogous to boiling to give him a chance of becoming worthy of the name he would have arrogated. But in his own estimate of himself he claimed always the virtues of whose presence he was conscious in his good moods, letting the bad ones slide, nor taking any account of what was in them. He substituted forgetfulness for repudiation, a return of good humour for repentance, and at best a joke for apology.

Mark, a pale, handsome boy of ten, and Josephine, a rosy girl of seven, sat on the opposite side of the fire, amusing themselves with a puzzle. The gusts of wind, and the great splashes of rain on the glass, only made them feel the cosier and more satisfied.

"Beastly weather!" remarked Cornelius, as, with an effort, half wriggle, half spring, he raised himself perpendicular, and turned towards the room rather than the persons in it.

"I'm sorry you don't like it, Cornie," said his elder sister, who sat beside her mother trimming what promised to be a pretty bonnet. A concentrated effort to draw her needle through an accumulation of silken folds seemed to take something off the bloom of the smile with which she spoke.

"Oh, it's all very well for girls!" returned Cornelius. "You don't do anything worth doing; and besides you've got so many things you like doing, and so much time to do them in, that it's all one to you whether you go out or stay at home. But when a fellow has but a miserable three weeks and then back to a rot of work he cares no more for than a felon for the treadmill, then it is rather hard to have such a hole made in it! Day after day, as sure as the sun rises—if he does rise,—of weather as abominable as rain and wind can make it!"

"My dear boy!" said his mother, without looking up.

"Oh, yes, mother! I know! You're so good you would have had Job himself take it coolly. But I'm not like you. Only you needn't think me so very—what you call it! It's only a breach in the laws of nature I'm grumbling at. I don't mean anything to offend you."

"Perhaps you mean more than you think," answered his mother, with a deep-drawn breath, which, if not a sigh, was very nearly one. "I should be far more miserable than any weather could make me, not to be able to join in the song of the three holy children."

"I've heard you say that before, mother," said the youth, in a tone that roused his sister's anger; for much that the mother let pass was by the daughter for her sake resented. "But you see," he went on, "the three holy children, as you call them, hadn't

much weather of any sort where they sung their song. Precious tired one gets of it before the choir's through with it!"

"They would have been glad enough of some of the weather you call beastly," said Hester, again pulling through a stiff needle, this time without any smile, for sometimes that brother was more than she could bear.

"Oh, I dare say! But then, you see, they knew, when they got out, they wouldn't have to go back to a beastly bank, where notes and gold all day went flying about like bats—nothing but the sight and the figures of it coming their way!"

The mother's face grew very sad as it bent over her work. The youth saw her trouble.

"Mother, don't be vexed with a fellow," he said, more gently. "I wasn't made good like you."

"I think you were right about the holy children," she said quietly.

"What!" exclaimed Cornelius. "Mother, I never once before heard you say I was right about any mortal thing! Come, this is pleasant! I begin to think strong ale of myself. I don't understand it, though."

"Shall I tell you? Would you care to know what I mean?"

"Oh yes, mother! if you want to tell me."

"I think you were right when you implied it was the furnace that made them sing about the world outside of it: one can fancy the idea of the frost and the snow and the ice being particularly pleasant to them. And I am afraid, Cornelius, my dear son, you need the furnace to teach you that the will of God, even in the weather, is a thing for rejoicing in, not for abusing. But I dread the fire for your sake, my boy!"

"I should have thought this weather and the bank behind it furnace enough, mother!" he answered, trying to laugh off her words.

"It does not seem to be," she said, with some displeasure. "—But then," she added with a sigh, "you have not the same companion the three holy children had."

"Who was that?" rejoined Cornelius, for he had partly forgotten the story he knew well enough in childhood.

"We will not talk about *him* now," answered his mother. "He has been knocking at your chamber-door for some time: when he comes to the furnace-door, perhaps you will open *that* to him."

Cornelius returned no answer; he felt his mother's seriousness awkward, and said to himself she was unkind: why couldn't she make some allowance for a fellow? He meant no harm!

He was still less patient with his mother's not very frequent admonitions, since going into the bank, for, much as he disliked it, he considered himself quite a man of the world in consequence. But he was almost as little capable of slipping like a pebble among other pebbles, the peculiar faculty of the man of the world, as he was of perceiving the kind of thing his mother cared about—and that not from moral lack alone, but from dullness and want of imagination as well. He was like the child so sure he can run alone that he snatches his hand from his mother's, and sets off through dirt and puddles, so to act the part of the great personage he would consider himself.

With all her peace of soul, the heart of the mother was very anxious about her son, but she said no more to him now: she knew that the shower-bath is not the readiest mode of making a child friendly with cold water.

Just then broke out the sun. The wind had at last blown a hole in the clouds, and through that at once, as is his wont, and the wont of a greater light than the sun, he shone.

"Come! there's something almost like sunshine!" said Cornelius, having for a few moments watched the light on the sands. "Before it goes in again, as it's sure to do in five minutes at the farthest, get on your bonnet, Hester, and let's have an attempt at a walk."

Before Hester could answer came a sudden spatter of rain on the window.

"There! I told you so! That's always the way! Just my luck! For me to set my heart on a thing is all one with being disappointed of it."

"But if the thing was not worth setting your heart on?" said Hester, speaking with forced gentleness.

"What does that signify? The thing is that your heart is set on it. What you think nothing other people may yet be bold enough to take for something."

"Well, at least, if I had to be disappointed, I should like it to be in something that would be worth having."

"Would you now?" returned Cornelius spitefully. "I hope you may have what you want. For my part I don't desire to be better than my neighbour. I think it downright selfish."

"Do you want to be as good as your neighbour, Cornie?" said his mother, looking up through a film of tears. "—But there is a more important question than that," she went on, having waited a moment

in vain for an answer, "and that is, whether you are content with being as good as yourself, or want to be better."

"To tell you the truth, mother, I don't trouble my head about such things. Philosophers are agreed that self-consciousness is the bane of the present age: I mean to avoid it. If you had let me go into the army, I might have had some leisure for what you call thought, but that horrible bank takes everything out of a fellow. The only thing it leaves is a burning desire to forget it at any cost till the time comes when you must endure it again. If I hadn't some amusement in between, I should cut my throat, or take to opium or brandy. I wonder how the governor would like to be in my place!"

Hester rose and left the room, indignant with him for speaking so of his father.

"If your father were in your place, Cornelius," said his mother with dignity, "he would perform the duties of it without grumbling, however irksome they might be."

"How do you know that, mother? He was never tried."

"I know it because I know him," she answered.

Cornelius gave a grunt.

"If you think it hard," his mother resumed, "that you have to follow a way of life not of your own choosing, you must remember that you never could be got to express a preference for one way over another, and that your father had to strain every nerve to send you to college—to the disadvantage, for a time at least, of others of the family. I am sorry to have to remind you also that you did not make it any easier for him by your mode of living while there."

"I didn't run up a single bill!" cried Cornelius with indignation; "and my father knows it!"

"He does; but he knows also that your cousin Robert did not spend above two-thirds of what you did, and made more of his time too!"

"He was in *rather* a different set," sneered the youth.

"And you know," his mother went on, "that his main design in placing you in your uncle's bank was that you might gain such a knowledge of business as will be necessary to the proper management of the money he will leave behind him. When you have gained that knowledge, there will be time to look farther, for you are young yet."

Now his father's money was the continuous occasion of annoyance to Cornelius, for it was no secret from his family how he meant to dispose of it. He intended, namely, to leave it under trustees, of whom he wished his son to be one until he married, when it was to be divided equally among his children. This arrangement was not agreeable to Cornelius, who could not see, he said, what advantage in that case he had from being the eldest of the family.

He broke out in a tone of expostulation, ready to swell into indignant complaint.

"Now, mother," he said, "do you think it fair that I should have to look after the whole family as if they were my own?"

This was by no means his real cause of complaint, but he chose to use it as his grievance for the present.

"You will have the other trustees to advise with," said his mother. "It need not weigh on you very heavily."

"Well, of course, I could do better with it than anybody out of the family."

"If you have your father's love of fair play, Cornelius, you will. What you can do to that end now is to make yourself thoroughly acquainted with business."

"A bank's not the place to get the knowledge of business necessary for that sort of thing."

"Your father has reasons for preferring a general to any special knowledge. The fitness resulting will depend upon yourself. And when you marry you will, as you know, be rid of the responsibility. So far your father and you are of one mind: he does not think it fair that a *married* man should be burdened with any family but his own."

"What if I should marry before my father's death?"

"I hope, indeed, you will, Cornelius. The arrangement your father has made is one of provision against the unlikely. When you are married, I don't doubt he will make another, to meet the new circumstances."

"Now," said Cornelius to himself, "I do believe if I was to marry money—as why shouldn't I?—my father would divide my share amongst the rest, and not give me a farthing!"

Full of the injury of the idea, he rose and left the room. His mother, poor woman, wept as he vanished. She dared not allow herself to ask why she wept—dared not allow to herself that her first-born was not a lovely thought to her—dared not ask where he could have got such a mean nature—so mean that he did not know he was mean.

Although the ill-humour in which he had been ever since he came, was by himself

attributed to the weather, and had been expended on the cooking, on the couches, on the beds, and twenty different things that displeased him, he had nevertheless brought it with him; and her experience gave her the sad doubt that the cause of it might lie in his own conduct—for the consciousness may be rendered uneasy without much rousing of the conscience proper. He had always been fitful and wayward, but had never before behaved so unpleasantly. Certainly his world had not improved him for his home. Yet amongst his companions he bore the character of the best-natured fellow in the world. To them he never showed any of the peevishness arising from mental discomfort, but kept it for those who loved him a thousand times better, and would have cheerfully parted with their own happiness for his. He was but one of a large herd of youths possessing no will of their own, yet enjoying the reputation of a strong one; for, moved by liking, or any foolish notion his pettiness made a principle of, he would be obstinate; and the common philosophy always takes obstinacy for strength of will, even when it springs from utter inability to will against liking.

Mr. Raymount knew little of the real nature of his son. The youth was afraid of his father—none the less that he spoke of him with so little respect. Before him he dared not show his true nature. He knew and dreaded the scorn which the least disclosure of his feeling about the intended division of his father's money would rouse in him. He knew also that his mother would not betray him—he would have counted it betrayal—to his father; nor would any one who had ever heard Mr. Raymount give vent to his judgment of any conduct he despised, have wondered at the reticence of either of them.

Whether in his youth he would have done as well in a position like his son's as his worshipping wife believed, may be doubtful; but that he would have done better than his son must seem more than probable.

CHAPTER II.—FATHER, MOTHER, AND SON.

Gerald Raymount was a man of an unusual combination of qualities. There were such contradictions in his character as to give ground for the suspicion, in which he certainly himself indulged, that there must be in him at least one strain not far removed from the savage, while on the other hand there were mental conditions apparently presupposing ages of culture. At the university he had indulged in large reading outside the hedge of his required studies, and gained thus an acquaintance with and developed a faculty in literature destined to stand him in good stead.

Inheriting earthly life and a history—nothing more—from a long line of ancestors, and a few thousand pounds—less than twenty—from his father, who was a country attorney, a gentle, quarrelsome man, who yet never, except upon absolute necessity, carried a case into court, he had found, as his family increased, that his income was not sufficient for their maintenance in accustomed ease. With not one expensive personal taste between them, they had neither of them the faculty for saving money—often but another phrase for doing mean things. Neither husband nor wife was capable of *screwing*. Had the latter been, certainly the free-handedness of the former would have driven her to it; but while Mrs. Raymount would go without a new bonnet till an outcry arose in the family that its respectability was in danger, she could not offer two shillings a day to a sempstress who thought herself worth half-a-crown; she could not allow a dish to be set on her table which was not as likely to encourage hunger as to allay it; neither because some richer neighbours gave so little, would she take to herself the spiritual fare provided in church without making a liberal acknowledgment in carnal things. The result of this way of life was the deplorable one that Mr. Raymount was compelled to rouse himself, and, from the chair of a somewhat self-indulgent reader of many books, betake himself to his study-table, to prove whether it were not possible for him to become the writer of such as might add to an income showing scantier every quarter. Here we may see the natural punishment of liberal habits; for this man indulging in them, and, instead of checking them in his wife, loving her the more that she indulged in them also, was for this reason condemned to labour—the worst evil of life in the judgment of both the man about Mayfair and the tramp of the casual ward. But there are others who dare not count that labour an evil which helps to bring out the best elements of human nature, not even when the necessity for it outlasts any impulse towards it, and who remember the words of the Lord: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

For Gerald Raymount, it made a man of him—which he is not who is of no service to his generation. Doubtless he was driven thereto by necessity; but the question is not

whether a man works upon more or less compulsion, but whether the work he is thus taught to do he makes good honest work for which the world is so much the better. In this matter of work there are many first that shall be last. The work of a baker for instance must stand higher in the judgment of the universe than that of a brewer, let his ale be ever so good. Because the one trade brings more money than the other the judgment of this world counts it more honourable, but there is the other judgment at hand.

In the exercise of his calling Raymount was compelled to think more carefully than before, and thus not only his mind took a fresh start, but his moral and spiritual nature as well. He slid more and more into writing out of the necessities and experiences of his own heart and history, and so by degrees gained power of the only true kind—that, namely, of rousing the will, not merely the passions, or even the aspirations of men. The poetry in which he had disported himself at college now came to the service of his prose, and the deeper poetic nature, which is the prophetic in every man, awoke in him. Till after they had lived together a good many years the wife did not know the worth of the man she had married, nor indeed was he half the worth when she married him that he had now grown to be. The longer they lived the prouder she grew of him and of his work; nor was she the less the practical wisdom of the house that she looked upon her husband as a great man. He was not a great man—only a growing man; yet was she nothing the worse for thinking so highly of him; the object of it was not such that her admiration caused her to deteriorate.

The daughter of a London barrister, of what is called a good family, she had opportunity of knowing something of what is called life before she married, and from mere dissatisfaction had early begun to withdraw from the show and self-assertion of social life, and seek within herself the door of that quiet chamber whose existence is unknown to most. For a time she found thus a measure of quiet—not worthy of the name of rest: she had not heeded a certain low knocking as of one who would enter and share it with her; but now for a long time he who thus knocked had been her companion in the chamber whose walls are the infinite. Why is it that men and women will welcome any tale of love, devotion, and sacrifice from one to another of themselves, but turn from the least hint at the existence of a perfect love at the root of it all? With such a message to them, a man is a maundering prophet! Is it not that their natures are yet so far from the ideal, the natural, the true, that the words of the prophet rouse in them no vision, no poorest perception of spiritual fact?

Helen Raymount was now a little woman of fifty, clothed in a sweet dignity, from which the contrast she disliked between her plentiful gray hair and her great clear dark eyes, took nothing: it was an opposition without discord. She had but the two daughters and two sons already introduced, of whom Hester was the eldest.

Wise as was the mother, and far-seeing as was the father, they had made the mistake common to all but the wisest parents, of putting off to a period more or less too late the moment of beginning to teach their children obedience. If this be not commenced at the first possible moment, there is no better reason why it should be begun at any other, except that it will be the harder every hour it is postponed. The spiritual loss and injury caused to the child by their waiting till they fancy him fit to reason with, is immense; yet there is nothing in which parents are more stupid and cowardly, if not stiff-necked, than this. I do not speak of those mere animal parents whose lasting influence over their progeny is not a thing to be greatly desired, but of those who, having a conscience, yet avoid this part of their duty in a manner of which a good motherly cat would be ashamed. To one who has learned of all things to desire deliverance from himself, a nursery in which the children are humoured and scolded and punished instead of being taught obedience, looks like a moral slaughter-house.

The dawn of reason will doubtless help to develop obedience; but obedience is yet more necessary to the development of reason. To require of a child only what he can understand the reason of, is simply to help him to make himself his own God—that is a devil. That some seem so little injured by their bad training is no argument in presence of the many in whom one can read as in a book the consequences of their parents' foolishness.

Cornelius was a youth of good abilities and with a few good qualities. Naturally kind-hearted, yet full of self and its poor importance, he had an admiration of certain easy and showy virtues. He was himself not incapable of an unthinking generosity; felt pity for picturesque suffering; was tempted to kindness by the prospect of a responsive devotion. Unable to bear the sight of suffer-

ing, he was yet careless of causing it where he would not see it; incapable of thwarting himself, he was full of weak indignation at being thwarted; supremely conceited, he had yet a regard for the habits and judgments of men of a certain stamp which towards a great man would have been veneration, and would have elevated his being. But the sole essentials of life as yet discovered by Cornelius were a good carriage, good manners, self-confidence, and seeming carelessness in spending. That the spender was greedy after the money he yet scorned to work for, made no important difference in Cornelius's estimate of him. In a word, he fashioned a fine-gentleman-god in his foolish brain, and then fell down and worshipped him with what worship was possible between them. To all home-excellence he was so far blind that he looked down upon it; the opinion of father or mother, though they had reared such a son as himself, was not to be compared in authority with that of Reginald Vavasor, who, though so poor as to be one of his fellow-clerks, was heir apparent to an earldom.

CHAPTER III.—THE MAGIC LANTERN.

CORNELIUS, leaving his mother, took refuge with his anger in his own room. Although he had occupied it but a fortnight, the top of its chest of drawers was covered with yellow novels—the sole kind of literature for which Cornelius cared. Of this he read largely, if indeed his mode of swallowing could be called reading: his father would have got more pleasure out of the poorest of them than Cornelius could from a dozen. And now in this day's dreariness, he had not one left unread, and was too lazy or effeminate or prudent to encounter the wind and rain that beset the path betwixt him and the nearest book-shop. None of his father's books had any attraction for him. Neither science, philosophy, history, nor poetry held for him any interest. A drearier soul in a drearier setting could hardly be imagined than the soul of this youth in that day's weather at Burcliff.

Does a reader remark, "Well, wherein was the poor fellow to blame? No man can make himself like this or like that! The thing that is a passion to one is a bore to another! Some with both ear and voice have no love for music. Most exquisite of sonatas would not to them make up for a game of billiards! They cannot help it: they are made so"?—I answer, It is true no one can by an effort of the will care for this or that; but where a man cares for nothing that is worth caring for, the fault must lie, not in the nature God made, but in the character the man himself has made and is making. There is a moral reason why he does not and cannot care. If Cornelius had begun at any time, without other compulsion than the urging within him, to do something he knew he ought to do, he would not now have been the poor slave of circumstance he was, at the call and beck of the weather—such, in fact, as the weather willed. When men face a duty, not merely will that duty become at once less unpleasant to them, but life itself will *immediately* begin to gather interest; for in duty, and in duty only, does the individual begin to come into real contact with life; therein only can he see what life is, and grow fit for it.

He threw himself on his bed, for he dared not smoke where his father was, and dozed away the hours till lunch, then returned and dozed again, with more success, till tea-time. This was his only resource against the unpleasantness of the day. The others were nowise particularly weighed down by it, and the less that Cornelius was so little in the room, haunting the window with his hands in his pockets.

When tea was over, he rose and sauntered once more to the window, the only outlook he ever frequented.

"Hullo!" he cried, turning from it quickly. "I say, Hester! here's a lark! the sun's shining as if his grandmother had but just taught him how! The rain's over, I declare—at least for a quarter of an hour! Come, let's have a walk. We'll go and hear the band in the castle-gardens. I don't think there's anything going on at the theatre, else I would take you there."

The sight of the sun revives both men and midges.

"I would rather walk," said Hester. "It is seldom one sees good acting in the provinces. At best there is but one star. I prefer a jewel to a gem, and a decent play to a fine part."

"Hester," said Cornelius with reproof, "I believe you think it a fine thing to be hard to please! I know a fellow that calls it a kind of suicide. To allow a spot to spoil your pleasure in a beauty is to be too fond of perfection."

"No, Corney," answered his sister, "that is hardly my position. What I would say is rather, that one point of excellence is not enough to make a whole beautiful—a face, or a play—or a character."

Hester had a rather severe mode of speak-

ing, especially to this brother, which, if it had an end, failed of it. She was the only person in the house who could ever have done anything with him, and she lost her advantage—let me use a figure—by shouting to him from a distance, instead of coming close up to him and speaking in a whisper. But for that she did not love him enough, neither was she yet calm enough in herself to be able for it. I doubt much, however, if he would have been in any degree permanently the better for the best she could have done for him. He was too self-satisfied for any redemption. He was afraid of his father, resented the interference of his mother, was as cross as he pleased with his sister, and cared little whether she was vexed with him or not. And he regarded the opinion of any girl, just because she was a girl, too little to imagine any reflection on himself in the remark she had just made.

While they talked he had been watching the clouds.

"Do go, Hester," he said. "I give you my word it will be a fine evening."

She went to put on her hat and cloak, and presently they were in the street.

It was one of those misty clearings in which sometimes the Day seems to gather up his careless skirts, that have been sweeping the patient half-drowned world, as he draws nigh the threshold of the waiting Night. There was a great lump of orange-colour half melted up in the watery clouds of the west, but all was dreary and scarce consolable, up to the clear spaces above, stung with the steely stars that began to peep out of the blue hope of heaven. Thither Hester kept casting up her eyes as they walked, or rather somehow her eyes kept travelling thitherward of themselves, as if indeed they had to do with things up there. And the child that cries for the moon is wiser than the man who looks upon the heavens as a mere accident of the earth, with which none but *unpractical* men concern themselves.

But as she walked gazing at "an azure disc, shield of tranquillity," over her head, she set her foot down unevenly and gave her ankle a wrench. She could not help uttering a little cry.

"There now, Hester!" said Cornelius, pulling her up like a horse that stumbled, "that's what you get by your star-gazing! You are always coming to grief by looking higher than your head!"

"Oh, please, stop a minute, Corney," returned Hester, for the fellow would have walked on as if nothing had happened. "My ankle hurts so!"

"I didn't know it was so bad as that!" he answered, stopping. "There! take my arm."

"Now I can go on again," she said, after a few moments of silent endurance. "How stupid of me!—on a plain asphalt pavement!"

He might have excused her with the remark that just on such was an accidental inequality the more dangerous!

"What bright particular star were you worshipping now?" he asked scoffingly.

"What do you mean by that?" she rejoined in a tone affected by her suffering, which thence, from his lack of sympathy, he took for one of crossness.

"You know quite well," he answered roughly, "that you are always worshipping some paragon or other—for a while, till you get tired of her, and then throwing her away for another!"

Hester was hurt and made no answer.

There was some apparent ground for the accusation. She was ready to think extravagantly of any new acquaintance that pleased her. Frank and true and generous, it was but natural she should read others by herself; just as those in whom is meanness or guile cannot help attributing the same to the simplest. Nor was the result unnatural either, namely, that, when a brief intercourse had sufficed to reveal a nature on the common level, it sufficed also to chill the feeling that had rushed to the surface to welcome a friend, and send the new-found floating far away on the swift ebb of disappointment. Any whom she treated thus, called her, of course, fitful and changeable, whereas it was in truth the unchangeableness of her ideal and her faithfulness to it that exposed her to blame. She was so true, so much in earnest, and, although gentle, had so little softness to drape the sterner outlines of her character, that she was looked upon with dislike by not a few of her acquaintance.

"That again comes of looking too high, and judging with precipitation," resumed Cornelius, urged from within to be unpleasant—and the rather that she did not reply.

He was always ready to criticize, and it was so much the easier for him that he had not the least bent towards self-criticism. For the latter supposes some degree of truth in the inward parts, and that is obstructive to the indulgence of the former tendency. As to himself, he would be hand and glove at a moment's notice with any man who looked a gentleman and made himself agreeable; nor, whatever he might find him to be, was he, so long as the man was not looked down upon

"Beastly weather," remarked Cornelius.

by others, the least inclined to avoid his company because of moral shadiness. "A man can take care of himself!" he would say.

Hester stopped again.

"Corney," she said, "my ankle feels so weak! I am walking in terror of twisting it again. You must let me stand a bit. I shall be all right in a minute."

"I'm very sorry," rejoined her brother disagreeably. "We must take the first fly we meet, and go home again. It's just my luck! I thought we were going to have some fun!"

They stood silent, she looking nowhere, and he staring now in this direction, now in that.

"Hullo! what's this?" he cried, his gaze fixing on a large building opposite. "The Pilgrim's Progress! The Rake's Progress! Ha! ha! As edifying as amusing, no doubt! I suppose the Pilgrim and the Rake are contrasted with each other. But how, I wonder! Is it a lecture or a magic-lantern? Both, I dare say! Let's go in and see! I can't read any more of the bill. We may at least sit there till your ankle is better.

'Admission—front seats sixpence.' Come along. We may get a good laugh, who knows?—a thing cheap at any price—for our sixpences!"

"I don't mind," said Hester, and they crossed the road.

It was a large, dingy, dirty, water-stained, and somewhat dilapidated hall to which the stone stair, ascending immediately from the door, led them; and it would have looked considerably worse but for the obscurity belonging to the nature of the entertainment, through which it took some pains to discover the twenty-five or thirty people that formed the company present. It was indeed a dim, but not therefore a very religious light that pervaded rather than overcame the gloom, issuing chiefly from the crude and discordant colours of a luminous picture on a great screen at the farther end of the hall. There an ill proportioned figure, presenting, although his burden was of course gone some time, a still very humpy Christian, was shown extended on the ground, with his sword a yard beyond his reach, and Apollyon straddling across the whole breadth of the way, and taking him in the stride. But that huge stride was the fiend's sole expression of vigour; for, although he held a flaming dart ready to strike the poor man dead, his own dragon countenance was so feebly demoniacal that it seemed unlikely he would have the heart to drive it home. The lantern from which proceeded the picture, was managed by a hidden operator, evidently from his voice, occasionally overheard, a mere boy; and an old man, like a broken-down clergyman, whose dirty white neckcloth seemed adjusted on a secret understanding of moral obliquity, its knot suggesting a gradual approach to the last position a knot on the neck can assume, kept walking up and down the parti-coloured gloom, flaunting a pretence of lecture on the scenes presented. Whether he was a little drunk or greatly in his dotage, it was impossible to determine without a nearer acquaintance. If I venture to give a specimen of his mode of lecturing, it will be seen that a few lingering rags of scholastic acquirement yet fluttered about the poor fellow.

"Here you behold the terrible battle between Christian—or was it Faithful?—I used to know, but trouble has played old Hookey with my memory. It's all here, you know," —and he tapped the bald table-land of his head—"but somehow it ain't handy as it used! In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. Man that is in honour and abideth not, is like the beast that perisheth.—But there's Christian and Apollyon, right afore you, and better him than me. When I was a young one, and that wasn't yesterday, I used to think, but that was before I could read, that Apollyon was one and the same with Bonaparty—Nap-poleon, you know. And I wasn't just so far wrong neither, as I shall readily prove to those of my distinguished audience who have been to college like myself, and learned to read Greek like their mother tongue. For what is the very name Apollyon, but an occult prophecy concerning the great conqueror of Europe! Nothing can be plainer! Of course the first letter, N, stands for nothing—a mere veil to cover the prophecy till the time of revealing. In all languages it is the sign of negation—*no*, and *none*, and *never*, and *nothing;* therefore cast it away as the nothing it is. Then what have you left but *apoleon!* Throw away another letter, and what have you but *poleon!* Throw away letter after letter, and what do you get but the words—*Napoleon, apoleon, polcon, oleon, leon, eon*, or, if you like, *on!* Now these are all Greek words—and what, pray, do they mean? I will give you a literal translation, and I challenge any Greek scholar who may be here present to set me right, that is, to show me wrong: Napoleon the destroyer of cities, being a destroying lion! Now I should like to know a more sure word of prophecy than that! Would any one in the company oblige me? I take that now for an incontrovertible"—he stammered over this word—"proof of the truth of the Bible. But I am wandering from my subject, which error, I pray you, ladies and gentlemen, to excuse, for I am no longer what I was in the prime of youth's rosy morn.—Come, I must get on! Change the slide, boy; I'm sick of it. I'm sick of it all. I want to get home and go to bed."

He maundered on in this way, uttering even worse nonsense than I have set down, and mingling with it soiled and dusty commonplaces of religion, every now and then dwelling for a moment or two upon his own mental and physical declension from the admirable being he once was. He reached the height of his absurdity in describing the resistance of the two pilgrims to the manifold temptations of Vanity Fair, which he so set forth as to take from Christian and Faithful the smallest possible appearance of merit in turning their backs upon them.

Cornelius was in fits of laughter, which he scarcely tried to choke. When the dreary old soul drew near where he sat, smelling

abominably of strong drink, the only thing that kept his merriment in bounds was the dread that the man might address him personally, and so draw upon him the attention of the audience.

Very different was the mood of Hester. To the astonishment of Cornelius, when at last they rose to go, there were tears in her eyes. The misery of the whole thing was too dreadful to her! The lantern itself must, she thought, have been made when the invention was in its infancy, and its pictured slides seemed the remnants of various outworn series. Those of the Rake's Progress were something too hideous and lamentable to be dwelt upon. And the ruinous wretched old man did not merely seem to have taken to this as a last effort, but to have in his dotage turned back upon his life-course, and resumed a half-forgotten trade—or perhaps only an accomplishment of which he had made use for the benefit of his people when he was a clergyman—to find that the faculty for it he once had, and on which he had reckoned to carry him through, had abandoned him. Worst of all to the heart of Hester was the fact that so few people were present—many of them children, at half-price, some of whom seemed far from satisfied with the amusement offered them. When the hall and the gas—but that would not be much—and the advertizing were paid for, what would the poor old scrag-end of humanity, with his yellow-white neckcloth knotted hard under his left ear, have over for his supper? Was there any woman to look after him? and would she give him anything fit to eat? Hester was all but crying to think she could do nothing for him—that he was so far from her and beyond her help, when she remembered the fat woman, with curls hanging down her cheeks, who had taken their money at the door. Apparently she was his wife—and seemed to thrive upon it! But alas for the misery of the whole thing!

When they came out, and breathed again the blue, clean, rain-washed air instead of the musty smells of the hall, involuntarily Hester's eyes rose to the vault whose only keystone is the will of the Father, whose endless space alone is large enough to picture the heart of God: how was that old man to get up into the high regions, and grow clean and wise? For all the look, he must belong there as well as she! And were there not thousands equally and more miserable in the world—people wrapped in no tenderness, to whom none ministered, left if not driven—so it seemed at the moment to Hester—to fold themselves in their own selfishness? And was there nothing she, a favoured one of the family, could do to help, to comfort, to lift up one such of her own flesh and blood?—to rescue a heart from the misery of hopelessness?—to make this one or that feel there was a heart of love and refuge at the centre of things? Hester had a large, though not hitherto entirely active aspiration in her; and now, the moment she began to flutter her weak wings, she found the whole human family hanging upon her, and that she could not rise except in raising them along with her. For the necessities of our deepest nature are such as not to admit of a mere private individual satisfaction. I well remember feeling as a child that I did not care for God to love me if he did not love everybody: the kind of love I needed was love essential to my nature—the love of me, a man, not of me, a person—the love therefore that all men needed, the love that belonged to their nature as the children of the Father, a love he could not give me except he gave it to all men.

But this was not the beginning of Hester's enthusiasm for her kind—only a crystallizing shock it received. Nor was it likely to be the less powerful in the end that now at the age of three and twenty she had but little to show for it. She was one of the strong ones that grow slowly; and she had now for some years been cherishing an idea and working for its realization, which every sight and sound of misery tended to quicken and strengthen.

"There you are again," said Cornelius, "—star-gazing as usual! You'll be spraining your other ankle presently!"

"I had forgotten all about my ankle, Corney dear," returned Hester, softened by her sorrowful sympathy; "but I will be careful."

"You had better.—Well, I think between us we had the worth of our shilling! Did you ever see such a ridiculous old bloke!"

"I wish you would not use that word, Corney," said Hester, letting her displeasure fall on the word, where she knew the feeling was entrenched beyond assault.

"What's the matter with the word? It is the most respectable old Anglo-Saxon."

Hester said no more, but heaved an inward sigh. Of what consequence were the words her brother used, so long as he recognized no dignity in life, never set himself *to be!* Why should any one be taught to behave like a gentleman, so long as he is no gentleman?

Cornelius burst out laughing.

"To think of those muffs going through the river—sliding along the bottom, and spreading out their feelers above the water, like two rearing lobsters! And the angels waiting for them on the bank like laundresses with their clean shirts! Ha! ha! ha!"

"They seemed to me," answered Hester, "very much like the men, and angels too, in that old edition of the Pilgrim papa thinks so much of. I couldn't for my part, absurd as they were, help feeling a certain pathos in the figures and faces."

"That came of the fine interpretation the old—hm!—codger gave of their actions and movements!"

"It may have come of the pitiful feeling the whole affair gave me—I cannot tell," said Hester. "That old man made me very sad."

"Now you do strand me, Hester!" replied her brother. "How you could see anything pathetic, or pitiful as you call it, in that disreputable old humbug, I can't even imagine. A more ludicrous specimen of tumble-down humanity it would be impossible to find! A drunken old thief—I'll lay you anything! Catch me leaving a sov where he could spy the shine of it!"

"And don't you count that pitiful, Cornelius? Can you see one of your own kind, with heart and head and hands like your own, so self-abandoned, so low, so hopeless, and feel no pity for him? Didn't you hear him say to himself as he passed you, 'Come, let's get on! I'm sick of it. I don't know what I'm talking about.' He seemed actually to despise himself!"

"What better or more just could he do? But never you mind: *he's* all right! Don't you trouble your head about *him*. You should see him when he gets home! He'll have his hot supper and his hot tumbler, don't you fear! Swear he will too, and fluently, if it's not waiting him!"

"Now that seems to me the most pitiful of all," returned Hester, and was on the point of adding, "That is just the kind of pity I feel for you, Corney," but checked herself. "Is it not most pitiful to see a human being, made in the image of God, sunk so low?" she said.

"It's his own doing," returned Cornelius.

"And is not that yet the lowest and worst of it all? If he could not help it, and therefore was not to blame, it would be sad enough; but to be such, and be to blame for being such, seems to me misery upon misery unbearable."

"There I don't agree with you—not at all! So long as a fellow has fair play, and nothing happens to him but what he brings upon himself, I don't see what he has to complain of."

"But that is not the question," interrupted Hester. "It is not whether he has anything to complain of, but whether he has anything to be pitied for. I don't know what I wouldn't do to make that old man clean and comfortable!"

Cornelius again burst into a great laugh. No man was anything to him merely because he was a man.

"A highly interesting protégé you would have!" he said; "and no doubt your friends would congratulate you when you presented him! But for my part I don't see the least occasion to trouble your head about such riff-raff. Every manufacture has its waste, and he's human waste. There's misery enough in the world without looking out for it, and taking other people's upon our shoulders. You remember what one of the fellows in the magic lantern said: 'Every tub must stand on its own bottom'!"

Hester held her peace. That her own brother's one mode of relieving the suffering in the world should be to avoid as much as possible adding to his own, was to her sisterly heart humiliating.

CHAPTER IV.—HESTER ALONE.

When the family separated for the night, and Hester reached her room, she sat down, and fell a thinking, not more earnestly but more continuously.

She was one of those women—not few in number, I have good reason to think, though doubtless few comparatively, who from the first dawn of consciousness have all their lives endeavoured, with varying success, with frequent failure of strength, and occasional brief collapse of effort, to do the right thing. Therein she had but followed in the footsteps of her mother, who, though not so cultivated as she, walked no less steadily in the true path of humanity. But the very earnestness of Hester's endeavour, along with the small reason she found for considering it successful; the frequent irritation with herself because of failure; and the impossibility of satisfying the hard master Self, who, while he flatters some, requires of others more than they can give—all tended to make her less evenly sympathetic with those about her than her heart's theory demanded. Willing to lay down her life for them, a matchless nurse in sickness, and in trouble revealing a tenderness perfectly lovely, she was yet not

the one to whom first either of the children was ready to flee with hurt or sorrow: she was not yet all human, because she was not yet at home with the divine.

Thousands that are capable of great sacrifices are yet not capable of the little ones which are all that are required of them. God seems to take pleasure in working by degrees; the progress of the truth is as the permeation of leaven, or the growth of a seed: a multitude of successive small sacrifices may work more good in the world than many a large one. What would even our Lord's death on the cross have been, except as the crown of a life in which he died daily, giving himself, soul, body and spirit, to his men and women? It is the *Being* that is the precious thing. Being is mother to all the little Doings as well as the grown-up Deeds and the mighty heroic Sacrifice; and these little Doings, like the good children of the house, make the bliss of it. Hester had not had time, neither had she prayed enough, to *be* quite yet, though she was growing well towards it. She was a good way up the hill, and the Lord was coming down to meet her, but they had not quite met yet, so as to go up the rest of the way together.

In religious politics, Hester was what is called a good churchwoman, which in truth means a good deal of a sectarian. She not merely recoiled from such as venerated the more primitive modes of church-government rather than those of later expediency, and preferred far inferior extempore prayers to the best possible prayers in print, going therefore to some chapel instead of to church, but she looked down upon them as from a superior social standing—that is, with the judgment of this world, and not that of Christ the carpenter's son. In short, she had a repugnance to the whole race of dissenters, and would not have soiled her dress with the dust of one of their schoolrooms even. She regarded her own conscience as her lord, but had not therefore any respect for that of another man where it differed from her in the direction of what she counted vulgarity. So she was scarcely in the kingdom of heaven yet, any more than thousands who regard themselves as choice Christians. I do not say these feelings were very active in her, for little occurred to call them out; but she did not love her dissenting neighbour, and felt good and condescending when, brought into contact with one, she behaved kindly to him.

I well know that some of my readers will heartily approve of her in this very thing, and that not a few *good dissenters* on the other hand, who are equally and in precisely the same way sectarians, that is bad Christians, will scorn her for it; but for my part I would rather cut off my right hand than be so cased and stayed in a narrow garment of pride and satisfaction, condemned to keep company with myself instead of the Master as he goes everywhere—into the poorest companies of them that love each other, and so invite his presence.

The Lord of truth and beauty has died for us: shall we who, by haunting what we call his courts, have had our sense of beauty, our joy in grace tenfold exalted, gather around us, in the presence of those we count less refined than ourselves, skirts trimmed with the phylacteries of the world's law, turning up the Pharisaical nose, and forgetting both what painful facts self-criticism has revealed to ourselves, and the eyes upon us of the yet more delicate refinement and the yet gentler breeding of the high countries? May these not see in us some malgrace which it needs the gentleness of Christ to get over and forget, some savagery of which we are not aware, some *gaucherie* that repels though it cannot estrange them? Casting from us our own faults first, let us cast from us and from him our neighbour's also. O gentle man, the common man is yet thy brother, and thy gentleness should make him great, infecting him with thy humility, not rousing in him the echo of a vile unheavenly scorn. Wilt thou, with thy lofty condescension, more intrinsically vulgar than even his ugly self-assertion, give him cause too good to hate thy refinement? It is not thy refinement makes thee despise him; it is thy own vulgarity; and if we dare not search ourselves close enough to discover the low breeding, the bad blood in us, it will one day come out plain as the smitten brand of the *forçat*.

That Hester had a tendency to high church had little or nothing to do with the matter. Such exclusiveness is simply a form of that pride, justify or explain it as you will, which found its fullest embodiment in the Jewish Pharisee—the evil thing that Christ came to burn up with his lovely fire, and which yet so many of us who call ourselves by his name keep hugging to our bosoms—I mean the pride that says, "I am better than thou." If these or those be in any true sense below us, it is of Satan to despise—of Christ to stoop and lay hold of and lift the sister soul up nearer to the heart of the divine tenderness.

But this tenderness, which has its roots in every human heart, had larger roots in the

heart of Hester than in most. Whatever her failings, whatever ugly weeds grew in the neglected corners of her nature, the moment she came in contact with any of her kind in whatever condition of sadness or need, the pent-up love of God—I mean the love that came of God and was divine in her—would burst its barriers and rush forth, sometimes almost overwhelming herself in its torrent. She would then be ready to die, nothing less, to help the poor and miserable. She was not yet far enough advanced to pity vulgarity in itself—perhaps none but Christ is able to do that—but she could and did pity greatly its associated want and misery, nor was repelled from them by their accompanying degradation.

The tide of action, in these later years flowing more swiftly in the hearts of women—whence has resulted so much that is noble, so much that is paltry, according to the nature of the heart in which it swells—had been rising in that of Hester also. She must not waste her life! she must *do* something! What should it be? Her deep sense of the misery around her had of course suggested that it must be something in the way of help. But what form was the help to take? "I have no money!" she said to herself—for this the last and the feeblest of means for the doing of good is always the first to suggest itself to one who has not perceived the mind of God in the matter. To me it seems that the first thing in regard to money is to prevent it from doing harm. The man who sets out to do good with his fortune is like one who would drive a team of tigers through the streets of a city, or hunt the fox with cheetahs. I would think of money as Christ thought of it, not otherwise; for no other way is true, however it may recommend itself to good men; and neither Christ nor his apostles did anything by means of money; nay, he who would join them in their labours had to abandon his *fortune*.

This evening, then, the thought of the vulgar, miserable, ruinous old man, with his wretched magic lantern, kept haunting Hester, and made her very pitiful; and naturally, starting from him, her thoughts went wandering abroad over the universe of misery. For was not the world full of men and women who groaned, not merely under poverty and cruelty, weakness and sickness, but under dullness and stupidity, hugged in the paralyzing arms of that devil-fish, The Commonplace, or held fast to the rocks by the crab Custom, while the tide of moral indifference was fast rising to choke them? Was there no prophet, no redemption, no mediator for such as these? Were there not thousands of women, born with a trembling impulse towards the true and lovely, in whom it was withering for lack of nurture, and they themselves continuously massing into the common clay, a summer-fall of human flowers off the branches of hope and aspiration? How many young wives, especially, linked to the husbands of their choice, and by this very means disenchanted, as they themselves would call it, were doomed to look no more upon life as the antechamber of the infinite, but as the counting-house of the king of the nursery-ballad, where you may, if you can, eat bread and honey, but where you *must* count your money! At the windows of the husband-house no more looks out the lover but the man of business, who takes his life to consist in the abundance of the things he possesses! He must make money for his children!—and would make money if he had nor chick nor child. Could she not do something for such women at least? The man who by honest means made people laugh, sent a fire-headed arrow into the ranks of the beleaguering enemy of his race! he who beguiled from another a genuine tear, made a heavenly wind visit his heart with a cool odour of paradise! What was there for her to do?

But possibly Hester might neither have begun nor gone on thinking thus, had it not been for a sense of power within her, springing from, or at least associated with, a certain special gift, which she had all her life, under the faithful care of her mother, been cultivating. Endowed with a passion for music—what is a true passion but a heavenly hunger? — which she indulged, relieved, strengthened, nor ever sated, by a continuous study of both theoretical and practical music, she approached both piano and organ with eager yet withholding foot, each as a great and effectual door ready to open into regions of delight. But she was gifted also with a fine contralto voice, of exceptional scope and flexibility, whose capacity of being educated into an organ of expression was not thrown away upon one who had a world inside her to express—doubtless as yet not a little chaotic, but in process of assuming form that might demand utterance; and this angelic instrument had for some years been under careful training. And now this night came to Hester, if not for the first time, yet more clearly than ever before, the thought whether she might not in some way make use of this

her one gift for the service she desired—for the comfort, that was, and the uplifting of humanity, especially such humanity as had sunk below even its individual level. Thus instinctively she sought relief from sympathetic pain in the alleviation and removal of its cause.

But pity and instinctive recoil from pain were by no means all the elements of the impulse moving Hester in this direction. An honest and active mind such as hers could not have carried her so often to church and for so long a time, whatever might be the nature of the direct teaching she there received, without gaining some glimpses of the mightiest truth of our being, that we belong to God in actual fact of spiritual property and profoundest relationship. She had much to learn in this direction yet—as who has not who is ages in advance of her?—but this night came back to her, as it had often already returned, the memory of a sermon she had heard some twelve months before—on the text, "Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." It was a dull enough sermon, yet not so dull but it enabled her to supply in some degree its own lack; and when she went out of the dark church into the sunshine, and heard the birds singing as if they knew without any St. Francis to tell them that their bodies and their spirits were God's, a sense awoke in her such as she had not had before, that the grand voice lying like an unborn angel in the chest and throat of her, belonged not to herself but to God, and must be used in some way for the working of his will in the world which as well as the voice he had made. She had no real notion yet of what is meant by the glory of God. She had not quite learned that simplest of high truths that the glory of God is the beauty of Christ's face. She had a lingering idea—a hideously frightful one, though its vagueness kept it in great measure from injuring her—that the One only good, the One only unselfish thought a great deal of himself, and looked strictly after his rights in the way of homage. Hence she thought first of devoting the splendour and richness of her voice to swell the song of some church-choir. With her notion of God and of her relation to him, how could she yet have escaped the poor pagan fancy—good for a pagan, but beggarly for a Christian, that church and its goings-on are a serving of God? She had not begun to ask how these were to do God any good—or if my reader objects to the phrase, I will use a common one saying the same thing—how these were to do anything for God. She had not begun to see that God is the one great servant of all, and that the only way to serve him is to be a fellow-servant with him—to be, say, a nurse in his nursery, and tend this or that lonely, this or that rickety child of his. She had not yet come to see that it is as absurd to call song and prayer a serving of God, as it would be to say the thief on the cross did something for Christ in consenting to go with him to paradise. But now some dim perception of this truth began to wake in her. Vaguely she began to feel that perhaps God had given her this voice and this marriage of delight and power in music and song for some reason like that for which he had made the birds the poets of the animal world: what if her part also should be to drive dull care away? what if she too were intended to be a door-keeper in the house of God, and open or keep open windows in heaven that the air of the high places might reach the low swampy ground? If while she sang, her soul mounted on the wings of her song till it fluttered against the latticed doors of heaven as a bird flutters against the wires of its cage; if also God has made of one blood all nations of men—why then surely her song was capable of more than carrying merely herself up into the regions of delight! Nay more, might there not from her throat go forth a trumpet-cry of truth among such as could hear and respond to the cry? Then, when the humblest servant should receive the reward of his well-doing, she would not be left outside, but enter into the joy of her Lord. How specially such work might be done by her she did not yet see, but the truth had drawn nigh her that, to serve God in any true sense, we must serve him where he needs service—among his children lying in the heart of lack, in sin and pain and sorrow; and she saw that, if she was to serve at all, it must be with her best, with her special equipment.

I need not follow the gradations, unmarked of herself, by which she at length came to a sort of conclusion: the immediate practical result was, that she gave herself more than ever to the cultivation of her gift, seeing in the distance the possibility of her becoming, in one mode or another, or in all modes perhaps together, a songstress to her generation.

CHAPTER V.—TRULY THE LIGHT IS SWEET.

THE cry of the human heart in all ages and in every moment is, "Where is God and how shall I find him?"—No, friend, I will

not accept your testimony to the contrary—not though you may be as well fitted as ever one of eight hundred millions to come forward with it. You take it for granted that you know your own heart because you call it yours, but I say that your heart is a far deeper thing than you know, or are capable of knowing. Its very nature is hid from you. I use but a poor figure when I say that the roots of your heart go down beyond your knowledge—whole eternities beyond it—into the heart of God. If you have never yet made one discovery in your heart, your testimony concerning it is not worth a tuft of flue; and if you have made discoveries in it, does not the fact reveal that it is but little known to you, and that there must be discoveries innumerable yet to be made in it? To him who has been making discoveries in it for fifty years, the depths of his heart are yet a mystery—a mystery, however, peopled with loveliest hopes. I repeat, whether the man knows it or not, his heart in its depths is ever crying out for God. Where the man does not know it, it is because the unfaithful Self, a would-be monarch, has usurped the consciousness; the demon-man is uppermost, not the Christ-man; he is down in the crying heart, and the demon-man—that is the Self that worships itself—is trampling on the heart, and smothering it up in the rubbish of ambitions, lusts, and cares. If ever its cry reaches that Self, it calls it childish folly, and tramples the harder. It does not know that a child crying on God is mightier than a warrior dwelling in steel.

If we had none but fine weather, the demon-Self would be too much for the divine Self, and would always keep it down; but bad weather, misfortune, ill-luck, adversity, or whatever name but punishment or the love of God men may call it, sides with the Christ-self down below, and helps to make its voice heard. On the other hand, if we had nothing but bad weather, the hope of those in whom the divine Self is slowly rising would grow too faint; while those in whom the bad weather had not yet begun to work good would settle down into weak, hopeless rebellion. Without hope can any man repent?

To the people at Burcliff came at length a lovely morning, with sky and air like the face of a repentant child—a child who has repented so thoroughly that the sin has passed from him, and he is no longer even ashamed. The water seemed dancing in the joy of a new birth, and the wind, coming and going in gentle conscious organ-like swells, was at it with them, while the sun kept looking merrily down on the glad commotion his presence caused.

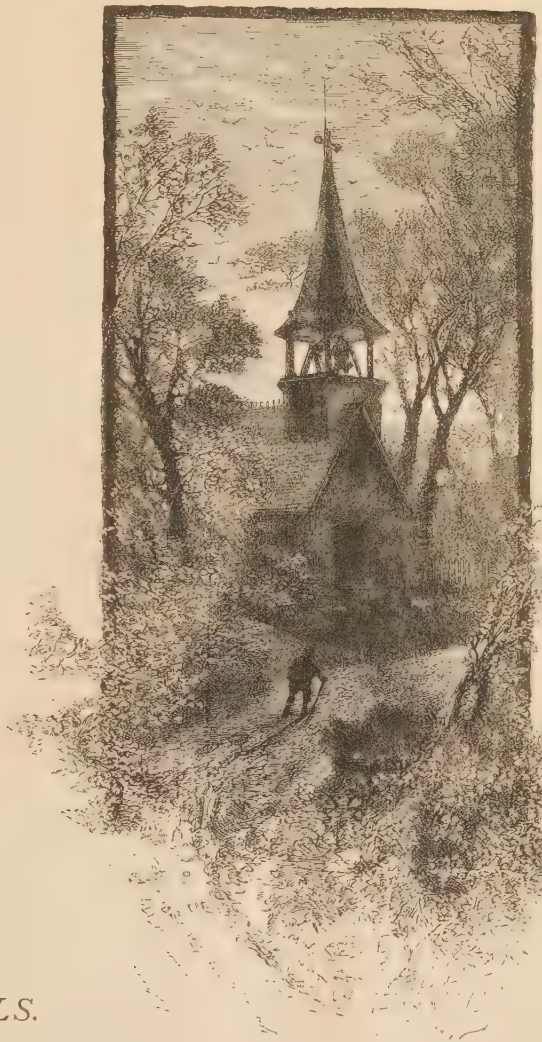
"Ah," thought the mother, as she looked from her windows ere she began to dress for this new live day, "how would it be if the Light at the heart of the sun were shining thus on the worlds made in his image!" She was thinking of her boy, whom perhaps, in all the world, she only was able to love heartily—there was so little in the personal being of the lad, that is, in the thing he was to himself, and was making of himself, to help anyone to love him! But in the absolute mere existence is reason for love, and upon that God does love—so love, that he will suffer and cause suffering for the development of that existence into a thing in its own full nature lovable, namely, an existence in its own will one with the perfect love whence it issued; and the mother's heart more than any other God has made is like him in power of loving. Alas that she is so seldom like him in wisdom—so often thwarting the work of God, and rendering more severe his measures with her child by her attempts to shield him from His law, and save him from saving sorrow. How often from his very infancy—if she does not, like the nurse she employs, actively teach him to be selfish—does she get between him and the right consequences of his conduct, as if, with her one feeble loving hand, she would stay the fly-wheel of the holy universe! It is the law that the man who does evil shall suffer; it is the only hope for him, and a hope for the neighbour he wrongs. When he forsakes his evil, one by one the dogs of suffering will halt and drop away from his track; and he will find at last they have but hounded him into the land of his nativity, into the home of his Father in heaven.

As soon as breakfast was over, the whole family set out for a walk. Mr. Raymount seldom left the house till after lunch, but even he, who cared comparatively little for the open air, had grown eager after it. Streets, hills, and sands were swarming with human beings—all drawn out by the sun.

"I sometimes wonder," he said, "that so many people require so little to make them happy. Let but the sun break through the clouds, and he sets them all going like ants in an ant-hill!"

"Yes," returned his wife, "but then see how little on the other hand is required to make them miserable! Let the sun hide his head for a day, and they grumble!"

Making the remark, the good woman never



BELLS.

By the Rev. E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

COMING to meet me, coming to greet me,
From the church tower, o'er field and bower;
Sweet bells, I listen, sounds as from heaven
Are coming from ye.

Oh, cease not ringing, bells; ye are bringing
Views of the city—where I would be;
Sweetest of flowers in sunny bowers
Are not so sweet, as ye are to me.

Come oft to greet me; cease not now ringing,
Ye hallowed mirrors of heaven's city—
Giving me foresight—a blessed twilight
Of eternity.

thought of her son Cornelius, the one of her family whose conduct illustrated it. At the moment she saw him cheerful, and her love looked upon him as good. She was one of the best of women herself: whatever hour she was called, her lamp was sure to have oil in it; and yet all the time since first he lay in her arms, I doubt if she had ever

done anything to help the youth to conquer himself. Now it was too late, even had she known what could be done. But the others had so far turned out well: why should not this one also? The moment his bad humours were over, she looked on him as reformed; and when he uttered worldliness, she persuaded herself he was but jesting. But alas! she had no adequate notion—not a shadow of one—of the selfishness of the man-child she had given to the world. This matter of the black sheep in the white flock is one of the most mysterious of the facts of spiritual generation.

Sometimes, indeed, the sheep is by no means so black as to the whiter ones he seems; perhaps neither are they so much whiter as their friends and they themselves think; for to be altogether respectable is not to be clean; and the black sheep may be all the better than some of the rest that he looks what he is, and does not dye his wool. But on the other hand he may be a great deal worse than some of his own family think him.

"Then," said Hester, after a longish pause, "those that need more to make them happy, are less easily made unhappy?"

To this question rather than remark, she received no reply. Her father and mother both felt it not altogether an easy one to answer: it suggested points requiring consideration. To Cornelius, it was a mere girl's speech, not worth heeding where the girl was his sister. He turned up at it a mental nose, the merest of snubs; and well he might, for he had not the least notion of what it meant or involved.

As little notion had his father that his son Cornelius was a black sheep. He was not what the world would have called a black sheep, but his father, could he have seen into him, would have counted him a very black sheep indeed—and none the whiter that he recognized in the blackness certain shades that were of paternal origin. It was, however, only to the rest of the family that Cornelius showed his blackness: of his father he was afraid; and that father, being proud of his children, would have found it hard to believe anything bad of them: like his faults they were his own! His faith in his children was in no small measure conceit of that which was his, and blinded him to their faults as it blinded him to some of his own. The discovery of any serious fault in one of them would be a sore wound to his vanity, a destruction of his self-content.

The co-existence of good and evil in the same person is perhaps the most puzzling of all facts. What a shock it gives one to hear a woman who loves God, and spends both time and money on the betterment of her kind, call a pauper child a *brat*, and see her turn with disgust from the idea of treating any strange child, more especially one of low birth, as her own. "O Christ!" cries the heart, "is this one of the women that follow thee?" And she *is* one of the women that follow him—only she needs such a lesson as he gave his disciples through the Syrophenician woman.

Mr. Raymount had such an opinion of himself that, while he never obtruded his opinions upon others, he never imagined them disregarded in his own family. It never entered his mind that any member of it might in this or that think differently from himself. But both his wife and Hester were able to think, and did think for themselves, as they were bound in the truth of things to do; and there were considerable divergements of the paths in which they walked from that he had trodden. He had indeed always taken too much for granted, and ought to have used more pains to have his notions understood by them, if he laid so much on their intellectual sympathy. He supposed all the three read what he wrote; and his wife and daughter did read the most of it; but what would he think when he came to know that his son not only read next to nothing of it, but read that little with a contempt not altogether unconscious—for no other reason than that it was his father who wrote it? Nor was the youth quite without justification—for was he not himself a production of his father? But then he looked upon the latter as one of altogether superior quality! It is indeed strange how vulgar minds despise the things they have looked upon and their hands have handled, just because they have looked upon them and their hands have handled them: is there not in the fact a humiliating lesson, which yet they are unable to read, of the degrading power of their own presence upon themselves and their judgments? Whether a man is a hero to his valet or the opposite, depends as much on the valet as on the man. The bond, then, between the father and the son, was by no means so strong as the father thought it. Indeed the selfishness of Cornelius made him almost look upon his father as his enemy, because of his intentions with regard to the division of his property. And selfishness rarely fails of good arguments. Nor can anything destroy it but such a turning of things upside down as only he that made them can work.

A NEW YEAR'S WORD FOR BUSINESS PEOPLE.

By M. GUY PEARSE.

"And He sat down and taught the people out of the ship."—St. Luke v. 3.

Out of the Ship.—The Lord Jesus had been preaching in the synagogues; but there were very many outside who wanted to hear him, and whom He wanted to reach. So he entered into a boat belonging to one of His disciples that was drawn up on the beach, and when it was thrust a little way from the shore He sat down and taught the people.

Here is the want of our time as of all time. *Jesus seeks a pulpit right in the midst of the daily life.*—The preaching place is away from contact with the business. The architecture, the services, all the associations are very sharply marked off from the factory and the office, from the workshop and the home. And it is right that we should secure such solemnity and reverence in our worship, and such freedom from interruption;—the Master bids us shut the door when we pray. But there is a tendency in all this to make religion one thing and business another, each having its own time and its own place, and each having very little to do with the other. The shop comes to be a long way from the sanctuary, and the kitchen from the church. It ought not to be so. Our business as Christians is to serve the Lord in every other business of life. We are to find the desk and counter as near to God as any place of worship can be; to prove His presence as much in our homes as in His house. Then again, Christ *wants a pulpit in the midst of the people.* To have the pulpit in the church only is to leave ten thousand out of reach, never hearing His voice, never seeing His face, not knowing that Christ has come. He would teach the *multitudes.* See Him as he sits on the deck of the fishing craft. One gentle hand rests on the ropes of the rigging, the brown sail hangs behind Him. At His feet lie oars and nets. Close about Him is the little group of swarthy sailors. And on the beach the crowd is gathered—anybody may stand and hear Him there—publicans and sinners, Roman soldiers and Samaritans, all are equally welcome. Here was Jesus *right in their midst.* And here was Jesus having to do with everything about them. The boat was His pulpit. He leaned against the mast. He sat on the deck. His shadow fell on all the fishing gear and on the very water that lapped the boat; so He hallowed all these common things. So then the pulpit for which Christ asks is *our business, our daily work.* Thereon He would take His stand, and thence He would preach to those who would never see or hear Him in the church.

Do you envy this fisherman who lent his boat to Jesus? He offers us the same honour. He asks us to do Him the same favour. He comes to each of us and asks us to let Him have *our daily occupation* as His preaching-place;—the office and workshop, the counter, the desk, the mother's work in the home, the servant's work in the house—this is the pulpit He seeks. *Will you let Him have it?*

Look at the boat which the Lord Jesus uses. It was the boat of a disciple. He never thrusts Himself upon any. Where He is welcome, there He comes gladly. He stands and knocks at every heart, entreating; but He enters only where they open the door for Him. Let us ask ourselves—can we afford to receive the Lord aboard of our ship? Is it all so right and in order that we are glad to see Him coming in? Can we trust Him with all the keys of the house? Can we hand over the books to Him that He may look through all the accounts—cash-book and ledger, the income and the outgoing? Can we let that Eye see it all, and that sacred Finger run up the columns—what others pay us and what we pay others? what we get and what we give, and what we keep?

It was the boat of an ardent and loving disciple. Peter cared for one thing more than he cared for the business. Whilst he held the fishing-line his thoughts were with the mighty Prophet of Nazareth. As he opened the nets he was recalling the words of that wonderful Teacher, and longing that he could see and hear Him again. How eagerly Simon received Him into the boat! Earth could afford no such joy; no gain could compare with this privilege—that the Master should sit in his boat and teach the people. That is the occupation from which Jesus will be seen and heard, where such a loving heart longs for His coming, where the deepest and most constant thought of the soul is not to make money; but this desire runs through everything—*To make men think well of Jesus.*

There will He come and sit and teach, and many shall see Him and hear Him.

It was the boat of a busy disciple. A hard-working man was Peter. Whenever you get a glimpse of him you always find him hard at work. He had been toiling all night; and now we could not blame him if he had been lying down for a nap. But he is at it still, busily washing his nets. No easy-going man was this, basking in the sunshine, and talking very sweetly about trusting in the Lord. He is a disciple; but he is not away neglecting his business. He is ready to give it up at a moment's notice when the Lord tells him; but till then he will stick at it and work hard. There is one thing about Peter that is very admirable as a business man. He had a great horror of debt. He could not bear to make the tax-gatherer call a second time. That is the sort of disciple from whose business the Lord preaches. He will not step on board the boat of any lazy follower who thinks it is heavenly-minded to do as little as possible, and who contentedly runs into debt, saying, "The Lord will provide." Hard-working disciples who can toil all night, if need be—theirs is the business from which Christ will preach.

Then another thing we read is especially important. *They were washing their nets.* These fishermen would have the outermost thing belonging to them *clean.* They must have clean hands that serve aboard the vessel of the Lord, and everything about the craft must be honest and pure. The Lord will never help us to catch fish with dirty nets. He will not come aboard a boat, no matter how fair she may look, where, from stem to stern, everything is not clean. *Integrity* is the name of the craft in which you will find the Lord, and Honesty is carved at her figure-head.

Then He prayed them to thrust the ship a little from the shore. He might have bidden them as His disciples—He might have commanded as their Lord—but thus graciously He prays them. And eagerly they do His will—Peter standing at the bow, anchor in hand, ready to drop it at the first sign from the Master. That is the business from which the Lord Jesus will be seen and heard, where men are willing to come out beyond the line of others, and to be singular for Christ. It is not enough to have Christ on board, not enough to have Him sitting and teaching. The boat must be where the people can best see Him and hear Him. Ah, how the blessed Lord delights in such a company as this, where trouble is a joy, and anything a gain, if thereby He can be better served! Wherever such love greets Him and such service waits on Him, there assuredly shall the people see and hear Him.

Then as to the *Sermon* which the Lord would preach from the daily occupation. It is a sermon which cannot be preached half so well anywhere else. *Considerateness for other people.* These men would have to be off again at sunset to fish, and they had toiled all the previous night. But that others might see and hear Jesus, they leave their nets, they thrust out the ship, and they wait upon the Lord. A sermon that was never so much needed as it is to-day. In the rush and fierce competition of the times let every disciple of the Lord Jesus think of every man with true brotherliness. I am as much bound to consider others and their living as I am to consider myself. If I make myself rich by riding over other people, then am I likely to handle blood-money, and no amount of "doing good" can undo the mischief of what is ill-gotten. Of course this truth, like all others, is open to abuse. There are lazy ne'er-do-well fellows who would make the whole world stand still to suit their convenience. And of course it is open to argument and discussion. Well, if we are honestly trying to bring ourselves to it, argue as much as we will and it shall not hurt us. But if we are trying to get rid of our duty to our brother, no amount of argument shall afford us any excuse. You may say that it is impossible to do business on any such principles. *Then give up business,* if that is the issue. But is it? Is not His holy religion fitted for men and women in the work-a-day world? Does not Christ come on board the boat that we may find Him in the commonest callings and the honest rounds of work? And does not everything in His holy religion bind us to this gracious considerateness of others? If you are getting your share of the daily bread, do not double your share by taking away somebody else's crust. If the Lord is dealing bountifully with you, can you deal hardly and niggardly towards those who are dependent upon you? As a disciple of the Lord Jesus let this come first, *that He be seen and heard.*

Another sermon that the Blessed Lord would preach from our daily occupation, is on faithfulness—*Provide things honest,* is a quotation that many people forget to finish. They leave out the half of it. Provide things honest *in the sight of all men.* Beware of things that are honest only in the sight of those with whom it pays. It is wonderful

what men come to see if they apply enough golden eye-salve to the eyes. Beware of things that are honest in the sight only of very shrewd and clever people, who are very anxious to assure you that it is "quite the custom of the trade." Let the Master sit by and check the accounts, and try the weights, and hear the words. Let His pure eyes look through the business. The crying want of our times is this, that men should see and hear Jesus in the boat of every disciple. *Faithfulness* on the part of His disciples goes farthest to give men faith in their Lord and Master. Faithfulness when we lose by it as much as when it pays. Faithfulness in little things as well as great. Faithfulness behind the back as well as before the face. Through and through us in thought and deed, in word and look, for His sake *faithfulness*.

Then there are two or three other thoughts that grow out of the incident. *It fares well with the boat when Christ is on board.* "And when He had left speaking, He said unto Simon, Put out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."

Notice that the Lord said *nets*.

Simon answered and said—said with a kind of half-pitiful smile, that meant to say the Great Teacher was wonderful at teaching the people, but of course He knew nothing about fishing. How could He, living all His days up amongst the hills? "It is no good, sir," said Simon; "we have toiled all night and caught nothing. Nevertheless at thy word I will let down the *net*." And he took up the first that came to hand.

Ah, Simon, the Blessed Master knows more about fishing than you think. And, my brother, he knows as much about your business as about Simon's.

"And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their *net* brake." (They needed the *nets*, after all.) Christ never made a rich man whilst He was on earth, and never promised to do that. But He made everybody blest who was willing to receive a blessing at His hand. His presence in the business maketh rich indeed; and He addeth no sorrow with it.

"*And they beckoned unto their partners in the other boat, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the boats.*" Prosperity that comes when Jesus is in the business is a *safe* prosperity. Prosperity without Him has ruined very many. If it be true that Love flies out at the window when Adversity knocks at the door, it is quite as true that Pride and Envy and Self-indulgence often slip in when Prosperity lifts the latch. But when Jesus orders the prosperity it shall bless others as well as ourselves.

"*When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.*" Think of the fishing net giving the disciples the most amazing manifestation of Jesus that they had seen. Ah, so it is when Jesus is in the business, the common daily work of life shall bring glorious revelations of the Lord's Presence and Power. How often has the little shop, the office, the lowly kitchen been lit up with the proofs of His wisdom and goodness.

And Jesus said unto Simon, *Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.* The fisherman who takes Christ on board is promoted to the work of an Apostle. To serve Jesus in the common round of daily life is the way up to the highest and most splendid service for the King. Depend upon it that he who serves Jesus well in the daily occupation shall come to be a soul-winner. Faith cometh by hearing—but seeing is a great help to believing, too. And the sight anywhere of a real, hard-working disciple of the Lord's, goes a long way to make men believe.

"*And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed Him.*" When Jesus sits in the ship everything is in its right place. The cargo is in the hold, *not in the heart.* Cares and gains, fears and losses, yesterday's failure and to-day's success, do not thrust themselves in between us and His Presence. The heart cleaves to *Him.* "Goodness and mercy shall *follow* me," sang the psalmist. Alas when the goodness and mercy come before us, and our blessings shut Jesus from view! Here is the blessed order—the Lord ever first, I following Him, His goodness and mercy following me.

To-day solemnly let us give up the daily occupation to the Lord for His service—to be His preaching-place, where men may see and hear Him. *This is what the world wants.* Doubts are born not so much of bad books, as of un-Christlike Christians. Prejudices against religion find much of their strength in the keen and hard business ways of religious people.

And this is what our Lord and Master asks: that He may uplift the common work of life into His service; to transform it from a round of drudgery into the work of angels; to make the office, the workshop, the home His Holy Temple, wherein we serve Him day and night.

"He maketh peace in His high places."

THE PEACE OF EXALTATION.

By W. C. PROCTER,

Author of "Lights and Shadows on the Hills of Galilee."

THE solitudes of very high mountains have a peace unknown at lower levels. It is not stillness only that makes this peace, but stillness joined with clearness, serenity, and freedom. In the pure air of these lonely places, after strenuous exertion, with the consciousness of triumph over difficulty, the mere realisation of physical life has a keenness of joy unattainable in narrow valleys or on monotonous plains. Nor is this sense of full life felt only in the quickened flow of the blood. The expansiveness of the view clears the mind and exalts the emotions, but always with an even, harmonious balance of thought, feeling, and sense, such as excludes all

conflict and all agitation in body or soul. Though we may tell ourselves that the sky is as far off as ever, yet it seems to lie all about us; and the harmony of heaven and earth pervades us with a bliss that merges our petty personality in the life of the universe.

Such a happy mood, by a natural association, transfers its own feelings to the scenes that create them; and thus we cannot lift our eyes to any lonely mountain peak without an inward stir of desire and awe. Something of this association of ideas there must surely have been in the constant tendency of most early religions to fix upon "high places" for altars and shrines. Idolatrous rites were, indeed, for the most part cruel and impure. Yet we may be permitted to think that the grand sites often selected for their observance point back to some forgotten inspirations of wonder and reverence. At any rate, it was on the peak of Sinai that God "talked with Moses face to face, as a man talketh with his friend." It was in the "Mount of God" that Elijah heard the still small voice. And it was on "an exceeding high mountain" that the peace of God reigning in the soul of Christ outweighed "all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them." The sacred serenity, that comes of God's presence felt in mountain solitudes, may well have been in the mind of the nameless poet of the Book of Job when he wrote: "*He maketh peace in his high places.*"

As spiritual moods are reflected on physical scenes, so these again become symbols and figures of spiritual moods. A lofty soul, that dwells apart even when mingling in dearest charity with men, is like the mountain with its head encircled by the heavens, while populous valleys embrace its feet, and drink the streams it sends down from above. Such souls have a peace that the world did not give, and cannot take away. Although they are still in the world to bless it, "their conversation is in heaven." Their affections, motives, and desires are so far above the ordinary level of life, that the clouds and storms of selfish passion never disturb their serenity. There is but one perfect example of this peace of exaltation. When we are racked with unworthy vexation and self-tormenting passions, with what longing do we sometimes look up to the serenity of Christ! Whether he was slandered by the Pharisees, or applauded by the fickle mob; whether buffeted by heathen soldiers, or kissed by Judas; whether cursed by fanatics, or bewailed by weeping women; shadow and glare and mist alike pass far below the height of His true life. His was a peace which came of exaltation; but it was an exaltation as different from spiritual pride as is the tender sunset gleam on Mont Blanc from the scarlet robe of a king. Oh, if it were only pride or stoicism, we could so easily imitate it! But being the peace of supreme love, "it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth;" it is of God's own life and grace; for only He "maketh peace in His high places."

Yet there have been apostolic souls here and there who have been like Christ because they have seen Him as He is. And by pre-eminence this peace of exaltation is specially exemplified in St. John the Divine. This was the thought of the great Augustine as he meditated on the Fourth Gospel before expounding it to his church; and he expressed that thought in language so impressive, so touching, so inspiring, that it is a great pity the echoes of his voice are now heard only by the learned. Notwithstanding the keenness of his logic, there was a vein of mysticism in Augustine to which this Gospel powerfully appealed. And in his discourses on the subject, particularly in the first, there are signs of impassioned effort to do justice to the theme, and also of a despairing recognition that it was far beyond him. In the Psalms for a day a little previous to that on which his first sermon on the Gospel was delivered, the words occurred, which are rendered in our version, "The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills by righteousness." The translation used in his church, the old Latin version, was a little different, as we shall see; but the poetic figure was much the same, and it seized on the mind of the preacher. It struck him as a suggestive description of St. John's relation to lesser souls.

He had himself seen in Italy, or on some inland journey towards the Atlas region in Africa, great lonely mountains with little hills clustering around them; and the splendour that rested on the snowy summits appeared to be scattered and subdued to mild and varied light in the woods, and meadows, and streams of the lower hills. The treasures of snow and ice were held in the bosom of the mountain only to bless the lower levels with fertilising streams. But with all its charities the central summit dwelt apart and alone, inaccessible, inscrutable in its everlasting peace. With such memories in his labouring mind the preacher of Hippo, after speaking with deep emotion of the grandeur of a subject which he maintained not even John him-

self could set forth in all its fullness, turned aside to speak of the apostle.

"For this John, dearest brethren, was one of those mountains concerning which it was written: 'Let the mountains receive peace for thy people, and the hills righteousness.' The mountains are exalted souls, the hills are souls of lesser note. Now, mark why the mountains receive peace. It is that the hills may obtain righteousness. What is the righteousness which the hills receive? It is faith; because 'the just lives by his faith.' But the lesser souls would not receive faith unless the greater souls, called mountains, were illumined by the Supreme Wisdom, in order that they may be able to reflect on the lesser souls what these latter are able to receive, and that so the lesser souls may live by faith because the mountains receive peace."

The great preacher then went on to say that it was this power of inspiring peace and righteousness in the Church that distinguished true apostles from the threatening eminence of heresiarchs. Such false leaders were like shipwrecking mountains on an iron-bound coast. Their towering height made them seen from afar, and invited sailors over a deceitful sea; but at their feet, unseen till close at hand, were cruel rocks that shattered faith and hope. Not such were the spiritual mountains who had received peace for the people. These true apostles had beheld with open face the Supreme Wisdom, so far as it was possible to human hearts to be imbued with that "which neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man."

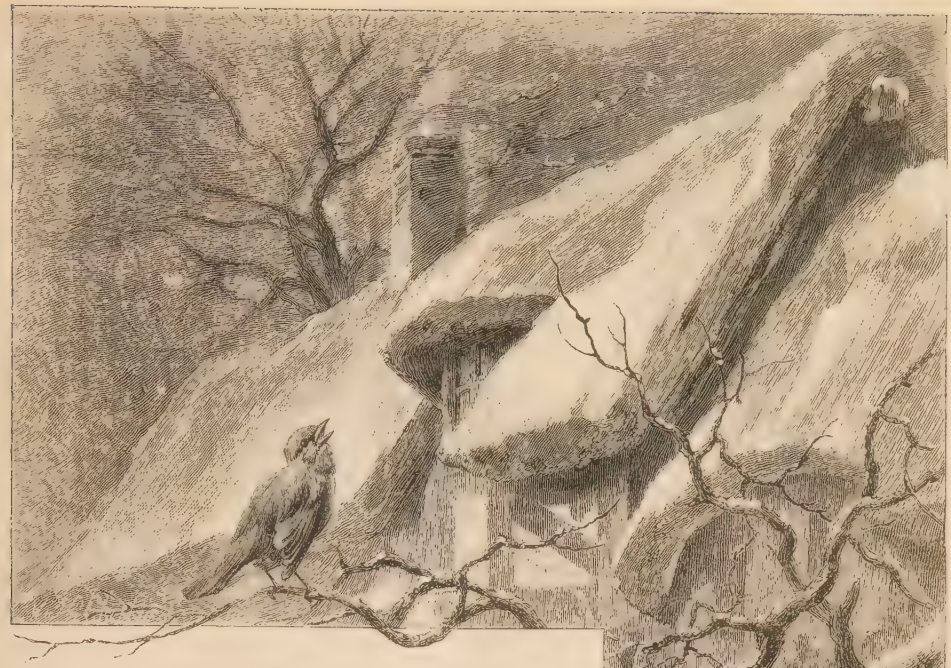
"Well, brethren, John also was of these mountains, he who said, '*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.*' This mountain had received peace. He beheld with open face the divinity of the Word. How noble was this mountain, how exalted! He had risen above all high places of the earth, above all fields of the air, above all heights of the stars, above all bands and legions of angels. For, unless he had risen above all created things, he could not have reached Him through whom all things were made. . . . . How noble, then, that mountain; how exalted amongst those who have received peace for the people of God, that the hills may receive righteousness!

"You see then, brethren, that John is of those very mountains about which we have just been singing:* '*I have lifted mine eyes to the mountains, whence help shall come to me.*' . . . . And yet not in the mountains themselves must our hope be placed; for they receive what they minister to us. Therefore our hope must be set in the source whence the mountains receive. When we lift our eyes to the Scriptures, since the Scriptures were ministered to us by men, we lift our eyes to the mountains whence our help shall come. And yet since they themselves who wrote the Scriptures were men, they did not shine of themselves. But He was the true light, He who lighteneth every man coming into the world."

Then the preacher goes on to urge his hearers that they should aspire not to the sound only, but to the sense of Scripture. And the sense is so vast that unless they obtain help of the Lord who made heaven and earth they cannot receive it. What follows is a lesson which all preachers and all hearers should take to heart. "Perhaps you will say that I am nearer to you than God is. God forbid! He is far nearer than I. For I am manifest to your eyes; but He rules your very heart strings.† To me your ears, to Him your hearts! So shall you fill both. You direct your eyes and bodily senses to us;—yet not to us, for we are not of those mountains,—but to the Gospel, to the Evangelist himself. Yet the heart can be filled only (when held) to the Lord. . . . . Does any one see that he is bearing a burden of the flesh? Let him give heed by temperance to cleanse the heart he raises to God. Because 'blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

If sometimes it must be owned that the thoughts of Augustine are not easy to follow, at least his words breathe an exaltation of spirit comparable to the peaceful, pure, and lucid air of mountain solitudes. Abstracted from the heat and din of competing selfish interests; animated only by one desire, to be quiet in his God, he calms, while at the same time he rebukes, our fretful worldly tempers. Such are the preachers under whose inspiration we best realise how God "maketh peace in His high places."

* In the Psalms for the day, cxxi. 1.
† "Conscientiis vestris præsidet."



TO THE ROBIN.

ROSY-bosomed robin on the white snow bough,
Minstrel sent of heaven unto man art thou,

Singing once to welcome spring's green tender shoot,
Summer's opening blossoms, autumn's ripening fruit:

Then, ten thousand singers vied in song with thee,
Sod and sky, day and night, all was minstrelsy!

Gone the leafy bowers; gone the sun-lit days;
Dumb are all their voices; thine alone is praise.

Fuller too the gladness thrilling in thee now,
Lone and in the winter, on that frozen bough.

Rosy-bosomed robin, priest of nature's fane,
More than summer's glories, thy content is gain.

Thou hast found the secret which the Saviour knew,
Heard by very many; known by very few:

From the heart's abundance, not from outward things,
Song that never faileth, endless gladness springs.

B. W.

HOMES UNDER THE SEA.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable both small and great."

SUPPOSE that we are watching a snail or a slug crawling up a pane of glass, we might readily imagine that it is as helpless a creature as can be found in the world.

It has no weapons of any kind. It cannot even resist when attacked, and much less can it assume the offensive. Its flesh is soft and yielding, and the muscular power is exceedingly feeble.

It is the prey of various creatures. The thrush and blackbird consume vast numbers of snails in the winter, and the hedgehog, when it breaks for awhile its hibernating slumbers, refreshes itself with the snails that, like itself, have been in hiding during the cold weather.

Several insects feed on the snail. The glow-worm, for example, lives wholly on it, and so does a little beetle which has no recognised popular name, but which is known to entomologists under the title of *Drilus*. Small though they be, the snail is simply powerless against its puny assailants, and submits quietly to be eaten alive.

Now, supposing that we were told that this soft-bodied creature could, by a few modifications of structure, be transformed into a fierce, voracious, active marauder of the seas, that the tender pliability of its structure would be one of its deadliest weapons, that the soft, yielding foot which slides gently over the glass could become an instrument of prehension more to be dreaded than the talons of the tiger or the jaws of the boa, that it could be a more terrible foe than the shark itself, that it could shoot through the water with the speed of a rocket and on the same principle, and that it could project itself through the air completely over the hull of a large ship, we might be disposed to think that our informant was using the language of romance.

Yet, all these extraordinary conditions are fulfilled in the marine molluscs which are popularly, but wrongly, named Cuttle-fishes.

To begin, let us suppose that the foot of our slug be very much flattened and extended around the head. The creature does possess the power of extending and flattening the foot as it crawls, and we only have to imagine that, as it surrounds the head, to see that, in that case, the creature must crawl upon its head. This, indeed, is the origin of the scientific word Cephalopoda, or head-footed, to which all these creatures belong.

Next, we will suppose that this flat, circular foot is slit into a number of pointed, ribbon-like divisions, so that they radiate in starlike fashion from the head. Each of these rays would retain its power of expansion and contraction, and could act independently of the others. These rays, then, would constitute the arms, as they are called, of the Cuttle.

It is evident that if they could be made adhesive by some process, they could draw any object to which they clung towards the centre from which they radiate. And, if the mouth were to open upon that central point, it is also evident that the contraction of the rays would draw the object to the mouth.

It is also clear that the structure by which the rays are made adhesive must be of such a nature that the hold can be loosened at will, as otherwise it would be obliged to swallow its arms as well as its food.

Both these conditions are fulfilled in the arms of the Cuttle.

The integuments of the under surface are modified into a double row of circular cups, the bottom of each cup being so made that it can be pushed into the hollow of the cup, or withdrawn at will, after the manner of a

Octopus.

piston. Each of these cups acts as a sucker, as the reader will easily understand.

In its ordinary condition, the piston, as we

may call it, nearly fills the cavity of the cup. When the creature wishes to seize upon any object, it presses the rim of the cup firmly against its surface, and withdraws the piston. A vacuum is therefore formed, and the pressure of the atmosphere, combined with that of the water, causes the cup to adhere strongly to the object. This power is increased according to the number and size of the cups, or suckers.

So powerful, indeed, is the adhesion that it would be easier to tear the sucker from the arm than to loosen its hold. In some of these creatures the adhesive power is increased by a horny claw arising from the centre of the piston.

Even in the comparatively small specimens which are exhibited in our aquaria, the power of suction is almost incredible when compared with the size of the animal. Not long before these lines were written, a curious adventure occurred to an attendant living in an aquarium.

He was employed in the tank which was occupied by the cuttles, and wore the usual sea-boots, which rise well above the knee. An Octopus (*i.e.*, eight-footed mollusc) which was in the tank, gently thrust out one of its arms and affixed it to a boot. Others followed in succession, attaching themselves imperceptibly like bad habits, until half the arms were fastened to the boot, and the other half to the walls of the tank.

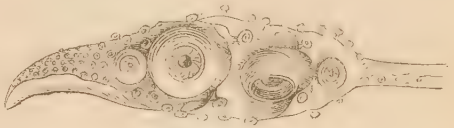
The man tried in vain to detach the suckers which had clung round his boot, or those which were sticking against the wall of the aquarium, and in the end he was obliged to slip off the boot, and leave it to the Octopus. Now, if the same man had been bathing during the flow of the tide, and a similar Octopus had affixed its arms to his legs instead of his boots, nothing could have saved his life.

The largest Cuttle, however, that could be captured alive, is as nothing when compared with the enormous species which haunt the southern seas. What may be the size to which these creatures can attain it is hardly possible to say. Even in the northern latitudes, one specimen which was thrown up on the shores of Jutland had arms as thick as a man's thigh, and M. Peron found a great Cuttle whose arms were seven inches in diameter.

The largest example of these enormous molluscs that has been seen alive and attacked was encountered off the coast of Teneriffe. In the winter of 1861, a French steamer, the *Alecton*, fell in with a great Cuttle disporting itself on the surface of the sea. The men tried to harpoon it, but without success, the harpoon merely slipping through the soft tissues of the body without taking hold. Bullets produced scarcely any more effect, going through the body without seeming to do much injury. One bullet, however, inflicted a wound from which issued a mass of blood and foam, accompanied by a strong musky odour.

Then a rope with a slip-knot was passed over its body, and the men tried to haul it out of the water. The creature, however, tore itself away, leaving a fragment of the end of the body in the noose. The men wanted to lower a boat and chase it, but the captain feared lest they might come to harm against so novel an opponent, and would not give his permission.

The piece that came on board weighed about forty-six pounds, and the officers calculated that the weight of the entire animal, which was about sixteen feet, exceeded four thousand pounds! It was one of the short-armed species, the length of the arms being only five or six feet.



Extremity of Arm.

There are some species which have one pair of arms enormously elongated, specimens having been found in which the arms were thirty feet in length, and as thick as a man's wrist. In these animals, the extremity of the arms is flattened like the blade of a paddle, and furnished with suckers of enormous power. Moreover, when the creature has seized its prey with these arms, it can lock them together, and so render escape impossible.

In the southern seas these gigantic molluscs are greatly dreaded by the natives. The long arms can be slid over the edges of the canoe, and if they seized one of the crew, he would certainly lose his life, were he not prepared for such an attack.

These molluscs approach the vertebrate animals in many respects, and especially in their nervous system. The nerves are concentrated near the junction of the arms in such a manner that they form a sort of brain. The natives are aware of this fact, and always keep a long, sharp wooden spike in the boat. When attacked by a Cuttle, they

drive the spike into the brain, when the suckers relax their hold, the arms collapse, and the animal dies at once.

They employ the same mode when fishing for Cuttles. They first make a bait which looks anything but a bait to those who do not know its use. It is formed of the large cowry shells of these seas, and is shaped like a buoy. This is tied to a cord and trailed slowly along the bed of the sea. The Cuttle sees it, thinks it to be some living prey, stretches out an arm and attaches some of its two thousand suckers.

The fisherman then gives a sharp pull, when the creature attaches another arm. At last, the Cuttle twines all its arms round its supposed prey and attaches all the suckers that can be brought to bear. Then the fisherman rapidly draws up the line, jerks the Cuttle out of the water before it can loosen its hold, stabs it at the junction of the arms and kills it.

I have no doubt that if a good marksman on board the *Alecton* had known where to aim, he could have killed the gigantic Cuttle with a single bullet.

Common Sepia.

A familiar example of these long-armed Cuttles is to be found on our own shores. It is popularly called the Sepia, and is better known by two of its productions than by its form.

One of these productions is the Cuttle "bone" which is so frequently thrown on our shores after a gale. This structure presents another approach to the vertebrate animals, as it is the first example of an internal skeleton. It lies loosely in a sort of bag, so that when the dead Sepia is eaten by the crabs, shrimps, and other crustacea, the "bone" is detached and floats away. Although made of calcareous substance, it is lighter than water. The chalk is deposited in successive layers connected by delicate ridges, which, when the "bone" is broken,

Cuttle Bone.

look like rows of little pillars. This structure enables the "bone" to float on the surface of the sea, and its object appears to be to strengthen the body without increasing its weight.

The common slug possesses an internal shell exactly analogous to that of the Sepia, though not so elaborate in structure.

In the Mediterranean, the Sepia is so plentiful that, after a storm, the Cuttle-bones are heaped up into a ridge several miles in length. The inhabitants of the coast use the animal largely for food, and mostly take it by night, spearing it by the aid of torches.

These "bones" are held in great favour by bird fanciers, who find that they are even better than sand or gravel as aids to digestion. Tooth-powder is also obtained by the simple process of scraping, and for those who travel much the "Cuttle-bone" is found to be preferable to a box of powder.

Still more useful is the well-known colour called "Sepia," which, when genuine, is obtained from this animal.

All the Cuttle tribe possess an internal bag, or sac, which contains a peculiar black liquid. This liquid can be spurted out at the will of the owner, so that the water around becomes instantly as black as ink. The object of this curious provision is to act as a cover to the creature when it is forced to seek for shelter. If alarmed, it instinctively empties the ink-sac into the water and darts off unperceived.

A gentleman well known in literature once saved his life by recollecting this habit of the Cuttle. He was a good diver, and was amusing himself by fetching up some of the beautiful shells which lay on the sand. Suddenly, a cloud seemed to pass over him, and, on looking up, he saw a large shark hovering over him. He had forgotten to take his long knife with him, as is the custom in these regions, and there was no hope of passing the shark. Under water, especially after being submerged for nearly a minute,

there is no time for planning, and the diver gave himself up for lost.

Suddenly, the Sepia's ink-bag flashed across his mind. He dived down again, stirred up the sand with his hands so as to discolour the water, and succeeded in gaining the shore before the shark could find him.

Even in the fossil Sepiæ the ink-bag has been preserved, and a drawing of the fossil animal has been made with its own ink.

Now we come to the jaws.

In the slug, they are formed for scraping rather than masticating, soft food, and are furnished with a great number of small teeth, quite invisible to the unaided eye. But the Cuttles are not only carnivorous but predaceous, and must have jaws which, like those of the lion and tiger or the beak of the eagle, are formed for rending the living flesh.

So, in them, the jaws are modified into a sort of very strong beak, almost exactly like that of a parrot, but much stronger. As the mouth is situated at the junction of the arms, it is evident that the united action of the arms drags the prey into the jaws.

As to the eyes, they are equally modified to suit the habits of the creature.

The slug requires but little sight, and in fact, as it mostly feeds in the dark, could almost do without eyes. Consequently, in the slug they are very small. But the Cuttle needs strong and acute sight, and accordingly the eyes are very large, and are placed upon two prominences, one on either side of the head. These eyes can be seen by referring to the figure of the Octopus on page 26.

Next, we come to the mode of progression. Some of the Cuttles can swim slowly by flapping the arms up and down. All of them can crawl by means of the arms, affixing and relaxing the suckers as they advance.

But their chief mode of progress is exactly the same as that which is employed by the larva of the dragon-fly and copied by man in the rocket. Water is taken into a cavity within the body, and expelled with greater or less force according to the will of the animal. At every respiration, the water is taken into the cavity and expelled through a tube called the "siphon." This siphon can be seen in the figure of the Sepia, on page 28. The ink, which has already been mentioned, is also expelled through the siphon.

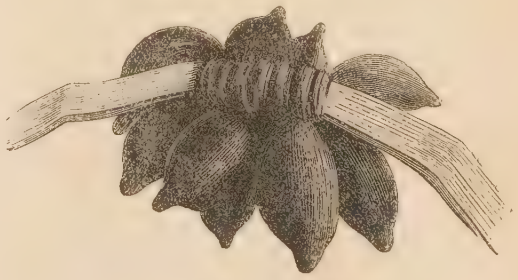
In some of the Cuttles, popularly known as Squids, the propulsive power is so great that the creatures dart through the water so swiftly that the eye cannot follow them. They can even shoot themselves completely out of the water like the flying-fish, and have often been mistaken for those creatures.

I may mention that a steam vessel has been constructed, which is propelled by the direct action of water in precisely the same way. The engine is called the Hydromotor.

Whether for concealment, or for some unknown object, many of these creatures even exceed the chameleon in the power of changing colour. I have kept both creatures, and have noticed that although the chameleon possesses more positive hues of green and yellow, it does not change so rapidly as the Sepia, over whose body the colours flit as if produced in a magic lantern. The young Sepiæ seem to be in this respect superior to the old, and can be very easily watched.

In the summer, especially after a high wind, clusters of Sepia eggs may be found on the shore. They are black, smooth, and fastened together in such a way that they look exactly like bunches of black grapes. Mostly, their flexible foot-stalks are twisted round the stem of a sea-weed.

If the eggs be placed in a vessel of sea-water, young Sepiæ will generally be hatched from some of the eggs. As they are lively beings and rapidly consume oxygen, it is better to place them in a wide pan, the water being only just deep enough to cover the eggs.



Eggs of Sepia.

When hatched, the little Sepiæ are about half an inch in length, and with very short tentacles. As soon as they are hatched, they traverse the vessel and survey it curiously, propelling themselves by means of the siphon. If a layer of sand be at the bottom of the pan, their course can be traced by means of the grooves which each effort of propulsion makes in the sand. When they have taken a leisurely survey of their new home, they hover over one spot, blow out the sand so as to form a cavity, and settle down in it with a curious air of being at home.

While they are traversing the pan, they perpetually change colour, and not for two consecutive seconds do they retain the same hue. Like the chameleon, the Sepia continues to change its colour for some time after death. I do not, however, find that Sepiæ assimilate themselves to the colour of surrounding objects, as the chameleon mostly does. Thus we have seen how perfectly, yet how simply, the soft-bodied and helpless mollusc can be transformed into the terror of the seas, and become fierce, active, voracious, and possessing a set of weapons which combine the terrors of the tiger's mighty paw and the lithe coils of the equally terrible boa-constrictor.

THE RED PLANET, MARS.

By E. W. MAUNDER, F.R.A.S., Superintendent of the Physical Department at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

A BRILLIANT writer, some few years ago, expressed the confident opinion that as science increased so poetry would inevitably decrease: cold hard facts, dry mathematical reasonings would, he thought, drain all the life out of the poet's graceful imaginings, and leave but the marrowless skeleton behind. Yet how different has been the actual result! The advance of science has not only helped the poet to many an apt simile, but has turned the very toilers in her fields into poets in everything but the mere use of rhyme and metre, and has shown us poetry in the most unsuspected places. Only a few weeks have passed since we were taught to look on the despised earthworm as the hero of a true romance, nay, as God's workman to replenish the face of the earth. But if science has revealed to us facts like these, facts which stimulate the imagination of all but the most stolid, from the very dust beneath our feet, how much more when she has to speak of the wonders of the heavens! Surely if sun, moon, and stars declared the glory of God in the days of old when nothing but their mere sparkles could be seen, how much more eloquent they must be to the devout imagination as we know them now! The Psalms of "David, the son of Jesse," may be ended, but the psalms of Orion and the Pleiades are as lasting as the heavens.

Those who care, on a clear night, to lift an attentive eye to the midnight heavens at the present season, are sure to have their attention caught by a bright star riding high in the south. Not only brighter than the rest, and shining with a warmer, ruddier glow, it is also distinguished from the others by the steady, untrembling manner in which it shines. The other stars all twinkle, flutter, and throb; but this one, like the heart of a brave man in the midst of a frightened crowd, is steadfast and unshaken. It is the Red Planet, Mars.

Its fiery hue early led men to associate Mars with the cruel being who, they fancied, stirred up strife between men, and delighted in the carnage of the field of battle and the smoke of the burning town. And if we could so far degrade the pure lights of heaven as to associate them with the pagan demon-gods, certainly the god of war might most appropriately preside over the blood-red star. Next came the wild follies of the astrologers, and they again defamed the ruddy planet by ascribing to it the origin of all violence, dissension, and war. But the advent of Christianity purified not only the lives of men, but their fancies also; and the Christian poet struck out a far purer, nobler thought. The stars, in Dante's idea, were the abodes of the blessed, the "mansions" our Lord had prepared for those who loved Him; and Mars, with its steadfast light and ruddy glow, was the especial home of those who had counted righteousness dearer than life, and therefore had freely offered themselves to be slain for the word of God, and the testimony which they held. The "noble army of martyrs" gathered there, and from that bright star there rose for ever to the throne of God the song of those who had come out of great tribulation, and had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

But all these fancies, pagan or Christian, revolting or beautiful, are but fancies after all. They are signs, however, of the restless longing for knowledge, the desire to search into the deep things of God, which He has implanted in the human breast; a desire so strong that when the attainment of truth has seemed beyond his reach, man has been fain to give his imagination the reins, and let mere dreams fill up the void. But He who gave the thirst for knowledge has likewise given the means for its satisfaction. He has given to man an intellect to cope with the problems of creation, and has scattered on every side, with no sparing hand, aids which, with proper use, may lead to their solution.

As Dante had raised our conceptions

regarding the planets far above the wild fancies of astrologer or pagan, so it was given to another Florentine to lay the basis of a new order of ideas, ideas which should as far outstrip those of his countryman in accuracy and truth as his had surpassed those of the heathen world in dignity and beauty. By the invention of the telescope, which, as a practical astronomical instrument, we owe to Galileo, the orbs of heaven were brought for the first time within the reach of man for him to scrutinise and examine. And in reviewing the work of the telescope in thus revealing to us the nature of the heavenly bodies, we shall find that though the new science may trample in dust with iron feet many of the fictions which are woven into ancient poetry, yet it offers in exchange facts which have a higher interest and a truer beauty.

Surely this is a great gain, nor can we doubt that He who hung the firmament with those glittering orbs, and who has led men to the discovery of the telescope by which these are brought nearer to us, meant us to use it. "He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered," and the reverent inquiry into what this instrument has to tell us of His handiwork, may not prove unacceptable praise.

The very first glance at Mars with a fairly powerful telescope shows the observer that its surface is not one monotonous disc of red. Patches here and there approach that hue, but there are besides spots of a much paler shade. Dark markings are also seen, disposed in lines and spots of every variety of intensity and form.

But the feature which most promptly catches the attention, should Mars be properly situated to show it, is a spot near the edge of the planet, and of the most brilliant whiteness; a tiny spot, it is true, but so bright that it has been seen gleaming like a star of the first magnitude, even when a dense fog had utterly hidden the rest of the planet. This diamond on the golden shield of Mars attracted the attention of astronomers very early, and its changes have been watched for more than two centuries with the greatest interest.

For it does change. In 1877, when it was particularly well seen, it was observed to grow smaller and smaller all through the summer and autumn. But as winter drew on, and the old year gave place to the new, this diminution was no longer to be noticed; and though ere long the position of Mars rendered observation too difficult for its growth to be watched as its decrease had been, yet observations made in many former years do not permit us to doubt that all through the autumn and winter of 1878 it was increasing as rapidly as it had diminished before.

This tiny bright spot was not the only touch of white on the planet. On the opposite edge was another—larger, not so brilliant, and far less distinct in outline. This, too, varied in size, but inversely as the first one, that is, it increased as that diminished, and *vice versâ*. So that whilst in 1879 the southern spot was the brighter and the more distinct, in 1873 the northern one had the pre-eminence.

But besides these bright markings there are, as we have said, also dark ones. These are of many different shapes, sizes, and shades, their usual tint being a nearly neutral green. Some of these are *permanent* markings, that is, they have been seen not only for two or three following nights, but after the recurrence of many years. One or two of the largest and darkest are distinctly figured in drawings made more than two hundred years ago. Then, again, these permanent markings prove that the planet rotates on its own axis. Whilst the astronomer is at the telescope he will see one marking gradually disappear at the western edge and a fresh one appear at the eastern. That, hour after hour, comes further and further on the disc, reaches and passes the centre, approaches the west edge, and disappears, to be followed by another and another. The watcher will, however, look in vain for the marking he first noticed; it will not reappear during that night, but on the following evening it will be seen again, and after it all the others will reappear at the eastern edge in their proper order. There are few prettier sights afforded to the astronomer than this: thus to be permitted to watch a revolving world, and to see the same mechanism which secures to ourselves the delightful and necessary alternation of day and night actually in action on another globe.

The movements of these dark permanent spots not only tell us that Mars revolves upon its axis, but also mark out the position of its poles, and of its equator. And now we learn a very interesting fact. Those two white spots which grow in winter and diminish in summer mark the positions of the Martial North and South poles. A long series of observations has also taught us the time which Mars takes to revolve on his axis with an accuracy closely approaching our knowledge of the length of our own day, and shows us that the Red Planet is a trifle slower in its movements than we are, each day being

lengthened out a little, so that thirty-nine days there are equal to forty here.

But the markings on Mars are not all permanent. On the moon every mountain is known; nay, almost every ridge and every precipice, and these remain year after year unchanged, so completely so that it is disputed whether there has ever been the slightest alteration since the moon was first thoroughly examined. With Mars the case is very different. His ruddy face bears the hue of health, and shows all the signs of life and change, whilst the moon has the appearance of pallor, coldness, and death.

Many examples of these changes could be given, for no opposition passes without their being noticed. The alteration most frequently remarked is the temporary concealment, by a light veil, of part of one or other of the dark markings; or else the edge of some spot, usually distinct, becoming for a short while hazy and ill defined. A couple of instances will suffice. The largest of the dark spots, named by Mr. Proctor, De La Rue Ocean, after Dr. Warren, De La Rue, was observed in 1877 by several astronomers, and on many different occasions, and its outline was almost invariably seen to be distinct and well defined; but there were a few exceptions. On September 29 Mr. Green, an astronomer who was watching the planet at Madeira, noticed that a large part of it was no longer dark, but bright. Three days later an Italian astronomer saw that the greater part of the spot was dark as usual, but that a white spike jutted out into it from the neighbouring lighter markings. Two or three days later these had vanished, and the dark spot had resumed its ordinary appearance. Another large dark spot, called after a clergyman named Dawes, noted for his keen sight and the skill with which he effected the most delicate observations, is very frequently concealed from view in the same manner. Thus, in 1877, it was generally seen in its entirety, dark and distinct; but in 1879, as a rule, only portions of it could be caught here and there, the greater part appearing as bright as any part of the general disc.

And now what do all these markings mean—how are we to interpret them? Is there anything that we know on our own world which will help us to understand them? How would this globe appear when viewed under circumstances similar to those under which we see the Red Planet; as, for instance, could we stand on Venus, what would the Earth look like to us then?

First the distinction between land and water would be clearly recognisable by differences both of light and of colour. Our seas and oceans would seem decidedly darker than our continents, and would have a somewhat neutral shade of blue or green. The land would vary much in colour. Switzerland with its glaciers and snow-covered Alps would be a dazzling white. The great sandy deserts, Sahara and Arabia, would appear to be fully as ruddy as anything we see on Mars. It is hard to say what colour England would show with its green woods, and its golden corn-fields, and its black mining districts; probably a pale greenish yellow.

The advance of the year, too, would show itself by changes of tint. Spring, summer, and autumn, indeed, would be hardly distinguishable, but hoary winter with his snow and ice would make the part of our world over which he ruled a bright, resplendent gem, the pure whiteness of which would attract the notice of the most careless observer.

Then our mists, our fogs and clouds, how would they show themselves? When some great nimbus cloud hangs like a sable pall over all the face of nature, and the sun himself seems to suffer eclipse, surely our imaginary astronomer on Venus would see a black spot on our globe? No, the very contrary. That cloud hides the sunlight from us by the very virtue of the brilliancy with which it reflects the rays off itself back again into space; we see this for ourselves when we chance to get a glimpse of the "silver lining" of some great storm-cloud, and we know that snow itself does not shine with a radiance more white and dazzling than does a sunlit cloud.

It is scarcely necessary to say that when, as often happens, some vast cloud covers hundreds of square miles and blots out all the heavens from our view for weeks together, no telescope on Venus or Mercury could pierce the veil and reveal the lands and seas beneath. All that could be discerned would be a great white spot.

But such a spot would not be permanent. It would be seen to gather, and to move, and finally to break up and disappear, and the watchers could by patient observation discriminate, sooner or later, between the immovable outlines of the continents and the changing forms of the clouds. Of course, all those millions of miles away, only clouds of an enormous size would thus be visible. A "mackerel" sky, the clouds known as "mares' tails," and small isolated clouds of every description could not be directly perceived.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CIVTH PSALM,
VERSES 6–8.

The observer would see that a certain marking was a little whiter than usual, and that its outline was indistinct, but the cause would not be discernible.

It is scarcely possible to resist the inference which is suggested by so exact a correspondence between the appearance of Mars, and the features our own world would display; and we cannot wonder that many observers were led to conclude that our ruddy neighbour possessed, like the Earth, seas, continents, islands, rivers, lakes, and atmosphere, with clouds and mists, and in the winter snow and ice. Still some astronomers, anxious not to adopt any theory that was not absolutely proved, suggested that after all this close similarity might be delusive, and that Mars so far from being constituted like our own globe, might in reality be most radically different. The dark markings need not be seas; they might, like the dark markings of the moon, be only plains of a different tint to the general disc; or, again, they might be seas, but seas composed of some other liquid than water.

These speculations have, however, within the last few years been set at rest by the invention of the spectroscope. Sitting at the feet of this new teacher—and does not reverence for its manifold wonders compel us to say, this teacher sent from God?—we learn that though Mars reflects to us the light of the sun, it does not reflect it to us unaltered. Certain particular shades of colour are missing, and it has been ascertained that just those shades are lost which would be absorbed if the light had passed through an atmosphere like our own, when heavily laden with water-vapour. Now as care has been taken to ascertain that this absorption is not due to the action of our own atmosphere, it follows that Mars must possess one likewise, and one that is rich in the vapour of water.

Here we have a certain standpoint for many further conclusions. That vapour must have been raised by the heat of the sun from masses of water—lakes, rivers, seas, and the like; and under certain variations of temperature, variations which from the rotation of Mars on its axis must take place, that vapour must from time to time be partly condensed as dew, clouds, mist, rain, hail, snow, and so on. We are, therefore, able to state with certainty, and could do so if those white polar spots had never been descried, that around each pole ice, snow, and cloud must form, appearing to a distant spectator as bright white spots, which would increase in size as winter drew on, and decrease under the heat of summer.

Seeing that water must exist on Mars, there can be no hesitation in claiming the dark markings as seas, for water is a bad reflector of light under ordinary circumstances, and therefore would appear dark as compared with the land. The temporary obliteration of the dark spots by white ones must be due to that formation of cloud which must sometimes take place on a planet containing oceans. Clouds cannot form and dissipate without causing air currents or winds; indeed the polar snows are evidences of these, for the water necessary to build up that vast accumulation of snow must have been brought by them to the Arctic regions from warmer zones; indeed, it may be said that they have been actually seen, for dark markings lying nearly north and south have been noticed on the white winter spot. These may very probably indicate warm winds flowing from the equator towards the pole, and temporarily dissipating the great winter clouds as they pass.

The existence of defined seas proves something further—that the surface of the planet is not one dead level, but that there are vast hollows, as on our earth, which have become the beds of seas. The land cannot be one uniform flat either, for the forces which have wrought such unsymmetrical sinkings must have produced equally unsymmetrical elevations. There are, therefore, mountains and hills, valleys and plains on Mars, and in time past or present there have been, we may fairly assume, volcanoes, earthquakes, subsidences, and upheavals—in fact, a whole cycle of geological changes, resembling those which we have experienced here.

Thus we learn that the Creator's fiat, "Let the waters be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear," was not spoken only to the ocean which rolled over this world of ours; Mars too has heard the same Almighty word, and the same Hand which fashioned the hills and valleys of Earth has wrought there to a like result. But though the similarity of form and condition of the two planets does not in itself justify us in assuming that both were shaped for identically the same purpose, we may rest assured that on our ruddy neighbour, as here on Earth, "fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy wind, fulfilling His word, mountains and all hills," unite by their fitness for accomplishing God's purpose, in praising and magnifying the name of the Lord, who has created all things, and for whose pleasure they are and were created.

ANECDOTAL PORTRAITS.

No. I.—"WONDERFUL WALKER."

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

"You, sir, know that in a neighbouring vale
A Priest abides before whose life such doubts
Fall to the ground; whose gifts of nature lie
Retired from notice, lost in attributes
Of reason, honourably effaced by debts
Which her poor treasure-house is content to owe,
And conquests over her dominion gain'd,
To which her frowardness must needs submit.
In this one man is shown a temperance—proof
Against all trials; industry severe
And constant as the motion of the day;
Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade
That might be deem'd forbidding, did not there
All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;
Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,
And resolution competent to take
Out of the bosom of simplicity
All that her holy customs recommend,
And the best ages of the world prescribe.
Preaching, administering, in every work
Of his sublime vocation, in the walks
Of worldly intercourse between man and man,
And in his humble dwelling, he appears
A labourer, with moral virtue girt,
With spiritual graces, like a glory, crown'd."
"Doubt can be none," the Pastor said, "for whom
This portraiture is sketched. The great, the good,
The well-beloved, the fortunate, the wise,
These titles emperors and chiefs have borne,
Honour assumed or given: and him, the 'Wonderful,'
Our simple shepherds, speaking from the heart,
Deservedly have styled.—From his abode
In a dependent chapelry that lies
Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,
Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,
And, having once espoused, would never quit;
Into its graveyard will erelong be borne
That lowly great, good man. A simple stone
May cover him; and by its help, perchance,
A century shall hear his name pronounced,
With images attendant on the sound;
Then, shall the slowly gathering twilight close
In utter night."

SUCH was Wordsworth's opinion of "Wonderful" Walker. He died in the June of 1802, and though his name and the traditions of his life still linger on amidst his native dales, beyond the Westmoreland mountains he is little known; and yet the Church of England has need to remember him tenderly and proudly.

Belonging to a now almost unrepresented, for a vanished class of clergy, his life and character may appear to us, living in the whirl and rush of a later period, as unique; but they were not such at the time. He was one of a distinct portion of the beneficed clergy of our land; but one whom the circumstances surrounding him, the force of his own character, and the perfection of his filial churchmanship, all intensified in their effects by the extreme old age to which he lived and laboured, combined to make a marked man, and to gain for him the title of "Wonderful" from the simple Dalesmen who venerated him. How this came about may be best understood by a sketch of his life and surroundings.

The true way in which to enjoy a holiday in the English lake-district is to take up your headquarters at Ambleside or Kendal, and from the one or the other place make leisurely walking tours in the country round. The season to choose is early in September. Then walking between the tall hedgerows, with the brackens browning on the banks, and glowing sprays of scarlet and orange-tinted blackberry-boughs waving overhead, suddenly, at a turn of the road, you see a lake lying far below, its pearly waters reflecting the intense blue sky and soft grey clouds; a village on its shore, embowered in gardens; a corn-field, giving a glint of gold to the landscape, and cheerful with the reapers' tiny figures; the hills, in every tender shade of green, beyond; and then the more distant mountains close the scene, rising skywards, pink and blue and ashy grey. Well may we hesitate to move onward, and linger long, drinking in the beauties spread out before our tired, house-wearied eyes. But you must be prepared for a more toilsome climb, and for grander and more rugged surroundings, if you would view the spot which Robert Walker loved so well that "he was content in that situation" and, though he might have changed, stated his preference for Seathwaite not only in writing, but travelled on foot over the mountains of Westmoreland personally to request that he might not be removed therefrom. The traveller must leave the quiet beauty of Coniston Water, and, climbing by the way of Walna Scar, he will, after some six miles' trudge, arrive at Seathwaite. Even now he will find this one of the most secluded, out-of-the-world glens in the north of England—in summer, beautiful in fresh tints and sunlight. "Russet and craggy hills of bold and varied outline surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch-trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages whose site has been chosen for the benefit of the sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances the dwelling-house, barn, and byre compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. In winter, storms tear down the mountain-gulleys; the river Duddon, which finds its exit from the

vale past the chapel, is swollen to a mountain-torrent, and the cold becomes intense, and snow-drifts cut off all communication with the outer world. Then indeed is Seathwaite an inhospitable region, and as we are not favoured with much hot weather in England, and as one of the best-known features of the lake-district is a steady downpour of soaking rain, on the whole most of us would prefer living somewhere else.

Robert Walker was born on the 21st of December, 1709, at Under-Cragg, in the village of Seathwaite. His parents were poor Dalesfolk, belonging to the Statesmen class—that is, owning the small farm which they cultivated—and he was the youngest member of a large family of twelve children. As a child Robert was delicate, and therefore his father and mother thought it best to "breed him a scholar." Those were not the days of School Boards, and education was carried on in one of two ways—either the clergyman of the parish "kept school" in the church, or some poor scholar had a room provided which was not needed for any more (so-considered) *useful* purpose—and he was paid, not in the coin of the realm, but by being boarded and lodged free, in turns of a fortnight each, in the houses of the scholars' parents. At Ulpha, a neighbouring village in Eskdale, a Mr. Parker "kept school," and to it Robert daily walked for instruction, and here he learnt reading, writing, and arithmetic. As years went by, the natural vigour of his constitution overcame his childhood's feebleness, and he grew strong and healthy, continuing so during all his long life. Robert Walker was not quite seventeen when his father died and, his eldest brother succeeding to the tiny estate, the younger members of the family had to shift for themselves. Robert obtained the situation of master of the school at Gosford, in Cumberland, and also at Lowes Water later on. At both places he lived—as was then the prevailing fashion in the Dales—a guest in one or another of the Statesmen's farmhouses. It did not follow, because contented with such humble pay, that these country schoolmasters were ignorant men. Not many years ago a gentleman met with a schoolmaster of this description trudging along from Ravenglass to Wastdale. "He was a fine specimen, well up in classic lore, and possessed a fund of capital anecdotes concerning De Quincey, Professor Wilson, and Hartley Coleridge." At Lowes Water the curate, Mr. Forest, assisted Robert Walker in his personal studies, so that he was able to add the classics to his acquirements, and successfully to prepare himself for the office of deacon. His next removal was to Buttermere, where he obtained a title, and to which curacy he was ordained. For no worldly consideration, for no increase of pay, from no love of ease or leisure, or desire for more cultivated society or larger mental enjoyment, did Robert Walker enter the Church; but with the high ambition, with which so many a heart burns still, to devote himself wholly to the service of God, and from no other motive did he take orders. The sanctifying and elevating power which such a purpose possesses can be seen in thousands of lives to-day. For whatever faults the friends of the Church of England may have to bemoan, however much it may be the fashion for her enemies to sneer at the quiet bearing and unworldliness, the incapacity unfortunately too often observable in the clergy for business transactions, yet all must admit that though a few may fail to preach the gospel, the many members of this vast body succeed in living honest and worthy lives, marked by much charity and helpfulness; for—and here lies the strength of the Church—if all its clergy do not claim an apostolic succession of office, all worth the name believe in an apostolical succession of duty. In this belief Robert Walker most conspicuously lived. In his character, faith and works, doctrine and deeds, went hand in hand to such a degree as to win him the title "Wonderful." He felt himself an officer in the church militant the moment, as a deacon, he entered upon his Buttermere curacy. Though proud of his calling, his opinion of himself was so humble, that for years after Mr. Walker was priested and had been appointed incumbent of Seathwaite, he abstained from administering the Lord's Supper, contenting himself with instructing the children in the catechism and in carefully preparing the communicants. Three times each year a neighbouring clergyman came up from Broughton and administered the sacred rite.

At Buttermere, if there was any salary at all, it was so very trifling that he could not, even by teaching the school, provide himself with the barest necessities of life. So the old plan had to be resumed. One parishioner fed the curate for a week or two and then another did so, so that all the time he remained there he was continually moving from house to house.

Thus Mr. Walker had food to eat and a shelter above his head; still he required clothes and longed for a few books. To obtain these he had to labour while others

rested. All day long he taught in the school. On Sunday he took two services; part of each night was occupied with his studies and in writing his sermons—and very good they were, as those he left behind him prove. In summer he rose between three and four o'clock, and went a-field with his scythe or his sickle. He ploughed, he planted, he went upon the mountains after the sheep; he sheared and salved them, and he dug peat—all for the small wages he might earn. He was at work before all other labourers, and remained long after they returned home wearied out. And when the long dark winter days drew on, Mr. Walker knit and mended his own stockings, made his shoes, and, being also an excellent spinner of both linen and wool, he spun all his own clothes, and in later years those also of his whole family. In Seathwaite church the parson's pew was stuffed and lined with cloth which his own hands had made. In all manual labour he excelled; but he was in request also as a physician and lawyer. Wonderful Walker drew up all wills, conveyances, bonds, &c., wrote all letters and settled all accounts needed in his cure, and he was such an excellent business man that he frequently went to the market for the Statesmen with their sheep or wool to sell. After some years' work worthily done at Buttermere, he removed to the curacy of Tover. Tover, a sweet little village on the banks of Coniston Water, was certainly in all ways a move for the better on Mr. Walker's part. Here he took priest's orders, and here he gained the respect of his parishioners, and might have remained; but he always had greatly wished to be the parson of his native vale, and longed after the rugged beauty of his childhood's home. He was presently gratified with what no one nowadays would consider a preferment—the presentation to the *living!* of Seathwaite. The value of this incumbency was £5 a year! Twice Mr. Walker's income was augmented (once at a cost to himself of £50); but it never rose to above £18 a year.

There, for sixty-seven years, the Wonderful remained the shepherd, friend, schoolmaster, and emphatically the clergyman of the vale; and, scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices never tempted this good man to quit his post. He entered on his cure of Seathwaite in the year 1735, and in 1755 he refused the curacy of Ulpha, a neighbouring village, offered to him. With his own hand he wrote to the bishop, begging that he might not be appointed, and in a second letter he said:—

"My Lord,

"I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged, on account of the affair of Ulpha. If that curacy should lapse into your lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha annexed together would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places, by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me;—all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid."

Upon coming to Seathwaite the incumbent married. His wife brought him £40. This sum he invested in the Funds. And so sparing and industrious were the couple that, though their family increased to ten children, they never used either the principal or the interest, and from time to time added to their nest-egg, so that, at Mr. Walker's death, a sum of £2,000 was divided amongst his children! The wife he chose was a helpmeet for Robert Walker, as frugal, industrious, pious, and charitable as himself; they remained tenderly united to each other to an extreme old age. An account of his family and their prospects appears in a letter written to a gentleman at the time when he refused the curacy of Ulpha. After mentioning the recent death of a little girl, he goes on to say—

"We have yet eight living, all healthy, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen; Sarah, ten years; Mabel, eight years; William Tyson, three years; and Ann Esther, one year and three months. . . . Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of a tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about £17 10s., of which is paid in cash £5 from the bounty of Queen Anne, and £5 from W. P., Esq., of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and £3 from the several inhabitants of S——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and garden I value at £4 yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth £3; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction, with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and good-will with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians and sound members of the Established Church, not one Dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all.

"I got to the value of £40 for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and though my income has been but small and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessities of life . . . ."

In the *Annual Register* of 1760 the Wonderful is thus described by a gentleman who visited his secluded parish that summer:—

"I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock trimmed with black horn buttons, a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of wooden-soled clogs, with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast. His wife and the remainder of the children were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and, moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it by sixteen or thirty-two pounds weight upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to market even in the depth of winter. The alacrity and the good-humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself, astonished me."

Fifteen years later we again find a notice of Mr. Walker written by an eye-witness, who says—

"By his frugality and good management he keeps the wolf from the door. . . . I don't find him running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves, and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and I believe the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and, indeed, how should they be dissatisfied when they have a person of so much worth and probity as their pastor? a man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

Yet if Wonderful Robert Walker was compelled by his poverty to labour incessantly either with his hands or through whole nights at his desk, to provide daily bread honestly, and to owe no man anything save love (which he amply paid), he never for one hour allowed such toil to interfere with or impede his spiritual work. The sick were regularly visited. Service was held in the church not only twice on the Sunday, but also on all the special holy days. When the rest of his family had retired to bed, which they did at eight o'clock, he betook himself to a little study he had built under the roof of his house. There he kept his books and weaving materials. He could not have a fire, and the place was often excessively cold; yet here he generally studied and wrote till dawn. All his sermons, even for more than fifty years, were carefully thought over and written out.

The only school the village afforded was kept by the "Priest" (as the Dalesmen still call their clergymen) in the church. This seems to us a strange custom, but it was the prevailing one then, and it had many advantages.

The church where Mr. Walker taught and served no longer exists, for in 1875 a new one was built upon the old foundations, but it is well remembered still. It was a long, low building, with walls of great thickness, and smothered in bushes, and the little river Duddon nearly washing its walls, whilst the mountains towered around. It is no wonder that the old building was cold and damp to a degree. Yet in this strange school-house there was no fire even in the bitter depths of winter. Mr. Walker kept himself as warm as he could by wearing a large cloak of his own cloth, and sent his scholars by batches to warm themselves at the parsonage fire or to take a run with the same object up the mountain slopes. Mr. Walker's handwriting was clear and clerkly, and the old men of the parish fifty years later were observed to write all alike, and all in this same clear, clean way.

The parents of the children were too poor to pay regular fees, and the parson never asked for any remuneration; but they showed

their gratitude by performing for him any little service which lay in their power. They paid by helping him at getting in his hay and corn harvests, or at the fuel-cutting season. As the Wonderful taught the children his hands were always busy spinning, and sometimes with his foot he would also rock the cradle.

He used the communion-table as his desk, always sitting within the rails. The master was of a very cheerful disposition, happy and pious; but his scholars found he was also very strict, regular, and diligent, and insisted on their being so too.

After working from early dawn in the fields, teaching school all day, and visiting his sick as evening drew in, it must have been a pleasant sight to have seen him with his family in the evening: the old-fashioned, humble room warmed by a glowing peat fire, and lighted by the home-made rush-lights; the sturdy boys and rosy girls; the pleasant-looking, active house-mother; the simple meal of oatmeal porridge and milk; the father, with his benign ruddy face and silvering hair, in the midst, sitting in his cassock-like coat (for though the material was coarse, he was always careful to mark his sacred office by the fashion of his dress), at his spinning-wheel. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy, whilst one of the number was chosen to read "a godly book" of entertainment or instruction, and then the Scriptures, for with these and prayer each day ended.

Every inmate in Robert Walker's parsonage was early trained to be "industrious, cleanly, and happy. No railings or idleness, no indulgence of passion were permitted." So the good clergyman kept his ordination vow and answered the question—

"Will you be diligent to frame and fashion your own self and your family according to the doctrine of Christ, and to make both yourself and them, as much as in you lieth, wholesome examples and patterns to the flock of Christ?"

The Sabbath, Robert Walker kept strictly holy. His church was always full. His people knew that every vacant seat was marked, and that the following week he would call to know the reason why.

As the congregation came from scattered homesteads and cottages, making their way across mountain and moor to the house of prayer, and after the morning service there was hardly time for many of them to return home for their noon-tide meal and then come again to the afternoon service, the parson upon that day kept open house, and invited the parish, *en masse*, to be his guests. All were welcome—many came. To supply sufficient dinner, the whole of the animal food the family could be allowed for the week was cooked upon that day, and during the six following ones cold meat, or none at all, appeared on the table.

"Once," writes a clergyman, "when I was very young I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his ninetieth year, and even then the calmness, the force, the perspicuity, the dignity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind that I never see a hoary-headed, aged clergyman, without thinking of Mr. Walker. We dined with him after service, and I thought what a good and kind old man he is! Several farmers who had come a great distance and intended to stay afternoon service, were by this hospitable minister supplied with beef, potatoes, and a good basin of broth."

The afternoon service was not so largely attended as the morning one, but the congregation was a very thoughtful one, and the parson was accustomed to read Burkett's Commentaries as an accompaniment to the New Testament lesson. He read with such feeling that frequently his hearers shed tears. It is wonderful that living the homely life he did, so far removed from any intellectual stimulant, with so little change or contact with the outer world, never dreaming of "a month's holiday," or "change of scene," Mr. Walker should not have degenerated into merely a labouring man; but this was far from the case. Mr. Walker's conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but also for its life and eloquence, whilst his written style was correct, simple, and to the point. The life he lived seemed to refine and elevate him, for happily he was a passionate lover of nature. He loved to collect fossils and was skilled in botany; he was a constant observer of the stars, understanding something of astronomy, also of meteorology, making many experiments on the nature and properties of the atmosphere. He taught his children to love and admire insect life, and stored their minds, as they worked with him in the fields, with much information on the natural history which surrounded them.

Children, as well as the homely Dale folk, loved his company, for he was affectionate and extremely tender-hearted, and at the same time cheerful, whilst his childlike sim-

plicity and utter want of pretension made his presence a pleasure to men of higher rank.

An anecdote which shows this simplicity in an amusing manner is told of him.

"He was a favourite of the late Lord Muncaster. He had a general invitation to Muncaster Hall; but as it was some distance from Seathwaite, and Mr. Walker was frugal of his time, and not anxious to introduce himself into the company of titled gentlemen, he deferred a visit for a long time; but having occasion to go within a few miles he thought it a convenient opportunity to pay his respects and make use of his lordship's invitation. Lord Muncaster was not at home; but Mr. Walker was kindly entertained at dinner by Lady Muncaster. Mr. Walker ate heartily, and, at the end of the first course, with much simplicity and gravity, arose and returned thanks to God for what he had received. But finding the servants bringing in fresh dishes, he innocently and quietly apologised to her ladyship and said, 'I beg pardon, but I did not know your ladyship dined twice on the same day.'"

But if simple, he was "canny" withal. Rumours used in those days to fly about concerning the Pretender, Westmoreland being on the high-road, as they considered, to London. Once when the Statesmen up in these high regions heard he really was coming their way, nay, that he with his Scotch followers was actually near Seathwaite, the Wonderful shouldered his clock and hid it somewhere in the mountains till the fancied danger was past. It is to be hoped for the sake of the works he did not bury it!

Time passed on and now more than half a century had gone by since Robert Walker was instituted parson of his native valley. Children, whom he had baptized, taught their letters, seen grow stalwart youths, and had married, were white-headed men now. His own children had most of them left him for other homes; and it must have been a touching sight, even to those long-living Dale folk, to see on a sacramental Sunday the old man stand in his white surplice waiting with the sacred elements in his hands, as first, before the rest of the congregation, his aged wife feebly drew near. They had been married over sixty years, but she was sweet as ever in his eyes. His son and his wife, and four daughters each with her husband, all more than middle-aged people, followed.*

* The united ages of the group were above 714 years, and the respective distances from their houses to the church added together made more than 1,000 miles.

But life, however healthy and simple and useful, cannot, thank God, go on for ever. In the year 1800 Mrs. Walker, after a few months of failing health, quietly departed to be with Christ, her age being ninety-two years. This blow fell on the old man with crushing force, and he gradually sank under it.

His mind and all his faculties, excepting his eyesight, remained as keen as ever, but he never preached with steadiness after his wife's death. He would constantly glance to the corner of the pew where she used to sit, and to her vacant fire-side chair. When the old vicar passed his wife's lowly grave he would linger and burst into tears. When left alone he grew very sad and depressed, and it even seemed to cost him an effort to be kind and good-humoured as of old when with his friends.

A last picture of his ministerial life is given us by a lady who, as a young girl, was once taken as a great treat to spend a Sunday at Seathwaite. She relates that the whole congregation was drawn up in two lines on each side of the path leading through the yard to the church door. Mr. Walker advanced up the walk, with his fine white hair streaming in the wind, and his hat in his hand covered with mourning, it being just after the lamented removal of his wife.

He was led by a boy (being nearly blind), so that he might find the latch of the church door, which he opened with his own hand. He then advanced to the altar, where he sat, while the service was read by the curate (the Rev. Edward Tyson). No one knelt till he knelt, and no one rose till he rose. After service she and her friends partook of his homely fare of beef and broth at the long oak table of the parsonage. She says that no language can express the deep feeling of respect for their pastor which was shown by every member of this humble but intelligent congregation.

It was a midnight in June, 1802. The door opened and the old man came forth, leaning totteringly on his daughter's arm, to look at the faint stars and breathe for a few minutes the cool night air. "How clear the moon shines to-night," he said. Next morning, when at six o'clock they went to awaken him, they found him sleeping the calm sleep of eternal rest. He was gone where there was no need of the light of either sun or moon, and where the sweet words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," had fallen from his Master's lips in loving welcome home.

Justice Warren's House.

JUSTICE WARREN'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of New England.

By OLIVE M. BIRRELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE autumn of 1639 was a prosperous one in New England, and the circle of men who gathered round the kitchen fire in the little inn at Salem, on the night of the fifteenth of October, wore, for the most part, very cheerful countenances. The mirth of Puritans has supplied many a jest to their enemies, and it must be confessed that there was something heavy and cumbersome in their mode of expressing happiness; their jokes were elephantine, and a perpetual sense of responsibility seemed to hang over them, preventing their spirits from ever rising to buoyancy. The faces of most of the party were rugged and deeply lined, as might be expected in men who had toiled to make homes for themselves on an unknown shore, but just now, while they leaned back on their benches very much at ease, smoke from their pipes rising in clouds to the ceiling, the rigidity of their features relaxed, and one or two loud peals of laughter rang through the room. It was characteristic of the community that at this holiday hour, when their minds were free to wander where they pleased, a theological subject engrossed their whole attention. One of the principal farmers in Salem, a grim-visaged, black-haired man named Putnam, was holding forth upon a book which had been published in England about the year 1625, with the praiseworthy purpose of confuting the Church of Rome. It was called "A New Gag for an Old Goose," and Putnam was counting over, with the help of his fingers and thumbs, the various weak places in the argument where the Arminian tendencies of the clergyman, its author, had disgusted the Calvinistic party in the English Church.

"Is it true," asked Giles Holmden, the owner of the inn, "that King Charles made the man who wrote it one of his own chaplains, and said that, after he had preached at Court, those might contradict him who durst?"

"Ay, it is true," said Putnam, "and afterwards he made him bishop. Thank God we have no kings or bishops here to thrust false doctrines down our throats, as if we were fools or children and could not tell for ourselves which are true and which come from the devil!"

A murmur of applause followed the utterance of this sentiment, even the wife of the host joining her voice to the others. There was only one guest who remained silent, and this was a young man, dressed in shabby, travel-stained garments, who had taken his

place at a bench remote from the fire, where he was eating his supper quickly, as if he were in haste to be gone. His complexion was fair, his features well cut, and an air of distinction, in direct contrast with his homely dress, seemed to belong to him naturally, evidently commanding respect from the rest of the company, since they allowed him to eat his meal in peace without being teased by questions. All at once, when the noise of conversation was becoming louder, a knock sounded at the door, and the wife of the host, going to look who might be there, cried in a tone of surprise to her husband, "Quick, Giles, it is Justice Warren's daughter in a waggon; she is beckoning for some one to go out to her."

"Warren's daughter!" repeated the man. "What brings her here so late as this? There is nothing wrong, I hope."

"Nothing, except that my horse has cast a shoe," said a clear, ringing voice, as a girl, wrapped in a warm mantle, came into the kitchen. "Can your men help me, Master Holmden? I want to get back this evening."

"To be sure they can," said the host. "Come in, Mistress Kate; we are always glad to see you at any hour of the twenty-four. There is a good fire here, unless you would like to go up-stairs."

"No, I will stay here," said Kate, taking off her cloak. "I have left my servant outside with the waggon: we shall be ready to start again so soon that you need not trouble to prepare anything for either of us."

The circle of men round the table laid down their pipes and made a way for the newcomer to pass, looking at her with a curious mixture of admiration and respect, while she acknowledged their politeness by a very frank, good-humoured smile. The Puritans had left kings and queens, and all the traditions of an aristocracy, behind them when they crossed the sea, but they had not shaken off that tendency to show honour where honour is due, which has insured respect to a certain class of people in the sternest republics of the world. Kate Warren owed some of the reverence with which she was treated to the fact that her father was a magistrate, who represented Salem in the General Court of Massachusetts, but much more was drawn forth by her own character, and would not have failed had her condition in life been altogether different.

She had dark hair, well-marked eyebrows, and deep soft black eyes; melancholy when she was silent, but sparkling and animated as she talked. There was great delicacy and refinement in her features, and a beautiful sweetness in her expression, more striking perhaps, because everything about her indicated that it was not caused by insipidity, but was closely united with strength. As she stood among the grim, weather-beaten men who were smoking and eating at the hearth, she seemed an embodiment of that ideal purity for which the nobler spirits among the Puritans yearned; a vision which might have inspired Milton's "Comus," or floated before his mind as he wrote one of his loveliest sonnets—

> "Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth,
> Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green."

"What news from Boston, Mistress Katherine?" said the host, after he had sent a man to shoe the horse. "Is the Justice coming home soon?"

"The General Court has not nearly finished its business," said Kate.

"Ay; Governor Endicott has not had much rest lately," said Putnam. "He is a fine ruler for our colony. Massachusetts has never had a better. First he put the Indians down, and next he punished the Quakers, who are worse than Indians, for they draw the wrath of the Almighty upon us, so that He sends bad harvests and the good seeds rot in the ground."

"That is a heavy count against them, if it can be proved," said Holmden, smiling a little. "They deserve all they have got in that case—hot irons, whips, gags, and halters."

"It is as good as proved," said Putnam. "These men despise the Scriptures, and cast dishonour on the ordinances. I have heard those say who know, that in Boston one man rose in the meeting-house and interrupted worthy Master Norton, who was in the pulpit, to declare before all the people that they trusted in the Word of God as heathen trust in wooden idols."

"They call the ministers of religion priests," said another man. "I have heard them."

"*Priests!*" cried Mistress Holmden; "they could not do that, surely. We have no priesthood here; the very name is like fire in our bones."

"He is speaking the truth," said Putnam. "These people hate ministers, and would put them all to death if they had the power."

"They are an evil set," said Kate; "but I think the young and feeble amongst them should be spared severe punishment. Some children have been cast into gaol in Boston, whose only blame lay in having learned

their lessons too carefully from their parents' lips."

"The children will grow up to spread this poison far and wide," said Putnam. "No; let them suffer while there is hope that they may be redeemed."

"It is wrong to permit such people to remain amongst us," said Kate. "I am not now defending their doctrines, which are hateful and perverse; but I wish it were possible, while crushing their errors, to treat their bodies with more gentleness."

At this moment the unknown guest rose from his solitary seat, and, coming forward, placed himself in front of Kate, his hat on his head, and his bright grey eyes fixed on her face, with as much intentness as if no one else were in the room.

"Hearken to me," he said. "I have a message to deliver that gives me no rest until it has been spoken."

"Take off your hat," shouted several voices, while Holmden got up, anxious to prevent a scuffle, and said quietly, "You are a stranger, perhaps, who is ignorant of our rules. It is usual to uncover when we address women."

The young man paid no attention to this remark, but continued to speak, still keeping his eyes on Kate.

"They have told thee much about the people whom they call Quakers. Hast thou ever proved for thyself if these things which they say are true?"

"He is one of them," cried Putnam. "Stop him, silence him, turn him out."

"Friend," said the stranger, looking round quietly, "I shall leave when my message has been delivered. Until that is done, neither thou nor any one else hast power to hinder me or prevent its utterance. Hear," he continued turning once more to Kate, "what I shall say. I implore thee, for thy own soul's good, not to believe these calumnies. Some of those who persecute us have minds which no light has ever reached, but I perceive in thee a nature too good to be given to ignorance, and a heart which God has already softened. Thou hearest from others that we despise the Scriptures. Nay, it is false; we read them as the Word of God to our souls. Thou art told that we live apart from the All-holy, because we deny the virtue of ordinances. Do those live apart from Him who desire to have their lives so full of His presence, that the smallest movement of His Spirit may be felt and obeyed? Is it to live apart from Him, to turn away from the material forms in which His love was once content to be manifested before it overflowed and embraced the whole world? They tell thee that the Scriptures must be thy guide to truth, but they do not show thee where to find the key which is to open the meaning of the words. They who teach thus are in bondage to the letter. We, who are led by the Spirit, are free. Be guided by the same Divine Instructor. This is the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Where it shines, no priest is needed to unravel the mysteries of God. Believe me; taste for thyself, and see."

Kate stood motionless, her large dark eyes fixed on the speaker, her lips parted and her breath coming quickly like some one who hears strange news. The host and his wife were doubtful how to act, while the rest of the company seemed restrained by awe and did not again interrupt until the last words were spoken, when Putnam sprang to his feet.

"Turn him out," he cried, "he is a Quaker. Do you hear his insolence? Are you so familiar with Justice Warren that you may freely thou and thee his daughter. Holmden, turn him out. The law forbids you to give him shelter."

"Is it true?" asked the young man, still addressing Kate, though in a much lower voice, "Reginald Warren is thy father?"

"He is," said Kate quietly.

A scene of confusion was now taking place around them. Putnam and one or two others were urging Holmden to lay hands on the unwelcome guest and turn him forcibly from the house. The host was reluctant to do anything violent, lest he should be blamed by the authorities for permitting brawls in a place of public resort. His wife also cried to him not to molest the Quaker, but to persuade him to go out quietly, since she feared the story would be told from mouth to mouth and they would incur a fine for having ever admitted him. In the midst of the turmoil, no one listened to the stranger or heard the next words which he said to Kate.

"I knew I had a message for thee: it was borne in upon my mind when first I saw thy face. To-night the Lord hath need of thee. His servant will knock at thy door. Do not refuse what shall be asked, and remember when the day comes in which thou shalt search for truth, as men search for water in a parched land, that it is not faith in dead letters which will guide thee, but the voice of God's Spirit speaking to thy soul."

His voice was so remarkable, and its

cadence so touching as he warned her of struggles to come, that Kate felt her heart beat rapidly, and, with a strong desire to hear more, put out her hand to detain him. It availed nothing: he had lingered because some hidden motive impelled him; and, obeying the same mysterious impulse, he now turned to go away. The disorderly company separated to let him pass, not one man present venturing to touch him until he had reached the door, when Putnam made a movement forward; but it was too late, the opportunity had gone, and without check or hindrance he passed through into the darkness.

"He is either a Quaker or a fiend," said Putnam. "Desmond, why did you not stop him? He went nearer to you than to any one else, while you stood with your mouth open."

"Stop him!" cried the man addressed. "No Christian could venture to touch him. I seemed to breathe an odour of death as he passed."

"Well, he is gone," said the host, "and a good riddance. I have no mind to pay a fine for giving him a night's lodging. Mistress Kate, I am sorry you have been pestered by his insolence in my house."

"There was no insolence in what he said," replied Kate, "though he did wrong to address me at all. If my horse is ready, Master Holmden, I will go."

"No doubt the horse is ready," said Holmden, "but I wish you would not leave until that fellow is safely at a distance."

"I had much rather start at once," said Kate. "The darkness has come down since I have been here, and I have two miles of road to travel over."

Her face looked white, and her lips were compressed more tightly than usual, but she seemed resolved to hide her feelings from those around her, and would not admit that there had been any cause for alarm when Mistress Holmden came up to express regrets and sympathy.

"Wait only twenty minutes," said Holmden, as he put the reins into her servant's hands. "Perhaps this abominable Quaker may try to stop your waggon."

"I am not afraid," said Kate, "and I do not believe he will come near me. Farewell, and many thanks for your hospitality."

She leaned back among her warm rugs and made a sign to the driver to start without further delay, but the good-natured face of the landlord looked anxious as he watched the waggon disappear on the darkening road.

CHAPTER II.

It is related of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, that on one occasion he met two women by the wayside whom he had never seen before; but, moved by the Spirit of God, he stopped and declared to them his knowledge of their sins. The words came with terrible force to their consciences. Overwhelmed with shame, they confessed that Christ had reproved them through his lips, for all the things he laid to their charge were true. There is no need to find a supernatural explanation for facts which are after all only the insight of goodness. A pure heart sees many things besides God. It can easily be believed that there are people of sensitive natures who detect the presence of evil as quickly as travellers in the desert perceive the scorching breath of the simoon, and on the other hand, we can well imagine that the sight of a noble and pure face may awaken powerful sympathy in one who would otherwise be lonely in the midst of a crowd. Kate Warren could not understand the reason of all that had taken place. She was not aware that her appearance had in it anything striking or unusual, and those strange words spoken by the young man had made a deep impression upon her, strengthened, no doubt, by her remembrance of his bright grey eyes shining with such unnatural and feverish light. Those were days of superstition, when the real lessons taught by such incidents as these were lost, because men insisted on finding miraculous causes for them.

As the waggon rumbled along the road Kate looked everywhere around, almost hoping that the stranger would appear again and tell her what the future held concealed, but nothing could she see except the tall shadows of the trees in a forest which the path skirted. Once or twice she checked the horse, asking her servant if he heard the noise of footsteps, but when they were quiet the only sound which reached their ears was the melancholy plunge of the Ocean, as it rolled in heavy breakers upon the shore. Justice Warren lived in a large comfortable house, somewhat remote from the village of Salem, and surrounded by fields which he had brought under cultivation. A bright light placed in one of the top windows helped to guide the travellers, after they left the main road and turned down a steep path leading directly to the front door. When the waggon stopped, a sound of barking dogs and cheer-

"Fox moved to speak."

ful voices silencing them came out into the darkness, and in another moment a girl of seventeen, fair, round, and very pretty, appeared on the threshold, speaking in cheerful tones of welcome. This was Winifred Carr, an orphan ward of Warren's, who had been adopted by him as a companion for his own motherless daughter, Kate.

"How late you are!" she cried. "We began to fear you had met with an accident."

"So I have," said Kate. "White Star lost his front shoe. Here are my parcels, Winnie; send one of the servants to take them in. Oh dear, I hope I have remembered all the things I promised to buy in Salem!"

"Never mind the parcels," said Winnie; "Hester will see to their safety. She has been prowling about for an hour, wondering every moment whether you had got her precious beeswax. Here, Hester, Mistress Kate has come at last."

A hard-featured woman of five or six and thirty, dressed in black, with a disfiguring cap on her head, came into the hall in answer to this summons, and soon began to busy herself with the various parcels which had lain in the waggon, while the two girls sat by the fire and talked. The hall where they were was spacious and comfortable, furnished like a sitting-room, and made cheerful by two large sconces, placed in such a position that the flames of the wood fire should reflect themselves inside. Some family portraits were also displayed, which the Justice had brought from his home in England. There

was one of John Francis Warren, Kate's grandfather, a fair, broad-shouldered Englishman, and Elizabeth his wife, in whose features some shadowy likeness to her young descendant could be traced, though her beauty was under a cloud owing to the peculiar style of dress she wore, resembling a suit of whalebone, with a ruffle at the top as large as a peacock's spread tail, and not so prettily decorated. Kate told her story to Winnie, carefully leaving out all allusion to the mysterious stranger; but as they went to their own room, where supper was prepared, she turned round and said to Hester, "Be sure that the gate is left unlocked, for it is possible that some one may come to-night to see me."

"It is not safe, mistress," said Hester. "We have no thieves in Salem, and no witches, thank God, since Susan Pinfold suffered for her sins last New Year; but wandering dogs might get in, or perhaps even a stray cow. Dame Anna Sirton's cow came in last week and ate some linen I had on the grass bleaching."

"Never mind that," said Kate. "I have a particular reason for wishing the large gate left open. I will tell Giles when he may shut it."

The Puritans were obliged to choose their domestic servants from the lowest class of the population. Some were criminals who had been sent to New England to undergo a kind of penal servitude; others voluntarily bound themselves to their masters, and became thralls during a term of years, stipulating only that food and clothing should be supplied to them. Hester was one of these, and by no means a favourable specimen of her class. She had a sour, forbidding countenance and a very strong will; but Kate knew the secret of managing her, and though she often grumbled, she never disobeyed. On this occasion she went to give the necessary order to Giles, muttering under her breath that it was time the Justice came home to see after his own goods, since no one else but herself bestowed a thought upon them. Kate and Winnie meanwhile shut themselves into a small cosy room, opening from the hall, where they kept their spinning-wheels and the various small treasures which girls love to gather around them. While they are taking their supper, and Kate is listening lest by any chance footsteps should be heard outside, we may use the time to learn something about the absent owner of the house and the other dwellers in Salem.

Warren was not one of the earliest settlers in New England. The first band of Puritans, who sailed from Southampton in the *Mayflower*, were chiefly men of humble rank—artisans and industrious work-people; but they were followed ten years later by others of their countrymen who had filled high positions at home, and brought a new element into the Western World. He was one of these later colonists. His father had been a squire, who educated him for the profession of a lawyer, but the excitement which prevailed in London during the reign of Charles I., as well as his own growing convictions about religious things, disgusted him with life in the old country, and determined him to join a party of emigrants who started for America in the year 1630 under the command of the celebrated Winthrop.

By degrees the first band of Englishmen had begun to feel at home in the New World and to prosper in their undertakings. They called their settlement New Plymouth, after the port from which they had started; but the second party of colonists thought it better to go farther along the coast and find homes of their own; so they passed New Plymouth by, and chose the shores of Massachusetts Bay for their resting-place. Here they built the towns of Boston and Salem. A few years later some enterprising men reared wooden houses still farther in the wilderness, which were afterwards gathered together, and formed the colony of Rhode Island. Other adventurers went into the region of Connecticut, and some to New Haven; and so, one by one, the familiar names appeared in the pages of history.

Behind these early settlers were primeval forests, peopled by wild tribes of Indians with whom they were often at war; before them stretched the ocean over whose waves they had travelled, and there in compact companies they lived, a number of resolute men and women diligently reclaiming the soil and developing those powers of self-government, which had been repressed at home, in a manner that to later generations seems visionary and incredible. They had no idea of adapting laws to the varied needs of men. The men must learn to live according to the laws: this was their theory of human life, and when it failed to work the results they hoped for, the blame was laid to the devil.

Some of the rules they made appear childish in the light of modern experience. No one was able to vote in the yearly election of magistrates, unless he was the member of a church, a form of religious disability which

must have nurtured many hypocrites, and placed too much power in the hands of the ministers to be safe. Offences against the moral law were punished as if they had been crimes against the State, and in every department of life, even in those we are taught by our instincts to consider most sacred, the acts of men were placed under the guidance of their rulers. The laws relating to marriage in this austere community were, as might be expected, of a very stern kind. No one was allowed to seek the affection of a woman without first asking leave from her parents, or, if these were dead, from the magistrates, after which the courtship went on openly, under a fire of criticism from all the tongues in the settlement. Many proposals had been made to Warren by men who wished to marry his beautiful daughter, but Kate had a will of her own, and it was no part of the Puritan creed that women might be forced to take husbands against their inclination; so one by one the suitors were dismissed. It was a great shock to the community when they learned at last that she was going to be married to Captain Keith, a young soldier of good family, who it was believed had dared to propose to her before Warren's consent had been asked; some of the village gossips having met them on more than one occasion walking by themselves on the shore! For some time the Babel of tongues found enough to keep them busy in discussing Captain Keith's audacious conduct, but by degrees the interest lessened and the fact of his engagement was peaceably accepted. He was away now, a disturbance among the Indians having made his presence necessary in a distant settlement, but as soon as he came back the wedding was to take place, and in the meantime Kate had plenty of occupation in preparing her bridal things.

CHAPTER III.

SUPPER was over and Winnie had just taken her place at the wheel when she heard Kate's voice speaking in low, almost awe-stricken tones. "There it is, Winnie; did you hear?"

"I heard Vep bark," said Winnie; "he is always barking at wrong times, the foolish old dog. He dreams that he can hear your father's voice, perhaps."

"But there were voices at the outside door," said Kate. "I shall go and see."

"Mistress Katherine," said Hester, thrusting her head inside, "here is your visitor, and I wish she were anywhere else!"

Kate made no reply, but hastened into the hall, followed by Winnie, who looked anxious and at the same time curious.

The first sight of the new arrival did not justify Hester's fears. She was a girl of nineteen or twenty, very slender and delicate-looking, with soft bright hair of a golden shade, and large deep eyes. Kate thought that never in her life had she seen such eyes; the soul seemed looking out from behind them like a prisoner on the brink of escaping and becoming free. They were marked beneath with blue shadows, signs of ill-health, and all the features were wasted and spiritualised as if from long-watching and much sorrow. It was certainly a beautiful face, but with painful beauty of the kind which suggests mortality and change; and after Kate had looked at her for a few seconds, she involuntarily gave a deep sigh, feeling that some tension at her heart needed relief.

"You are Mistress Katherine Warren?" she said, and her voice, though sweet, had something in it which, like her face, spoke of illness and coming sorrow.

"Yes, I am," said Kate, with one of her brightest smiles of welcome.

"I was told to come here, to ask if you would let me stay with you for three days."

"Three days!" cried Hester, holding up her hands, while Kate answered cheerfully, "Yes, I shall be very glad to help you, if I can."

"For Heaven's sake, mistress, be careful!" said Hester. "Ask her name, and how she came to know you."

"My name is Rose Halifax," said the girl, looking at Hester for the first time, and then turning her eyes to Kate with an expression which seemed to say, "I will tell you all when we are by ourselves."

"Come here," said Kate, and led her into the little room where Winnie and she had been sitting, while Hester began to pour out her complaints to the only person who was left to hear them.

"I do not want to deceive thee," said Rose, when she found herself alone with Kate. "Thou art kind and good; I could not endure to bring thee into trouble. I am one of those people who are called Quakers."

"I knew it," said Kate. "I expected you."

"Expected me!" she exclaimed, a deep blush covering her face. "He has told thee all?"

"I met a stranger, one of your friends, in

the village of Salem this afternoon," said Kate; "he warned me to look for a visitor."

"Ah, I understand," said Rose, the colour fading from her face again. "It was without doubt William Robinson, who with several others has been banished from Boston, and is now holding meetings in the woods round Salem. I came with them, but it pleased the Lord to take away my strength, and they judged it better that I should leave their company, if I could find a house whose owners would let me rest."

"Where will you go when you leave here?" asked Kate gently.

"I cannot tell. I am free. They counsel no one. We must each go where the Spirit of the Lord directs us."

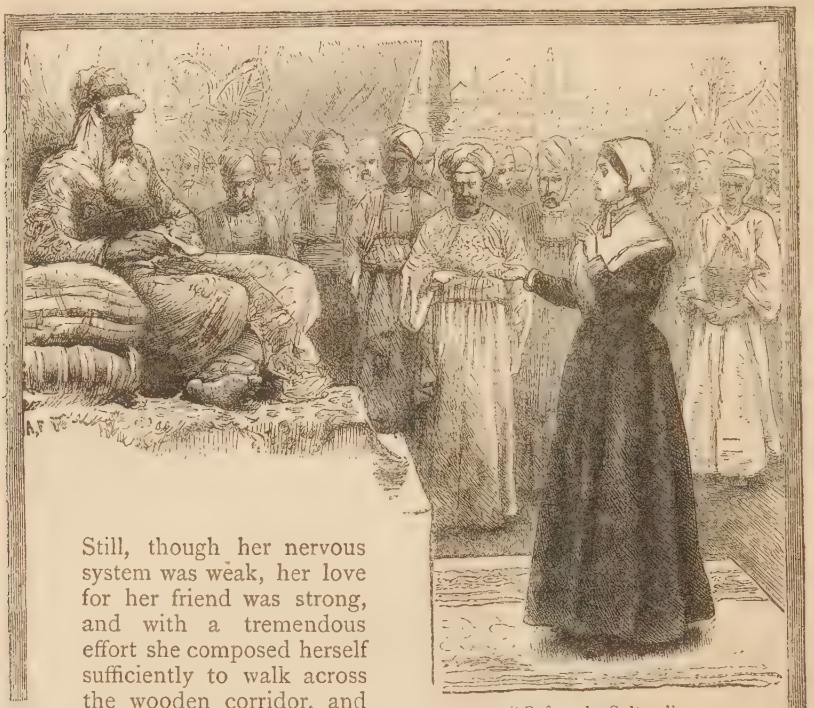
Kate stood for a few moments in deep perplexity. She scarcely knew whether her duty to her father, as guardian of his house in his absence, permitted her to receive and shelter one of the sect which he abhorred. There was a mystery also hanging over the whole circumstance. It seemed incomprehensible that this poor wandering creature should venture to a magistrate's dwelling, and tell his daughter with perfect truthfulness the history of herself and her companions, unless she had received a private assurance that no harmful results would follow. Yet, Kate knew of no single person who would be likely to give such a promise. While she was hesitating, Rose remained perfectly quiet; her thin white hands clasped in her lap, and her beautiful eyes raised to the face of her companion, with a wonderful expression of trust. Kate tried to imagine what would happen if she refused to shelter her, and sent her away; she could not have told then, but afterwards she knew that Rose would have got quietly up, folded her grey mantle around her and gone out into the darkness, never uttering a murmur. It would have seemed the will of the Lord that she should be cold and homeless, and what He gave, she joyfully accepted as her portion.

This evening, however, her faith was not destined to meet with such a trial. After much hurried reflection, Kate decided that no harm would be done by keeping the new guest for one night, at all events, and in the morning she meant to consider the matter further. She felt a strange movement of affection to this fragile being, who looked at her so wistfully, and the influence of William Robinson's words still hung over her, as it had done all evening, inclining her to expect something marvellous to happen, and not to fear what was unusual.

The only room which could conveniently be prepared for a stranger was a small one, next to that occupied by Kate herself, and with a door opening into it. To this room she led Rose Halifax, though Winnie looked grave and disapproving, and Hester whispered in a kind of stage aside—"Mistress Katherine is certainly being bewitched." When everything was ready, Winnie offered to stay and sleep with her friend, and never forgot the quiet look of astonishment which Kate turned upon her, as if the idea of possible danger had never occurred to her mind before. She would not hear of any change being made in their arrangements, and Winnie went to her own room, perplexed and wondering, unable to close her eyes or to lie down. The events of the evening were too striking and unusual to be passed by with indifference, and she felt a strong presentiment that some terrible result might be looked for before long.

Once or twice she was on the point of returning to Kate, and saying that she could not reconcile it with her conscience to leave her perfectly alone with the stranger; but again a vague sense that such conduct would be an intrusion, and only work harm, forced her to remain where she was, though tortured with anxiety. She began to wonder as the night went by, and her thoughts became more and more feverish, whether this fair young woman was really just what she seemed, or whether her appearance of weakness was assumed, in order to beguile people to their destruction. Every one believed in diabolical possession then, and Winnie's mind held many stories of practices such as these, where witches and magicians clothed themselves with the appearance of purity, and enticed innocent souls to make their acquaintance before alluring them to evil. Kate would never be tempted to do wrong, but she might be overpowered by force and strangled because she would not sign her name to a compact with the devil. At this point in her reflections Winnie started up from the chair where she was uneasily sitting, and resolved at all hazards to go and see what was happening in that mysterious room, which had now become to her a chamber of horrors.

It was difficult to accomplish even so short a journey as this, for her whole frame was quivering, her hands were convulsively clasped, and she was fast falling a victim to that strange hysteria which seized girls and women and delicately organized natures in those times, making them imagine impossible evils and suspect others of being their cause.



"Before the Sultan."

Still, though her nervous system was weak, her love for her friend was strong, and with a tremendous effort she composed herself sufficiently to walk across the wooden corridor, and very gently to open the door of Kate's room. No one was there; the little white bed was empty, and she saw at a glance that it had not been used since they came up-stairs. The inner door was half open, and the sound of low voices issued from it. Winnie went forward very quietly, and with a strange thrilling sensation looked in.

On a low stool near the fireplace, leaning against Kate's knee, sat Rose Halifax, her soft light hair floating over her shoulders, and those mysterious eyes, which seemed to be speaking when her lips were silent, raised to Kate's face. They had evidently been saying something of great importance to each other, but the only words which Winnie heard came from Rose, and were these, the conclusion of what had passed before: "The Lord is my light and salvation, whom shall I fear; the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" A great calm came over the feelings of the poor terrified girl. The words seemed spoken to her alone. She drew back, unwilling to listen for another moment to conversation not meant for her ears. Kate was in no danger, and the stranger had not come with any evil intentions, but had been sent to them perhaps by the Lord in whom she trusted; so there was no longer need to watch or be afraid. She went back to her room, and was soon peacefully asleep, while the others continued to talk, unaware that any one had come so near them.

It was by no settled intention that Kate had gone to Rose after they separated for the night. Towards twelve o'clock a hard dry cough, which very seldom ceased, became so much worse that her anxiety was aroused, and she went to offer help and contrive some alleviations. She found her guest sitting on the low stool, where she was when Winnie looked inside, resting her head on the window-ledge, as if despair of obtaining ease had driven her to seek one position after another, the most uncomfortable being scarcely less painful than the best. Her appearance was so forlorn, that Kate's kind

heart overflowed in sympathy. She sat down beside her, and tried to draw out the causes of her sorrow, though carefully refraining from putting any direct questions which might only cause fresh suffering. Rose was not unwilling to talk, and the kindness of her new friend seemed to console her as far as such grief permitted of consolation. She told Kate that her home had been in England while her parents lived, at a place called Guyton Farm, in Warwickshire; but after they died, she and her brother Paul came to Massachusetts.

"He followed to the boat."

"Why did you do that?" asked Kate. "Had you no wish to stay in England?"

"Paul had become a Friend," said Rose. "We one day heard George Fox preach, and it touched his heart exceedingly. From that hour his life was changed, and he could no longer live in peace with my father's family. Both my parents went to their parish church; it was a grief to them when Paul sought for more light than could be found there, but they were powerless to withstand the workings of the Spirit of God."

"Then you became a Friend too?" said Kate.

"Not all at once; slowly and by degrees I learned that my duty was to go out from amongst my own people. I loved the old words and the forms by which my love for God had been nourished. Oh, dear! I can see the church now when I shut my eyes, and the path across the fields which led to it. All day, as I have been walking, a part of one of the prayers was sounding in my ears. 'That it would please thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water, and to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives.' 'We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.' I never dreamed in the days when I knelt at Guyton that those words could come to mean me."

"Where is your brother?" asked Kate.

"He is dead," said Rose, looking up quickly. "He died in prison. We loved one another so much; from the time when we were little children we had done everything in company, and when he said he must leave England, I never questioned whether to come with him or to stay behind. I knew it would break my heart to part from him. But now God has parted us; it is His will, I know, though sometimes I wish that the wickedness of men had had less to do in bringing it about."

Kate longed to ask more, but did not venture, and waited until Rose continued her story, which she did at last in a much lower voice.

"The last time I saw him he said a verse from the Psalms to give me courage. 'The Lord is my light and salvation, whom

shall I fear; the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?' He had no fear, though already they had scourged him twice and marked him on the cheek with an iron. If he had lived longer he would have been hanged, but God released him first."

"What had he done that they should treat him so cruelly?" asked Kate, her face expressing the horror of her mind. "Was it by order of the Governor that he was scourged and burnt?"

"Yes, Governor Endicott ordered it," said Rose. "Paul had spoken many times to the people, urging them to cast off dead forms and approach God for themselves, without aid from outward rites. Wherever we went, he always felt it was his duty to deliver the message he had received from the Almighty. Once I begged him to rest from the work, but he said, 'Never, until I am in heaven, at the feet of our Lord.'"

"Did you ever speak to the people?" said Kate, clasping one of Rose's hands tightly in her own.

"No, I was not called; but my friend, Mary Dyar, did. She spoke in many meetings, and she said that when she saw a crowd her heart used to burn, the desire to rise and speak to them was so strong. Once in Boston, outside the prison door, we were waiting to go in and see my brother, and a number of men and women collected, and she said to me, 'I cannot keep silence; my heart yearns to tell these people of the love of God.' I begged her to let the moment pass, for I was frightened, but she could not; she trembled from head to foot, the longing was so great, and at last she rose and stood by the door and opened her heart to them."

"What did she say?" said Kate.

"A great deal. I cannot remember all. She told them how Christ loved each one of them, and how much He longed to save them, not from hell only, but from sin. And some melted into tears, and others stretched out their hands to pray; but there was no noise, for her voice is low and each one wanted to hear what she said; and when she had done all thanked her, and a few asked her to go on speaking, to tell them more of the Lord Jesus and His compassion for guilty souls. But she replied, 'No, my friends, go home and ask Himself to tell you, for there are things not possible to be uttered.'"

"I wish you could remember more," said Kate, whose eyes were fastened on the pale, spiritual face with an eager, hungry look. She was thinking that sermons such as this one must be very unlike the dry discourses preached in Salem Meeting-house, where the living Saviour was rarely mentioned, and theological arguments had taken the place of His life's story.

"I can tell thee about Mary Fisher," said Rose; "it quiets me to talk about them, and to think of all they used to say. She went through the whole world preaching the Gospel of the Grace of God, and in Turkey the men were so touched by her words that, ignorant as they were, they offered her no injury. She was taken before the Sultan, and God gave her great power to speak, so she told him of the love of Jesus."

"That was wonderfully brave," said Kate.

"The Turks treated her less cruelly than the people of New England. When she visited among dark places here, they drove her away."

"Among dark places?" repeated Kate.

"Where the light of truth has not come," said the girl, looking wistfully up. "It is laid upon us to do this work."

"But the truth has reached New England," said Kate. "Our forefathers brought it with them when they left their early homes."

"Not the pure truth," said Rose. "Your people are in bondage to dead forms, and the Spirit of the Almighty has forsaken them. We know that it is wrong to use outward symbols of sacred things, such as water in Baptism, and wine and bread to represent Christ's body and blood. The kingdom of God is within us, then why should we try to put its mysteries into a shape which all can see? Besides, we think that it is even more wrong to have priests."

"Priests!" said Kate. "I never heard of them, except in the Church of Rome. We have no priests; we are taught by ministers of the Word."

"They are the same as priests," said Rose. "We have none, no appointed ministers whatever, but each one speaks when the gift is poured out upon him. This is what the Scriptures mean when they tell of people prophesying in the churches."

"Ah," said Kate, falling back a little, and feeling that they were touching very deep mysteries.

"Because we rebel against the priesthood we are persecuted," continued Rose; "this has been the chief cause of our offence. But whatever is done to silence us, our duty remains clear. We must carry our testimony all over the earth, and witness to those who are ignorant that the only true religion is spiritual not external. Even the Scriptures become an idol, if we do not let the Holy Spirit pour

fresh light upon them, each day as we read. Oh, if thou couldst only hear Mary Dyar! She can explain everything; but I am weak, and my best thoughts come from Paul."

"You must miss him terribly," said Kate. "Did you see him to say good-bye."

"After he was dead, the jailor's wife let me in," said Rose. "I kissed his cheek where the iron had burnt him, and I thought of the day when we should meet in Heaven. How I wish I had died with him!".

Kate did not immediately reply, and Rose seemed struggling with some deep feeling which she could not express. At last she laid her hand on Kate's.

"I cannot help telling thee," she said, "I am so bewildered. Perhaps thou canst help me."

"Is it a doubt where you ought to go next?" said Kate.

"I have felt a coward lately," said Rose, in a whisper, "and when some one came who loved me and promised to take care of me, I could not help wishing it were right to listen. At first my heart seemed broken, and I thought I could never love any one because Paul was dead. I sat in the dark for days, and when they brought lights I shrieked with pain; it reminded me of that horrible evening when they first told me the Governor had ordered him to be burnt. But at last some one came in the dark and sat beside me and talked."

"It was your friend," said Kate, for Rose's voice ceased altogether; "he wanted to comfort you."

"He understood me when no one else did," said Rose, "not even Mary Dyar. He did not think I was crazed or wicked because light was hateful to me, and all his words were strength and sweetness and healing. He told me how he had loved me for many months, and more than ever now, when he saw me alone and forsaken, judged even by my own people. I promised to go with him, but I did not tell the others what I had done. They think I shall return with them to Boston after I have rested here. They do not know that he intends to follow me to Salem, and take me with him to another country where we shall be safe from all harm. The day we left Boston he followed me to the boat to say farewell. It was at the peril of his own liberty that he came, for the Governor had forbidden the people to show us kindness. I was afraid for him; I begged him to go, and take no further thought of what concerned me; but he put his hand in mine and said, 'The hour shall never come, when danger keeps me from thy side.' He is not one of my people; he had never used our language before, and at that moment the bond between us became so strong, it seemed as if death itself could have no power to break it. I did not doubt that it was right to promise all he asked; but this evening darkness has come over me. I am afraid that to do as he wishes is to refuse my share in the cross of Christ, and to turn away from following Him."

"But He gives us the blessings of friendship," said Kate; "may we not take what His own hand holds out?"

"There are some whom He calls to another life," said Rose, "who are asked to share in His agony, not to walk beside Him in pleasant pastures."

"If he meant such a path for you," said Kate, "do you think He would have sent a friend to tempt you and give false hopes?"

"It may be a great trial," said Rose, rising and looking sadly into the face of sympathy which was turned towards her.

"I cannot tell," said Kate, with a deep sigh. "If I knew who your friend is, I might understand better."

Again that rush of colour covered Rose's face, and she seemed on the point of saying something, but making a great effort she controlled herself and remained silent.

"Try and sleep now," said Kate gently; "you are tired and cannot think to any purpose. To-morrow, when you are rested, things may look more hopeful."

She put her hand between those thin transparent ones to take leave, and then a deep perception of the pain her companion must be enduring, forced her to forget all restraints, to throw her arms around her and cover her cheek with kisses. She thought of her own happy love and the preparations going on for her wedding, comparing her joyful existence with this struggling one, marked so heavily by sorrow. The contrast did not move her to pity alone, reverence mingled itself with her compassion, and behind both these feelings lingered some strange sensations of surprise as she remembered that only a few short hours before the Quakers had seemed in her eyes embodiments of all that is evil.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Rose met with a much more friendly reception from Winnie, who was anxious to make some compensation for her unjust suspicions the night before. Hester said nothing, but went about her work looking very sulky; she was absent

during part of the morning, moreover, and would give no account of her doings when she came back. Rose gave little trouble to any of them; she was very tired, and lay on a couch which Kate contrived for her in the small supper-room, looking so pale and shadowy that the girls wondered whether she would ever have strength to continue her journey. At four o'clock in the afternoon, as it was growing dusk, Winnie came to tell Kate that Master David Prynne, the minister of Salem, was coming to the front door.

"Oh dear, how very dangerous!" said Kate. "I wish he had stayed away."

"Dangerous!" said Winnie, opening wide her soft blue eyes; "what harm can he do to either of us?"

"I had much rather he knew nothing about Rose," said Kate.

"He cannot say you did wrong in keeping her," said Winnie, "a poor desolate thing, and so ill, too! But I almost think, Kate, it would have been wiser to send her to the kitchen, as of course I thought you meant to do. It looks strange to make a couch for her in your own private room."

Winnie did not know Rose's secret, and more than once that day Kate had found some difficulty in parrying her questions; this remark, however, was easily silenced, and she cried, not without indignation—

"Why, Winnie, she is as well-born as you or I. That is one reason why Hester dislikes her."

While the words were on her lips, a thought flashed into her mind, filling it with fear. Was it possible that Hester had already gone to the minister's house and told him what was happening at Justice Warren's? No time could be lost with safety if this were so, for to keep Master Prynne waiting was not the best way of sweetening his temper; so, after giving directions to Winnie about closing all the doors, she hastened to the hall. The minister stood in the middle of the floor leaning on his stick. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with pompous manners, who wore a large wig and bestowed as much attention on his appearance as was consistent with Puritan rules. Some rumours had gone abroad that Endicott meant to stir up a crusade against wigs, and it was well known that he thought them vain and unseemly decorations, but as yet Master Prynne's loyalty had not been brought to such a severe test. He often came to call upon Kate, for Warren had asked him to take some charge of the family during his own absence, and on these occasions he was in the habit of giving the girls very good advice; sometimes asking them questions on the subject of religion, which covered Winnie with blushes, and made her friend very hot and uncomfortable. To-day, however, she had other fears to occupy her, and felt that her mind would have been quite relieved if she had heard him say, in his accustomed tones: "Good morning, Katherine; while we have a little time to spare, tell me the heads of my discourse last Thursday."

He did not begin his conversation to-day with any such form of address, but after asking where Winnie was, and when the Justice might be expected to return, he cleared his throat with great solemnity two or three times. "Katherine, I have heard news which has caused me much uneasiness."

"About our soldiers?" said Kate, for a moment forgetting one danger in thinking of another. "Has any bad tidings come from the forests?"

"Not that I am aware of," said the minister; "my concern was caused by another matter even more important than the safety of our men."

He thought this exclamation of Kate's was a stratagem to divert him from the point he had at heart, and remarking mentally that all women have been deceitful since the foundation of the world, he returned to the charge with fresh spirit.

"I have been informed that you received a visitor in your father's absence. Is this so, Katherine?"

If he looked for further prevarication he was disappointed, since Kate said quietly, and without any attempt to mislead him, "It is perfectly true, Master Prynne."

"And I am told, moreover, that this visitor belongs to the abominable sect," said the minister, his voice becoming dangerously loud, so that Kate feared it would be heard in the adjoining room—"in short, that she is a Quaker."

"That is also true," said Kate, as quietly as before.

"Have I heard you aright?" asked Master Prynne, much shocked. "You did this wilfully and with full knowledge of the step you were taking?"

"With full knowledge," said Kate; "she told me before allowing me to run any risk by sheltering her."

Master Prynne got up and walked about the hall for several moments, until he had mastered himself sufficiently to speak again.

"Katherine," he said at last, pausing in front of her chair, "this woman leaves your house to-night."

His tone was one of calm authority, sure that she dared not resist his will, but like every one else in Massachusetts would feel the voice of a minister to be almost as convincing as the voice of God. It was true that it came to her with great power, and for a few minutes he could see that a struggle was going on in her mind, which he tried to bring to a safe conclusion.

"Remember," he said, "the guilt you will lay on your conscience if you resist its promptings. Such persons as this deluded girl are accursed; they are raging waves of the sea, wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever. How fearful to become partakers in their punishment, which you certainly will do if you assist them on their evil way! Be warned by me and turn aside from this precipice while time is granted you to repent."

It has happened many times before and since that the weapon of spiritual terror has been used to subdue those whom no earthly fears could quell. Kate's face became very white, and her whole appearance changed, so much as to reveal the nature of her conflict. For a few moments longer she remained silent, but while Master Prynne hoped that his words were taking effect, she was really occupied with earnest prayer, entreating Christ to acquaint her with His Will. If He wished Rose Halifax to be sent away, she must do it, let the sacrifice be ever so awful; but should it prove, on the other hand, that His own guidance had directed the stranger to her door, then no denunciations from the Church on earth ought to make her yield her duty by a hair's breadth. While she was hesitating, certain words flashed into her memory with as much distinctness as if they were understood for the first time. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." When next her voice was heard, it sounded very calm.

"Master Prynne, I think that the only person in Massachusetts who has a right to complain of what I have done is my father. It is possible that he may feel with you that I have gone too far in giving the shelter of his roof to one of the Quakers. This risk I take upon myself. Between himself and me the question rests, and I will allow no one else to have a voice in it."

"But you also disobey the law of the colony," said Master Prynne. "What do you say about that? Do you defy the law?"

"Yes," said Kate, "I do."

The minister looked perfectly aghast. Such desperate rebellion as this he had not expected, and for the time his feelings were so agitated as to impede his powers of utterance. What might have followed, it would be hard to say; but at that moment an interruption occurred. The door into the adjoining room was opened, and Rose came forward, wearing her grey cloak and prepared to all appearance for a journey. Kate observed with surprise that the dejected look she had worn the day before was no longer to be seen; her eyes shone, a faint colour covered her cheeks, and her expression, though grave, was perfectly contented, indeed it was almost happy.

"Be at peace," she said to Kate. "I will not any longer trouble thee. My mind is resolved. I shall leave this evening; so thou must not grieve thy friends by resisting the laws, unrighteous though they are."

Master Prynne stared at the new-comer in a kind of dumb surprise. This was not the person whom he had pictured, and for some time he found a difficulty in knowing what to say.

"You speak very boldly, young woman," he brought out at last. "You seem to think your movements are free, but remember that you are still in Massachusetts. The law of the colony exacts thirty shillings for each hour that one of your hateful persuasion remains under the roof of a man or woman who is acquainted with the nature of their belief. Be thankful, Katherine, that your father does not live in Plymouth, where, under the direction of their wise Governor, the fine has been raised to five pounds."

Kate could scarcely prevent a smile from appearing on her face as the minister turned towards her to make this remark; her cause for thankfulness seemed so slight, since one fine was as much beyond her power to pay as the other; but, fortunately, Master Prynne was short-sighted and did not detect changes in expression quickly. He made a pause, and then addressed himself to Rose once more.

"I should be glad, for the sake of my old friend Reginald Warren, to pass over this strange offence committed by his daughter, and thus to avoid causing a scandal; but if I do, it must be on condition that you place yourself at my disposal and go where I send you."

Rose did not answer, but looked earnestly

at Kate—a natural act on her part, though unfortunate in this case, since it served to irritate Master Prynne, who thought she was deficient in respect to himself. The ministers in Massachusetts were treated with superstitious reverence, especially by women; but this Quaker girl was an exception to the rule, for she evidently judged them by a measure of her own, and would not have been surprised had she found them wanting. It must be reckoned to Master Prynne's credit, that wounded as his feelings were, he continued his sentence.

"I will be merciful to you, and though I should have the sanction of the law in committing you to prison, I will take another more lenient course. This evening you must go on board a vessel now in the harbour, and the captain, who is known to me, will obey my directions and convey you to Rhode Island, where the governor does not exclude persons of your persuasion from remaining, if they are orderly."

Rose gave a quick exclamation at the words "Rhode Island," and Kate guessed that he had named the place where she had promised to follow her friend. She did not, however, make any reply, and the minister looked perplexed. He thought his proposal was a very generous one, considering the provocation he had received, and it surprised him that she did not appear to seize it. No other motive but the fear of a quarrel with Kate's father would have induced him to forego his rights as an inquisitor so completely, but Warren was hot-tempered and very proud, and in the event of a public scandal taking place would certainly have blamed the minister for careless neglect of the affairs of his flock in omitting to keep closer watch over Kate's proceedings. His one aim now was to hasten Rose's departure, and for this reason he wished to see the master of the vessel without further delay. He thought himself safe in leaving the house unwatched while he did so, for he could not believe that even a being so perverse as a Quaker would reject the offer of deliverance when it came, and wander out into the wilderness to die of cold or hunger. Her silence must be put down to pride and obstinacy of character, which made her unwilling to acknowledge benefits; so, after charging Kate to be prepared for his return very shortly, he went out and left them alone. As soon as he had gone, Kate came up to Rose and put her hand on the grey cloak. "You will be safe in Rhode Island," she said.

"I cannot go there," said Rose. "I have resolved, it is over, do not ask me to think of it again. Help me to get away."

"Where?" said Kate. "No one will venture to take you in."

"To the forests," said Rose, "where the others are. Then to Boston."

"But it is more dangerous in Boston than anywhere else," said Kate. "You may be murdered."

"Yet I must go," said Rose; "do not stop me, I have not a moment to lose."

"It is dark," said Kate, "there is only a faint moon shining, and the roads are empty."

"The greater my hope of escaping," said Rose. "I have nothing to fear."

"Will you go quite alone?" said Kate. "Let me send a guide with you."

"He might betray my friends," said Rose. "It would be a treachery."

Kate felt there was no more to say, and quickly and silently, though with a very anxious heart, she began to make preparations for the solitary journey. When Rose saw the woollen dress and soft warm shawl which were being brought out for her, she looked at her friend with tears in her eyes.

"Do not give me these things," she said, "I have enough. Only let me take some of the linen you have spun on your wheel."

"It will be so heavy," said Kate, wondering at the request.

"I shall need it," said Rose, in a whisper, "to wrap the bodies of those who shall suffer. Seven go back to Boston with me, three women and four men, who do not expect to leave the city alive."

Kate opened her press and took from its shelves some pure white sheets, beautifully spun and woven, with her own initials marked on each one. They were her treasures, linked with many thoughts of her absent lover, and praised by all the women in the settlement as the productions of a skilled hand. In giving them she relinquished what was worth more to her than gold or jewels, and Rose understood the extent of the sacrifice.

"Do not send them if it pains you too much," she said; "give me others—older ones. I never meant that you should part with these."

"No," said Kate. "You shall have the best. They are all my own: the others are not."

When everything was ready, they opened the door as quietly as possible, and Rose went out. Winnie, who had come to give help, was crying abundantly, but the others found no such relief. They needed all their

strength and could not spend it in outward signs of feeling. Even when they separated, very little was said by either, but the looks which passed between them expressed volumes of gratitude on one side, and love and pity on the other. The moon was now shining more brightly, and for some distance along the path the grey figure could be seen, stooping beneath the weight of its burden, but walking, continually walking, towards the goal where sorrow waited.

"Shall we see her again?" asked Winnie, in an awe-stricken voice.

"Who can tell?" said Kate. "It seems wrong to have let her leave us."

"No one could have prevented her," said Winnie. "She will reach her friends before ten o'clock, she says. How solemn the road looks in the moonlight, with the trees standing on either side like sentinels! She has gone as far as the outside gate. Now she turns back just once to make a sign to you. There—she is gone."

When the minister returned that evening, he vented his indignation in a torrent of angry words chiefly directed to Kate, but he might have spared himself the trouble, for she was very little moved by them. It was Saturday when Rose left, and during the two following days she seemed to live in a painful dream, a condition so unusual with her, that Winnie felt glad when, on Monday afternoon, an event took place which brought new interest into their lives, and for the time promised to put the troubles of Quakers into the background.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHERE is the tenant of this room,
The pale, old man, that sat all day,
And watched the evening shadows loom,
And read therein a twofold doom,
The day and he, both going away?

Long is the winter, very long;
Heap up the fire, 'tis bitter cold;
If trying to the hale and strong,
And piercing to the busy throng,
Well may it chill the lone and old.

Yet cheer, 'twill not be always so,
For spring will come with kindlier sun,
And birds will sing, and flowers will grow,
And forth the old man then shall go,
Although his step a tottering one.

* * * * *

It is a lovely day in June,
A lovelier never gladdened sight,
The birds ring out their loudest tune,
The ground with flowers is thickly strewn,
And all is fragrance and delight.

Drawn from its winter's hiding place,
The rustic seat once more appears,
Set where the eye can calmly trace
The quiet garden's well-known space,
The favourite haunt of later years.

* * * * *

Why comes the old man not? we ask.
Once more beneath his roof are they,
Who would not wish a happier task,
Than gently leading him to bask
Beneath that sun's enlivening ray.

* * * * *

Alas, my father, all in vain
For thee sweet nature's charms combine,
Life's thread is at its utmost strain,
And thou in languishing and pain,
Dost on thy weary couch recline.

In all Creation's glorious hymn,
Thy part is but a moaning low,—
The ear is deaf, the eye is dim,
And cold each feeble, wasted limb,—
'Tis winter—winter only—now!

* * * * *

Away with drooping thoughts like these,
This is the pagan's hopeless wail;
Heaven bids these earth-born murmurs cease,
And Christ's blest voice proclaimeth,
"Peace,"
E'en when in death the heart-strings fail!

No joy that fleeting seasons bring
Can satisfy the craving heart:
The old man wants perennial spring,
Where the loved voices ever sing,
And children will no more depart.

Christian, look up, no longer cower—
Glory to God, and endless praise;—
List,—in dilirium's darksome hour,
The faint and quivering accents pour
The prayer of childhood's earliest days!

* * * * *

Glory to God,—no prayer can rise,
But He the answer surely gives,
'Tis heaven, not earth, that satisfies;
Glory to God, the old man dies,
The little child for ever lives!

EDWARD JACKSON.

St. Barnabas' Day.

THE SNOW.

A Fantasy.

WE were beleaguered by the frost,
Encompassed by the snow,
By day and night a silent host
Crept round, more friend than foe.

We heard no clamour from the town,
Nor clang of bell, nor toll.
In silence heaven wafted down
This Sabbath of the soul.

The snowy silence—silent snow—
So weird, so hushed did seem,
We moved, we spake with voices low,
Like dreamers in a dream.

I said (when darkness claimed her hour),
"Now coin from busy brain
Some simile of subtle power,
Again and yet again.

"What is this beauty of the snow,
This terror, vast and strange?
Gazing upon this wonder now
Give thought her freest range."

One said, "'Tis like the sheeted dead!
Peace! Speak with bated breath!
The marble rests—the spirit's fled!
Is not this silence *Death?*"

Another spake: "This is but *Sleep.*
The maid in slumber dreams:
Why make ye this ado? Why weep
For that which only seems?

"For One approaches—He is Life—
Will ope her dreaming eyes,
Will burst the chains of Winter's grief
With murmured, 'Maid, Arise!'"

One whispered, "'*Tis the Peace of God*
Which garrisons the soul!
And where His Angel guards have trod
Their anthems softly roll.

"He giveth peace! Who then can break
That holy, mystic calm?
The listening spirit, still and meek,
Breathes airs of holy balm."

One cried, "Behold! *new heavens, new earth,*
Come down from heaven from God!
Behold this fair immortal birth,
By mortal foot untrod!

"And lo! this morn, while eastern skies
Flashed all aglow with flame,
Methought an Angel silently
Laid hold upon the same,

"For golden reed, and measuring
The stately walls of snow,
He claimed a city for his King—
Jerusalem below."

Well pleased my quaint conceit should bear
Such bloom and fruit of thought,
My fancy seized each semblance fair
And yet one semblance brought:

"Behold," I said, "*the Bride of Christ,*
In comeliness divine,
Perfect in beauty, pure confest!
Arise, fair Church, and shine!"

CLARA THWAITES.

GOLDIE.

A Story of White Horse Court.

By A. S. MACDUFF.

ONLY an old shawl it seems at first sight, soiled, nay dirty, with years of smoke and use, an old shawl in an old wooden box. Stoop nearer, for though it is May morning, the houses stand so closely in this London court that scarcely a ray of sunshine manages to struggle into its low-roofed rooms. Do you see this wizened face that seems to be all forehead and very little else, looking forth from its strange cradle on a stranger life? *That* is *the new baby!*

Three other babies, with just such pinched old-fashioned visages, had looked their first upon this wonderful world through the London smoke and fog in this same room. But all the three (perhaps happily for themselves) had been borne away from the dark court before they had learnt its language or been polluted by its ways. One other piece of child life had alone lived on to boyhood. His infancy had been passed amid far-different surroundings — amid country scenes and sounds in that far-off time of which his mother used to speak as "our better days, w'en we never thought we should 'ave come to this."

Billy is looking now at the small, shabby bit of humanity he must own as sister—looking, but with no other expression on his face than that of vague curiosity.

"It's just like the rest," he remarked finally. "Is't a boy, though?"

"No," said the mother sharply; for was not each of the aforesaid wan girl-faces photographed on her heart with the light of a mother's love? "No, and a good thing too; and as to bein' like the other little 'uns wot's gone, none of 'em never had a gold lock in their 'air like this 'un. Folks would think you 'ad no eyes in yer 'ed, instead of them big black 'uns."

"Wot's the good of 'er, then?" returned Billy. "She'll die, as sure as fate; and if she don't, wot use 'll she be? She has got a rum bit of 'air, though, as yaller as that chain I picked up outside the ''Alf Moon.'"

As he spoke, a gleam of rare sunshine came stealing in through the smoke, touched the smooth brow, wavered over the soft head, and lingered on the gold threads. And even as it did so, answering to the warm touch, a smile rippled over the sleeping face.

"Wot h'ever are yer laughin' at?" said Billy, whose memories of former infantile members of the family comprised no similar experience. "Look at her, dad."

"Ay," said the father, who hadn't spoken till now, glancing at the box as he did so. "Well, I remember my mother used to say w'en a little 'un smiled that ways it was the h'angels a-talkin' to them; but I don't look for it the h'angels would ever soil their wings with comin' into *this* room."

Billy looked rather uneasy at this new view of the subject, and glanced round him with an uneasy, shame-faced air. The aspect of his surroundings seemed, however, so fully to justify his father's last remark, that he soon recovered his usual composure, and testified the same by repeating his prophetic observation—

"*She'll not live, you may depend!*"

* * * * *

But she did! Yes, in spite of Billy's prediction—in spite of smoke and fog—in spite of the ninety-nine chances that seemed all against such a frail bit of humanity—in spite of all that social economists might say of the dangers of dirt and damp, this "contrary infant" existed and grew. And not only so, but having passed the years of babyhood and said farewell to the old box, she thenceforth led such a life of tom-boy fun and frolic and madcap mischief as effectually to gainsay the promise of her early days. Long before she reached the age of eight, at which we shall have our next glimpse of her, she had become the ringleader in all exciting enterprises among the youth of White Horse Court, and had compelled Billy mentally to withdraw the slight he had persisted for long to cast on her, and even verbally to express the encomium that "the young 'un had the pluck of ten of them boys."

The only thing the little maid retained in her personal appearance to remind her relatives of the day she lay in her strange cradle and smiled her first smile, was that sunlit lock that now waved in shining masses over the small head. Her very name was taken from that bright patch. True, she never received it, or any other, at the baptismal font, as Billy had done in those distant days of which we have already spoken; but *he* had christened her "Goldie" from the time she could answer to a call; and Goldie she became from that day forward to all the court.

But having now reached the aforesaid mature age, it became the young one to turn her thoughts, early as it may seem, to the more serious aspect of life, and to make choice of some calling whereby she might add to the resources of the family. Then, indeed, it was the mother's turn to echo Billy's old query, "What use 'll she be?"

Several of her contemporaries in the court were employed in the capacity of nursemaids to various goggle-eyed, mealy-faced babies, their maternal relatives being under the stern obligation of "making the ends meet" by going out for the day. But, alas! for Goldie's prospects, her character was so well known in the neighbourhood, that the opinion of one mother embodied that of all when she opined, that "she'd sooner leave her blessed infant with a hyhena than in the 'ands of that h'outrageous h'imp."

So that door being somewhat unceremoniously shut in Goldie's face and no other having any appearance of a more favourable opening, Billy, after due inquiries amongst certain young ladies of his acquaintance, ventured on the bold proposition that she should enter what (by way of compliment) we shall call the "*Theatrical* Profession."

In fact Goldie, if she liked, might hold the post of fairy in the Pantomime about to be performed at the "Half Moon," wherein golden locks were held in high esteem.

And "fairy," Goldie elected to be, without doubt or hesitation; and whether wise or unwise, having found her vocation, to her credit she went in for it heart and soul.

Her professional duties being over at midnight, she considered that she merited a short rest, or at all events exemption from house work, for an hour in the forenoon. It was a miserable apology for fresh air that which she breathed in the outer court, but it was all that it afforded. She became a little wonderment in the small community. Gorgeous were the tales of spangles, light, and music, with which she entertained a gaping audience gathered round her door-step:—mortal were the jealousies that upsprang in the breasts of over-weighted nurse-maids—wonderful was Billy's pride as he put in a word here and there to enhance the effect on the youthful throng.

She tried to reproduce in words, as near as might be, the most telling parts of the entertainment; and, however often the tale might be repeated, it never seemed to pall. There was always a thrill of excitement when the Elf of the Golden Locks, with her gossamer wings, described herself (suiting the action to the saying as well as she could) floating down upon a couch of roses. We should not like to say anything stronger than that Goldie, having an enthusiasm for her profession, made full use of what is called "artistic license;" but certain it is that to the rising generation of White Horse Court, the "Theaitir" became enchanted ground.

One night, when little nursemaids had a respite from weary arms, and leaden-headed babyhood had lapsed into slumber, a figure passed beneath their windows carrying in his arms a strange nondescript bundle: a pair of broken gossamer wings, and a torn white robe with silver spangles—a wreath of pink roses round waves of golden hair—and beneath all, a bit of frail, suffering, crushed humanity. Alas! it was the Elf of the Golden Locks that bundle contained!

* * * * *

It was early spring when, in an obscure corner of the public prints, it was noted that a dreadful accident had occurred in a pantomime, caused by the breaking of a rope in some machinery which held a little girl suspended in mid-air. "It was doubtful," so the notice said, "whether or not she would recover."

Thousands of eyes glanced over the brief record; perhaps some compassionate lips whispered, "How sad!" But the old story—"A nine days' wonder." The papers were tossed aside, and the tale, however tragical undoubtedly to some one, passed into oblivion. But through the hot, weary summer days in White Horse Court there was something more enduring than a sensational paragraph. The Fairy of the Golden Locks lay almost as helpless as in her old cradle; the little limbs that used to be so nimble and elastic seemed to have forgotten their use, and were, as their owner expressed it, "no better nor two bits o' sticks."

Poor Goldie! she, like many another, had lost her life ideal, and did not, as yet at least, know that lost ideals sometimes make room for better realities. To have been a gossamer-winged elf, floating down amid thundering plaudits of appreciating though not very refined spectators, on a couch of roses—to have been the centre of attraction to her small world, and then, with all her prestige gone, to lie like a log at her window watching the games in which she could no longer join, seemed to her the dreariest of fates. She was but in her ninth year, and it would be the last thing she would do to wish for death; (in fact, there had always been something abhorrent in its very thought to her exuberant life); but with a dim fear never put into words, she kept asking herself, "When will it end? Why must I live and not be a fairy?" The light seemed all to have fled out of her existence, and from endless frettings she drifted into a dull listlessness, so unlike her former self that Billy could only look on in terrified dismay.

"Wot h'ever, Goldie, makes yer look like that?" he would say.

"Wot h'ever was I made for?" she would rejoin.

Ah! Goldie, not to be only a fairy of the Golden Locks!

* * * * *

But the longest day must have an end at last; and this was how it came about. One of the over-weighted nursemaids had lately been discovered to be developing a monster deformity or excrescence on her right cheek, denominated by her young friends "'Anna Mariar's h'apple;" and in due course of time she had been removed to a big house known as the "Children's 'Orspital." From this somewhat mysterious resort news reached her former abode that she was "livin' in clover, as 'appy as a queen." Which report, having reached the ears of Goldie's parents, led (after various consultations and transactions, mainly through the interest of her father's employer) to her being conveyed in course of time to the same destination.

To this new arrangement, as to all else, she submitted with the utmost passivity. She took no part in the discussion between father and mother as to the pros and cons of hospital life, took no heed of the small fry collected round the door to watch her departure in her father's arms. She noted and cared for only one thing, but that was so unwonted that it often came before her as a strange vision and subject for reflection in her new life. It was a small bright dot that somehow grew and gathered in Billy's eye, remained stationary there as long as the law of gravitation would allow it, and then fell with a splash on the shawl he was wrapping tightly round her, just before she left her home. Could she be mistaken? The little hand struggled out from its coverings and touched the spot where the diamond drop had fallen. After that, for some reason best known to herself, Goldie put her face under her wrappings, and kept it there free from observation for the rest of the journey.

* * * * *

Winter days passed away. Snow and fog, frost and damp visited in turn the dark London court, and still the bundle in the old shawl did not reappear. But on the day when the first spring sunshine peeped over the tall houses and blinked through the narrow passage, bringing out in succession regiments of small maids and big babies to rejoice in its light, a startling apparition presented itself. Towards it the whole group at once directed their straggling steps. A carriage—perhaps we should rather say a comfortable van or spring-cart—pulled up at the entrance of their domain. From it slowly descends a little figure that might be taken for Red Riding Hood in her scarlet cloak, followed by another in much-patched garments well known to White Horse Court. Then, and not till then, does the group exclaim, with one consent, "Why, if it ain't Goldie!"

There were numerous inquirers that afternoon at No. 8, to all of whom Billy made

answer that "She was fust rate, only her legs was a bit queerish for want of usin'."

Next day this account was fully verified by the whole youthful population; for, Goldie's limbs being still in the condition described and refusing to carry her outside, they gathered in groups round the window where she lay. It was with no dissembled or pretended gratification that "Golden Locks" was again installed in the midst of her familiars, returning the same favourite as she had left. This joy was enhanced by the good tidings that she was "herself again." It was not alone that she had regained all her old fun and frolic, that her eyes shone with their old dancing and her laugh rang again across the court; but had she not been "livin' in clover," and was not the clover of hospital life almost as unreal and wonderful as fairyland itself.

"Clover!" Goldie would say, "I should just think it was; and such clover as you're not like to see, unless yer manages some'ow to get yer legs like mine. W'y, we'd milk of a mornin' afore ever we stirred (none of yer sky blue neither); and we'd each on us a bed and a pillar, and we'd steamin' 'ot soup, enough to make yer mouth water; and" (passing to the refinements of life), "we'd *dolls;* but" (condescendingly), "bless ye, yer don't know what dolls is. There was Red Ridin' 'Ood wot went to see her grandmother, and there was a bride all in white, with h'orange blossom in 'er 'air, and there was a sailor with a big collar." When Goldie reached this point and got fairly launched on the mysteries of doll-life and fashion, the greater part of her male audience would melt away, leaving behind them the untiring circle of goggle-eyed infants and open-mouthed attendants.

But the most popular of all Goldie's tales was her Christmas one, the most wonderful of all wonderlands, that of wreathing holly and ivy; of mottoes in crimson and white; and gorgeous trees with "petticuts, and frocks, and h'oranges, and coloured lights, and dolls and toys all as if they were a-growin' out of it; and right on the top a big silver star."

When she had reached this point a different expression would always steal over Goldie's face, and she would say, "Now, if you'll cease for a little your laughin' and gigglin', I'll give yer 'ow it all came about and w'y they stick that there star on the top of him."

And then she would tell them in her own way, with a voice subdued into reverence, the old old story of the manger-cradle and the Babe of Bethlehem; the Wise Men and the shepherds; the Angels' Song and the guiding star; till from that little light something of Christmas brightness and of Heaven's own radiance fell amid the chronic gloom of White Horse Court.

But there were some memories of which the little maiden spoke to one person alone, and that one was Billy; to him, too, only very softly in the dim twilight, when they could scarcely see each other's features, and only the stars one by one looked in on them through the window. And yet they were but memories of inanimate things—dumb, lifeless pictures on the hospital wall, which had become dear as familiar faces; yes, sacred (as the names we keep hidden in our hearts) to the East London child.

She would whisper gently of the children's own picture, right opposite her own small bed—of the noble, gentle, central Figure with the little ones clustering gladly around—of the mothers pressing eagerly to the Master's side and the stern-faced men who strove to turn them back. "And yer know, Billy," she would continue, "sometimes of a night, when the pain was awful bad, and I lay a-lookin' at it, it 'ud seem to me, all of a suddint like, as if *I* was one of them little 'uns; and as if sum-'un werry strong was a-tryin' to keep me back rough-like. And then *He* would say, 'Forbid 'er not,' and the rough 'un would leave orf pushin' me, and I'd run forard as hard as h'ever I could. But before I'd h'ever got to His knee I'd find somehow I was myself again, a-lyin' in my bed, with my legs like broom 'andles. And when 'sister' (that's what we calls them nusses) came round, 'cause I gave a kind of a snifter to find myself lyin' there, she asked me wot was the matter, and I told her. And first she said 'twas just a dream; and then she gave a kinder start and said, No, 'twasn't neither, for 'twas all true, and I *was* one of them there little 'uns, and *He* was sayin' of me, 'Let her come and don't perwent her.'

"And after that she told me lots of 'ow it pleased Him somehow, w'en I wos cheery-like and didn't holler when the pain was bad, and wasn't always botherin' to get on my legs again. And by-and-by, w'en I was thinkin' of it and lookin' at that there picter and tryin' to be quiet to please Him, she comes round again, and wot *do* yer think she does? Why, she puts her h'arm right under my 'ed and *kisses* me—yes, she does. I always knows just the place, and sometimes now of a night when I wake and seems kind of queer I likes to put my hand up and feel it."

Here Goldie's voice would get rather husky, and there would be a little silence, during which Billy would beat his heels demonstratively against the old box on which he sat and whistle a lively interlude, concluding with—"Well, ain't yer got nothin' to tell us of t'other thing?"

"Ah," continued Goldie, brightening up, "that *was* a picter. The loveliest h'angel, Billy, with long soft wings from 'er shoulders to 'er 'eels, and 'er clothes a-flyin' behind 'er whiter nor anything you've ever seen. And in 'er arms was a baby (not like none of them noddle-headed things you see about here), and up above, w'ere they were goin' like, was a great light as big as the theatre light, only a different kind, and it shone right through them. And this picter had writin' under it, too. So I said to little Jenny in the next cot to me, 'You read me the writin' under that there h'angel.' And wot *do* yer think she spelt it out? '*The Beautiful H'angel Death.*' But I wasn't a-goin' to take it on that young un's word, so next I asks one of the nusses who was passin'. 'Yes,' she says, 'that's wot it is.' But I asked her how h'ever Death could be a H'angel. She didn't seem quite sure, so she said, 'You'll know better by-and-by—I hav'n't time to tell yer.' But I don't see 'ow I've ever a chance to know in this 'ere court—do you, Billy? Any way, wotever they called it, it wos a RARE beauty."

Perhaps Goldie herself, though she did not like to avow it, had some presentiment that death, which she had never before thought of in angel-form, might overtake her in early life and might spare her many weary, she might think useless days. But it may be well at once to disabuse our readers of such a speedy, and at the same time far from unlikely, closing of her history. She had, happily, a future, and, as it turned out, a long future before her.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By F. E. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Lord, Thy Word abideth." Lesson: part of Jeremiah xxxvi., and Acts xix. 18—20. Concluding Hymn: "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

THIS evening our talk shall be about *books*, and about some books that were *burnt*. We read in the Bible of this happening not once only, but twice; once we read of it in the Old Testament, and once in the New.

I dare say you all of you know what book of the Bible stands next to Isaiah. It is "The Book of the Prophet Jeremiah." You have often seen that name as you turned over the pages of your Bible, and sometimes in church you have listened to a chapter of Jeremiah, but perhaps you have found it difficult and hard to understand. Listen now to the story that I am going to tell you about this book of Jeremiah, and I think it will make this part of the Bible more interesting to you.

Jeremiah lived in the reigns of the last kings of Judah: he was in Jerusalem when the city was surrounded by the army of the king of Babylon; he was there when at last it was taken, and when Zedekiah, the last of all the kings of Judah, was carried away prisoner. Jeremiah was in Jerusalem all through these terrible years, and even while the troubles were only beginning he knew how sad and how terrible must be the end of them. He saw how the king, and the priests, and the people, were all forgetting God, breaking His commandments and leading selfish, careless lives; and he knew that unless they repented, God would give them over into the hand of their enemies. This was the message that Jeremiah was always declaring, the message of which his prophecies are full—"Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people: walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you;" and with the promise came the solemn warning: "If they will not obey, I will utterly destroy that nation."

It was in the fourth year of the reign of king Jehoiakim, that the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah, bidding him take a book and write down in it the words which he had already spoken, warning the people of their great danger, and so giving them one more opportunity of repenting. Then Jeremiah sent and called his friend Baruch, and told him to come and to bring with him a "roll of a book," or as we should say now, a writing-book, and to write down all the words that he dictated to him. So Jeremiah dictated all the words that God put into his heart, and Baruch the scribe (that is "the writer") wrote them down from his mouth.

We do not know what it was that prevented Jeremiah from going himself to read

this writing to the people, but it is plain that he was not able to go himself, for he said to Baruch, "I am shut up; I cannot go into the house of the Lord," and he commanded Baruch to go instead of him into the Temple, and there to read out loud in the ears of all the people the message from the Lord that was written in the roll. So Baruch did as Jeremiah said, and took the book, and stood in the Temple and read it to the people. One of the by-standers who had heard the reading went straight to the king's palace, and told the princes what he had heard. Then the princes sent for Baruch, and told him to bring his roll, and to sit down and read it to them. And as he read they were afraid, and they said to Baruch, "We will surely tell the king of all these words." So the princes took the roll and put it in a safe place, and then they went in and told king Jehoiakim about it. Then the king gave orders that the roll should be fetched and read aloud to him; so the book was brought out a third time. But Baruch was not now the reader, for the princes had warned him to hide himself, lest the king should be angry. And the king was very angry. It was in the winter-time, and there was a fire burning on the hearth, round which the king and the princes were gathered, listening to the book. And when the reader had read two or three pages the king stretched out his hand for the roll, and cut it with his penknife, and put it leaf by leaf into the fire till the whole roll was burnt up. When the princes and the others who were in the room saw what the king was going to do, three of them entreated him not to burn the book, but he would not listen to them. And the king in his anger commanded that both Jeremiah and Baruch should be taken prisoners; but they could not be found, for "the Lord hid them." Thus the first book of the prophecies of Jeremiah was destroyed, but after the burning of the first roll, the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah saying, "Take thee again another roll, and write in it all the words that were in the first roll;" so Jeremiah took a second roll and dictated to Baruch "all the words of the book which Jehoiakim, king of Judah, had burned in the fire: and there were added besides unto them many like words."

This then is the story of the book of the prophecies of Jeremiah, the book that we have now in our Bible.

Now let us turn from the Old to the New Testament, and hear about the burning, not of one book alone, but of many books. The first burning was at Jerusalem in the time of the prophet Jeremiah; the second was in the heathen city of Ephesus, in the time of the apostle Paul. In Ephesus there were a number of men who used to get money by pretending that they could cure the sick, and give good fortune to the unhappy, and do many other wonderful things, by means of what we call magic or witchcraft. They had many books out of which they pretended to get their wisdom, and the poor ignorant people would give a great deal of money to get advice from these conjurers, little knowing their tricks and their dishonest ways. But when these men heard St. Paul preach, and saw the really wonderful things that by God's power he was able to do, their hearts were touched, and they came and confessed and showed their dishonest deeds; and as a sign that they really meant to give them up, many of them brought their magical books and burnt them openly before all the people. They counted up the price of these books and found that they were worth fifty thousand pieces of silver. If the books had been sold that was the money they would have brought; but then they would have done harm to the people who bought them and read them. How far better to burn them and so prevent their being read any more!

You will find if you look in the Bible that there are two letters in it written to the people of Ephesus—one by St. Paul and the other by St. John. Two such precious books given them in exchange, as it were, for the bad books that they burnt.

There are many books now written which deserve to be treated like the magical books at Ephesus. It would indeed be a good thing if all the bad books in the world could be burnt; but though we cannot burn these bad books, we can at least keep from reading them. Make it a rule for yourself never to read any book that you would be ashamed to be found reading, and such a rule will do much to keep you from reading bad books.

And as for that other book, the Holy Bible, that can never again be destroyed, as the wicked king of Judah tried to destroy one part of it, long ago.

In the days when the early Christians were persecuted there was an attempt made to crush Christianity by burning every copy of the Bible that could be found. Even then it was impossible to destroy all, and in our time there are so many million copies of the Bible scattered about all parts of the world, that no man that ever lived could succeed in destroying them all.

But though we cannot burn God's word as King Jehoiakim did, we may turn away from it and disobey it. May the Holy Spirit help us all from this great sin, and make us quick to obey the teachings of God's Book!

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire." Lesson: Nehemiah i. and ii. 1—8. Concluding Hymn: "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

If you had been taken away by force from your own home and carried to a strange land, do not you think that however kindly you were treated there, you would long to be allowed to go back home? How anxiously you would look for news from home; how unhappy you would be if the news that was brought you was sad! All this was just what did happen to Nehemiah, whose story you have been reading to-night. When Jerusalem was taken by the king of Babylon a great many of the Jews were carried away captive to Babylon. They were not put into prison as Joseph was; they were on the whole treated very kindly, but still they were not their own masters, and however much they might wish to go back to Jerusalem they were obliged to stay where they were. Some of these captive Jews were so prudent, and diligent, and faithful, that they soon rose to high offices and became trusted in everything by their foreign masters. Nehemiah himself became a great favourite with the king, and by-and-by he was chosen to be the king's cup-bearer, which was one of the greatest honours that could have been given him. Wherever the king and queen went, Nehemiah went with them; when they moved from Babylon to their winter palace at Shushan he went also. Nehemiah served the king truly and faithfully, and was kindly treated by him in return; but well off and comfortable though he was, he never forgot his own people and his own home.

One day there came to the palace a brother of Nehemiah's and some other men who had just come from Jerusalem. As you may suppose, Nehemiah wanted to hear from them all about Jerusalem and those of his countrymen who had been left behind there. The answer to his question was a sad one: he was told that the walls of the city had been broken down, that the gates had been set on fire, and that those Jews who were still living in Jerusalem were in great trouble and distress.

When Nehemiah heard this he burst into tears; he wept and he fasted, but above all he *prayed*.

He remembered how of old God had promised His people that if, when for their sins they were carried away by the enemy into a distant land, they repented of their sins and called to Him for forgiveness, He would hear their prayer and forgive them, and make even their enemies to have pity upon them.

So Nehemiah prayed that God would remember His gracious promise and help His people now in their time of trouble. What Nehemiah most wished was to be allowed to go himself to Jerusalem to build up the ruined walls and to comfort his fellow-countrymen, but he could not go without the king's leave, and he did not know whether the king would be willing to let him go. All this—all his wishes, his troubles, his fears—Nehemiah told to his God; to Him who was both ready and able to help him.

For four long months Nehemiah stayed away from the king's presence; he was so sad that he did not like to come before him. At last one day he again took his place at the royal table and brought the wine to the king as he used to do. But he did not look as he used to do, for instead of being cheerful and happy his face was full of sadness. The king noticed the change in his favourite, and asked the reason of it. He was not sick, and why then was he sad? "This," said the king, "is nothing else but sorrow of heart." Then Nehemiah was greatly afraid, for he feared the king's anger, but he told him all the truth and how he was sorrowful because of all the troubles that had happened to his own home. Then the king asked him what his wish was. We can easily understand that Nehemiah may have found it hard to tell his wish with so many people listening to his words. The king was there, with the queen sitting beside him, and there were all the courtiers, and Nehemiah knew that unless what he said pleased the king his wish would not be granted. But the answer must be given; quickly Nehemiah lifted up his heart to the God of heaven and prayed to Him to make him answer aright, and then he made known his request;—how he wished, if it pleased the king, to be sent back to Jerusalem to build up the ruined city. Then the king asked him how long a time he would be away. And Nehemiah named a certain time at which he would come back. And the king not only gave him leave to go and to stay until the time he had named, but he also helped him in other ways. Next Sunday I shall tell you something more of Nehemiah's story and of what he did when he got back to Jerusalem, but now I want you to stop

and notice how in the very middle of all his difficulties Nehemiah found time to ask God's help. There, in the splendid dining-hall of the palace, with the king and queen sitting waiting for his answer, even in that short moment he could find time to "pray unto the God of heaven." We may be quite sure that Nehemiah was accustomed to pray at other times or he would never have been able to pray in such an anxious moment as this, when there was so much all round him to distract his thoughts. But we know indeed that this was so, for we read how he prayed to God before he came in to the king. There is nothing which helps Christians more than this habit of secretly lifting up their hearts to God and asking His help whenever they are in any danger or trouble or difficulty. We need not go away, we need not kneel down; our prayer may be made secretly and quickly. Like Nehemiah's prayer it may be made between the question and the answer, and no one may know that we have made it, but God knows. He hears, and will surely send us the help we need.

At lessons, at play, in the midst of work, whenever we feel the need of God's help, there is always time enough to ask it. We can look up to the God of heaven and say, "Lord, help me," "Show me what I ought to do," "Help me not to speak angrily," and we shall surely find that our prayer is not left unanswered.

"Pray often and you shall pray oftener," says an old writer, meaning that the oftener we pray the easier it becomes, till at last we find it quite natural to turn to God in all our difficulties, just as Nehemiah did.

And the more we pray the more we begin to feel how close God is to us; so that praying to Him is like speaking to a Friend who is always ready to listen to us, a Friend who has said, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Oft in danger, oft in woe." Lesson: Nehemiah ii. 9—20; iv. 7—23. Concluding Hymn: "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

Last Sunday evening we heard of Nehemiah, and of his wish to be allowed to go back to Jerusalem to build up the ruined city. We heard too how the king granted all that he asked, and now we have to hear of his coming back to his old home and of what he did there.

It was a long and weary journey, lasting from three to four months; it was a dangerous one too, but Nehemiah was well guarded, for the king had sent with him soldiers and horsemen. At last Jerusalem was reached,—the "holy city" that every Jew loved so well; which he thought of in his prayers, spoke of in his hymns, and towards which, wherever he might be, he turned his face when he prayed.

On the third night after his coming Nehemiah rose up secretly and took his ass, and without telling any one what he was going to do, rode out into the city to see for himself how much was broken down and needed to be rebuilt. Can you not fancy to yourself the one man riding by himself in the darkness of the night, going along the roads and past the gates he had known so well in old times; noticing with a sad heart how there the walls had been broken down, and here the gates had been destroyed by fire? So he rode on, past the Gate of the Valley and the Dragon Well and the Gate of the Fountain, till at last he found the road so choked up with falling walls and loose stones that he could go no farther, and was forced to ride back by the way he came.

Up to this time Nehemiah had told no one of that which God had put into his heart to do at Jerusalem, but now he came to the rulers and nobles, and asked them to come and help him in building up the wall of the city. He showed them how great was the need for this work, and he encouraged them by telling them of the kind words and support of King Artaxerxes, and above all he strengthened their minds by reminding them that they had the help of God, and that "the good hand" of their God was upon them to help them.

The nobles listened to his words and consented to take their part in this "good work." "Let us," they said, "rise up and build." But the Jews soon found that they had enemies even here, in their own city, who would do all in their power to prevent the rebuilding of the walls. There were in particular three men of high rank and great power who governed different parts of the country round about Jerusalem. These three men, Tobiah and Sanballat and Geshem, hated the Jews, and were determined to do all that they could to injure Nehemiah and to hinder his work. They mocked at the little band of workers, and asked what these feeble Jews meant to do. "Were they going to build a stone wall out of the heap of rubbish?"—and Tobiah said scornfully "that a fox running up it would be enough to break down their wall."

But Nehemiah would not let himself be

discouraged. He called together his workers and gave to every one his own part in the work. Each man was to build up the part of the wall that was nearest to his own home; each one had a special portion marked out for him. One was to build up the bit of wall near what used in old times to be "the king's garden;" another was to build the part by the prison; each gate was given into the charge of some family or party, who were bidden to set up the door and repair the broken locks and bars. The priests, the Levites, the goldsmiths, the apothecaries, all took their part: it would seem as if no one was forgotten, for it is said that even the *daughters* of one family had their proper work.

When Sanballat and Tobiah saw that the work was really begun in good earnest, they were more angry than before, and agreed together to come and fight against Jerusalem and to hinder the work. Nehemiah heard what they were going to do, and made ready for the attack, but he could not tell when to expect it, for the enemy dared not come out openly. They arranged to come secretly, at a time when the Jews would not be looking out for them, saying, "They shall not know, neither see, till we come in the midst among them, and slay them, and cause the work to cease."

The enemy hoped that they would hinder the work and prevent the wall from being built, but we shall see that they did not succeed, and that they only made the Jews more watchful.

This was how Nehemiah and his countrymen worked. First of all they began with *prayer;* praying to their God that He would defend them and help them. Then Nehemiah gave orders that a watch should be kept night and day, that so the enemy might never take them by surprise. Next he went round among the builders and gave to each one a weapon of some sort. To one he gave a sword, to another a spear, to another a bow; —each man was to hold his weapon with one hand and to work with the other. By Nehemiah's side stood a man with a trumpet, and orders were given that whenever the sound of the trumpet was heard each builder was to be ready to leave his work and to go and fight against the enemy, for their brothers, their children, their wives and their homes.

Nehemiah's orders were carefully obeyed. The watch was so well kept that the enemy never found an opportunity of making their attack. The builders worked on patiently from early morning till the stars began to come out in the sky. Each one did his part, and at last, in rather less than two months, the wall was finished.

We too have our wall to build up. All Christ's servants have their part to do in building up a great wall to defend what is good and to keep out what is evil. Missionaries, clergymen, teachers, all have their part; but not they only. Every man, woman, and child who is on Christ's side has his or her part to do in the building of this wall. Every good thing, every helpful deed, every kind word, is like a stone put into the wall, helping to make it stronger. A poor working girl once said that she wanted the world to be the better for her being in it. Do you think that what one girl did or left undone would make very little difference? It seems so perhaps, but yet it is not so really, for no one can tell the good that may be done by one single life spent for Christ and for others. Such a life is an example to all who see it, and does indeed help "to make the world better," and to strengthen the wall against evil.

But we, like the Jews, have to fight against enemies who try to hinder our work. We must be soldiers as well as builders; we must *fight* as well as *work*, for we have many enemies to fight against—bad thoughts, bad words, bad deeds. And above all we must persevere, working on steadily, and not letting ourselves be discouraged or frightened. For if we grow careless or idle, and neglect the bit of the wall which God has set us to build, the enemy forces his way through, and we have to leave our work to drive him back. The wall of Jerusalem was finished in fifty-two days, but our wall is one that can never be finished while there is still evil and wrong left in the world. And so we must patiently *pray* and *watch* and *work* and *fight* until God's kingdom shall be come upon earth, and the wall will no longer be needed, because there will be no more enemies to struggle against.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Fair waved the golden corn." Lesson: 1 Corinthians xii. 14—23. Concluding Hymn: "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

Most children have felt the wish at one time or another to do some great thing for God or for other people.

A boy has heard the story of some of our noble soldier-heroes, and he longs to be like them: a girl in a village school has read the life of some missionary, and wishes with all her heart to go out and become a missionary herself.

This wish to serve God and to be of use in the world is a good and a right wish: it is the Holy Spirit himself who plants it in our hearts. But when we come to speak to others of the great things we are bent on doing, we are told that it is not these *great* things that are expected of us now, but rather obedience in little things. The boy is told that his work now is not to fight battles but to learn lessons: and the girl that she must be content to be a missionary at home, and to be of use there instead of going out to teach the heathen in Africa or China. When some such answer as this is given to us, we perhaps feel disappointed and discouraged. We had wanted to do some great thing, and the little things that are set us to do seem so little as hardly to be worth doing at all. We had wanted to be of use in the world like the great men and women of whom we read; and when we find that this cannot be, we begin to think that we cannot be of any use at all, and we are in danger of becoming discontented, and doing whatever we have to do badly and half-heartedly.

This feeling is a very common one, but it is a wrong and a mistaken feeling, and St. Paul once wrote a parable, or allegory, on purpose to teach people how wrong it was. This parable is called "The body and the members," and in it St. Paul supposes all the different parts or members of the body to be quarrelling with one another because they were not all of the same use. He supposes the foot to be dissatisfied with itself because it is not just like the hand; and the ear to be discontented because it is not the eye. The eye is perhaps the most precious part of our whole body; it is the one of our members that we could least well spare, from which we get the most enjoyment. But, says St. Paul, "If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling." So, again, the hands and feet may be of less use than the head, and yet we cannot do without them. "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor yet the head to the feet, I have no need of you." All the members of the body are needed, all have their special work, and even those ones, says St. Paul, which seem to be weak and feeble, they also "are necessary."

Are you beginning to understand the meaning of this parable, and to see that though the work God calls you to do is not a great work, not the work of the eye or the hand; though it may be only the humble work of the feet—still it is work that needs to be done, and, therefore, it may be as useful in its own way as the work of the eye or the hand?

There is an old story told about the building of the famous church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, which may perhaps help some of you to understand my meaning better.

This church was built by the Emperor Justinian, more than thirteen hundred years ago, and is still standing. The story is that on the night of the opening a Christian in the city dreamt that he saw a company of angels speaking together, and discussing what person had had the most merit in the building of this splendid church. They spoke of the Emperor and of all the money that he had given and the costly materials he had provided; they spoke of his rich courtiers. Last of all they spoke of a poor widow who was able to give but little money, but who had brought in her arms day by day a bundle of straw, which she placed on the slippery pavement at the spot where the great cart-horses with difficulty drew up the heavy waggons full of marble and stones from the landing-place to the higher ground on which the church was built. This poor widow, the angels declared, had done more than the Emperor, for she had done her humble part patiently and prayerfully, not that she might win praise for herself, but for God's sake only.

It happened once that a family was spoken of, each member of which had its own special work to do, and was of use in some way or another. Each one had some special work to do except the youngest, and it was asked, What does she do? The answer was, She helps and cheers all the rest. Do you think that because this one had no great work to do she was of no use? Far from it. Those who are always trying to help others, trying to make home happy, ready to do little things, if by doing little things they can best help others—such as these may not be doing what they themselves would call a "great thing," but they are doing work that is of the best kind in the sight of God, because it is loving and unselfish. They are not able to do very much themselves, but they are helping on the work of others, just as the poor widow helped on the building of the great cathedral.

Let us never lose the wish to be of use to God and to others. Let us do the very best that is in our power, and pray to God to make us able to do more; but if the most that we are able to do seems little and use-

less, then let us remember that the work of even the humblest and weakest has its own use, and let us take comfort from the words of St. Paul: "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary."

FIFTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Great God, and wilt Thou condescend?" Lesson: Mark xiii. 32—37. Concluding Hymn: "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

Not long ago I went into a Sunday School, where I happened to notice hanging up against the wall a sampler in a plain wooden frame. My attention was caught by the loose thread that was left hanging to the piece of canvas, and I went nearer that I might find out the story of this unfinished sampler. First of all there was the alphabet beautifully worked in large and small letters. Then followed a verse out of Isaiah. "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Below this again were worked these lines—

"I have nothing to do with to-morrow,
The Saviour will make that His care;
Should He fill it with trouble and sorrow,
He will help me to s——"

There the hand of the little worker had stopped when the work was laid aside never to be finished. "He will help me to suffer and bear;" so the verse should have ended, but those three last words were never added. A piece of paper pinned on to the canvas told the rest of the story: "Left unfinished by Harriet C——, aged 14, who died after a fortnight's illness." And beneath were written the words, "Be ye also ready." I thought of Harriet's school-fellows who had sat beside her and watched the progress of the long piece of work she was doing so carefully; I thought of them missing her from her place at school, and then hearing that she would never come back to them again; and I wondered whether as they looked at her unfinished sampler they listened to the solemn message that it brought, "Be ye also ready." Some evening I should like to say something to you about these words, and to talk of the way in which we may be getting ready for the coming of Jesus, but to-night I want to say to you a few words about death itself, because I know there are some children who are afraid to speak or even to think about death.

Not long ago a Chinese Christian lay dying. Almost his last words were, "Jesus is calling me to go home." Now to those who can feel death to be like "going home," it is no more something dark, something frightening. But how can we come to have this comforting feeling? We know very well what we mean by our "home" here on earth; we know the joy of "going home" to be with all those we love the best. When that Chinese Christian I told you of was first taken ill, he said, "My heavenly Father is calling me to go home." Heaven was home to him because he had learnt that God was his Father. And so it is with all of us. Day by day we say over those words, "Our Father which art in heaven," but too often we say them without thinking of their meaning, and it is not until we have begun to know and love God as we love our earthly father, that we can understand what people mean when they speak of death as "going home." And if any of you ask how are you to get to know God, I would answer, by praying to Him. I do not mean only saying over the prayers that you have been taught, but coming near to Him, and telling Him in your own words all that makes you glad or sorry, all that you have done and all that you want. If you go on doing this you will come to feel that He is very near you, listening to all your prayers and helping you. You will know for your own self what it is to have God for your Father, and when once you know this you will learn to take more pleasure in those parts of the Bible which tell of our Father's house and the "many mansions" where Christ is making ready a place for them that love Him and keep His commandments.

I know that there must be among the children who are listening to these words to-night, some whose father and mother are in heaven. God takes our dear ones from us that He may draw us more closely to Himself; that He may teach us that our real, our best home is in heaven. He takes them from us that we may be stirred up to follow in their footsteps and may earnestly desire to come where they are come.

If we know and love God we surely need not be afraid to die, for then death will be to us—not like going among strangers, into an unknown land—but only a "going home," to be for ever with the loved ones from whom we have been parted, with the God whom while on earth *they* loved and served, and with the Saviour, from whose love neither death nor life shall be able to separate us.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

OUR NEW YEAR.

TO-DAY we unfold a fresh page, for our usual Survey of the month's events; but, before beginning to gather up those notes and reflections that here find their accustomed place, we would reach out our hand to the many thousands of readers, who now begin with us a fresh term of intercourse and companionship, and wish them all, with heartiest goodwill, a very Happy New Year. Wherever we go we look for a cheerful welcome, for our mission is a joyous one. To make the best of days a day of gladness and sunshine; to make its leisure sweet and profitable; its hours of meditation pure and bright; and its times of social intercourse, warm and invigorating—such is our aim. Most cordially do we acknowledge the many tokens of acceptance that have reached us in the year just closing. In that which now begins we shall spare no pains to gain even greater welcome. We cannot refrain from rejoicing, that once more we bring with us the distinguished poet and teacher, who in these pages was first introduced to so many thousands of his English readers, when he recorded for them with exquisite charm the Vicar's "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood." But he is not alone. Here are many old and well-tried friends, and with them we are bringing some new yet true-hearted recruits. Together we form a goodly band, starting once more on our yearly voyage. That the first day of the New Year should also be the first Sunday of our work, we welcome as a happy omen for those that are to follow, and on it we now wish to our readers, one and all, a very Happy New Year.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

"Not many wise, not many noble"—has from the very outset been the rule of conversion to the Truth of Christ; yet the past year brought one convert from Mahommedanism, both illustrious and unique. Rank, riches, and power; home, and the love which makes home; all this Ahmed Tewfik Effendi was content to sacrifice for the sake of conscience and of Christ. He was one of the Ulema, one of the most prominent among them, second only to the Sheyk-el-Islam, "the great ecclesiastical functionary of Constantinople," as the late Dean Stanley describes him. He held a professorial chair in Constantinople, and was Director to the Sultan himself. Diplomatic action brought his earlier history into prominence. Dr. Kœlle, the German Missionary at Constantinople, obtained his assistance in translating Christian books into Turkish, and for this offence—especially because it was known that the new knowledge had made a deep impression—Tewfik Effendi was arrested and exiled, only escaping death through the intervention of the British Government. Before long he escaped from his prison in Chios, and, after many adventures, made his way to England, where he met with a hearty welcome. On November 11th he consummated his conversion, and was admitted by baptism into the English Church. Dr. Kœlle and the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe took part in the ceremony, the one putting the usual questions in Turkish, and the other reading the service in English. To all those present, the scene must have been solemn; on the one hand, was the consciousness that in that place was living and visible evidence that the Spirit of God worketh even until now, with a power that man can never attain; on the other, the sense that the strange tongue was the symbol of deep and holy mysteries beyond, and that this new brotherhood was the shadow and promise of the great Communion of Saints.

THE BISHOPRIC OF NEWCASTLE.

Mr. J. W. Pease, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has been imitating the example of the Centurion. He has not built the Cathedral, but he has presented to the committee of the Bishopric Fund Benwell Tower and grounds, which will serve admirably as a Palace. Mr. Pease is a member of the Society of Friends, and the Bishop of Durham, who first announced the gift, challenges the sons of the Church to rival its friends. Twelve thousand pounds, which is said to be a moderate estimate of the value of the house and estate, is a large sum in these days of commercial depression; but there must be many rich churchmen who for honour's sake will not allow themselves to be worsted in a contest of friendly generosity. There will be many Nonconformists, too, unable to help the work as Mr. Pease has done,—for full hearts and purses unfortunately are not always found together—but their sympathy and their prayers for the success of the new work will not be fruitless.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER'S PASTORAL.

The Bishop of Manchester has taken a simple course for testing the professions of canonical obedience which are so common among the Ritualists. They challenge the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts; their bishops they, as a rule, are ready to obey. So Bishop Fraser convened the clergy of his diocese, and pronounced before the assembled Synod a solemn admonition. He pointed out that the peace of the Church was in grievous danger through the existing conflicts, and that it was not one or two usages of ritual to which objection was taken, but continual encroachment and innovation in the ceremonies and in the ministrants. The Rubric which had been the centre of recent controversy was, he confessed, not absolutely clear and definite, but considering the magnitude of the issues involved, it was his opinion that arbitrary changes of this kind should not be allowed at the caprice of a few isolated clergymen; and, as a practical line of demarcation, he laid down the following rule, by which the ritual observed in

the Cathedral Church is made the limit for the Diocese in general. These are the Bishop's words:—

"I do hereby make it known to the clergy of my diocese that it is my admonition to them as their Bishop that, until it shall be otherwise ordered by lawful authority, in public worship in their churches, and especially in the administration of Holy Communion, they do not exceed the limits of the Ritual now practised and allowed, or which may hereafter be allowed in the Cathedral Church of the diocese, and inasmuch as it cannot be pretended that any essential principle or fundamental article of the faith is involved therein, I admonish and charge all who in their conduct of Divine service have gone beyond these limits to reduce their Ritual accordingly; and, furthermore, I direct that no alteration in or addition to the existing or accustomed Ritual of any Church be made, except so far as may be necessary to bring such Ritual within the limits prescribed by this admonition, unless and until the consent and sanction of the Bishop has been obtained for the same."

The outcome of the Pastoral is as yet uncertain. One point only is clear, that the opponents of Ritual have the advantage in position; the party of excess is compelled to reduce their observances to the official standard: those who may be considered to err on the side of defect, though they are warned against "loose and irreverent ways," save for this vague prohibition, go free.

AN ENGLISH REPRESENTATIVE AT THE VATICAN.

It has been rumoured lately that the Government intend to appoint a diplomatic representative at the Vatican. Why this should be done, we cannot conceive. The temporal power of the Pope as Sovereign of Italy is at an end, and his authority now is purely spiritual. Outside the Vatican he has no civil jurisdiction, and we recognise no authority on his part over any British subject. We cannot have a State within a State, and this is the pass to which we must come if the Pope is to be accredited with other than spiritual sovereignty; for his rule must be over Catholics scattered abroad through the nations of the world. We believe that a Catholic may be a good citizen, for Catholics are as inconsistent as other people; but if the Government intends "to pay the wolf homage," they will rouse a resentment not easily to be lulled. Let the English Cardinals be invited to Court by all means, but to treat with the "Prisoner of the Vatican" as with a lawful monarch, is a policy which is likely to be as disastrous as it is absurd.

THE VIVISECTION CASE.

The prosecution of Professor Ferrier suffered an ignominious collapse, but at the same time the victory may cost the friends of Vivisection more dearly than a defeat. Partly from the folly of a certain portion of the medical students, like those who made a riot at the court on the day of the trial, and partly through the want of caution which some older men display in handling a subject which awakens sympathies and prejudices of the intensest kind, a suspicion has for some time been growing that the statutes which regulate Vivisection are being evaded or tampered with. Unless extreme care be taken both by men of science and by those who conduct medical journals, a storm of unparalleled violence will break out in which the many will have to suffer for the faults of a few.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL SCANDALS.

More than enough has been written on this unpleasant subject, and it would be foolish to prolong controversy. When the Home Office and the School Board have ended recrimination, some way may be discovered of preventing cruelties like those practised at London and in Glasgow; meanwhile, "A plague on both your houses," will be the first thought of very many people who are more anxious to protect those who may be suffering even still, than to apportion blame now that prevention comes too late. The Home Secretary will have had time to regret his absurd attack on Mr. Buxton in a letter intended rather to shield the Office than to cast blame on the School Board. "Inspect, inspect, and again inspect," to adapt a famous phrase, is the one lesson to be drawn, and if men can't cope with Matrons and Masters, there are women enough in the world who can.

COAL-DUST AND COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.

Every day seems to bring us fresh illustrations of the power and importance of little things in the order of the universe. Mr. Darwin has recently shown how earth-worms cover bit by bit large fields with their castings, and bury stones and rubbish under fertile soil; and how, on the other hand, as they create so also they destroy, breaking up the paved floors of historic remnants of antiquity. Professor Abel has been studying the properties of coal-dust with minute care, to ascertain, if possible, its effect in colliery explosions such as the terrible disaster at Seaham rather more than a year ago. Mr. Spottiswoode, in his Presidential address at the Royal Society, gave a short account of the results of Professor Abel's investigation. It appears that fire-damp may be present in a cutting, united in such small proportions with the air as to elude the ordinary flame test, and yet that the presence of dust in suspension—that is, floating in the air—will cause rapid ignition and even explosion, especially if the amount of gas or the velocity of the current increases. Some varieties of dust were found by experiment to be far more sensitive than others, and, even though non-combustible themselves, to intensify and promote explosions. These discoveries may serve to explain sudden accidents in mines where gas was only present in small quantities; but now the practical problem becomes more complex than ever. If we can guard against fire-damp, how can we purify the air of the dust which seems to be hardly less dangerous and is less easily detected?

RECENT ECCLESIASTICAL APPOINTMENTS.

All ecclesiastical appointments are watched just now with extreme anxiety, not to say jealousy, but

few people will be dissatisfied with the promotion of the Rev. John Oakley, of Hoxton, and of the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, of King's College. Mr. Oakley has gone from his poor and populous London parish to the Deanery of Carlisle, vacated by the resignation of the Rev. F. Close, D.D.; and Dr. Plumptre has been appointed Dean of Wells. The two men contrast in power though not in spirit. Dr. Plumptre has the catholicity of the scholar, Mr. Oakley of the man of action. The work of the one has mainly been that of the preacher and teacher, the other has thrown himself with devoted enthusiasm into the social and educational as well as the religious movements of the day. By his fearless and uncompromising honesty he has won great influence among the working men of Hoxton, while among the Nonconformist leaders in London he numbers many staunch friends. Both have done valuable work in their different ways, and when they leave London for their new homes of labour they will carry with them the sympathy and the gratitude of those in whose service so many of the best years of their lives have been spent.

CHEAP POSTAL ORDERS.

Ever since Rowland Hill's great experiment the Post Office has wisely kept its popular character, and, unlike some of our State departments, has always realised that its mission is to serve the people. As a good instance of the benefit which all classes in the nation, and especially the poorer, have derived from recent changes, we may take the postal orders. Under new regulations, as most of us are aware, it is possible to transmit trifling sums at a low rate. The value of this boon the following figures will show:—The total number of these orders issued, for sums of value not above one pound, during the first week of the new system was 25,000; for the last week in November, after an experience of eleven months, the total was upwards of 86,500, representing a value of £38,000. Nor is this all. The change, as the Postmaster-General explained at the time, was made largely in the interest of those who had only a few shillings at most to send; a sum such as a son at work in town might send back to his old father in the country, or a girl in service to her mother and sisters in time of need, and which would keep alive affection as well as relieve want. Now, out of the second weekly total given above, no less than 23,400 orders issued were for sums not greater than 2s. 6d., while 16,600 were for sums not greater than 5s. This is conclusive evidence that the experiment has been a genuine success, and has reached just those for whose benefit it was intended. Mr. Fawcett is not only teaching people to save for themselves, but is enabling them to help others with little cost or trouble.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

"THE TRUE MISSION OF SOVEREIGNS."

Another name—if report in Paris for once speaks truth—must be added to the list of royal authors, for the King of Bavaria has been very generally credited with the authorship of the volume bearing the title given above, and recently published in Paris. The general plan of the book is conceived on a most ambitious scale, but the Preface will secure, perhaps, the most wide and deep interest. In it there is the cry of a soul in pain. The writer is conscious that the state of Europe is a sad and terrible anomaly, contrasted with the principles which kings and subjects profess; and he watches with anguish the world as it sweeps round on the same old track of war and misery. And yet war, as he says, is not the natural state of man. This is his pathetic protest:—

"In every state passion and instinct submit to the restraints of civil law; and the states of the same family—the Christian states—cannot with impunity remain any longer less restrained than individuals by justice and equity in their mutual relations. Christians in our private life, civilised in our domestic habits, must we ever in our official relations, as sovereigns, pursue only an antichristian and barbarous policy—a policy of instinctive savagery, and compounded of diplomatic cunning and military violence, the immorality of which our national codes repudiate and punish, if practised by our subjects among themselves? No intelligence, no conscience can make this assertion. But it is easier to condemn the evil than to gauge precisely its depth, to ascertain its causes, and to discover its cure. With the European House, which Christianity built on this principle, we must needs put up with things as they are, in default of a better plan, and of workmen to rebuild."

These words will find an universal echo in the hearts of those who suffer first from this terrible armed-peace to which Europe has committed herself.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

THE CAMBRIDGE MISSION TO DELHI.

The Bishop of Durham with characteristic generosity has made a strong appeal in the *Cambridge Review* for volunteers to carry on this work. The mission began, he says, about four years ago, and six men have gone out to India from the University; two of them, however, have been compelled on account of ill health to return to England, so that at the present time only four are actually at work. Just now there is a special opportunity for service at Delhi: a scheme for establishing a native college has fallen through, and the head of the University Mission, the Rev. E. Bickersteth, tells us that he has "received an intimation to the effect that a Missionary College open to all students, whether of Government or Mission Schools, and conducted by the Mission, would probably receive liberal support from the Government." Negotiations are going on, and if successful, the higher education of the South Punjab will fall entirely into Christian hands. If this University Mission can find the five men it requires for immediate service, primarily as educators and secondarily as missionaries, full of sympathy and free from petty conventionalism, it may do noble work among the more educated members of the community, who can be influenced for good most deeply by men who are young like themselves, and who will carry with them into their evangelistic work the buoyancy and the enthusiasm which was developed in the Senate House or on the river.

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S WORK IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

These are anxious times for Christian workers abroad as well as at home, and the Central African Mission is now passing through an unusual amount of difficulty and distress. Since 1876, when the mission was first established, death and disease have made havoc among the workers; four have perished, a greater number have been compelled to retire to save life before it was too late, and at present Dr. Southon is the only efficient member of the mission left in the field. But the Board are facing the emergency undaunted, and with the courage of men, and so are the missionaries still left at their posts. The station at Ujiji is dangerous through its unhealthy character, but the missions at Uguha and Urambo can still hold their ground. What then is needed? Firstly, new men; secondly, a new plan of operations, so far as Lake Tanganyika is concerned. The directors of the Society appeal for seven men; not raw striplings fresh from college, but men of matured constitution; not necessarily scholars, but men of sense and energy, "intelligent Christian mechanics." These are the true pioneers in enterprises of this kind, and the Society has done well to recognise the fact. Next, the directors realise the importance of establishing safe and speedy communication between their mission and the sea, and now propose, with the help of a sum of money generously offered for the purpose, to make a road from a new station at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika to Lake Nyassa, where the Presbyterian Church have established a mission, and have a steamer plying on the lake, from which again the sea is accessible by means of the river Zambezi. This would complete the chain between the coast and the great inland sea with its "900 miles of coast-line and 330 miles of latitude." On this lake also a steamer will now be provided for evangelising the tribes along the shore, surveying the district, and selecting the most favourable sites for new stations. The new force of men, if they can be found, will occupy the new station at the southern end of Tanganyika, reinforce the mission at Uguha, and reoccupy the post vacated at Urambo. The lake, as the Society insist, "is the gateway of the West, and the best means of access to those multitudinous peoples who occupy the great valley of the mighty, mysterious Livingstone or Congo River." Mr. E. C. Hore, one of their agents now on furlough in this country, recently gave a detailed description of the lake before the Royal Geographical Society, with Lord Aberdare in the chair:—"Mr. Hore stated that the natives at Ujiji were friendly, and promised to grant a site for a mission station, and recognised the missionaries as their best friends. A blow was dealt at the slave trade there, and from the date of their arrival the public sale ceased, and such as was carried on was admittedly contraband." *The post of honour has been assigned to us. We cannot in honour retire from it.* This is the keynote of the London Missionary Society's policy in this great enterprise.

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

JOHN BOST OF LA FORCE.

By the death of John Bost the cause of philanthropy in France has suffered irremediate loss. Born in the year 1817, he was the second son of the Rev. Ami Bost, of Geneva. He was brought up in the land of his birth, but came as a youth from Switzerland to Paris, there to adventure himself in Art and Literature. Other voices, however, were speaking to his spirit, and he became the pastor of a little Protestant church in the village of La Force, near Bergerac, in the south of France. Catholicism was supreme throughout the district, and whole families, even among the colony of Scottish and English workmen which M. Bost found there, had drifted away through the influences of school and society from the Protestant faith. Schools, hospitals, and asylums, were alike under the dominion of the priests. It was to counteract this proselytising force, that M. Bost first resolved to establish his hospitals. Those to whom the scheme was first confided "thought the young man mad." "It must and shall be done," was the answer; and done it was. *La Famille* was the first of these institutions, and was designed to shelter orphans and homeless girls, or any whom it might be advisable to separate from their families. *Bethesda*, the next on the list, was for incurable girls of weak intellect, or suffering from blindness: those suffering from epilepsy were relegated to *Ebenezer*, and those in whom the light of reason was quite extinct were isolated in *La Miséricorde;* so that the inmates of one asylum were not affected by contact with those whose diseases might have injured their more rational companions. *Siloam*, *Bethel*, and *La Compassion*, the latest in foundation of all M. Bost's institutions, correspond respectively to the three asylums already described, but are intended for boys and young men who suffer from similar maladies. Last of all come the Almshouses, *La Retraite*, for those who have grown old and infirm in service, and, in old age, find themselves without means or friends; and *Le Repos* for widows who have served evangelical churches and for aged schoolmistresses. In this home they have rest and all possible comfort, and can wait for life's close apart "with the hoarded memories of the heart." In the purchase of the landed property of these asylums a sum of £52,000 was spent, and an annual income of £7,000 is required for their support. It was a noble work, and the happiest characteristic of it was M. Bost's deep anxiety to remove all obstacles to its permanent success when his labour should have ceased. There was nothing mean, nothing little, nothing selfish in his aim and policy, and he did not allow even so noble an undertaking to engross his mind and thought, to the exclusion of other interests. His life, if we may borrow noble words applied to a life of another kind, "Was a sermon based upon the Sermon on the Mount, that best, that greatest of all sermons. His was a life of perpetual self-sacrifice."

Illustration of Psalm CIV., verse 9.—"Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over."

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—THE AQUARIUM.

"LET'S go and see the people at the aquarium," said Cornelius.

"Do you mean the fishes?" asked his father.

"No, I don't care about them; I said the people!" answered Cornelius stupidly.

"The people of an aquarium must surely be fishes, eh, Saffy?" said the father to the bright child, walking hand in hand with him. It was Josephine. Her eyes were so blue that but for the association he would have called her Sapphira. Between the two he contented himself with the pet-name of *Saffy*.

"Ah but, papa," said Hester, "Corney didn't say the people *of* the aquarium, but the people *at* the aquarium!"

"Two of you are too many for me!" returned the father playfully. "Well, then, Saffy, let us go and see the people *of* and the people *at* the aquarium.—Which do you want to see, Hester?"

"Oh, the fishes, of course, papa!"

"Why of course?"

"Because they're so much more interesting than the people," said Hester, rebuked in herself as she said it—before she knew why.

"Fishes more interesting than people!" exclaimed her father.

"They're so like people, papa!"

"Oh, then surely the people must be the more interesting after all, if it is the likeness of the fishes to people that makes them interesting! Which of all the people you love do you see likest a fish now?"

"Oh, papa!"

"What! is it only people you hate that you see like fishes?"

"I don't hate anybody, papa."

"There's a way of not caring about people, though—looking down on them and seeing them like fishes, that's precious like hating them," said Cornelius, who enjoyed a crowd, and putting his sister in the wrong still better; to that end he could easily say a sensible thing.

"If you mean me, Corney, I think you do me injustice," said Hester. "The worst I do is to look at them the wrong way of the telescope."

"But why do you never see any one you love like a fish?" persisted her father.

"Perhaps because I could not love any body that was like a fish."

"Certainly there is something not beautiful about them!" said Mr. Raymount.

"They're beastly ugly," said Cornelius.

"Let us look into it a little," continued his father. "What is it about them that is ugly? Their colours are sometimes very beautiful—and their shapes too."

"Their heads and faces," said Hester, "are the only parts of them in which they can be like human beings, and those are very ugly."

"I am not sure that you are right, Hester," said the mother, who had not spoken till now. "There must surely be something human in their bodies as well, for now and then I see their ways and motions so like those of men and women, that I feel for a moment almost as if I understood how they were feeling, and were just going to know what they were thinking."

"I suspect," said Mr. Raymount, "your mother's too much of a poet to be trusted alone in an aquarium. It would have driven Shelley crazy—to judge from his Sensitive Plant."

They had now reached the middle of the descent to the mysteries of the place, when Cornelius, who, with an interest Hester could not understand in him, and which was partly owing to a mere love of transition, had been staring at the ascending faces, uttered a cry of recognition, and darted down to the next landing. With a degree of respect he seldom manifested they saw him there accost a gentleman leaning over the balustrade, and shake hands with him. He was several years older than Cornelius, not a few inches taller, and much better-looking—one indeed who could hardly fail to attract notice even in a crowd. Corney's weakest point, next to his heart, was his legs, which perhaps accounted for his worship of Mr. Vavasor's calves, in themselves nothing remarkable. He was already glancing stolen looks at these objects of his jealous admiration when the rest reached the landing, and Mr. Raymount, willing to know his son's friend, desired Corney to introduce him.

Cornelius had been now eighteen months in the bank, and had never at home even mentioned the name of a fellow clerk. He was one of those youths who take the only possible way for emptiness to make itself of consequence—that of concealment and affected mystery. Not even now but for his

father's request, would he have presented his bank-friend to him or any of the family.

The manners and approach of Mr. Vavasor were such as at once to recommend him to the friendly reception of all, from Mr. Raymount to little Saffy, who had the rare charm of being shy without being rude. If not genial, his manners were yet friendly, and his carriage if not graceful was easy: both were apt to be abrupt where he was familiar. It was a kind of company-bearing he had, but dashed with indifference, except where he desired to commend himself. He shook hands with little Saffy as respectfully as with her mother, but with neither altogether respectfully; and immediately the pale-faced, cold, loving boy, Mark, unwillingly, therefore almost unconsciously, disliked him. He was beyond question handsome, with a Grecian nose nearly perfect, which had its large part in the aristocratic look he bore. This was favoured also by the simplicity of his dress. He turned with them, and redescended the stairs.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming, Mr. Vavasor? I could have met you," said Cornelius, with just a little stretch of the degree of familiarity in use between them.

"I didn't know myself till the last minute," answered Vavasor. "It was a sudden resolve of my aunt's. Neither had I the remotest idea you were here."

"Have you been seeing the fishes?" asked Hester, at whose side their new acquaintance was walking now they had reached the subterranean level.

"I have just passed along their cages," he answered. "They are not well kept; the glass is dirty, and the water too. I fancied they looked unhappy, and came away. I can't bear to see creatures pining. It would be a good deed to poison them all."

"Wouldn't it be better to give them some fresh water?" said little Saffy. "That would make them glad."

To this wisdom there was no response.

When they came to the door of the concert-room, Cornelius turned into it, leaving his "friend" with his "people" to go and look at the fishes. Mr. Vavasor kept his place by the side of Hester.

"We were just talking, when we had the pleasure of meeting you, about people and fishes—comparing them in a way," said Hester. "I can't make it clear to myself why I like seeing the fishes better than the people."

"I fancy it must be because you call them fishes and not fish," replied Vavasor. "If the fishes were a shoal of herrings or mackerel, I doubt if you would—at least for many times. If, on the other hand, the men and women in the concert-room were as oddly distinguished one from another as these different fishes, you would prefer going with your brother."

"I'm sure I shouldn't," said Saffy to Mark.

"Phizzes is best on fishes," answered Mark sententiously. "I like faces best; only you don't *always* want to look at what you like best!—I wonder why."

"And yet I suspect," said Mrs. Raymount to Vavasor, "many of the people are as much distinguished from each other in character as the fishes are in form."

"Possibly," interjected her husband, "they are as different in their faces also, only we are too much of their kind to be able to read the differences so clearly."

"Surely you do not mean," said Vavasor respectfully, "that any two persons in the concert-room can be as much unlike each other as that flounder shuddering along the sandy bottom, and that yard of eel sliding through the water like an embodied wickedness?"

Hester was greatly struck with the poetic tone of the remark.

"I think you may find people as different," replied her father, "if you take into the account the more delicate as well as the more striking differences—the deeper as well as the surface diversities. Now you make me think of it, I begin to doubt whether all these live grotesques may not have been made to the pattern of different developments of humanity possible or actual!"

"Look at that dog-fish," said Vavasor, pointing to the largest in the tank. "What a brute! Don't you hate him, Miss Raymount?"

"I am not willing to hate any live thing," answered Hester with a smile, "— from selfish motives, perhaps: I feel as if it would be to my own loss, causing me some kind of irreparable hurt."

"But you would kill such a creature as that—would you not?" he rejoined.

"In possible circumstances," she answered; "but killing and hating have nothing necessarily to do with each other. He that hates his brother is always a murderer, not always he that kills him."

"This is another sort of girl from any I've met yet!" said Vavasor to himself. "I wonder what she's really like!"

He did not know that what she was really

like was just what he, with all his fancied knowledge of women both in life and literature, was incapable of seeing—so different was she in kind from poor-gentleman Vavasor.

"But just look at the head, eyes, and mouth of the fiend!" he persisted.

Hester, forcing herself a little, did regard the animal for two or three moments. Then a slight shudder passed through her, and she turned away her eyes.

"I see you've caught the look of him!" said Vavasor. "Is he not a horror?"

"He is. But that was not what made me turn away: I found if I looked a moment longer I should hate him in spite of myself."

"And why shouldn't you hate him? You would be doing the wretch no wrong. Even if he knew it, it would be only what he deserved."

"That you cannot tell except you knew all about his nature, and every point of his history from the beginning of the creation till now. I dare not judge even a dog-fish. And whatever his deserts, I don't choose to hate him, because I don't choose to hate."

She turned away, and Vavasor saw she wanted no more of the dog-fish.

"Oh!" cried Saffy, with a face of terror, "look, look, mamma! It's staring at me!"

The child hid her face in her mother's gown, yet turned immediately to look again.

Mr. Raymount looked also, following her gaze, and was fascinated by the sight that met his eyes. Through the glass, high above his head, and not far from the surface, he saw a huge thornback, bending towards them and seeming to look down on them as it flew slowly through the water—the action of the two sides of its body fringed with fins, and its consequent motion, were much more like the act of flying than that of swimming. Behind him floated his long tail, making him yet more resemble the hideously imagined kite which he at once suggested. But the terrible thing about him was the death's-head-look of the upper part of him. His white belly was of course towards them, and his eyes were on the other side, but there were nostrils that looked exactly like the empty sockets of eyes, and below them was a hideous mouth. These made the face that seemed to Saffy to be hovering over and watching them.

"Like an infernal angel of death!" thought Mr. Raymount, but would not rouse yet more the imagination of the little one by saying it. Hester gazed with steadfast mien at the floating spectre.

"You seem in no danger from that one," said Vavasor.

"I don't think I understand you," said Hester. "What danger can there be from any of them?"

"I mean of hating him."

"You are right; I do not feel the smallest inclination to hate him."

"Yet the ray is even uglier than the dog-fish."

"That may be—I think not—but who hates for ugliness? I never should. Ugliness only moves my pity."

"Then what do you hate for?" asked Vavasor. "—But I beg your pardon: you never hate! Let me ask then, what is it that makes you feel as if you might hate?"

"If you will look again at the dog-fish, and tell me the expression of its mouth, I may be able to answer you," she returned.

"I will," said Vavasor; and betaking himself to a farther portion of the tank, he stood there watching a little shoal of those sharks of the northern seas. While he was gone Cornelius rejoined them.

"I wish I knew why God made such ugly creatures," said Saffy to Mark.

The boy gave a curious half-sad smile, without turning his eyes from the thornback, and said nothing.

"Do you know why God made any creatures, pet?" said Hester.

"No, I don't. Why did he, Hessy?"

"I am almost afraid to guess. But if you don't know why he made any, why should you wonder that he made those?"

"Because they are so ugly.—Do tell me why he made them," she added coaxingly.

"You had better ask mamma."

"But, Hessy, I don't like to ask mamma."

"Why don't you like to ask mamma, you little goose?"

"Because," said Saffy, who was all the time holding her mother's hand, and knew she was hearing her, "mamma mightn't know what to say."

Hester thought with herself, "I am sometimes afraid to pray lest I should have no answer!"

The mother's face turned down towards her little one.

"And what if I shouldn't know what to say, darling?" she asked.

"I feel so awkward when Miss Merton asks me a question I can't answer," said the child.

"And you are afraid of making mamma feel awkward?—You pet!" said Hester.

Cornelius burst into a great laugh, and Saffy into silent tears, for she thought she had made a fool of herself. She was not a priggish child, and did not deserve the mockery with which her barbarian brother invaded her little temple. She was such a true child that her mother was her neighbour, and present to all her being—not her eyes only or her brain, but her heart and spirit as well.

The mother led her aside to a seat, saying,

"Come, darling; we must look into this, and try to understand it. Let me see—what is it we have got to understand?—I think it is this—why you should be ashamed when you cannot answer the questions of one who knows so much more than you, and I should not be ashamed when I cannot answer the questions of my own little girl who knows so much less than I do. Is that it?"

"I don't know," sobbed Saffy.

"You shouldn't laugh at her, Corney: it hurts her!" said Hester.

"The little fool! How could that hurt her? It's nothing but temper!" said Cornelius with vexation. He was not vexed that he had made her cry, but vexed that she cried.

"You should have a little more sympathy with childhood, Cornelius," said his father. "You used to be angry enough when you were laughed at."

"I was a fool then myself!" answered Cornelius sulkily.

He said no more, and his father put the best interpretation upon his speech.

"Do you remember, Hester," he said, "how you were always ready to cry when I told you I did not know something you had asked me?"

"Quite well, papa," replied Hester; "and I think I could explain it now. I did not know then why I cried. I think now it was because it seemed to bring you down nearer to my level. My heaven of wisdom sank and grew less."

"I hope that is not what Saffy is feeling now: your mother must be telling her she doesn't know why God made the animals. But no! She is looking up in her face with hers radiant!"

And yet her mother had told her she did not know why God made the animals! She had at the same time, however, made her own confessed ignorance a step on which to set the child nearer to the knowledge of God; for she told her it did not matter that she did not know, so long as God knew. The child could see that her mother's ignorance did not trouble her; and also that she who confessed ignorance was yet in close communication with him who knew all about everything, and delighted in making his children understand.

And now came Vavasor from his study of the dog-fish. His nature was a poetic one though much choked with the weeds of the conventional and commonplace, and he had seen and felt something of what Hester intended. But he was not alive enough to understand hate. He was able to hate and laugh. He could not feel the danger of hate as Hester, for hate is death, and it needs life to know death.

"He is cruel, and the very incarnation of selfishness," he said. "I should like to set my heel on him."

"If I were to allow myself to hate him," returned Hester, "I should hate him too much to kill him. I should let him live on in his ugliness, and hold back my hate lest it should wither him in the cool water. To let him live would be my revenge, the worst I should know. I must not look at him, for it makes me feel as wicked as he looks."

She glanced at Vavasor. His eyes were fixed on her. She turned away uncomfortable: could it be that he was like the dog-fish?

"Now, I declare," said Cornelius, coming between them, "there's no knowing you girls! Would you believe it, Mr. Vavasor—that young woman was crying her eyes out last night over the meanest humbug of a Chadband I ever set mine on! There ain't one of those fishes comes within sight of him for ugliness. And she would have it he was to be pitied—sorrowed over—loved, I suppose!"

The last words of his speech he whined out in a lackadaisical tone.

Hester flushed, but said nothing. She was not going to defend herself before a stranger. She would rather remain misrepresented—even be misunderstood. But Vavasor had no such opinion of the sister from his mirror. When she turned from Cornelius next, in which movement lay all the expression she chose to give to her indignation, he passed behind him to the other side of Hester, and there stood apparently absorbed in the contemplation of a huge crustacean. Had Cornelius been sensitive, he must have felt he was omitted.

"Why can it be?" she said—to herself, but audibly—after a moment of silence, during which she also had been apparently

absorbed in the contemplation of some inhabitant of the watery cage. But she had in truth been thinking of nothing immediately before her eyes, though they had rested first upon a huge crayfish, balancing himself on stilts innumerable, then turned to one descending a rocky incline—just as a Swiss horse descends a stair in a mountain-path.

"Yes, the fellow bristles with *whys*," said Vavasor, whose gaze was still fixed on one of them. "Every leg seems to ask, 'Why am I a leg?'"

"I should have thought it was asking rather, 'What am I? Am I a leg or a failure?'" rejoined Hester. "But I was not thinking of the crayfish. He is odd, but there is no harm in him. He looks indeed highly respectable. See with what a dignity he fans himself!"

"And for the same reason," remarked her father, who had come up and stood behind them, "as the finest lady at a ball: he wants more air. I wonder whether the poor fellow knows he is in a cage?"

"I think he does," said Saffy, "else he would run away from us."

"Are you thinking of the dog-fish still?" asked Vavasor.

The strangeness, as it seemed to him, of the handsome girl's absorption, for such it veritably appeared, in questions of no interest in themselves—so he judged them—attracted him even more than her beauty, for he did not like to feel himself unpossessed of the entrée to such a house. Also he was a writer of society verses—not so good as they might have been, but in their way not altogether despicable—and had already begun to turn it over in his mind whether something might not be made of—what shall I call it?—the situation?

"I *was* thinking of him," Hester answered, "but only as a type of the great difficulty—why there should be evil or ugliness in the world. There must be an answer to it! Is it possible it should be one we would not like?"

"I don't believe there is any answer," said Vavasor. "The ugly things are ugly just because they are ugly. It is a child's answer, but not therefore unphilosophical. We must take things as we find them. We are ourselves just what we are, and cannot help it. We do this or that because it is in us. We are made so."

"You do not believe in free will, then, Mr. Vavasor?" said Hester coldly.

"I see no ground for believing in it. We are but forces—bottled up forces—charged Leyden jars. Every one does just what is in him—acts as he is capable."

He was not given to metaphysics, and indeed had few or no opinions in that department of inquiry; but the odd girl interested him, and he was ready to meet her on any ground. He had uttered his own practical unbelief, however, with considerable accuracy. Hester's eyes flashed angrily.

"I say *no*. Every one is capable of acting better than he does," she replied; and her face flushed.

"Why does he not then?" asked Vavasor.

"Ah, why?" she responded.

"How can he be made for it if he does not do it?" insisted Vavasor.

"How indeed? That is the puzzle," she answered. "If he were not capable there would be none."

"I should do better, I am sure, if I could," said Vavasor. Had he known himself, he ought to have added, "without trouble."

"Then you think we are all just like the dog-fish—except that destiny has made none of us quite so ugly?" rejoined Hester.

"Or so selfish," implemented Vavasor.

"That I can't see," returned Hester. "If we are merely borne helpless hither and thither on the tide of impulse, we can be neither more nor less selfish than the dog-fish. We are, in fact, neither selfish nor unselfish. We are pure nothings, concerning which speculation is not worth the trouble. But the very word *selfish* implies a contrary judgment on the part of humanity itself."

"Then you believe we can make ourselves different from what we are made?"

"Yes; we are made with the power to change. We are meant to take a share in our own making. We are made so and so, it is true, but not made so and so only; we are made with a power in ourselves besides—a power that can lay hold on the original power that made us. We are not made to remain as we are. We are bound to grow."

She spoke rapidly, with glowing eyes, the fire of her utterance consuming every shadow of the didactic.

"You are too much of a philosopher for me, Miss Raymount," said Vavasor with a smile. "But just answer me one question: What if a man is too weak to change?"

"He must change," said Hester.

Then first Vavasor began to feel the conversation getting quite too serious.

"Ah, well!" he said. "But don't you think this is rather—ah—rather—don't you know?—for an aquarium?"

Hester did not reply. Nothing was too

serious for her in any place. She was indeed a peculiar girl—the more the pity for the many that made her so!

"Let us go and see the octopus," said Vavasor.

They went, and Mr. Raymount slowly followed them. He had not heard the last turn of their conversation.

"You two have set me thinking," he said, when he joined them, "and brought to my mind an observation I had made—how seldom you find art succeed in representing the hatefully ugly! The painter can accumulate ugliness, but I do not remember a demon worth the name. The picture I can best recall with demons in it is one of Raphael's—a St. Michael slaying the dragon—from the Purgatorio, I think, but I am not sure: not one of the demons in that picture is half so ugly as your dog-fish.—What if it be necessary that we should have lessons in ugliness?"

"But why?" said Hester. "Is not the ugly better let alone? You have always taught that ugliness is the natural embodiment of evil!"

"Because we have chosen what is bad, and do not know how ugly it is—that is why," answered her father.

"Isn't that rather hard on the fish, though?" said Vavasor. "How can innocent creatures be an embodiment of evil?"

"But what do you mean by *innocent?*" returned Mr. Raymount. "The nature of an animal may be low and even hateful, and its looks correspondent, while no conscience accuses it of evil. I have known half a dozen cows, in a shed large enough for a score and abundantly provisioned, unite to keep the rest of the herd out of it. Many a man is a far lower and worse creature in his nature than his conscience tells him. It is the conscience educated by strife and failure and success that is severe upon the man, demanding of him the all but unattainable."

Talk worse and worse for an aquarium! But happily they had now reached the tank of the octopods.

Alas, there had been some mismanagement of the pipes, and the poor devil-fishes had been boiled, or at least heated to death! One small wretched skinny thing, hardly distinguishable from a discoloured clout, was all that was left of a dozen. Cornelius laughed heartily when informed of the mischance.

"It's a pity it wasn't the devil himself instead of his fish!" he said. "Wouldn't it be a jolly lark, Mr. Vavasor, if some of the rascals down below were to heat that furnace too hot, and rid us of the whole potful at one fell swoop!"

"What is that you are saying, Corney?" said his mother, who had but just rejoined them.

"I was only uttering the pious wish that the devil was dead," answered Cornelius; "—boiled like an octopus! ha! ha! ha!"

"What good would that do?" said his father. "The human devils would be no better, and the place would soon be re-occupied. The population of the pit must be kept up by immigration. There may be babies born in heaven, for anything I know, but certain I am there can be none in the other place. This world of ours is the nursery of devils as well as of saints."

"And what becomes of those that are neither?" asked Vavasor.

"It were hard to say," replied Mr. Raymount with some seriousness.

"A confoundedly peculiar family!" said Vavasor to himself. "There's a bee in every bonnet of them! An odd, irreverent way the old fellow has with him—for an old fellow pretending to believe what he says!"

Vavasor was not one of the *advanced* of the age; he did not deny there was a God: he thought that the worse form that it was common in the bank; the fellows he associated with never took the trouble to deny him; they took their own way, and asked no questions. When a man has not the slightest intention that the answer shall influence his conduct, why should he inquire whether there be a God or not? Vavasor cared more about the top of his cane than the God whose being he did not take the trouble to deny. He believed a little less than the maiden aunt with whom he lived; she believed less than her mother, and her mother had believed less than hers; so that for generations the faith, so called, of the family had been dying down, simply because all that time it had sent out no fresh root of obedience. It had in truth been no faith at all, only assent. Miss Vavasor went to church, because it was the right thing to do: God was one of the heads of society, and his drawing-rooms had to be attended. Certain objections not altogether unreasonable might be urged against doing so: several fictions were more or less countenanced in them—such as equality, love of your neighbour, and forgiveness of your enemy, but then nobody really heeded them: religion had worked its way up to a respectable position, and no longer required

the support of the unwashed—that is, those outside the circle whose centre is Mayfair. As to her personal religion, why, God had heard her prayers and might again: he did show favour occasionally. That she should come out of it all as well as other people when this life of family and incomes and match-making was over, she saw no reason to doubt. Ranters and canters might talk as they pleased, but God knew better than make the existence of thoroughly respectable people quite unendurable!—She was kind-hearted, and treated her maid like an equal up to the moment of offence—then like a dog of the east up to that of atonement. She had the power of keeping her temper even in family differences, and hence was regarded as a very model of wisdom, prudence, and *tact*, the last far the first in the consideration of her judges. The young of her acquaintance fled to her for help in need, and she gave them no hard words, but generally more counsel than comfort—always, however, the best she had, which was of Polonius's kind, an essence of wise selfishness, so far as selfishness can be wise, with a strong dash of self-respect, nowise the more sparing that it was independent of desert. The good man would find it rather difficult to respect himself were he to try; his gaze is upward to the one good; but had it been possible for such a distinction to enter Miss Vavasor's house, it would have been only to be straightway dismissed. She was devoted to her nephew, as she counted devotion, but would see that he made a correspondent return.

When Vavasor reached their encampment in the Imperial Hotel, he went to his own room, got out his Russia-leather despatch-box, half-filled with songs and occasional verses, which he never travelled without, and set himself to see what he could do with the dog-fish—in what kind of poetic jelly, that is, he could enclose his shark-like mouth and evil look. But prejudiced as he always was in favour of whatever issued from his own brain—as yet nothing had come from his heart—he was anything but satisfied with the result of his endeavour. It was in fact an utter failure so far as the dog-fish was concerned, for he was there unnamed, a mere indistinguishable presence among many monsters. But notwithstanding the gravity of this defect, and the distance between his idea and its outcome, he yet concluded the homage to Hester which it embodied of a value to justify the presentation of the verses. And poor as they were they were nearly as good as anything he had done hitherto. Here they are:

To H. R.

Lo, Beauty climbs the watery steep,
Sets foot on many a slimy stair;
Treads on the monsters of the deep,
And rising seeks the earth and air.

On every form she sets her foot;
She lifts it straight and passes on;
With flowers and trees she takes no root,
This, that caresses, and is gone.

Imperfect, poorly lovely things
On all sides round she sighing sees;
She flies, nor for her flying wings
Finds any refuge, rest, or ease!

At last, at last, on Burcliff's shore,
She spies a thoughtful wanderer;
She speeds—she lights for evermore,
Incorporated, one with her!

CHAPTER VII.—AMY AMBER.

Some gentle crisis must have arrived in the history of Hester, for in these days her heart was more sensitive and more sympathetic than ever before. The circumvolant troubles of humanity caught upon it as if it had been a thorn-bush, and hung there. It was not greatly troubled, neither was its air murky, but its very repose was like a mother's sleep, which is no obstacle between the cries of her children and her sheltering soul: it was ready to wake at every moan of the human sea around her. Unlike most women, she had not needed marriage and motherhood to open the great gate of her heart to her kind: I do not mean there are not many like her in this. Why the tide of human affection should have begun to rise so rapidly in her just at this time, there is no need for conjecturing: much of every history must for the long present remain inexplicable. No man creates his history any more than he creates himself; he only modifies it—sometimes awfully; gathers to him swift help, or makes intervention necessary. But the tide of which I speak flowed yet more swiftly from the night of the magic-lantern. That experience had been as a mirror in which she saw the misery of the low of her kind, including, alas! her brother Cornelius. He had never before so plainly revealed to her his heartlessness, and the painful consequence of the revelation was, that now, with all her swelling love for human beings, she felt her heart shrink from him as if he were of another nature. She could never indeed have loved him as she did but that, being several years his elder, she had had a good deal to do with him as baby and child: the infant motherhood of her heart had gathered about him, and not an eternity of difference could after that destroy the relation between them.

But as he grew up, the boy had undermined and weakened her affection, though hardly her devotion; and now the youth had given it a rude shock. So far was she, however, from yielding to this decay of feeling that it did not merely cause her much pain but gave rise in her to much useless endeavour; while every day she grew more anxious and careful to carry herself towards him as a sister ought.

The Raymounts could not afford one of the best lodgings in Burcliff, and were well contented with a floor in an old house in an unfashionable part of the town, looking across the red roofs of the port, and out over the flocks of Neptune's white sheep on the blue-gray German Ocean. It was kept by two old maids whose hearts had got flattened under the pressure of poverty—no, I am wrong, it was not poverty, but *care;* pure poverty never flattened any heart; it is the care which poverty is supposed to justify that does the mischief; it gets inside it and burrows, as well as lies on the top of it; of mere outside poverty a heart can bear a mountainous weight without the smallest injury, yea with inestimable result of the only riches. Our Lord never mentions poverty as one of the obstructions to his kingdom, neither has it ever proved such; riches, cares, and desires he does mention. The sisters Witherspin had never yet suffered from the lack of a single necessary; not the less they frayed their mornings, wore out their afternoons, scorched their evenings, and consumed their nights, in scraping together provision for an old age they were destined never to see. They were a small meagre pair, with hardly a smile between them. One waited and the other cooked. The one that waited had generally her chin tied up with a silk handkerchief, as if she had come to life again, but not quite, and could not do without the handkerchief. The other was rarely seen, but her existence was all day testified by the odours that ascended from the Tartarus of her ever recurrent labours. It was a marvel how from a region of such fumes could ascend the good dinners she provided. The poor things of course had their weight on the mind of Hester, for, had they tried, they could not have hidden the fact that they lived to save; every movement almost, and certainly every tone betrayed it. And yet, unlike so many lodging-house keepers, resembling more the lion-ant than any other of the symbolic world of insects, they were strictly honest. Had they not been, I doubt if Hester would have been able, though they would then have needed more, to give them so much pity as she did, for she had a great scorn of dishonesty. Her heart, which was full of compassion for the yielding, the weak, the erring, was not yet able to spend much on the actively vicious—the dishonest and lying and traitorous. The honour she paid the honesty of these women helped her much to pity the sunlessness of their existence, and the poor end for which they lived. It looked as if God had forgotten them—toiling for so little all day long, while the fact was they forgot God, and were thus miserable and oppressed because they would not have him interfere as he would so gladly have done. Instead of seeking the kingdom of heaven, and trusting him for old age while they did their work with their might, they exhausted their spiritual resources in sending out armies of ravens with hardly a dove among them, to find and secure a future still submerged in the waves of a friendly deluge. Nor was Hester's own faith in God so vital yet as to propagate itself by division in the minds she came in contact with. She could only be sorry for them and kind to them.

The morning after the visit to the aquarium, woeful Miss Witherspin, as Mark had epitheted her, entered to remove the ruins of breakfast with a more sad and injured expression of countenance than usual. It was a glorious day, and she was like a live shadow in the sunshine. Most of the Raymounts were already in the open air, and Hester was the only one in the room. The small round-shouldered, cadaverous creature went moving about the table with a motion that suggested bed as fitter than labour, though she was strong enough to get through her work without more than occasional suffering: if she could only have left pitying herself and let God love her she would have got on well enough. Hester, who had her own share of the same kind of fault, was rather moodily trimming her mother's bonnet with a new ribbon, glancing up from which she at once perceived that something in particular must have exceeded in wrongness the general wrongness of things in the poor little gnome's world. Her appearance was usually that of one with a headache; her expression this morning suggested a mild indeed but all-pervading toothache.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Witherspin?" asked Hester.

"Indeed, miss, there never come nothing to sister and me but it's matter, and now it's a sore matter. But it's the Lord's will and we can't help it; and what are we here for

"Mr. Raymount and Vavasor talking on the hearthrug."

but to have patience? That's what I keep saying to my sister, but it don't seem to do her much good."

She ended with a great sigh; and Hester thought, if the unseen sister required the comfort of the one before her, whose evangel just uttered was as gloomy as herself, how very unhappy she must be!

"No doubt we are here to learn patience," said Hester; "but I can hardly think patience is what we are made for. Is there any fresh trouble—if you will excuse me?"

"Well, I don't know, miss, as trouble can anyhow be called fresh—leastways to us it's stale enough; we're that sick of it! I declare to you, miss, I'm clean worn out with havin' patience! An' now there's my sister gone after her husband an' left her girl, brought up in her own way an' every other luxury, an' there she's come on our hands, an' us to take the charge of her! It's a responsibility will be the death of *me*."

"Is there no provision for her?"

"Oh, yes, there's provision! Her mother kept a shop for fancy goods at Keswick—after John's death, that is—an' scraped to-

gether a good bit o' money, they do say; but that's under trustees—not a penny to be touched till the girl come of age."

"But the trustees must make you a proper allowance for bringing her up! And anyhow you can refuse the charge."

"No, miss, that we can't. It was always John's wish when he lay a dyin', that if anything was to happen to Sarah, the child should come to us. It's the trouble of the young thing, the responsibility—havin' to keep your eyes upon her every blessed moment for fear she do the thing she ought not to—that's what weighs upon *me*.—Oh, yes, they'll pay so much a quarter for her! it's not that. But to be always at the heels of a young sly puss after mischief—it's more'n I'm equal to, I do assure you, Miss Raymount."

"When did you see her last?" inquired Hester.

"Not once have I set eyes on her since she was three year old!" answered Miss Witherspin, and her tone seemed to imply in the fact yet additional wrong.

"Then perhaps she may be wiser by this time," Hester suggested. "How old is she now?"

"Sixteen out. It's awful to think of!"

"But how do you know she will be so troublesome? She mayn't want the looking after you dread. You haven't seen her for thirteen years!"

"I'm sure of it. I know the breed, miss! She's took after her mother, you may take your mortal oath! The sly way she got round our John!—an' all to take him right away from his own family as bore and bred him! You wouldn't believe it, miss!"

"Girls are not always like their mothers," said Hester. "I'm not half as good as my mother."

"Bless you, miss! if she ain't half as bad as hers—the Lord have mercy upon us! How I'm to attend to my lodgers and look after her, it's more than I know how to think of it with patience."

"When is she coming?"

"She'll be here this blessed day as I'm speakin' to you, miss!"

"Perhaps, your house being full, you may find her a help instead of a trouble. It won't be as if she had nothing to employ her!"

"There's no good to mortal creature i' the bones or blood of her!" sighed Miss Witherspin, as she put the tablecloth on the top of the breakfast-things.

That blessed day the girl did arrive—sprang into the house like a rather loud sunbeam—loud for a sunbeam, not for a young woman of sixteen. She was small and bright and gay, with large black eyes which sparkled like little ones as well as gleamed like great ones, and a miniature Greek face, containing a neat nose and a mouth the most changeable ever seen—now a mere negation in red, and now long enough for sorrow to couch on at her ease—only there was no sorrow near it, nor in its motions and changes much of any other expression than mere life. Her hair was a dead brown, mistakable for black, with a burnt quality in it, and so curly, in parts so obstinately crinkly, as to suggest wool—and negro blood from some far fount of tropic ardour. Her figure was, if not essentially graceful, yet thoroughly symmetrical, and her head, hands, and feet were small and well shaped. Almost brought up in her mother's shop, one much haunted by holiday-makers in the town, she had as little shyness as forwardness, being at once fearless and modest, gentle and merry, noiseless and swift—a pleasure to eyes, nerves, and mind. The sudden apparition of her in a rose-bud print, to wait upon the Raymounts the next morning at breakfast, startled them all with a sweet surprise. Every time she left the room the talk about her broke out afresh, and Hester's information concerning her was a welcome sop to the Cerberus of their astonishment. A more striking contrast than that between her and her two aunts could hardly have been found in the whole island. She was like a star between two gray clouds of twilight. But she had not so much share in her own cheerfulness as her poor aunts had in their misery. She so lived because she was so made. She was a joy to others as well as to herself, but as yet she had no merit in her own peace or its rippling gladness. So strong was the life in her that, although she cried every night over the loss of her mother, she was fresh as a daisy in the morning, opening like that to the sun of life, and ready not merely to give smile for smile, but to give smile for frown. In a word she was one of those lovely natures that need but to recognize the eternal to fly to it straight; but on the other hand such natures are in general very hard to wake to a recognition of the unseen. They assent to everything good, but for a long time seem unaware of the need of a perfect Father. To have their minds opened to *the* truth, they must suffer like other mortals less amiable. Suffering alone can develop in such any spiritual insight, or cause them to care that

there should be a live God caring about them.

She was soon a favourite with every one of the family. Mrs. Raymount often talked to her. And on her side Amy Amber, which name, being neither crisp nor sparkling, but soft and mellow, did not seem quite to suit her, was so much drawn to Hester that she never lost an opportunity of waiting on her, and never once missed going to her room, to see if she wanted anything, last of all before she went to bed. The only one of the family that professed not to "think much of her," was the contemptuous Cornelius. Even Vavasor, who soon became a frequent caller, if he chanced to utter some admiring word concerning the pretty deft creature that had just flitted from the room like a dark butterfly would not in reply draw from him more than a grunt and a half-sneer. Yet now and then he might have been caught *glowering* at her, and would sometimes, seemingly in spite of himself, smile on her sudden appearance.

CHAPTER VIII.—CORNELIUS AND VAVASOR.

From what I have written of him it may well seem as if such a cub were hardly worth writing about; but if my reader had chanced to meet him first in other company than that of his own family, on every one of whom he looked down with a contempt which although slight was not altogether mild, he would have taken him for at least an agreeable young man. He would then have perceived little or nothing of the look of doggedness and opposition he wore at home; that would have been, all unconsciously, masked in a just unblown smile of general complaisance, ready to burst into full blossom for any one who should address him; while the rubbish he would then talk to ladies had a certain grace about it—such as absolutely astonished Hester once she happened to overhear some of it, and set her wondering how the phenomenon was to be accounted for of the home-cactus blossoming into such a sweet company-flower—wondering also which was the real Cornelius, he of the seamy side turned always to his own people, or he of the silken flowers and arabesques presented to strangers. Analysis of anything he said would have certified little or nothing in it; but that little or nothing was pleasantly uttered, and served perhaps as well as something cleverer to pass a faint electric flash between common mind and mind. The slouch, the hands-in-pockets-mood, the toe-and-heel oscillation upon the hearth-rug—these flying signals that self was at home to nobody but himself, had for the time vanished; desire to please had tied up the black dog in his kennel, and let the white one out. By keeping close in the protective shadow of the fashion, he always managed to be well dressed. Ever since he went to the same tailor as Vavasor his coats had been irreproachable; and why should not any youth pay just twice as much for his coats as his father does for his? His shirt-studs were simplicity itself—single pearls; and he was very particular about both the quantity and the quality of the linen showing beyond his coat-cuffs. Altogether he was nicely got up and pleasant to look upon. Stupid as the conventional European dress is, its trimness and clear contrast of white and black tend to level up all to the appearance of gentlemen, and I suspect this may be the real cause of its popularity.

But I beg my reader to reflect before he sets Cornelius down as an exceptionally disagreeable young man because of the difference between his behaviour at home and abroad. I admit that his was a bad case, but in how many a family, the members of which are far from despising each other, does it not seem judged unnecessary to cultivate courtesy! Surely this could not be if a tender conscience of the persons and spiritual rights of others were not wanting. If there be any real significance in politeness, if it be not a mere empty and therefore altogether hypocritical congeries of customs, it ought to have its birth, cultivation, and chief exercise at home. Of course there are the manners suitable to strangers and those suitable to intimates, but politeness is the one essential of both. I would not let the smallest child stroke his father's beard *roughly*. Watch a child and when he begins to grow rough you will see an evil spirit looking out of his eyes. It is a mean and bad thing to be ungentle with our own. Politeness is either a true face or a mask. If worn at one place and not at another, which of them is it? And there were no mask if there ought not to be a face. Neither is politeness at all inconsistent with thorough familiarity. I will go farther and say, that no true, or certainly no profound, familiarity is attainable without it. The soul will not come forth to be roughly used. And where truth reigns familiarity only makes the manners strike deeper root in the being, and take a larger share in its regeneration.

Amongst the other small gifts over which Cornelius was too tender to exhibit them at home, was a certain very small one of song. How he had developed it would have been

to the home-circle a mystery, but they did not even know that he possessed it, and the thought that they did not was a pleasant one to him. For all his life he had loved vulgar mystery—mystery, that is, without any mystery in it except what appearance of it may come of barren concealment. He never came out with anything at home as to where he had been or what he was going to do or had done. And he gloried specially in the thought that he could and did this or that of which neither the governor, the mater, nor Hester knew his capability. He felt large and powerful and wise in consequence! and if he was only the more of a fool, what did it matter so long as he did not know it? Rather let me ask what better was he, either for the accomplishment or the concealment of it, so long as it did nothing to uncover to him the one important fact, that its possessor was neither more nor less than a fool?

He had been now some eighteen months in the bank, and from the first Mr. Vavasor, himself not the profoundest of men, had been taken with the easy manners of the youth combined with his evident worship of himself, and having no small proclivity towards patronage, had allowed the aspirant to his favour to enter by degrees its charmed circle. Gathering a certain liking for him, he began to make him an occasional companion for the evening, and at length would sometimes take him home with him. There Cornelius at once laid himself out to please Miss Vavasor, and flattery went a long way with that lady, because she had begun to suspect herself no longer young or beautiful. Her house was a dingy little hut in Mayfair, full of worthless pictures and fine old-fashioned furniture. Any piece of this she would for a long time gladly have exchanged for a new one in the fashion, but as soon as she found such things themselves the fashion, her appreciation of them rose to such fervour that she professed an unchangeable preference for them over things of any modern style whatever. Cornelius soon learned what he must admire and what despise if he would be in tune with Miss Vavasor, to the false importance of being one of whose courtiers he was so much alive that he counted it one of the most precious of his secrets: none of his family had heard of Mr. Vavasor even, before the encounter at the aquarium.

From Miss Vavasor's Cornelius had been invited to several other houses, and the consequence was that he looked from an ever growing height upon his own people, judging not one of them fit for the grand company to which his merits, unappreciated at home, had introduced him. He began to take private lessons in dancing and singing, and as he possessed a certain natural grace, invisible when he was out of humour, but always appearing when he wanted to please, and a certain facility of imitation as well, he was soon able to dance excellently, and sing with more or less dullness a few songs of the sort fashionable at the time. But he took so little delight in music or singing for its own sake that in any allusion to his sister's practising he would call it *an infernal row*.

He was not a little astonished, was perhaps a little annoyed at the impression made by his family in general, and Hester in particular, upon one in whose judgment he had placed unquestioning confidence. Nor did he conceal from Vavasor his dissent from his opinion of them, for he felt that his friend's admiration gave him an advantage—not as member of such a family, but as the pooh-pooher of what his friend admired. For did not his superiority to the admiration to which his friend yielded, stamp him in that one thing at least the superior of him who was his superior in so many other things? To be able to look down where he looked up—what was it but superiority?

"My mother's the best of the lot," he said: "—she's the best woman in the world, I do believe; but she's nobody except at home—don't you know? Look at her and your aunt together! Pooh! Because she's my mother, that's no reason why I should think royalty of her!"

"What a cub it is!" said Vavasor to himself, almost using a worse epithet of the same number of letters, and straightway read him a lecture, well meant and shallow, on what was good form in a woman. According to him, not the cub's mother only, but Hester also possessed the qualities that went to the composition of this strange virtue in eminent degrees. Cornelius continued his opposition, but modified it, for he could not help feeling flattered, and began to think a little more of his mother and of Hester too.

"She's a very good girl—of her sort—is Hester," he said; "I don't require to be taught that, Mr. Vavasor. But she's too awfully serious. She's in such earnest about everything—you haven't an idea! One half-hour of her in one of her awful moods is enough to destroy a poor beggar's peace of mind for ever. And there's no saying when the fit may take her."

Vavasor laughed. But he said to himself there was stuff in her: "what a woman

might be made of her!" To him she seemed fit—with a little developing aid—to grace the best society in the world. It was not polish she needed but experience and insight, thought Vavasor, who would have her learn to look on the world and its affairs as they saw them who by long practice had disqualified themselves for seeing them in any other than the artificial light of fashion. Thus early did Vavasor conceive the ambition of having a hand in the worldly education of this young woman, such a hand that by his means she should come to shine as she deserved in the only circle in which he thought shining worth any one's while: his reward should be to see her so shine. Through his aunt he could gain her entrance where he pleased. In relation to her and her people he seemed to himself a man of power and influence.

I wonder how Jesus Christ would carry himself in Mayfair. Perhaps he would not enter it. Perhaps he would only call to his own to come out of it, and turn away to go down among the money-lenders and sinners of the east end. I am only wondering.

Hester took to Vavasor from the first, in an external, meet-and-part sort of fashion. His bearing was so dignified yet his manner so pleasing, that she, whose instinct was a little repellent, showed him nothing of that phase of her nature. He roused none of that inclination to oppose which poor foolish Corney always roused in her. He could talk well about music and pictures and novels and plays, and she not only let him talk freely, but was inclined to put a favourable interpretation upon things he said which she did not altogether like, trying to see only humour where another might have found heartlessness or cynicism. For Vavasor, being in his own eyes the model of an honourable and well-behaved gentleman, had of course only the world's way of regarding and judging things. Had he been a man of fortune he would have given to charities with some freedom; but, his salary being very moderate, and his aunt just a little stingy as he thought, he would not have denied himself the smallest luxury his means could compass, for the highest betterment of a human soul. He would give a half-worn pair of gloves to a poor woman in the street, but not the price of the new pair he was on his way to buy to get her a pair of shoes.

It would have enlightened Hester a little about him to watch him for half an hour where he stood behind the counter of the bank: there he was the least courteous of proverbially discourteous bank-clerks, whose manners are about of the same breed with those of hotel-clerks in America. It ought to be mentioned, however, that he treated those of his own social position in precisely the same way as less distinguished callers. But he never forgot to take up his manners with his umbrella as he left the bank, and his airy, cheerful way of talking, which was more natural to him than his rudeness, coming from the same source that afforded the rimes he delighted in, sparkled pleasantly against the more sombre texture of Hester's consciousness. She suspected he was not profound, but that was no reason why she should not be pleasant to him, and allow him to be pleasant to her. So by the time Vavasor had spent three evenings with the Raymounts, Hester and he were on a standing of external intimacy, if there be such a relation.

CHAPTER IX.—SONGS AND SINGERS.

THE evening before the return of Cornelius to London and the durance vile of the bank, Vavasor presented himself at the hour of family-tea. Mr. Raymount's work admitting of no late dinner, the evening of the rest of the family was the freer. They occupied a tolerably large drawing-room, and as they had hired for the time a tolerably good piano, to it, when tea was over, Hester generally betook herself. But this time Cornelius, walking up to it with his hands in his pockets, dropped on the piano-stool as if he had taken a fancy to it for a seat, and began to let his hands run over the keys as if to give the idea he could play if he would. Amy Amber was taking away the tea-things, and the rest were here and there about the room, Mr. Raymount and Vavasor talking on the hearth-rug—for a moment ere the former withdrew to his study.

"What a rose-diamond you have to wait on you, Mr. Raymount!" said Vavasor. "If I were a painter, I should have her sit to me."

"And ruin the poor thing for any life-setting!" remarked Mr. Raymount rather gruffly, for he found that the easier way of speaking the truth. He had thus gained a character for uncompromising severity, whereas it was but that a certain sort of cowardice made him creep into spiky armour. He was a good man, who saw some truths clearly, and used them blunderingly.

"I don't see why that should follow," said Vavasor, in a softly drawling tone, the very reverse of his host's. Its calmness gave the

impression of a wisdom behind it that had no existence. "If the girl is handsome, why shouldn't she derive some advantage from it—and the rest of the world as well?"

"Because, I say, she at least would derive only ruin. She would immediately assume to herself the credit of what was offered only to her beauty. It takes a lifetime, Mr. Vavasor, to learn where to pay our taxes. If the penny with the image and superscription of Cæsar has to be paid to Cæsar, where has a face and figure like that of Amy Amber to be paid?"

Vavasor did not reply: Mr. Raymount's utterance may perhaps seem obscure to a better thinker. He concluded merely that his host was talking for talk's sake, so talking rubbish. The girl came in again, and the conversation dropped. Mr. Raymount went to his writing, Vavasor towards the piano. Willing to please Cornelius, whom he almost regarded with a little respect now that he had turned out brother to such a sister,

"Sing the song you gave us the other night at our house," he said carelessly.

Hester could hardly credit her hearing. Still more astonished was she when Cornelius actually struck a few chords and began to sing. The song was one of those common drawing-room ones more like the remnants of a trifle the day after a party than any other dish for human use. But there was one mercy in it: the words and the music went together in a perfect concord of weak worthlessness; and Hester had not to listen, with the miserable feeling that rude hands were pulling at the modest garments of her soul, to a true poem set to the music of a scrannel pipe of wretched straw, whose every tone and phrase choked the divine bird caged in the verse.

Cornelius sang like a would-be singer, a song written by a would-be poet, and set by a would-be musician. Verve was there none in the whole ephemeral embodiment. When it died a natural death, if that be possible where never had been any life, Vavasor said, "Thank you, Raymount." But Hester, who had been standing with her teeth clenched under the fiery rain of discords, wrong notes, and dislocated rhythm, rushed to the piano with glowing cheeks and tear-filled eyes, and pushed Cornelius off the stool. The poor weak fellow thought she was acting the sentimental over the sudden outburst of his unsuspected talent, and recovering himself stood smiling at her with affected protest.

"Corney!" she cried—and the faces of the two were a contrast worth seeing—"you disgrace yourself! Any one who can sing at all, should be ashamed to sing no better than that!"

Then feeling that she ought not to be thus carried away, or quench with such a fierce lack of sympathy the smoking flax of any endowment, she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. He received her embrace like the bear he was: the sole recognition he showed was a comically appealing look to Vavasor, intended to say, "You see how the women use me! They trouble me, but I submit!"

"You naughty boy!" Hester went on, much excited, and speaking with great rapidity, "you never let me suspect you could sing any more than a frog—a toad I mean, for a frog does sing after his own rather monotonous fashion, and you don't sing much better! Listen to me, and I will show you how the song ought to have been sung. It's not worth a straw, and it's a shame to sing it, but if it be sung at all, it might as well be sung as well as it might!"

So saying she seated herself at the piano.

This convulsion was in Hester's being a phenomenon altogether new, for never before had she been beside herself in the presence of another.

She gazed for a moment at the song on the rest before her, then summoned as with a command the chords which Corney had seemed to pick up from among his feet, and began. The effect of her singing upon the song was as if the few poor shivering plants in a garden of March had every one blossomed at once. The words and music both were in truth as worthless as she had said; but they were words, and it was music, and words have always some meaning, and tones have always some sweetness: all the meaning and all the sweetness in the song Hester laid hold of, drew out, made the best of; while all the feeble element of the dramatic in it she forced, giving it an expression far beyond what could have been in the mind of the writer capable of such inadequate utterance—with the result that it was a different song altogether from that which Cornelius had sung. She gave the song such a second birth, indeed, that a tolerable judge might have taken it, so hearing it for the first time, for what it was not—a song with some existence of its own, some distinction from a thousand other wax flowers dipped in sugar-water for the humming birds of society. The moment she ended, she rose ashamed, and going to the window looked out over the darkening sea.

Vavasor had not heard her sing before. He did not even know she cared for music; for Hester, who did not regard her faculty as an accomplishment but as a gift, treated it as a treasure to be hidden for the day of the Lord rather than a flag to be flaunted in a civic procession—was jealously shy over it, as a thing it would be profanation to show to any but loving eyes. To utter herself in song to any but the right persons, except indeed it was for some further and higher end justifying the sacrifice, appeared to her a kind of immodesty, a taking of her heart from its case and holding it out at arm's length. He was astonished and yet more delighted. He was in the presence of a power! But all he knew of power was in society-relations. It was not a spirit of might he recognized, for the opening of minds and the strengthening of hearts, but an influence of pleasing for self-aggrandizement. Feeling it upon himself, he thought of it in its operation upon others, and was filled with a respect rising almost to the height of what reverence he was capable of. He followed her swiftly to the window, and through the gathering shadows of the evening she saw his eyes shine as he addressed her.

"I hardly know what I am about, Miss Raymount," he said, "except that I hear my own voice daring to address the finest non-professional singer I have ever yet heard."

Hester, to her own disgust and annoyance, felt her head give itself a toss she had never intended; but it was a true toss nevertheless, for she neither liked having attracted his admiration by such a song, nor the stress he laid on the word *non-professional*: did it not imply that she was not songstress enough for the profession of song?

"Excuse me, Mr. Vavasor, but how do you know I am not a professional singer?" she said with some haughtiness.

"Had you been," answered Vavasor with concealed caution, "I should have learned the fact from your brother."

"Had you learned from him that I could sing at all?"

"To confess the strange truth, he never told me you were musical."

"Very well?"

"I beg your pardon."

"I mean, how then do you know I am not a professional singer?"

"All London would have known it."

This second reply, better conceived, soothed Hester's vanity—of which she had more than was good for her, seeing the least speck of it in the noblest is a fly in the cream.

"What would you say," she rejoined, "if Corney were to tell to you that the reason of his silence was that, while I was in training, we judged it more prudent, with possible failure ahead, to be silent?"

"I should say you cherished a grand ambition, and one in which you could not fail of success," replied Vavasor, who began to think she was leading him gently to the truth.

But Hester was in a wayward mood, and inclined to *prospect*.

"Suppose such was not really Corney's reason," she resumed, "but that he thought it degraded him to be the brother of an intended professional—what would you say to that?"

"I should tell him he was a fool.—He cannot know his Burke," he added laughingly, "to be ignorant of the not inconsiderable proportion of professional blood mixed with the blue in our country."

It was not in Vavasor's usual taste: he had forgot his best manners. But in truth he never had any best manners: comparatively few have anything but second-best, as the court of the universe will one day reveal. Hester did not like the remark, and he fancied from her look she had misunderstood him.

"Many a singer and actress too has married a duke or a marquis," he supplemented in explanation.

"What sort of duke or marquis?" asked Hester, in a studiedly wooden way. "It was the more shame to them," she added.

"Pardon me. I cannot allow that it would be any shame to the best of our nobility—"

"I beg your pardon—I meant to the professionals," interrupted Hester.

Vavasor was posed. To her other eccentricities it seemed Miss Raymount added radicalism—and that not of the palest pink! But happily for him, Cornelius, who had been all the time making noises on the piano, at this point appeared at the window.

"Come, Hetty," he said, "sing that again. I shall sing it ever so much better after! Come, I will play the accompaniment."

"It's not worth singing. It would choke me—poor, vapid, vulgar thing!"

"Hullo, sis!" cried Cornelius; "it's hardly civil to use such words about any song a fellow cares to sing!"

Hester's sole answer was a smile, in which, and I am afraid it was really there, Vavasor read contempt, and liked her none the worse for it. Cornelius turned in offence, went back to the piano, and sang the song

" Where high on the mountain."

SUNBEAM AND ZEPHYR.

By MARY ROWLES.

A ZEPHYR wedded a sunbeam bold
In dark and winterly weather;
But he was apparelled in cloth of gold,
And snowdrops broidered each glistening fold
That wrapped her round, when amid the cold
They plighted their vows together.

"Shall we go," he questioned, with love elate,
"In search of the springtide golden?"
But the zephyr answered, "Nay, let us wait
In lands by the winter made desolate,
And give of our gladness to antedate
The joy of the spring withholden."

Where the trees stood weary of hope deferred,
Her thought first had its beginning;
So they whispered to each a kindly word,
And the inmost heart of the buds was stirred,
And every bird on the branches heard
The message so sweet and winning.

Far over the meadows, where wild flowers blow,
They passed on their joyous mission;
Anemones smiled in their dreams below,
And violets, hidden beneath the snow,
The selfsame moment began to glow,
Aroused by that recognition!

Then the sunbeam carried his winsome bride
(He had learned the path in his wooing)
Where high on the mountain the Ice-king tried
His captive streamlets in chains to hide,
But the zephyr, laughing, his power defied,
Those rigorous bonds undoing.

So they gave of their joyousness undismayed
Till, as the honeymoon ended,
They came again to the woodland glade,
Where all in the cold their plans were made;
But now, behold, with its light and shade
The joy of the springtime blended.

The primrose nestled its leaves among,
Where rivulets passed with singing;
There were tender lights on the green sward flung,
And song-birds daintily poised and swung
Where the feathery wands of the larches hung,
To shelter the wood-stars springing.

And looking back through the radiance caught
From loving labour and duty,
The sunbeam and zephyr found unsought
The rich reward of their generous thought—
Wherever the spell of their joy had wrought
The spring had followed in beauty!

again—not one hair better—in just the same nerveless, indifferent fashion as before; for how shall one who has no soul, put soul into a song?

Mrs. Raymount was sitting at the fireside with her embroidery. She had not spoken since tea, but now she called Hester, and said to her quietly—

"Don't provoke him, Hester. I am more than delighted to find he has begun to take an interest in music. It is a taste that will grow upon him. Coax him to let you teach him—and bear with him if he should sing out of tune.—It is nothing wicked!" she added with a mother-smile.

Hester was silent. Her conscience rebuked her more than her heart. She went up to him and said—

"Corney, dear, let me find you a song worth singing."

"A girl can't choose for a man. You're sure to fix on some sentimental stuff or other not fit to sing!"

"My goodness, Corney!" cried Hester; "what do you call the song you've just been singing?

> In the days when my heart was aching
> Like the shell of an overtuned lyre!

Ha! ha! ha!"

She laughed prettily, not scornfully; then, striking an attitude of the mock heroic, added, on the spur of the moment—

> "And the oven was burning, not baking,
> The tarts of my soul's desire!"

—for at the moment one of those fumes the kitchen was constantly firing at the drawing-room, came storming up as if a door had been suddenly opened in yet lower regions. Cornelius was too much offended and self-occupied to be amused, but both Mrs. Raymount and Vavasor laughed, the latter recognizing in Hester's extemporization a vein similar to his own. But Hester was already searching, and presently found a song to her mind—one, that was, fit for Cornelius.

"Come now, Corney," she said; "here is a song I should like you to be able to sing!"

With that she turned to the keys, and sang a spirited ballad, of which the following was the first stanza:—

> This blow is for my brother:
> You lied away his life;
> This for his weeping mother,
> This for your own sweet wife;
> For you told that lie of another
> To pierce her heart with its knife.

And now indeed the singer was manifest: genius was plainly the soul of her art, and her art the obedient body to the informing genius. Vavasor was utterly enchanted, but too world-eaten to recognize the soul she almost waked in him for any other than the old one. Her mother thought she had never heard her sing so splendidly before.

The ballad was of a battle between two knights, a good and a bad—something like Browning's *Count Gismond:* the last two lines of it were—

> So the lie went up in the face of heaven,
> And melted in the sun.

When Hester had sung these, she rose at once, her face white, her mouth set, and her eyes gleaming. Vavasor felt *almost* as if he were no longer master of himself, *almost* as if he would have fallen down to kiss the hem of her garment, had he but dared go near her. But she walked from the room, vexed with the emotion she was unable to control, and did not again appear.

The best thing in Vavasor was his love of music. He had cultivated not a little what gift he had, but it was only a small power, not of production, but of mere reproduction like that of Cornelius, though both finer and stronger in quality. He did not really believe in music—he did not really believe in anything except himself. He professed to adore it, and imagined he did, because his greatest pleasure lay in hearing his own verses well sung by a pretty girl who would now and then steal, or try to steal, a glance at the poet from under her eyelids as she sang. On his way home he brooded over the delight of having his best songs sung by such a singer as Hester; and from that night fancied he had received a new revelation of what music was and could do, confessing to himself that a similar experience within the next fortnight would send him over head and ears in love with Hester—which must not be! Cornelius went half-way with him, and to his questions arising from what Miss Raymount had said about the professional, assured him, 'pon honour, that that was all Hester's nonsense!

"*She* in training for a public singer!—But there's nothing she likes better than taking a rise out of a fellow," said Cornelius. "She would as soon think of singing in public as of taking a barmaid's place in a public-house!"

"But why did you never tell me your sister was such an awful swell of a singer?" asked Vavasor.

"Do you think so? She ought to feel very much flattered! Why I didn't tell you?—Oh, I don't know! I never heard her sing like that before. Upon my word I never did. I suppose it was because you were there. A brother's nobody, don't you know?"

This flattered Vavasor, as how should it not? and without the least idea of whither the spirit in the feet of his spirit was leading him, he went as often to the Raymounts' lodging as for very shame of intrusion he dared—that is, all but every night. But having, as he thought, discovered and learned thoroughly to understand her special vein, as he called it, he was careful not to bring any of his own slight windy things of leaf-blowing songs under Hester's notice—not, alas! that he thought them such, but that he judged it prudent to postpone the pleasure: she would require no small amount of training before she could quite enter into the spirit and special merit of them!

In the meantime as he knew a good song sometimes when he saw it, always when he heard her sing it, never actually displeased her with any he did bring under her notice, had himself a very tolerable voice, and was capable of managing it with taste and judgment, also of climbing upon the note itself to its summit, and of setting right with facility any fault explained to him, it came about by a scale of very natural degrees, that he found himself by and by, not a little to his satisfaction, in the relation to her of a pupil to a teacher. Hester in truth gave herself a good deal of trouble with him, in the endeavour, by no means an unsuccessful one, to improve the quality of his singing—his style, his expression, and even his way of modelling his tones. The relation between them became therefore one which, had it then lasted, might have soon led to something like genuine intimacy—at least to some truer notion on the part of each of the kind of being the other was. But the day of separation arrived first; and it was only on his way back to London that Vavasor began to discover what a hold the sister of his fellow-clerk had taken of his thoughts and indeed of his heart—of the existence of which organ he had never before had any very convincing proof.

All the time he had not once brought his aunt and the Raymounts together.

OF THE FINDING OF NOTHING.

By A. K. H. B., Author of "Recreations of a Country Parson."

OH what a weariness it is to have been toiling, just as hard as it is in you to toil, every minute of the day, and late into the night, for many days, and to have nothing to show for it all! There is work which leaves its abiding record: the pages written, the picture painted, the house built. There is work which just bears the burden of the day: keeps things going; and nothing more. Great trouble would have come, had any one of that infinity of little things been neglected. But all that comes of these having been done, is that the machinery has played smoothly, has been kept in motion. The writer is one of very many whose time and strength are frittered away upon these little things; the daily dozen or score of letters which must be written (I have a dear friend who never writes fewer than thirty a day); the score (at the very least) of people to be seen and talked with; the fifteen or twenty calls to be made; the small arrangements to be made, each costing thought and calculation; the bits of advice to be given to folk who are a degree or two more perplexed than one's self, sometimes a degree or two less; the petty details of uncongenial business which must be seen to by you or will not be seen to at all; the weary meetings, lesser and greater, to be attended; the wrong-headed and quarrelsome people to be (if possible) kept straight, and the temptation to be resisted to beat them upon their wrong heads; the dismal manifestations of human stupidity and inaccuracy and unpunctuality to be borne with as patiently as may be; the occasional spiteful or perhaps only idiotic misrepresentation of something you have said or done to be put aside with the smallest spiritual wear possible: even the christenings and funerals, though those last (God be thanked) are very rarely other than infinitely touching. Yet, when all these matters have been seen to, there is nothing to show. The day is over: and you are weary enough. You have "worked your parish:" that is all. You have passed through a good deal of worrying and wearing experience: not a bit more than almost any one of your neighbours who is bearing the anxious burden of life. Yet amid all these distractions it is a true relief when a day comes which may, with a good conscience, be given to work which will leave some abiding trace: even though the day be a gloomy winter day, with falling snow, on which you begin to write by candle-light at ten o'clock in the morning, and even though the day's work be to write

upon the unexhilarating subject of the Finding of Nothing.

It is not that one wants to get credit for hard work done: and feels that much worrying work must be done for which one never gets credit. Such a consideration weighs with you, my younger brothers in such duty as mine: very considerably weighs. But as years go on, you will get quite beyond *that*. What you wish now (if it be given) is to have something one can see for one's self—something to look at and handle, as the abiding vestige of busy hours. And now, my friendly reader, after many worrying and traceless days, here there has come a forenoon which is my own. It shall be given (please God) to recording, as well as may be, certain thoughts which had been much in my mind for some time past.

I had just written the last words you have read, when a certain poor neighbour entered, with the request that I should forthwith do a certain work for her, specially worrying, and specially likely to interrupt the train of my thoughts. But the request was put on the complimentary ground, that "nobody else could do it so well." The truth, I was quite aware, was that nobody else would do it at all. If you help any mortal in any degree, lesser or greater, it is well you do it with good-nature. Wherefore I did what was asked: did it as well as I could: though with wandering attention. It did not take so many minutes after all: and it is done: and the poor neighbour is pleased. It is vain to convey to many good men and (especially) women, that to stop one in the middle of a sentence is (if the comparison be not too dignified) like stopping an express train in mid career. Very much more time is lost, than the two minutes the train actually stands still. Now let that be put aside: and let us go on.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, that shy genius, the most singular genius that America has yet produced, had once to make a speech. Some men whom I know like to make a speech. In my own little experience these have invariably been the men who made a speech worst: uncultured souls, with untuneful voices, and who had nothing earthly to say that any educated person would wish to hear: moreover, who could be said to speak in the English language, only in the sense that they did not speak in any other. "As I rose," said Hawthorne, recording that painful experience, "I tapped upon my mind, and it sounded hollow. It was quite empty. There was nothing in it whatsoever." Very many unhappy men, placed in like circumstances (it was at a public dinner, that ghastly development of Humbug), have felt as Hawthorne did, whose minds were not so full as Hawthorne's at other times and places. One thinks, with great sympathy, of the way in which another American orator felt constrained to address his audience, he being stricken blank. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said in mournful tones, "I am the possessor of a gigantic intellect; but just at this moment I have not got it about me."

I really think the blankness of finding nothing where you expected something, is as jarring and disconcerting an experience as any positive pain. It cannot, with any show of reason, be denied that to get a blow on the head or on the heart (which happens to some folk not unfrequently), is a painful thing. And each tried mortal fancies he has had more of that kind of thing to bear than comes to most human beings: in any case that he feels more keenly than other men. Positive evil coming (and God, my unknown friend, has given you and me our share) is a very terrible thing. Ah, young orators, whose faces are smooth and their hair brown, preach about "much tribulation," little knowing the awful fact about which they sentimentally talk. But the mere absence of expected good, the mere failing to find what you had made sure of finding, will give you a very desolate soul. One has sometimes thought that nothing in this sorrowful world can be worse than a Blank. Of course, there are greater and lesser blanks. Disappointment is a feeling which ranges from the slight jarring which puts you out for five minutes up to the frightful blow under which you drop stunned: thinking you can never gather yourself up to face your life again.

You go to see a friend. You are eager to see him and talk to him. You need him much. Somehow it was that to-day you never doubted you would find him. You ring his door-bell impatiently. There is the usual irritating delay: which, I remark, is long in houses which are short of servants, but longer by far in houses where there are a great many, and where a bumptious man appears in the act of putting on his coat. *Not at home.* Or the awful Scotticism, "*He's at home, but he's not In.*" *Don't know when he will be back. Away for a week.* It is a blow. It may be a light blow. It may be a terribly heavy blow.

You remember, in "Adam Bede," the poor wretch, heart-broken, after a long journey on foot in search of the only being who could help

her, arriving at last where he was sure to be. There was not the slightest surmise of anything else in that distracted soul. She had come the last step possible: she could no more. A genius like the woman who wrote that heart-breaking story must be true to life. Writers lower down the hill may make things end happily. *That* cannot be with the highest. Away, across the sea, hundreds of miles off! And the poor wretch breaks down, and wishes (like many of her betters) to die. I know nothing more tragical: though the tragedy be a homely one. Such is the tragedy which comes home to me. I do not care at all about regal and imperial tragedy: having no acquaintance earthly with emperors or kings. I mind about a thousand times more a certain piteous event which befell about a hundred yards off, yesterday, just one sweet young life cut short amid bright hope and promise, than I should if all the emperors in this world (who have blown up many other people) were themselves blown up to-morrow afternoon. No doubt the emperors would suffer in the process. But they would be enabled to understand what they (half-ignorantly) inflicted on their fellow-creatures. Then, think of post-time: anticipated, for too-good reason, with tremulous mingling of hope and fear. The sick one, far away: the help, surely counted upon, without which the poor stranger in a strange place sees not how to get through the day. Nothing! "Is there anything for me?" I have heard a worn creature ask, a worn woman. I saw the white face, I knew how the heart was fluttering: I have marked the wistful look cast, in a country post-office, on the little heap of letters hastily turned over. Nothing! And the desolate creature (whom you cannot help) goes away, sick at heart. *Hope deferred* means just finding nothing. Of course, there is some sense, apparent somewhere, in which this is All Right. All I can say is, that I should make a turn-over in this world, if I could. So would you, if you be the reader I want. And I am as sure as I can be of anything, that the wish in me to make that vital and far-reaching turn-over, is in me because it was first in the Power that made me: made me after His own Image, in everything that is not bad. And this is good, if anything be good in this world. Wherefore I cleave to the belief that He, who can, will in His own time bring in the Day when there will be no more sick hearts: yea, "no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain."

The grand, heroic, dramatic, and typical Finding of Nothing, I have always felt was that most startling one when the Roman General looked into the Holy of Holies. A good many people have felt this. I have gone about for days together, thinking of many things and doing many, with the refrain always more or less in my ear and mind, *There was Nothing*. If you would like the Historian's very words, you may look at them: οὐδὲν ἐκεῖτο. You remember (or possibly do not remember) how Pompey, sixty-three years before Christ was born, in command of a Roman army, took Jerusalem. There was a terrible massacre. But that was little. There followed a last outrage on the religious feeling of the Jews, on which no conqueror had ever ventured before. For the Roman General went into the Temple, and looked Behind the Veil: the thought made a devout Jew shudder. The motive seems to have been mere curiosity: a determination to see what was to be seen. Pompey entered into that part of the Temple where only the priests could go: he saw the golden table, the sacred candlestick, the censers and incense, the piles of treasure, the offerings of the faithful: he touched nothing: perhaps (like Clive in after ages) wondering at his own moderation. He came to the massive curtain, the Veil of the Temple, cutting off the Holy of Holies: into which only the High Priest could go, upon one only day in the year. Behind that curtain, as the surrounding nations thought, was hidden the awful secret, Who was the God of the Jews. Strange rumours were current, as to the mystery Who or What was there. The Roman intruder drew the Veil aside, expecting God knows what. But, as Josephus tells us, in the barest possible simplicity of speech, *There was Nothing*.

I will confess, it always thrills me through, very strangely, to think of the words: and this, for no reason which could well be assigned. Of course, one always felt that this awful and unparalleled Finding of Nothing might be taken in very different ways.

"Ah!" the scoffer would cry, in bitter derision, "Found out! You have deluded the multitude outside: deluded them through long ages. They bow: they tremble: and it is in the presence of Nothing at all."

But there is an opposite fashion of putting the case: which I shall give you in the words of one who set it forth as no one (known to me) ever did. He was fanciful in some things, that eloquent, eager, loveable Dean Stanley, whom very many miss day by day: but surely he saw into the deeper truth here.

Fanciful, I say: with that temperament in body and soul he could not be otherwise. I see him now, standing before the fire here in this room where I write: and telling me, with an awe-stricken face, that great part of the tragic interest which surrounds the murder of one who used to be the chief minister of a certain church where quite different people minister now, comes of the Awful name of the place where that murder was done. *Magus Muir!* I really had not thought it specially awful before: even yet, I can hardly think it so: unless when I recall (how vividly in this moment) that beautiful face looking so unusually solemnised from its wonted mobility of feature; and when I hear the great man saying over again to himself two or three times, in an awe-stricken whisper, *Magus Muir, Magus Muir!*

It is possible you may think there is something fanciful in his way of putting the admitted fact:

"He drew the Veil aside. 'Nothing more forcibly shows the immense superiority of the Jewish worship to any which then existed on the earth than the shock of surprise occasioned by this one glimpse of the exterior world into that unknown and mysterious chamber. 'There was Nothing!' Doubtless the Grecian philosophers had at times conceived an idea of the Divinity as spiritual: doubtless the Etruscan priests had established a ritual as stately. But what neither philosopher nor priest had conceived before was the idea of a worship,—national, intense, elaborate,—of which the very essence was that the Deity that received it was invisible. Often, even in Christian times, has Pompey's surprise been repeated: often it has been said that without a localising, a dramatising, a materialising representation of the Unseen, all worship would be impossible. The reply which he must, at least for the moment, have made to himself was that, contrary to all expectation, he had there found it possible." *

I could, easily enough, suggest something in reply to this, which it would not be easy to answer. But, instead of doing so, I prefer to say that I have a way of my own in which I am many times constrained to think of that famous *There was Nothing*. In fact, it has sometimes fallen very chilly upon me, thinking of that story. I believe there comes, now and then, to any earnest soul not spiritually favoured as in fact very few souls are, a sense that if we look sharply where we expect something, and where there ought to be something unless there be a very miserable state of things, we shall find nothing, or little better than nothing. But this sense comes, not of looking out in any direction; but of looking in.

If you have ever been very ill: I mean brought so low that life seemed over, and all its interests past: so that if anything more of conscious existence and enjoyment remained for you, it must be somewhere beyond this world: I take for granted that you "examined yourself" in quite a different fashion from that which suffices when you think you have plenty of time before you: you looked into yourself, and considered, Is there any spiritual life at all that is not kept up by outward things which must go out with your last breath here? Is there anything to rest on, looking quite away from everything here? For supports which look quite adequate when you have the prospect of living a good while in this world, will go down under you like rotten sticks when you are actually dying. All rubbish about the approval of a good conscience in the retrospect of a well-spent life, will then be manifest as the rubbish it in fact always was. And a good deal of what had seemed devout feeling, and a readiness to really lift up the heart to God, will appear to have been nothing better than the outcome of a nervous system touched by beautiful music and solemn surroundings,—not to name the strong push one gets in the right direction from earnest counsel, expressed in eloquent language. And when you are alone on your bed in the dark night, everything material having for the time ceased to be, through sight being sealed by the darkness, I daresay you have thought, How if these material things were never to come back; if one had parted from them for ever; the accustomed room you sit in, the chair, the books, the old faces of friends, all the habitude of worldly being: would there be anything left at all? It seems to me that as we get through our years, drawing (of necessity) nearer to the last chill, the last darkness, one dislikes cold and darkness always more. Yet these are coming, assuredly: Is there that within, beyond all fancy, all emotion, which gives assurance of something warm and light beyond them both? Have we any real religious life at all? Any real religious experience, rooted in something beyond what people call the Subjective? Any true and spontaneous and unforced religious feeling, that is not the mere outcome of sympathy with people round, and of the natural enjoyment of most charming praise and prayer? When we are left alone, alone with only God:

* "The Jewish Church," vol. iii. p. 405.

when we are not kept up by outside and factitious helps: when our beliefs are not supported nor our hearts kept a little warm by intercourse with people of the same way of thinking: when we are quite by ourselves, unsustained by sympathy: when we are stricken down, on our weary bed in grievous pain, all our ordinary concerns laid aside, and most of them quite forgotten: How much is left? It is an awful blankness here, the finding of nothing. We are terribly afraid that all we had felt, and fancied in ourselves, came only of this: that we were kept up, buoyed up, by outward surroundings. Sweep all these away: and some day they must be all swept away: and one fears there remains nothing in one's self to found on, nothing at all.

You must come with me a little farther. Do not turn the page, saying, This is what we did not look for: this is growing too serious. Some day, far away, it may be a great matter for you and me to have faced all this, quite resolutely.

I know how it is sometimes said, Do not look in yourself for what is not there. Look away from yourself, and from the miserable array of wrong-doings and follies and anxious cares and sordid calculations which are yourself. Look to Jesus Christ, think of God's great mercy in Him to the very worst: and you will get something to sustain you so. Ah, that will not do. No doubt, we are not saved by anything in ourselves, but only by Christ. But then, we must lay hold of Christ: we must find Him: we must take Him for our Saviour. After all these years as professed Christians: after innumerable church-services and sacraments: there should be in ourselves some link to Him, some tie to Him, some real sense through grace that we have in some reality found Him. There should be some sensible change in ourselves. We ought not to be, and to feel, and to live our weary life, just as if we had never heard of Christ at all. If we are right, there must be something in ourselves, besides the great redeeming Work that was done without us. Now, is there anything in us? Or is there nothing? You remember Carlyle's little bit of affectation: "I find" this or that: meaning merely that he was perfectly sure the truth was so. Take the word here: where the question is many thousand times as important (to you and me) as whether this man or that was a poor creature or not. We are quite content to be poor creatures: we are quite sure, so far as that goes. But, in this matter, we are not to put up with a half-truth, nor with anything of which we are only half-sure. Do we find anything: anything real, and about which there can be no mistake? Or, do we find nothing?

Remember: What we are when left to ourselves and to God, with everything else away, and everybody else away—that is what we actually are. That is you: you yourself: with nothing extraneous to mislead you, and to enable you to fancy yourself something which in fact you are not. There are plenty of people who are quite sure they have some religion when they are surrounded and kept warm by helpful influences: by frequent church-services and hearty psalms: by Christian neighbours and a Christian home. But how, if we were alone on the verge of Death: as we must be, some day? How, if we were by ourself, away beyond this state of being: not even worldly cares or thoughts with us, only our soul, our history, our awful immortality? Shall we be stripped and destitute creatures then? Or are we really sure that we have got something within us, something as essential part of ourselves, which will abide in that day, and comfort us and keep us up then?

All this which I have now said to you, unknown friend whom I shall never see, I once said to a very wise and good man; and asked his counsel. He said, that the feeling, in one who has really tried to take hold of Christ's salvation, and to live a Christian life, that all is blank within, and that there is no reality, should be regarded as a temptation of our great Adversary. But the question to be answered is, Have we indeed taken hold of Christ's salvation? And, looking to the selfishness and unworthiness of our motives, looking to the fact that any kind and good things we have done have been done with no deliberate motive but merely from the heart's impulse; even if we have lived decently and done some good, can we be said to have lived a Christian life at all? I suppose days will come to each of us, in which we shall know that great fear. We work hard, and do not neglect any duty, just because we should be very miserable if we saw anything that ought to be done without trying to do it. But an anxious temperament does not come of God's grace: it is the gift of nature; and a gift many would rather be without. Many hard-working men and women, not much like Thomas à Kempis in anything else, quite understand his feeling when he wrote, "I do not recollect that I have done anything good; but that I have always been prone to evil and slow to amend." We can but try, and con-

tinually ask, for more reality in our religious life, daily. It will not do, to pray ever so decorously, just because we have got so into the habit of it; nor to read God's word ever so habitually, because there is a satisfaction in getting through the New Testament once more. The day is coming to each of us that will try the reality of the religious life that is in us, try it as by fire. And if there be anything unreal about it, it will fail us. I can go heartily with Carlyle, so far. We must have absolute truth and reality here.

Possibly the feeling I have tried to express (and I see how imperfectly I have expressed it) is morbid and transient. I should be thankful to think it is. And I remember, very clearly just at this moment, not without a little brightening of the spiritual horizon, a pretty little country church, not seen for many years, where there is something that used to cheer one, if one did not get too metaphysical in self-examination. I see the church, this bleak December morning, ivy-grown, and closely surrounded by beauti- ever-green trees. There is Dust under that pavement which was once made much of: the dust of those who in this world stood high. And they were, most of them, good folk as well as great: which thing will serve them most where they are now. But nothing in that quiet and sweet place ever so touched me, as something engraved on a little tablet in the wall: something extremely familiar to read, and yet looking a little strange on the plain bit of undecorated white marble. First, the name, and the years, of one before whom many had been content to bow while she abode in this world, the mistress of the grand castle hard by. And then, two lines: which, where they are, come to one with a wonderful sense of reality:

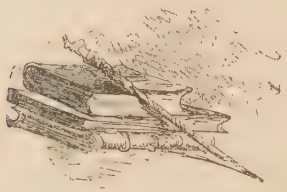
> *"Nothing in my hand I bring,*
> *Simply to Thy cross I cling."*

We shall not be left with nothing to rest on, when it is growing cold and dark, if it be given to us to feel even so. We shall be content to bring nothing and to have nothing, then. But I do not call *that* Finding Nothing. It is to have Everything: everything we shall need at the last.

PRAYER.

OUR lives are fed by prayer—for not alone
Strong yearnings of the soul for holy things,
Or aspirations high, or musings deep
Can give us rest of soul—as to a sea,
In which we children dip our tiny pails
And bring up water, we recur to prayer;
For loving, living, longing every hour,
We give up to Thy care, Almighty Strength,
That which our hands are all too weak to hold.
Take then, O Lord, my doubts, my fears, myself,
My friends, my foes—if any such there be;
But also take my pleasures and my joys,
My knowledge—all my intercourse with men,
Or books, or with this wondrous world of Thine—
Yes, take them all, that I may rest in Thee.

ADELAIDE ROSS.



SUNDAY MORNING ON MATHERAN HILL.

By Mrs. MURRAY MITCHELL.

THE sweet silver dawn was just beginning to steal over sky and earth, hill and dale, when my husband started this morning for his early walk to the Bazaar.

By the Bazaar I mean a row or two of low mud huts smothered in straw thatch; one or two better houses, built of the red laterite-stone of the hill, where the more pretentious shops are, including a butcher's and baker's establishment, some sheds for cattle, and picketing-ground for horses, with a bit of clear space on which stand several *tonjons*—the chariot of the hill—with their bearers all about, either stretched on the ground sound asleep, or sitting in groups on their heels enjoying a good loud gossip. There are also a few small dirty tents, and other accompaniments of temporary life or camp establishment; hosts of noisy, naked, brown children, playing in the thick dust, and occupying the open space in common with hens and goats, innumerable snarly dogs, and a few buffaloes; while the usual motley crowd of camp-followers are to be seen everywhere; certainly not an inviting place, but interesting in some aspects. The post-office and little station library stand by themselves a good bit away; all are surrounded by thick shady trees, and lie very much in the heart of "the station," which has formed itself over the green-crowned top of this beautiful hill, one of the favourite sanitaria of Bombay.

This Bazaar is a busy little place in the season. Natives congregate to it from many quarters. The villagers bring up their wares from below for sale; agriculturists bring their grain, and cattle men drive in their lean, gaunt buffaloes from the jungles to provide the station with milk and very white tallowy butter. Those who possess tattoos—the sure-footed country ponies—bring them in for the chance of a hire, for here every one rides; coolies gather in great numbers from the villages far and near, and make quite a harvest by carrying the visitors' baggage and all sorts of loads, up and down the hill on their heads. The tonjon-bearers I spoke of also gather in crowds, and there is a great demand for them, as no horse-carriages are allowed on the narrow hill roads. The tonjon is a rude construction, like a clumsy arm-chair, slung on two poles, and is carried on the shoulders of the men, "borne of four"

at a time. These bearers belong to the respectable castes of the Maratha people, and come here for the busy months from many parts of the country. Then there are the servants of the visitors, belonging to many castes and races; and finally there are the wild aboriginal people who dwell among the jungles of this and the neighbouring hills, and indeed all over the ghauts of Western India, of whom I shall speak more presently.

So this extemporised little settlement, with its strange and varied community—deserted and silent as soon as the rains set in and the season is over—presents just now one of the noblest opportunities possible for preaching among the people "the unsearchable riches of Christ." My husband avails himself largely of this opportunity, his Marathi having returned to him like his mother tongue, and accompanied by a catechist, whom he has engaged to work for the season, goes round to the Bazaar nearly every morning to preach. Many of the people now know him, and speak of him as "Apña Padré Sahib"—our own Padré—and often when I am carried about in my tonjon I am entertained with an account of what they have heard. Some of the more intelligent ask for books; but, alas, very few can read, and I grieve to say that there are many now on Matheran who have never heard the message of salvation, nor know the Saviour's name. This is sad to say after so many years of missionary effort; but the reason is, the missionaries are so few. Who can tell but that the precious seed of truth, which is now being scattered here, may be carried to far distant villages and towns and jungle-fastnesses, there to spring up in a golden harvest of souls won to Christ? So we trust it will be, for the seed is sown in prayer and faith.

But of all mornings, Sunday morning is the grand time to preach. Not as one might naturally suppose because it is the Sabbath, and the day set apart for God's worship, but for the very novel reason that Sunday is the weekly market day! The villagers from all over the plains collect in great numbers to sell and to buy; and it is at this weekly fair that the wild people are chiefly to be met, and large audiences secured.

Like most mountainous districts in India, the ranges and valleys all about here, both in the Deccan and Konkan, are inhabited by tribes of primitive people, probably the aborigines of the country. There are three tribes specially who live about Matheran, called the Dhangurs, Thākurs, and Katkaris. Some of the Dhangurs formerly used to live on the top of this hill, and many little clearings show where they probably had their huts and kept their cattle, but the poor things retreated before the approach of the English—the lords of creation—and the ladies. When the Sahibs ascended and took possession, they descended to the remoter jungles, where they built new huts and tilled new little fields, which look in the distance not bigger than so many dining-tables. There were originally twelve tiny villages on Matheran of three or four huts apiece, where the people and their cattle herded together.

The three tribes I have named are quite distinct from each other, though they live in perfect harmony, their villages often being near each other. They will eat together, associate with each other, but they do not intermarry. In many of their customs and beliefs they resemble the Santals and Koles, and other aboriginal tribes, but they have no distinct language like the Santals. Each tribe has a kind of dialect, but all speak fair Marathi, which is the common language between the different tribes, and between them and the Maratha people.

I wanted very much to see these interesting races, especially their women; so I resolved to join the party this morning at the Bazaar. When I fancied there would be no danger of interrupting the preaching I got into my tonjon and started. But thinking I might perhaps see some of the people at a spot where I knew their idol-worship is performed—always part of their object in coming to the fair—I chose one of the many charming bridle-paths through the woods, which branch off in every direction from the larger roads, thus taking a rather circuitous route to my ultimate destination, but one of the loveliest on the hill.

And it was such a perfect morning! The sun had now risen pretty high in the heavens, though still casting long dark shadows beneath the trees, and across the pretty by-paths. He was busy making havoc among the airy curtains of silvery mist which hung from some of the higher ridges over the valleys, causing them to *lift* and scatter with great rapidity. A good sharp thunder-shower had fallen the evening before and laid the thick red dust which lies deep on every road, and is one of the few sorrows of our hill. The air was deliciously fresh and invigorating, and the atmosphere very pure. The night mists had washed the abounding foliage, and gathered in tiny beads on the young

green leaves, and they now sparkled in the sunlight like so many brilliants. Then the woods rang again with the song of birds, and daring little sprites of monkeys crashed from bough to bough, grinning down at us spitefully, as if inclined to dispute our right of way. The birds seem to me blither here, and to sing more than they often do in India, and now, as I went, they filled the air with melody. The gay mango-bird whistled with its double note, the bulbul warbled to his mate; the tiny humming-bird darted from flower to flower, fluttering on the wing as he sipped the sweets, hardly bigger than his companion the purple and silver-winged butterfly; the sweet wood-pigeon coo-cooed with his tender pathetic note far down in the valleys; and the whole race of thrushes exercised their little throats in a grand chorus of song, as if they knew the day, and all nature was one glorious temple for the celebration of praise to the Almighty Creator. I longed to sing too; for whose heart would not be glad and thankful in sympathy?

But I have not spoken of the hill itself. It is 2,700 feet above the sea-level, and has about seven or eight square miles on the top of beautiful wooded undulation, with bits of open table-land here and there. In shape it is so splendidly irregular that it presents endless "points," whence lovely views are to be obtained of the nearer ranges with their spurs and the far-reaching Konkan below. These points have each a name, with often a little bit of history attached, which is interesting enough when you are on the spot. Well-kept roads and pretty labyrinthine paths lead to these, now skirting the edge of a steep precipice, or sweeping round a bare precipitous crag, now plunging into the deep gloom of a grove of forest trees, or threading a dense jungle, and again crossing a breezy plateau with grand glimpses of the distant Konkan. As I crossed our own favourite plateau at the back of our hotel, where we love to sit or stroll in the morning and evening and watch the ever-changing scene, I thought I had never seen the views more striking and beautiful.

> "Thy towers, Bombay,
> Gleam bright, they say,
> Across the dark blue sea."

Far away the "towers" of the city, and the waters of the bay and creek now gleam bright in the early sunlight; the Panwell and Ulassa rivers wound their way over the lowlands like silver thread, while the mountains and hills, which formed the most striking features in the scene, rose all over the plain and girt it about in every fantastic form imaginable. Some of these lie in great chains and ridges, rolling in billowy undulations, or rising in sharp and jagged peaks, with shoulders and spurs and bluffs in bold and massive outline. Others stand in grand isolation, as if asserting their individuality, wonderfully picturesque and striking in form. One is called the "Funnel Hill," from its sharp, basaltic cone rising like a tall funnel sheer from the summit. Another is called "Cathedral Hill," from its lovely, spire-like peaks. Some cheat you into the belief that they are crowned by ruined castles, others are like bastions and battlements, and others like huge mammoth creatures taking their repose. On the long table-top of Prubal there are really the ruins of a stronghold, which was built and much frequented by the famous warrior-chief Shivaji and his bands—the man who welded the Maratha people into a nation and made them great. Some of the nearer slopes are clothed with the richest and most brilliant green; patches of the primeval forest here and there at the higher elevations beautify the sides of the bare, bald rock. Away down on the plains groves of stately palms rear their graceful heads; cultivation goes briskly on, and clusters of little, brown villages nestle at the foot of the giant ghauts.

It is a glorious scene, and an ideal beauty was added this morning by a thin, blue, shadowy, illumined mist, which hung like a veil of gossamer over the whole landscape. As I stood and looked, some white mists, which lay denser in the valleys, just then caught a gleam from the mounting sun, and the magic touch transformed them into what looked like a fairy pile of iridescent glass. Cloudland here is now quite "Wonderland." The mists begin to gather fast, the forerunner of the approaching monsoon, and I never tire watching their strange and eccentric movements. They come up, now in great cohorts, marching majestically, rising to greet their sister-clouds in the sky, and then scatter in hosts, scouring the wider valleys, only to mass again in the ravines where they seem to halt. A glint of sunshine then pierces the phalanx, tinting them with all the brilliant colours of the prism, and off they go again in shadowy curling wreaths away to the horizon; their work is finished in the meantime, for advancing, rejoicing day has gained the victory.

My object, however, now was not to feast on the beauties of our charming hill, so I could not halt very long, and my bearers and I left the open and plunged into the pleasant

gloom of a steep shady path, arched overhead with interlacing boughs, which took us down into the beautiful "Bund Valley," so called because the reservoirs which supply the station with water lie at the bottom.

The trees on this part of the hill are exceedingly beautiful, often of great size, and afford the most perfect and delicious shade. The loveliest orchids are often found on these, and the climbers and creepers are wonderful to see. These are a giant race here, and they cling to and clasp the poor trees, flinging about them their huge enfolding arms, like the serpents about the Laocoön, beautiful but deadly. I am told that after the rains the hill is a Paradise of wild flowers and ferns and everything green and beautiful. Turning off into a grove of these magnificent trees—the mango, jambul, wild fig, and others—I found what might have been a Druidical sacred grove, used for worship by our forefathers two thousand years ago. Pieces of the broken basaltic rock, which lay about in any quantity, had been taken and piled into a rough erection like a low platform, about a foot high and eight feet square. A smaller inner square is the shrine or altar, on which the idol is set up—a hideous, shapeless object, resembling the head and trunk of the human body, thickly smeared over with bright red paint. There are no limbs and no features, except two round holes where the eyes might be, which are used in the poojah or worship. You see two round red balls lying before the image: at the offering of prayer these are placed in the sockets by the pujari or priest; if they fall out at a particular propitious moment the petitioner's prayer is favourably received and his requests will be granted, but if they resolutely stick in the holes the petition is refused! In front of this frightful and grotesque image there is an erection like a small gateway, on the cross-bar of which hang many bells of different sizes, one of which is struck by the worshipper to call the attention of the god. All round, outside the inner shrine, bits of rock are set erect capped with the flaming red paint, which represent the sepoys and attendants of the god. There is a tall pillar with hollows on the top for lights, a few vessels for offerings, and a space outside well soaked with blood, on which the creatures offered in sacrifice are killed. This completes the paraphernalia of this rude worship. All is open to the sky, no canopy of any sort, save the leafy interlacing boughs and the blue heavens beyond; a grand temple indeed, but thus so sadly and terribly desecrated by this foul idol-worship! The shrine is dedicated to *Pashunath*, the god of cattle. Besides this deity there are a good many inferior gods whom the wild people worship, like the tiger-god, the goddess of small-pox, &c.; and there is a Mohammedan shrine on a neighbouring hill, called Bhao Malang, after some holy fakir or sage, where, at times of pilgrimage, these people resort in great numbers to offer sacrifice.

Like all aboriginal races they are very superstitious, and use charms largely; branches of a thorny jungle-bush are always hung over the doors of their huts to prevent the entrance of evil spirits. They believe in omens; and sounds in nature and the cry of birds mean good or evil according to the interpretation. The cry of the owl means something specially disastrous. At their marriage-feasts, and births and deaths, they have many ceremonies, which a good deal resemble those practised by the Santals. They are also, like them, fond of their own wild music, of dancing and revelry, and specially of drink. Indeed, as a rule, they drink immoderately. The spirit they like best is distilled from the flowers of the Maura-tree. They are also fond of the toddy or juice of the Fish-tail palm, or *Berhei Mahr* as the natives call it, a beautiful tree with graceful and curious pendants of two sorts, like huge green tassels, one being the fruit. We have a very fine specimen of this tree just opposite our door, in the hotel garden. When the juice, which the natives extract from it, ferments it is extremely intoxicating, and the more so the better these foolish people think, as they only care for what will fairly get into their heads and make them downright drunk. All the tribes are alike in their love for strong waters, though their orgies do not result in anything very harmful. There is little crime amongst them, except when the Katkaris, who are a light-fingered gentry like our own gipsies, carry off for their feasts a fat fowl, or perchance a sheep or goat, when they can get their hands on such. The Katkaris have decidedly pilfering propensities, as well as some other gipsy traits; they often lead a wandering life, and have the rudest encampments, their dwellings often being two or three bamboos set erect and covered with a bit of coarse matting. They also read fortunes, and are sometimes dreaded as witches and sorcerers. All the tribes used to carry bows and arrows, but now they are not allowed to go armed, except that the huntsmen may have a gun for

the protection of their villages from wild beasts. The Thākurs, who are brave and generally good shikaries—huntsmen—have slain many panthers, and now and then they bag a real royal tiger.

Some of the tribes are divided into clans or families—all the branches using the same family surname, which the women adopt, adding it to their own at their marriage as we do. As a rule, in all the tribes, the men have only one wife, and the domestic relations are usually pure and happy. The family "quiver" is generally very full, and a numerous progeny seems to bless many a Thākur home. They bury their dead, not burn them, as is the custom among the Hindus; and, strange to say, the Dhangurs bury as the Japanese do, in a sitting posture.

In their religion, these tribes inhabiting the Western Ghauts, differ from the Santals and the Koles of Chota Nagpore in having images as objects of worship. Idol-worship seems almost a step in advance! The more civilised have even household gods, and a place set apart in their dwellings as a god's house—like some of the Hindus—where an idol shrine is set up and offerings made of flowers, rice, and incense. Though not an unintelligent people naturally, they are extremely ignorant and dark. No missionary works among them, and they have hardly ever heard the name of Christ. There are no schools, of course; no one can read—they stare if you ask the question. No man cares for these poor people; and yet the field is an inviting one for any who would desire to seek and save these lost ones. None of his audience show more intelligent attention when my husband is preaching here than do these poor simple people of the jungles.

As I was examining the shrine in the grove, several groups of worshippers began to assemble. One party brought a cock for sacrifice, and another a poor little bleating kid. I could not bear to see the slaughter of these innocents, so, summoning my men, I hastily took my departure to pursue my investigations among the women at the fair. The first thing the bearers had done when we arrived was, to take off their turbans and prostrate themselves before the hideous red image, touching the stones with their foreheads, putting their hands together and muttering some prayers. I never get so used to such sights, I am thankful to say, but that my soul sickens within me when I see them; so I was glad to go. I soon met my husband coming to the grove, accompanied by his catechist, under the magnificent shade of a huge red umbrella, and a good following of Dhangurs—tall, lean, lanky men, with very dark skins—nude, except for a bit of dirty cloth wound round their loins, and a brown "comlie," or blanket, hung by one of the corners on their heads, as if they were suspended on pegs. They have straight hair and wear no turbans.

The Bazaar presented a most singular and novel spectacle. A good big square of cleared ground was carefully swept and garnished, and crowded with the strangest mixture of people. There were no stalls, nor shops, nor erections of any sort; only long strips of narrow cloth were laid on the hard brown ground, on which the most curious and varied assortments of wares were temptingly displayed, while the owners and sellers sat cross-legged behind. The whole place was full of colour and picturesqueness and life. One part was devoted to grain, of which there were huge heaps, rice, wheat, bajry, peas, and a very fine small grain which the wild people grind and make into bread. Other parts had vegetables and sweetmeats; others had cloths, glaring red calico, and handkerchiefs; beads, bangles, combs, and other finery, things far too varied to enumerate. But to me the attraction was to the stalls of the Thākur women, which were quite apart from those of the more civilised communities of Hindus and Mussulmans. Their wares were all gathered from the jungles, and consisted of wild fruits and berries; the blackberry of the karunda bush and the jambul-tree, wild figs, wild mangosteens, of which a very good sherbet is made, alloa—a sort of apple—and a great assortment of leaves. Some of the leaves are used as plates, some for pickles, some for "pán-sooparee," which is chewed by all the natives indiscriminately, and the leaves of the "apti," which are rolled into little cigarettes. All were tied up into neat little bunches ready for sale. I tried to make friends with the women, who were very shy at first though friendly, and finally, I quite gained their hearts and confidence by praising their ornaments. Their dress almost seemed to consist of beads, for there was little else to speak of; and these gay strings of glass beads of every colour and size hung in endless succession from their throats and their waists. They had a scanty jacket with short sleeves, and a long piece of coloured cloth wound round their waists and carried up between their singularly thin, spindle-like black legs. Besides the cascades of beads, they wore nose-rings and ear-rings, toe and finger rings, bangles and anklets,

and armlets; they had also ornaments on their glossy black hair, and many charms stuck anywhere. I cannot say that these women are pretty; they are very dark, but their features are not so broad or coarse as those of the Santal women, and they don't look stupid by any means. I sat down on an inverted cooking-pot beside them, and soon had a crowd of women and girls round me. They seemed much pleased to be talked to, and to understand the Hindostani in which I spoke. They were evidently very proud of their gay ornaments, and pressed round eager to show them off. They laughed merrily and seemed bright enough, but when I spoke of God they stared vacantly. They seemed to have no definite ideas on religion further than to believe that there is one being who may be good, and to fear the many evil beings who are always on the watch to do them harm.

Will no Church or Society take up these wild tribes of the Western Ghauts as a field for missionary work?

IS MARS HABITABLE?

By E. W. MAUNDER, F.R.A.S., Superintendent of the Physical Department, Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

WHEN the heroic Livingstone, in his last sad journey, was wandering up and down in regions more utterly unknown to the world than even he had ever traversed before, there was one simple word in the account of his explorations which he sent home by his discoverer, which had a touching eloquence to many a heart. It was only that he called the streams of the richly-watered district, where he fondly believed lay the true fountain head of the Nile—"the *trout-burns*." But it was enough to show, or at all events to suggest to many a mind, that his mother-country had never been forgotten by her self-exiled son, and that even in the depths of equatorial Africa, the

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,"

was ever present to his thoughts, and that he was prompt to trace a resemblance in the features of surrounding nature to those of the old home he was never to see again.

Few men can find their life-work in circumstances more wholly unlike those by which Livingstone was surrounded than does the astronomer. In the heart of civilisation, his instruments the products of the most highly perfected scientific devices, the most powerful mathematical processes his constant assistants, he has no need to separate himself for long years from wife and children, from brothers and friends. His telescope may be under the very same roof beneath which he welcomes his guests, or at most no farther off than a remote corner of his garden. Yet he, too, is an explorer, and though working in so much greater comfort, the same "home" influence as coloured the exile's descriptions, may well tinge his interpretation of what he sees, and we cannot be surprised that many astronomers—some of the greatest—have been eager, and even fanciful, in tracing resemblances to our earthly home in the bright orbs by which we are surrounded. But to detect some trace of *men*, of living intelligent beings like ourselves, to be able to recognise something of their homes or of their work, this would be a more fascinating discovery still. But, alas! the planets are all too far distant for the faintest hope to exist that we should ever see upon them positive proofs of the presence of human beings. The Moon alone is sufficiently close for such a discovery to be possible, and its nearness has convinced attentive observers almost without an exception, that nothing in which there is the breath of life ever moves in its dreary solitudes, and that not even the humblest grass strike root in its unwatered soil. We cannot, therefore, ever expect to be able to state authoritatively, "This or that planet is inhabited;" there only remains then the question, "Could it be inhabited? Could living beings like ourselves live there?" And no planet, no world that the telescope reveals to us seems to present so many conditions for a favourable answer as the Red Planet—Mars.

The Moon, destitute of air or water as it seems to be, may at once be rejected as a fitting home for man. Mercury receiving seven times as much light and heat as the Earth on the one hand, and Jupiter receiving only one-thirtieth as much on the other, may also be ruled out of court; and the case of Jupiter carries with it those of the planets more distant still from the Sun, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. Of Venus, albeit the nearest of all the planets, we know but very little, the queen of beauty

modestly hiding herself behind a bright white veil; but Mars shows his cheerful ruddy face with an absence of bashfulness that well befits the warrior planet. And as he turns it fully towards us at his nearest approach, whilst Venus, being between the Earth and the Sun, turns her dark side when closest to us, Mars is, for all purposes of telescopic research, our nearest neighbour after the Moon. And since we are able to watch atmospheric and other changes on Mars, such as the most careful attention cannot detect on the Moon, he has important advantages in an inquiry of this kind over even our satellite, although he is two hundred times as distant from us.

The first great difference between the Earth and Mars is that of position. More than half as far again removed from the Sun, the Red Planet receives less than half the amount of heat and light, surface for surface, that the Earth does. Now we can easily see what the effect of this will be, for places situated on lat. 62°, from the low angle under which they are presented to the Sun, receive on every square mile less light and heat than falls on each square mile of the Equator in about the same proportion. So far then as this consideration goes, the climate of Mars is as much colder than that of the Earth, as Iceland and Archangel are colder than Cayenne and Singapore. Now the mean annual temperature of places on the 62nd parallel is rather under that of freezing water, 32° Fahrenheit, so that at first sight we are inclined to augur badly for the comfort of the Martialists, seeing that this argument would make even their tropics to be as cold as Archangel, whilst their temperate and frigid zones would be necessarily regions of eternal ice, and hopelessly out of the question as homes for beings like ourselves.

But directly we compare this theory of the condition of Mars with the planet as the telescope reveals it to us, we are met by what appears to be a complete contradiction. If Mars were perpetually locked in snow and ice, we should expect to find him shining with a white and brilliant light, as far as possible removed from the ruddy hue he actually shows. And further, during the long Martial summer the polar cap has been observed to grow smaller and smaller, until it seemed as if it would disappear entirely. This it has never been seen to do, but it has been watched until it was only 130 miles in radius, or $3\frac{1}{2}°$ of the planet's circumference, a far smaller size proportionately, as well as actually, than the ice caps over either of the Earth's poles have ever been known to shrink to. Nay, in 1877 Professor Schiaparelli saw the planet at a time when the southern pole was actually free from ice, the triangular white spot which still remained lying a little to one side of it. So that it would appear that had gallant Captain Nares conducted a Polar expedition there instead of here, the *Discovery* and the *Alert* might have sailed comfortably, swiftly, and safely to the very pole itself, with no greater difficulty than they actually experienced in getting to the shores of Greenland.

Nor is this all. In 1877, when the northern hemisphere of Mars was in midwinter, Mr. Green and Professor Schiaparelli both noticed the presence of a dark marking well known to observers of the planet, and called by Mr. Proctor, Nasmyth Inlet. This is situated in N. lat. 43°. On the Earth the open sea of course is not frozen over at this latitude, nor indeed much nearer the pole, but it would be very unfair to compare this inlet with an open sea. It is a long narrow marking running nearly parallel to the equator; it flows at right angles into a very narrow part of another marking known as the Kaiser or Hourglass Sea. This latter eventually broadens out into a wide expanse, but the position of Nasmyth Inlet renders it very unlikely that it is materially warmed by any currents flowing into it from the sea under the equator. We ought therefore, in order to obtain something wherewith to compare it, to look for some sea on the Earth entirely or nearly entirely land-locked, and we find that the Black Sea, the Caspian Sea, and the Sea of Azov, which all fulfil this condition, are by a happy coincidence nearly under the same parallel of latitude as Nasmyth Inlet. But the northern portion of the Caspian is covered with ice every winter, navigation is stopped upon the Sea of Azov, the Straits of Yenikalé are completely bridged with ice, and not a few of the northern ports of the Black Sea are shut in, in a similar manner. Since then Nasmyth Inlet in a corresponding latitude does not appear to be frozen over, we may infer that were these seas transferred to Mars, they would not appear to be ice-bound to a greater or even an equal extent, despite the greatly diminished amount of heat which they would receive.

The natural conclusion from these observations would at first sight appear to be that Mars has really quite as warm a climate as the earth, and that something tends to counterbalance the effect of his great distance from the sun. This something can hardly be the internal heat

of the planet, for two reasons. First, we know with what difficulty heat penetrates through the soil, so that it is very doubtful indeed if we are appreciably benefited by the intense heat of the centre of the Earth; and next, Mars being a smaller planet than the Earth, would undoubtedly cool quicker, whilst lying outside the Earth in the Solar System, he is almost certainly of a much greater age. If then the reservoir of heat beneath our feet has but little effect on the temperature at the surface, much less will the climate of Mars be improved in the proportion which that of Singapore bears to that of Archangel, by his internal fires.

It is possible, however, to suggest another method by which the temperature of the planet may be improved. We know that even in the tropics the tops of the loftier mountains are continually covered with snow, and that a refuge from the intolerable heat experienced in the plains can be obtained by mounting some five or six thousand feet. So great is the effect of height upon the temperature of the air of any place that we have only to climb to the top of a mountain three and a half miles high, to attain a climate as much colder than that of the level ground, as would be occasioned by a removal from the position of the Earth to that occupied by Mars. This fall in temperature is due to the diminished density of the air at great heights, the rarer air of the mountain top being far less able to absorb heat than the more compressed air of the plain. If then we could imagine the atmosphere of Mars to be as much denser than that of our Earth as the air of Nice is than that of the summit of Mont Blanc, all would be straightforward. Mars would indeed still only receive less than half as much heat as the Earth, but his closer atmosphere would enable him to make more profitable use of it, for air whilst very transparent to heat of a vigorous character like that of the Sun, will not easily allow the passage of the feebler lower kind of heat which the Earth radiates. A dense atmosphere therefore acts much as the glass roof of a greenhouse does, which protects the plants beneath by first freely allowing the Sun's heat to reach them, and then by keeping it in.

Unfortunately we know positively that the atmosphere of Mars is not by any means so dense as it would have to be to effect this result. One of the earliest results of Newton's grand discovery of the law of gravitation was to enable the astronomer to weigh distant worlds with as much certainty and ease as a grocer can weigh the sugar he sells over his counter. That mysterious power of attraction serves for the balance, but the weights, where are they to be found? Their place is supplied by the smaller bodies moving under the influence of the world to be weighed, the swiftness with which they are compelled to go being the index of the power, that is of the weight of the ruling body. Two tiny moons were discovered in 1877 to circle around Mars, and their rate of motion tells us that the Red Planet weighs but one-tenth as much as our Earth, and that consequently his power of attraction is much less.

If we were to hook a pound weight on to a spring balance and to transport it to Mars, we should find the index rise till it indicated only $5\frac{3}{4}$ ounces, and a man like the Claimant, who once scaled over 25 stone here, would only have made the spring weighing machine record nine there.

That which makes the air at the surface of the Earth so dense as it is, is the weight or downward pressure of the air above it, and which amounts to a weight of nearly 15 pounds upon every square inch. But what we have just seen with regard to the loss of weight which any body carried to Mars would experience, shows that if a part of our atmosphere proportional to the surface of Mars were carried there, it would weigh much less than here, and the lower layers would spring up as readily as the index of the weighing machine to nearly three times the height they occupied before, the upper layers expanding in much the same proportion. So that instead of the air close to the surface of Mars being twice as compressed as our own atmosphere, as it ought to be to render the climate of the planet as warm as that of our own, it would be three times as rare; in other words, it would correspond to the state of things we should find could we climb to the top of Everest, the highest mountain of the world. In short, Mars ought to have six times as much air as we have above every square inch, in order that he might be as warm as we are. And this vast atmosphere would extend not merely six times as far from the planet as our own, but nearly thrice as far again as that.

Such an atmosphere would give unmistakable evidences of its presence.

Our space is exhausted, but our theme is not. Will our readers kindly remember the point we have now reached until next month? and we shall then lead to our conclusion.

From a photograph] [By Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

Yours faithfully,
Acba Stanton.

NEW LIGHT IN THE OLD LAMP.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. cxix. 105.

IN the revised version of the English New Testament there are to be found some old texts, which will be received gladly by those who are ever searching the Scriptures, because they think that in them they have eternal life. The revision has restored some of the original meaning of these texts. The lamp of the Word of God has been trimmed, and we may rejoice in its light, as it now burns and shines with fresh charms and brilliancy. Our way—the way in which we have to go—the path of faith, becomes more distinct; and we tread forward with greater certainty, and with greater hope. We walk in the light, as the children of light.

There is still further truth to break forth from the Word of God, and we shall have still to search the Scriptures, remembering that what we know not now we shall know hereafter; and also remembering, that the darkness is in us, and that as we become more obedient to the will of God, we shall be able to know more of His teaching.

We offer our readers a selection of these old texts, with the changes which have been made in them.

Mark ix. 22, 23. "*But if thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us. Jesus said unto him,* IF THOU CANST *believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*"

The incident here recorded belongs to a class to which we always turn with special interest. It is one in which our Lord is brought before us in conversation. We listen to every word He says, and listen with the expectation that He will make some extempore and personal observation, which was so characteristic of His manner. The revised version renders the reply of our Lord to the father's entreaty, as if He had taken His cue from the words that the man had himself uttered. The words of the father are returned to him, and, so to speak, the responsibility is thrown upon him. The question of ability is suggested as lying not with our Lord, but with the man himself. The father at some length has been describing the grievous condition of his child, as if it lay beyond the reach of any help. And this hopelessness about his son's case had been increased by the failure of the disciples to effect a cure. The man was in despair, and hence he speaks in this despairing tone.

And Jesus, in His answer, turns the despair back again upon him. The difficulty was not Christ's, but the man's. "'*If* I *can!*' No, it is '*If* THOU *canst!*'" Our Lord, in a word, implies that neither this case nor any case is desperate. Such is the grace in which we all stand. It is not what Christ can do, but what we will let Him do, that is the question.

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1 Thessalonians v. 22. "*Abstain from all appearance of evil.*" A distinction has sometimes been made between religion and godliness. The authorised version of this text sounds emphatically as a religious version. There are those who pride themselves in abstaining from the appearance of evil, and who would claim a religious reputation upon these negative grounds. The true meaning of the command, however, appears to be, "*Abstain from* EVERY FORM *of evil.*" Some of the best acts of life have distinctly the appearance of evil, and our courage and consistency are often tested by our having to brave the appearance of a position, or of a course of conduct. We have not to care for what we cannot help; but what we have to care for is to see through the forms of things to their reality; for evil assumes many forms, and we have to abstain from them all.

Hebrews xii. 7. "*If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons.*" The Greek text, as supported by the best authorities, is rendered in the revision: "IT IS FOR CHASTENING THAT YE ENDURE: *God dealeth with you as with sons.*" While we are called upon to endure suffering patiently, a reason is ever given to us, and the reason is that it is a fatherly discipline, and this discipline is the end which God has in view. We are being educated and trained by our Father, and, believing in the Fatherhood of God, we can accept life and whatever it brings. This is no new purpose of God with man. The Psalmists saw it in their day, and as they saw it they were glad. They said as they saw it, "It is good to be afflicted, that we may learn Thy statutes." They were children, and thought like children, and spoke as children. And as they thus thought of themselves as children, needing "chastening," so they thought of God as a Father, for they said, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those who fear Him."

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2 Corinthians ii. 14. "*Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.*" We have here one of the many military metaphors which abound in the Epistles of St. Paul. The authorised version, however, does not seem to have caught fully the apostle's meaning. A different idea is suggested in the revision: "*But thanks be unto God, which always* LEADETH US IN TRIUMPH *in Christ.*" We have here that delight in self-abnegation, which was one of Paul's most striking characteristics. The Greek term retains the sense it possesses in all classical authors, "to lead captive in triumph;" and the apostle seizes it exultingly, and applies it to himself. He has been conquered; and he is made captive; and he is chained to the car of Christ. He glories in his defeat, and his thraldom. The idea of the Roman triumphal procession, in the eyes of the then existing world, would be the most glorious spectacle which the imagination could conceive. It was by this thought that the apostle's heart was kindled, and it was thus he spoke of his life and career. He had been taken captive by Christ, and he was being led in triumph, the slave of his conqueror.

John xvii. 22. "*And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them.*" Amongst the many instances in which the tenses have been more carefully rendered in the revised version, we may notice this verse, which now reads, "*And the glory which* THOU HAST GIVEN *me, I have given* UNTO *them.*" This alteration, with others which occur in the record of our Lord's utterances on the night in which He was betrayed, will serve somewhat to correct our view of "*the glory*" of which He then so frequently spoke. He seems to be speaking of His glory as lying in the life which became obedient unto death. He could have no glory more glorious than this glorious sorrow, nor crown more kingly than the crown of thorns.

And this is the glory which He has given to His sincere followers. St. Paul often speaks of this glory, and it is this glory which is still given to us. In giving the child the inspiration to live for others, in sustaining this purpose, till it accomplish itself in a young man's life, by the choice of self-denial; and in the renewing day by day this Divine life, as it lives on in season and out of season, Christ is ever giving to us a share of His own glory.

John xvi. 23. "*And in that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.*" There are here two words, each with its own special meaning, which are rendered in the authorised version by "ask;" and thus the impression is produced that there is a contrast drawn between asking the Son, which shall cease, and asking the Father, which shall begin. The statement made, however, is, that the disciples shall be so taught of the Spirit, as to have nothing further to inquire of the Saviour, and that whatever they shall seek from the Father in the Son's name, He will give it them. The marginal reading of the revision gives:—"*And in that day* YE SHALL ASK ME NO QUESTION." We are here reminded that the Divine life, like all life, is progressive. There are stages. And these stages remain the same to all, though they are not entered by all at any fixed period. The questioning stage lasts sometimes throughout the whole of an earthly career; and it is only at the last that the soul enters into its rest, the rest of faith. Some believe in Christ sooner than others, and their faith seems to be unalloyed by unbelief. Faith, as it takes the form of trust, asks no questions.

Luke ii. 43. "*The child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.*" The term "*boy*" occurs for the first time as a Scripture word, and we welcome its appearance in the story of our Saviour's boyhood. The history had just recorded that Jesus was twelve years old, and this English word corresponds better than "child" with the Greek original. The change will serve to bring home to the young that our Lord was made, as a boy, like unto themselves.

"THE BOY *Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and his parents knew it not.*"

Luke xviii. 15. "*And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them.*" According to the original, it was those who belonged to these infants who brought them to our Saviour. And knowing this, we may fairly argue that the parents were their mothers, for the little ones seem to have been of an age to be still in their mothers' arms. "*And they brought unto him also* THEIR BABES, *that he should touch them.*" And the occasion of their doing this, according to St. Matthew, seems to have been their overhearing between the Pharisees and our Lord a conversation on the law of marriage, and the rights of women. The mothers do not appear to have had any idea of taking their babes to

Christ when they took them out, but hearing His gracious words, they argued He must care for women, and if He cared for women He would care for what women cared for, their children. The act seems to have been perfectly spontaneous and extempore. It was a very simple faith, but it was justifiable. We are always justified by simple faith in Christ. Instead of the women doing wrong, taking a liberty, or acting in a superstitious, foolish way, they were doing just what women who are mothers should do.

John i. 14. "*And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.*" The idea that the Shekinah, the glory which betokened the Divine Presence in the Holy of Holies, and which was wanting to the second temple, would be restored once more in the Messiah's days, was a cherished hope in Apostolic times. There is frequent mention in the Revelation of St. John of the fulfilment of this hope. But the first and the greatest declaration of the fulfilment of the hope is to be found in this text. Our Lord and Saviour is here revealed to be the light and glory, which is the token of God's presence among men. The Shekinah appears again in the text, and the marginal reading of the revision restores the Hebrew meaning of the Greek term :—

"*And the Word became flesh, and* TABERNACLED AMONG US (*and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father*), *full of grace and truth.*" R. H. S.

THE AMARANTH.

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.

"That fadeth not away."—1 Peter i. 4.

NOTHING could be lovelier than the meadows of Greece and Southern Italy, covered in spring with myriads of wild flowers, whose vivid colours are illuminated by the sharp light of a southern sun, which defines outline and shadow and gives value to the faintest hue. These flowers grow in rich profusion year after year among the hoary ruins of man's work, renewing their brightness while all around them is decaying, and adorning with a garland of ever-living beauty the haunts of the gods of old, and the scenes of departed greatness and pride. And yet instead of transferring in imagination to the Elysian fields this goodly sight with which the classic poets were familiar from their childhood, and thus making it ideal, seen paler in the celestial light, paler, brighter, but not more beautiful, they pictured their pagan paradise as remote from it as possible. Out of all the vast wealth of earth's floral beauty, they selected only two flowers to adorn its dim and misty scenes; and these by no means the fairest and most graceful, possessing no representative character to entitle them to the immortality thus conferred upon them. The Sicilian legend of the Rape of Proserpine depicts the maiden as gathering, in the meadows of Enna, the snow-white lilies and the golden and crimson flowers that hid the grass with a maze of dazzling brightness like the fretwork of sunset clouds. Seized by Pluto while engaged in this innocent amusement, she was carried down to the infernal regions, with her hands still full of the mortal flowers which she had gathered, shedding their strange radiance over the joyless land of shadows. The gloomy, awe-inspiring deity who pitilessly drags down all that lives into the hidden depths of the earth, had thus pulled down with his fair captive a portion of the beauty and brightness of the upper world. These flowers became immortal, and year after year bloomed in the sunless and dewless air, without a blossom falling or a leaf fading. But this beautiful fable stands out in marked contrast to the common dreams of the poets. It is a gleam of familiar light seen in the mist. The flowers of Proserpine introduced an unknown sunshine into a shady place. They were not natives of this waste outside region; they did not grow in the barren soil. They were only sweet reminiscences of the dear old scenes of earth—tenderly cherished amid associations altogether different.

The two flowers specially mentioned by the poets as growing in the fields of the immortals were the asphodel and the amaranth. Numerous beautiful allusions occur to them in the classic writings; but no such description is given as would enable us to identify them with any of the flowers now growing in the famous scenes of antiquity. The plant now known as the asphodel grows in great profusion everywhere in Southern Europe. It is a kind of lily—our dear old English word daffodil being but a corruption of it—distinguished by its thick tuft of long narrow

leaves, out of which rises a tall rod covered with white star-like flowers, whose petals are streaked with purple lines. It is a majestic flower, and gives a fine effect to the foreground of an Italian landscape. Whether this was the Homeric asphodel which blossomed early across the Styx, and which the Greeks planted in their graveyards as food for the Shades, we do not know, but it is certainly worthy of such a destiny. It has a grey spectral gleam when seen in misty weather; and even in the clear garish noon its spire of blossoms seems to have derived its silvery sheen from the cold moonbeams, rather than from the warm sunshine. A bare hillside covered with its dark-green grassy tufts and ghostly flowers looks like a bit of extra-mundane scenery. The amaranth is involved in still deeper obscurity. The flower known to the classic poets, we believe, however, to be the *Gomphrena globosa*, as its round flowers of a deep purple resembling those of the common clover, produced on long stiff stalks bare of leaves, answer better than any other species the description of Pliny. The calyx of this globe-amaranth, which constitutes the flower, is of so dry a texture that it seems dead even while it is growing; and it is to this fine thin membranous texture that the flower owes its glossy beauty, and its persistent endurance. It was a favourite decoration at funerals. Homer describes the Thessalians as wearing chaplets of amaranth; and Milton, when speaking of the multitude of angels before God casting down their crowns "inwove with amaranth and gold," at His feet, says:—

> "Immortal amarant, a flower which once
> In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
> Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence,
> To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
> And flowers aloft, shading the fount of Life,
> And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
> Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream."

The globe-amaranth belongs to a family whose flowers, notwithstanding their small size individually, produce a striking effect by the great numbers of them that are clustered together. They have properly speaking no corolla, but produce the appearance of blossoms by their coloured sepals and bracts, whose texture is so dry and thin that they do not decay like the other parts of flowers. Upwards of three hundred species are known, growing as herbs or shrubs in tropical and temperate regions. The leaves of many kinds are wholesome food, and are not unfrequently used in their native countries like spinach, to which indeed the family is closely allied botanically. They were eaten as kitchen herbs by the ancient Greeks; and hence they were appropriately laid upon graves as the food of the dead. Among the most characteristic and best-known examples of the family may be mentioned the curious *cockscomb* of our greenhouses, and the prince's feather and love-lies-bleeding of our gardens with their crimson velvety tassels.

But whatever may have been the original plant which gave rise to the amaranth of the Elysian fields, it has come in our common language to be regarded, not as a distinct botanical species, but as the type of a peculiar class of plants, comprehending many species and even genera, which, on account of their dry, juiceless texture, retain their colour and form indefinitely, and are therefore called immortelles, or everlasting flowers. However widely they may differ in other respects, all these curious plants have one remarkable feature in common. The petals of the corolla, which in other plants are usually the largest and most brilliant parts of the inflorescence, in them are reduced to the smallest size, and are made sober and inconspicuous; while the sepals of the calyx and the bracts, which in other plants are modest and subordinate, assume in them the predominance, are gaily coloured, and owing to their naturally dry, scarious texture are permanent and indestructible. The petals of flowers being the parts most modified from the typical leaf of vegetation, and having only a temporary purpose to serve, are exceedingly fugacious; whereas the sepals and the bracts are parts comparatively little modified, have a more continuous use in the economy of the plant, and are therefore usually more persistent. It is to the durability and showiness of their involucral bracts therefore, more than to their actual florets, that the beauty of the everlastings is due. The great majority of the species are natives of warm countries, such as South Africa and Australia, where the vegetation generally is less succulent and more leathery-leaved than that of moist, cool climates; but many of them are easily cultivated in our own country, and are very extensively grown in Southern France and Germany, from whence immense quantities are sent to our large London warehouses. All over the Continent they are used for bouquets, wreaths, or for general floral decorations. From France and Germany we have learned the custom of laying wreaths and crosses made of them upon the coffins and graves of the dead; and that custom now very widely prevails in this country.

Many of the everlastings cultivated in our greenhouses are strikingly beautiful. They belong chiefly to the composite family. The French immortelle with small yellow flowers, of which the chaplets used at Père la Chaise are made, is furnished by *Helichrysum orientale*, a native originally of Crete and South Africa, but now largely cultivated in the south of France, entirely for the sake of its flower-heads. Various other species of Helichrysum from Australia and South Africa have flower-heads an inch across, varying in colour from white to yellow, orange, crimson and pink, some annual and others perennial. On our dry moorlands and hillsides an everlasting grows in great quantities, with silvery foliage and little tomentose balls of flowers of a pure white or a pale pink colour. It is known by the name of the Catspaw or Mountain Everlasting. And on the summits of our highest hills a tiny species of cudweed forms, on the bare tempest-beaten turf, a knot of leaves, out of which emerges a pale brown blossom, without any form or comeliness, bravely maintaining its existence in spite of the fierce buffetings of the polar blasts. But the most interesting species of all is the Edelweiss of the Swiss Alps, so popular among the peasantry on account of its romantic associations with the days of their courtship. It is distinguished for its beautiful whorl of leaves springing star-like from beneath the closely-set small yellowish flowers, and almost covered with pure white down. This white down, which covers the leaves of so many of the mountain composites, reaches its highest development in a most extraordinary everlasting called the Raoulia, which forms gigantic woolly masses, spreading over the ground on the higher mountains of New Zealand, and looking at a distance so like a flock of sheep grazing that it has become known to the settlers as the "vegetable sheep." But besides the great variety of natural plants of the everlasting character, numerous flowers of widely different families, which do not possess this peculiarity, are dried and preserved on the Continent with their natural colours, along with a host of ornamental grasses. In Germany this art is carried to great perfection, and flowers and grasses thus treated are dyed in a great variety of unnatural colours. Of late a great improvement has been effected in the artificial colouring of immortelles; but there is still ample room for the exercise of a more refined taste, many of the flowers and grasses operated upon being too graceful and delicate to bear heavy colouring, and becoming in the process positively ugly.

The instinct that has led to the choice or creation of these natural or artificial everlastings is easily accounted for. Most of those that come to this country from France and Germany are used at Christmas-time, when all vegetation is dead or dormant out of doors, and even the conservatory has hardly a blossom to show. They also supply the place of freshly-cut flowers in other seasons—when these fail or the resources are not equal to the demand. But the deeper reason doubtless is the desire which every one feels to perpetuate the beauty of the world around us. The saddest thing about that beauty is its evanescent character. When the summer foliage has developed its utmost fulness of form and hue, it begins to fade; when the plant crowns its life with the radiant blossom, in that self-kindled flame of loveliness it expires. The height of its perfection is the funeral pyre upon which it is consumed into the grey ashes out of which it arose. We wish to arrest this beauty that captivates us and make it our own for ever. And hence the favour with which we regard those flowers, which in nature seem to escape the general doom of decay, and preserve their charms uninjured by autumn's blight or winter's frost; that once perfected keep intact the seal of that perfection for ever, and henceforth know no quickening thrill of spring, or magic unfolding of summer, but remain for ever the same. These embalmed flowers—floral mummies—or beautiful fossils of the air, as they may be called, conserve for us the passing beauty of the world and the glory of the summer that has vanished away. They appeal to that touching yearning for permanence which amid the vain show in which we live has taken such a deep hold of our hearts. In them our affections find an eddy in which time plays as it were with its own seasons, and the ever-flowing stream of progress dimples upon itself. They afford an anchor to our hearts by which they may be steadied for a little amid the incessant change and the bewildering whirl of things.

And how appropriately do these never-withering flowers form wreaths for the dead! The lush life-full flowers of summer are associated with the tragedies, the silences, the heart-breaks of life, and come in with their own voiceless unconfuted arguments fresh as it were from the Creator's heart, when human words are vain, and even music fails to touch a chord, to tell us that the power within all silences and pains and tragedies is love,

and that the possibilities of life are endless. Save for the wonderful flower-facts before us we could never have dreamed that such beauty lurked in the dark earth, was latent in the dry root or tiny seed. And so we bring these fair summer flowers to the sick-room and the bedside of the dying, and place them around the known unknown face so pathetic in its white patience, and lay them on the green mound which is all that belongs now to our beloved ones of the beauty and glory of the world. But they wither and pass away like what we loved and lost; on them too is written the doom of mortality; they seem more akin to the decay of the grave than to the unchangeable affections of the world within, and the immortal hopes of the world beyond. The immortelles therefore are more in harmony with our feelings; they supply what the other flowers lack. Unhurt by the mouldering decay of the sepulchre, they seem the fittest types of that human love which is not of the things that rust and perish in the tomb. They tell us that there is a Beyond for love, though not for pride; for the things associated with the flowers, though not for the things associated with gold: that there is something besides the divine aspirations of religion which will survive and endure for ever; something purely human and yet susceptible of immortality. They give us the blessed assurance that life here below is not all transitory and vain—"a chain of yesterdays, which have but lighted kings the way to dusty death." Laid in the form of the wreath or the cross on the marble head-stone, or on the green sod, they whisper to us that, planted together in the likeness of Christ's death, we shall be planted together in the likeness of His resurrection. For if the lowly flowers in their death retain the likeness of their life unchanged, and triumph over the physical forces which seek to decay and decompose them, surely the lofty creature made in the image of God will retain that image unimpaired amid all the decays of death and the grave, and this same mortal body shall put on immortality, and this same human love shall be glorified.

The amaranth of the ancients was a fitting type of their future state. The immortality which they conceived was as lifeless and joyless as the juiceless leaves and flowers of this representative plant, which, though they preserved their form and colour after having been plucked for an indefinite period, had none of the bloom and freshness of life about them. Their hell had indeed a singularly distinct and vivid realisation in their minds; there are no pictures of the fate of the wicked more dreadful even in the Inferno of Dante than those which their poets present before us in Ixion and his wheel, Tantalus and his draught of water, Sisyphus and his stone, Prometheus and his vulture, and the Danaids and their leaky buckets. Their only distinct idea of a future world was confined to the incidents of punishment. All distinctness disappears as we enter the melancholy meadows of asphodel which constituted their shadowy image of Elysium. Their amaranthine bowers were dry and ghostly, having the semblance of life, but none of its play and blessedness. The world of the immortals was a world of shadows inhabited by shades, wherein there was nothing but the *exuviæ* of life—the phantoms of former existence. Ossian never imagined more misty outlines, or peopled his heath of Lodi with forms more pale and unsubstantial. There the experiment of the alchemist was performed on a great scale. Out of the ashes of the flower that had been consumed arose a delicate apparition of stalk and leaf and blossom—the phantom plant—faithful to its former image as the lovely transcript of scenery in still water, but without the old bloom and fragrance. Well might Achilles in such an Elysium declare—

> "I had rather live
> The servile hired for hire, and eat the bread
> Of some man scantily himself sustained,
> Than sovereign empire hold o'er all the shades."

Not a whit more satisfactory are the Christian conceptions of the future world in the minds of many persons. They have fearfully vivid ideas of the punishment of the wicked; but regarding the reward of the righteous they believe in the most literal manner that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." It is a far-off realm, receding into dimness and vagueness by the distance to which we remove it; leaving all past experience, all hopes and forms of happiness which the imagination had hitherto conceived, and the heart had learned to love, utterly behind it. And hence it is that descriptions of Heaven, however gorgeous and transcendental, usually fail to interest or impress us. The mind is lost in the vagueness, and the heart knows not where to fix. Permanence is the only definite idea we associate with it. We accept the jewelled walls and golden streets of the heavenly city, substances the most precious and indestructible that we know, as satisfactory symbols of its unchanging endurance. And the con-

trast between this feature and our experience of the fleeting possessions and enjoyments of earth is so grateful, that we care not if the one element of permanence be secured even at the expense of all that makes permanence desirable. We whose gourd grows up in a night and withers in a night, fancy that we should be perfectly happy in fields of immortal asphodels, and under the shadow of amaranthine bowers.

But can permanence—beautiful sculpture of life as it were, placed safe and changeless in Elysian bowers—in reality satisfy this nature of ours which we would transfer to eternity? That nature has been formed and educated amid perpetual change, and all its consciousness is built upon and interlaced with it. We owe to the death that is always with us half the beauty of every scene, and more than half the enjoyments we derive from life. How then should we like to live here in a world where the only flowers were immortelles, and the only trees cypresses and yews, pines and evergreens? And is the idea any more tolerable because we place the same beyond the grave? We enjoy these permanent and unchangeable forms of vegetation by way of contrast to the deciduous and fading forms that awaken the tenderest and deepest feelings of our hearts by the vernal and autumnal changes they undergo, and for the sake of the needed lesson which they teach of permanence in the midst of change, raising our thoughts from a scene of fleeting shadows to a scene of enduring realities. But were the woods formed of, and the fields decked with, such unfading objects alone, our eye would weary of the eternal monotony, and our minds would grow stagnant in the everlasting sameness. And transferring the conception to the future world we should in such a case sympathize with the little girl who asked her father, "If she were so good that she *had* to go to Heaven, whether after a hundred years God would not let her die out!" Change, we must remember, is not in itself an element of misery. All changes are not necessarily sad. There are changes caused by sin—changes on the downward scale—death, decay of feeling, retrogression, corruptions and all unrests associated with sin; and these changes will doubtless be altogether unknown in Heaven. But there are other changes associated with holiness and life and progress—changes on the upward scale, from one degree of beauty and perfection and enjoyment to another; and we cannot imagine a heaven suitable for beings like us without these. True to human nature, the Bible in its revelations of the future world brings before us pictures of such changes. It speaks to us indeed of the everlasting materials of the eternal city, but it shows us, in the midst of its streets and on either side of the river, the tree of life bearing twelve manner of fruits, to which every month brings the freshness of spring and the ripeness and mellowness of autumn, which shows in constant succession opening and fading blossoms and forming and falling fruits. And the river in whose waters the healing foliage and the satisfying fruit are mirrored, is no dull Lethe—stagnant and motionless, for ever the same, but a river of life, incessantly changing and being renewed—the very fulness of all life—in which the past, present, and future are seen in perpetual flux. And these objects are typical and representative. They indicate what the nature of the scenery and of the life of Heaven will be. The changeless asphodel and amaranth may form the adorning of the pagan heaven; but they have no place in the Christian's fields of living green beyond the river. We are begotten again unto a *lively* hope—a living, life-full hope of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. That phrase, "fadeth not away," is the translation in our version of the Greek word *amarantos*, from which the name of the amaranth is derived. And that very word "inheritance" tells us that it is no strange, unknown realm into which we shall be ushered by death; but a familiar scene, which we shall be prepared by our acquaintance with earthly things (which are the draughts and shadows and foretastes of its heavenly things) to enter into and enjoy, as the heir who has grown up on an estate enters into his inheritance when he comes of age. Our Christianity teaches us by the ascension of Christ's body and the resurrection of our own, that the whole scene with its circumstances and objects must be accommodated to the tastes and character of man, as he now is, only purified and glorified, to the mortal immortalised. It is not a world of shadows, but a world glowing with all the infinite beauty and variety of life. The tree of life, with its twelve kinds of fruit every month, will be its appropriate symbol, and not the dry changeless amaranth. And all who here have worn the white flower of a blameless life will find, to their glad surprise, that the waste outside wilderness which they pictured the heaven that awaited them to be, is a part of their own earthly home, made to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

When Aunt Kezia was lost.

JUSTICE WARREN'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of New England.

By OLIVE M. BIRRELL.

CHAPTER V.

REGINALD WARREN and his daughter had several relations in New England, with whom they were very intimate. One of these, a sister of Kate's mother, was a woman between fifty and sixty who had never married. The story went about of a bitter disappointment she had received in youth, but no one seemed to know exactly how it happened, and as in those days all love affairs were made public, Kate had come to the conclusion that it could only be a myth. She felt sure that each woman of a certain age in the community would have known the name of the faithless hero had he ever existed, and in all probability could have told the exact day when he first proposed. For these reasons, she refused any sympathy to her aunt, who, it must be said, showed no great wish to claim it.

Her name was Kezia, usually shortened into Kezzy, and Aunt Kezzy was a very well-known figure in the streets of Boston, where she lived. Her tastes were peculiar, and by some people thought uncanny. She went about among her neighbours, nursing them when they were sick, and performing all kinds of good offices for such as were unhappy, but prosperity never failed to keep her away, as if it had a blighting influence upon her spirits.

Never, in the memory of the present generation, had she sat down as guest at a wedding banquet, though funerals were her constant resort, and Kate often declared she took a grim pleasure in attending them. She sometimes went to see the children baptized, but usually left before the feast which followed the ceremony; and for some mysterious reason, it was considered a bad omen if an accident prevented her from being present on these occasions. She was always kind to the girls, but Kate, like many people who are perfectly healthy in body and mind, had an aversion to tales of sorrow and descriptions of sickness. She fled from dark rooms and gloomy faces with an instinct as unconscious and powerful as that which prompted Kezia to seek them out. Probably she could not

have told why she did this, even had she asked herself the question, but such impulses of nature often defy control.

Winnie, on the other hand, liked well enough to hear Aunt Kezzy's reminiscences, and used to sit on a low stool, with her blue forget-me-not eyes fixed on the narrator, drinking in her stories as if they had been the adventures of a beneficent fairy. On this account Aunt Kezzy had hitherto liked Winnie the best, and sometimes said grimly that she could not foresee, for her part, what was to become of Reginald's daughter, since sickness and death were in the world, and some day or other, whether she liked it or not, she would have to face them. It was noticeable that when she made such speeches, Kezia always spoke of Kate as if she belonged only to her father, and were in no way connected with the family of Shenstone, which had the honour of counting Aunt Kezzy herself among its members.

It must not be supposed, however, that Kezia's tales were all of a gloomy description. Her life had been an exciting one, and some of her early adventures used to fill Kate with envy when she heard them related. The Shenstones came from the village of Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, and were among the earliest settlers in New England. Kezia well remembered one miserable night, in the winter of 1607, when she, a child of four years old, was taken by her father and mother to the coast, in order to try to make their escape into Holland. Rumours of their intended flight had been slowly spreading over the country-side, and a mob of excited people came to the shore to drive them back. It is difficult to see why their fellow countrymen should have objected to let them go, unless they were prompted to act as they did by the mere instinct of cruelty, and a desire to worry the miserable fugitives as cats worry mice which they catch, but are too well fed to wish to devour.

One boat full of men had already pushed off, when the enemy came down upon the beach and drove the rest of the company back with violent threats and blows, more efficacious because the greater number of those left behind were women and children. Kezia used to describe, in graphic words, the agony of fear which laid hold of her and several other little ones, when the shouts of the mob were first heard on the rocks behind them, till, wild with terror, they tore their hands loose from the grasp of those who would have protected to the last, and rushed down the shore towards the water. One little fellow, scarcely three years old, ran into the sea, where the tide was going rapidly out, and the heavy breakers caught him up and then dashed him on the stony beach. Kezia remembered seeing him on his hands and knees, trying to rise, but before he could get on his feet the terrible foam-crested wave was back again and swept him into its murderous embrace, once more flinging him down at last like a piece of crushed sea-weed among the rocks, his life extinct.

After that, she could recall nothing but horrible blackness, her feet slipping over stones, until a pitiful farmer lifted her on his horse in front of him, and shielded her under his coat from the piercing blasts of wind. He took her to his own home, where his wife was moved with compassion at the sight of so young a pilgrim, and proposed that they should hide her among the cows! A corner of the barn was screened off for her use, and there she made a nest among the hay and grew familiar with the faces of her dumb companions, who looked at her kindly with their soft eyes, and were in no danger of betraying her secret. The good woman of the farm always maintained that their sweet breath brought colour into the cheeks of the little girl, and cured a terrible cough, which at first threatened to reveal her presence to passers-by.

Meanwhile the rest of the Puritans were being hunted from place to place, each village shutting its doors upon them, until their tormentors were tired of the work of persecution, and let them divide into small companies, and go whither they would. Kezia's parents were directed at last to her hiding-place and took her away; but the farmer's wife was sorry to part with her little foundling, and before she left insisted on fastening a charm round her neck. "To save her from the evil eye," she said; "and get her a good husband." Mistress Shenstone held all such devices in horror, and very soon captured the charm and put it away, but Kezia, with the true family obstinacy, contrived to lay hands on it, and kept it safely in her pocket, since she might no longer wear it as an ornament. This charm—a little brass medal, cut with an image of the Virgin Mary—still lurked in a corner of her largest chest, and used to be shown to Kate and Winnie with a solemn warning that though for the sake of old times she preserved it, all such relics were a kind of devil-worship.

After many adventures, the whole party of Puritans reached Holland in safety. Amsterdam and Leyden were each their home for a

time, and in the last place Kate's mother was born; but about this period of her life Kezia was never communicative. The wonderful country which had once lain under the sea possessed great interest for Kate, and she would often have asked questions about the canals and bridges and houses built upon stakes, had Kezzy been willing to reply to them, instead of changing the subject or saying grimly that she had lived in towns she liked better than Leyden.

Besides Kezia, there were two other inhabitants of the colony with whom the girls were very intimate. When Warren left England, his youngest sister Arbella, a pretty wayward girl of sixteen, had just been married to her cousin against the advice of all her family, who nursed some ambitious schemes which this act of independence frustrated. She died soon afterwards, disappointed and heart-broken, leaving two sons, and as her husband did not long survive her, these children became homeless and dependent upon the good offices of their relations.

When Justice Warren heard of these misfortunes, he asked the boys' guardians to send them to New England, where they were much more likely to prosper than in the mother country, and, as may be supposed, the request was very promptly conceded. Arbella's sons were packed up and sent away by the first ship which sailed after the arrival of their uncle's letter, and he was too just a man ever to repent of his offer.

He had always been fond of Arbella, who was a fascinating creature, and had suffered a severe punishment for marrying with so little discretion, but he sometimes wished that her children had been girls, or else possessed of more sober and equable natures. He had some theories of his own about education, but the two Mainwarings were destined to set all theories at a disadvantage, and in the course of a few months to prove them utterly useless.

Rowland, the youngest—or Rowley, as he was generally called—was sufficiently troublesome in his own way; still it was possible to understand him, and if he had been alone he might have been coerced into a condition bordering upon order. He was simply an audacious, high-spirited boy, with reckless animal courage, and intellectual powers rising a little above the average; but Simon, the eldest, soon displayed tendencies which put the whole town in commotion.

Both children were tall for their ages, and very fair. Simon alone had inherited his mother's beauty; his straight features, expressive eyes, and delicate curling lips would have won admiration in another child; but when they belonged to him they seemed unnatural, a part of his general singularity, and no one liked him better in consequence.

Kate long remembered with terror one Sunday afternoon when Simon, in revenge for some indignity put upon him, declared his intention of climbing to the top of the meeting-house. What he meant to do when he got there he was considerate enough to leave in obscurity, but Rowley was confident that he would forthwith "throw himself down, and be broken to pieces." No one took notice of the threat, not believing in his power to carry it out; but half an hour afterwards, cries of alarm brought the whole family outside, and there indeed was Simon, standing on a narrow ledge which projected from the side of the building, apparently considering how to get to the top.

Some people advised that straw should be laid on the ground to soften his fall; others remarked—for the Puritans found supernatural agency everywhere—that the evil spirit who helped him up might safely be trusted to bring him down, and were for leaving the matter as it stood. Justice Warren sent for ladders and ropes. Meanwhile Simon watched them from his eyrie with a quiet, sarcastic smile. He said to Kate afterwards, that they looked like a number of rooks holding a parliament, so small and so black, as they ran hither and thither over the ground.

He did not wait for ladders. When he thought his family had been sufficiently punished, he came down again as safely and silently as he had gone up; but from that day the victory was decided. He was henceforward master of the situation, and every one in the house was careful how they ventured to cross him.

Each successive change in the lives of his nephews had caused fresh trouble to Warren, until the happy thought occurred to him of sending the younger one away to give the Indians the benefit of his good spirits and heedless daring. Rowley was a born adventurer, and liked nothing so well as roaming, especially when a touch of danger added to the excitement of seeing fresh places. This new business afforded scope for his energies, and from that time his course became more regular. Warren would have been glad to send his brother away also, to keep the tribes of red people in subjection, but there were several reasons why he did not dare to do it.

A year before the adventure on the meeting-house, when Simon was eleven years old, he had run away from school, and was exploring in the woods near Salem, when a party of Indians captured him and took him away to their wigwams. They did not ill-treat him in any way; they kept him for three months, and then, in return for some presents from Warren, gave him back; but those three months were very eventful ones to the boy. He seemed to have got no harm as far as any one could judge. It is true he had learned to understand the language of his captors, and to climb and swim and run in a manner which could not be surpassed, but these were useful accomplishments, and his uncle hoped that no further results would follow. His climbing powers he used as we have seen. The language he appeared to forget, but two years afterwards he suddenly disappeared again, leaving a message with Rowley to the effect that he had gone to the Indians. This time no bribes availed to bring him back. He stayed twelve months, and returned late on a summer's evening as quietly and mysteriously as he went away.

From henceforward his character seemed changed. He became wonderfully taciturn, his mischievous pranks almost ceased, and Warren, who observed him attentively, fancied that he was able to detect some very curious habits of mind. Besides other peculiarities, he had a strange power, observable among savage tribes, of letting a purpose hybernate in his mind for a long time in perfect silence and apparent forgetfulness before trying to bring it into effect. For many months it would seem to slumber, and any one who did not understand him might have supposed that it was either relinquished or forgotten, until the right moment came, when it suddenly sprang into life and was carried to swift execution.

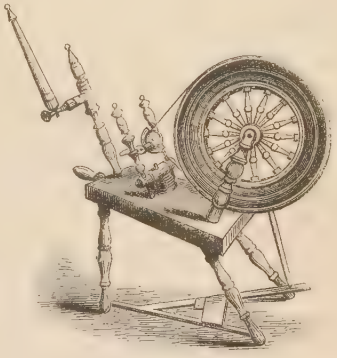
Warren sometimes felt uneasy about his nephew. He was conscious that he did not possess the key to his character, and was unwilling to send him near the Indians, who had once been his friends and instructors. He feared lest the fascination their life had held for him as a boy would return and Simon become a dweller among them—a leader who would be very dangerous in the event of a quarrel between the white men and the red.

Simon, for his part, expressed no desire to go. He was reserved and sparing of words as usual when the matter was being decided, and made very little objection to stay at home and help his uncle in the management of his farms instead. He was extremely clever and proved very helpful, not only in private matters, but in public ones concerning the business of a magistrate, where his clear head and rapid pen often came to the assistance of older people; but Warren never felt that they were in perfect sympathy, and feared even while he made use of him.

During the last three months, however, Simon had seemed less wayward and uncertain, and his uncle, hoping that some change for the better was taking place, began gradually to trust him more and more. When, for instance, in the month of October, the news reached Boston that a settlement with the Indians had been arrived at, and Captain Keith might shortly be expected to return, he could think of no safer escort for his daughter than her cousin, and sent him to Salem with orders to bring her back as quickly as possible, and leave her in the house of Aunt Kezzy.

CHAPTER VI.

When Simon reached his uncle's house in Salem he found Winnie sitting by herself busy with her spinning. She gave a faint scream



as she saw him come in, partly from surprise and partly from habit, for between the two a strong antipathy had always existed; something like the aversion which a tortoise-shell kitten and a greyhound might be supposed to feel for one another if they lived in the same family. In former days she had often said that she wished Simon were not so noiseless in his movements. He never rushed into the room with a shout as Rowley did, but suddenly, before any one knew, he was among them, his quick, bright eyes observing everything, and the corners of his mouth twitching in a way which she knew by dire experience to mean that he intended mischief. Several years separated those boyish days from the present time, but Winnie's

memory was retentive, and her voice as she addressed him now had that accent of plaintive terror in its cadence which he used to love to call out long ago.

"Alone, Winnie!" he exclaimed. "Where is Kate?"

"She has gone to the beach. Has anything happened, Simon?"

"Keith will come back in a day or two, and her father wants Kate to join him in Boston."

It was one of Simon's oddities that he never called his uncle by a title which could indicate the relationship between them. When speaking of him to men of his own standing he called him simply "Warren," to others, who would have been shocked at this familiar style of description, he said, "the Justice," and to Kate it was always "your father."

"Why, Simon, what can be the reason of that?" said Winnie. "Why should Kate meet him in Boston? I see no sense in it."

"I suppose his eyes see farther than yours," said Simon. "At all events, I am no doctor to set either of you right. Kate must come back with me. That is all I know about it."

"Well, I'm very glad," said Winnie; "more glad than I can say. Kate needed change, and I can ask Mary Prynne to stay with me; she is better than nobody."

"A stupid prosy thing like Mary Prynne better than nobody?" said Simon. "If I could live alone for twelve months I should be thankful; but you girls never know when you are happy."

"You look ill, Simon," said Winnie, observing him. "Your cheeks are thin, and you have such shadows beneath your eyes. What is the matter?"

"I am worked to death in Boston," said Simon, stretching his arms over his head, "but I did not know that I looked such a scarecrow as you describe me, Mistress Winnie. See what a blessing it is to have a truthful friend!"

His face still retained the beauty which had belonged to it in childhood, though he was now two-and-twenty and worn and ill, as Winnie remarked. He had a long head with thick light hair, which not even Puritan scissors could disappoint in its tendency to curl, well-marked eyebrows, large liquid blue-grey eyes, melancholy in expression, and a delicate mouth uncovered by a beard. His hands were long and white, and he had a trick of perpetually twisting something in his fingers while he talked; just now he was jerking the end of a silver chain which hung round his neck, until Winnie told him he would break the links.

"Your old trick!" she said reprovingly. "Kate used to say, it made her eyes ache to look at you."

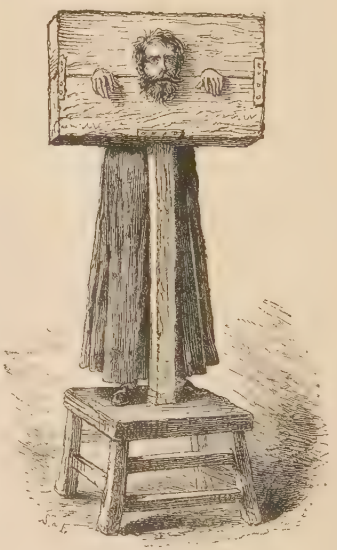
"Kate always liked to complain of me," said Simon. "I hope she will not be scornful when she finds the office which has been given me; it was none of my choosing."

"She is so dull and downcast now," said Winnie, "that I do not think she will have spirits to quarrel with you."

"What is the matter?" asked Simon. "Is the spinning-wheel broken, or has the goat run away?"

"You always mock at us," said Winnie, "as if girls could have no troubles, but this time you are mistaken. Something very awful has happened."

"Dear me, you alarm me!" said Simon. "I hope Kate has not been set in the pillory for non-attendance at the meetings."



"No, not yet," said Winnie, "but that may perhaps come next; for she would not go yesterday. Everything has been wrong since our terrible trouble."

"Well, I cannot guess any more disasters," said Simon. "I give up. What is it, Winnie?"

"On Friday night, a girl came here," said Winnie very slowly and impressively. "Yes, a girl with fair hair and strange eyes and a terrible cough."

"And you took her in, of course?"

"Yes, though Hester was angry; but the

next day Master Prynne came and told Kate she must go away to Rhode Island at once, because she was a Quaker."

Simon's face, which had looked painfully anxious, now suddenly brightened.

"Did old Prynne say that?" he exclaimed. "Well, he is not so bad as he looks. It was the only plan."

"But Simon, she would not go," said Winnie. "She was resolved, she said, and that very evening she made us help her and went back to her friends, the other Quakers, who are hidden somewhere in the woods."

Winnie wished to make an impression on her hearer but she was quite unprepared for the effect her last words produced. They had scarcely passed her lips when Simon sprang to his feet, trembling all over, as if he had received a shock.

"She has gone back!" he exclaimed; "she is not here!"

"No, she is not here; she went away on Saturday. Why, Simon, do you know anything about her? She said her name was Rose Halifax and her brother's name was Paul."

Simon was still trembling violently, and his face had become almost deathly in its whiteness; but when Winnie looked at him astonished, he struggled to regain his self-control.

"I have heard of Paul Halifax," he said. "There was great pressure put upon the Governor to have him released, but he died after his last examination. He had thirty lashes and they say it killed him. Is Pocahonta here? I should like to ask her a few questions."

Pocahonta was an Indian woman who had been taken prisoner in one of the numerous wars and lived in Warren's house as a slave. She had not seen much of Rose, because Kate had guarded her room vigilantly; but when Simon's summons brought her to be questioned she seemed to have a great deal to say, and talked for a long time in her own language while Winnie listened patiently, comprehending nothing. She knew that the Indians had given a name of their own to Simon, calling him by one which meant Bright-eyes, according to their usual custom of finding titles which suited the real or fancied appearance of their friends, and this word occasionally came into Pocahonta's sentences; but all the rest was unintelligible.

It did not occur to her, for Winnie's mind never worked rapidly, that if any one in Salem knew the circumstances of the Quakers who might be hiding in the vicinity, it would certainly be Pocahonta, for the Indians were always kind to these wanderers, who suffered like themselves from tyranny and oppression. By the time Simon had ended his queries and dismissed the servant, he was possessed of more information of a certain kind than all the magistrates of the united colonies, and threw himself back in his chair with a conviction that knowledge in his case meant power.

His spirits now returned, and Winnie was more than ever convinced that he was one of the strangest of human beings, for during the rest of the evening, after Kate came back, he returned to the favourite amusement of his boyhood, practising curious tricks in jugglery which he had learned from one of the Indian magicians, playing with things that looked like serpents, putting his hand into his pockets and drawing out coloured shells and beads though a moment before they had been lying on the table, and eliciting from Winnie hysterical shrieks, varied by cries of "Kate, oh, Kate! prevent him; do please tell him not to do it!"

Katharine took no particular notice of her cousin's performances; she was quite willing that he should amuse himself in his own way and continued quietly sewing a little apart, until a cry from Winnie, much louder than usual, made her turn round.

"You will frighten the servants, Winnie," she said; "try to be quiet; Simon only teases you because you scream."

"He says he will make writing come on the wall," said Winnie; "it is wicked, it is as bad as Pharaoh's sorcerers in Egypt."

"But I must darken the room first," said Simon, putting out the lamp. Winnie shrieked more loudly than before, while Kate remonstrated with some warmth.

"This is pure nonsense, Simon. I cannot sew in the dark; we are not children to play games and to like being frightened."

Her complaint died suddenly on her lips, for truly enough a fiery appearance was seen on the opposite wall, like a human hand, and it moved slowly as if it were writing. Winnie was terrified out of all reason, and even Kate was disagreeably impressed. When the appearance died away, and Simon, who had become all at once very grave, lighted the lamp, she looked at him searchingly. "You had a light of your own," she said; "you slipped something away just now."

"Examine me and prove it," said Simon. "I give my free consent."

"Do not touch him," said Winnie; "he is dangerous: he can work magic!"

Nothing daunted by these warnings, Kate

came near her cousin and looked at him steadily from head to foot. In those days, when dress was made very elaborate, the rulers of New England had established sumptuary laws, forbidding any outside the circle of the privileged classes to wear lace, embroidery, or high boots. They would have liked to root out such vanities altogether, but nature in these respects was too strong for them, and they had to content themselves with compromise. Simon was entitled by his rank and calling to dress much as he pleased; but his taste had never been in the direction of display. He wore a tightly fitting black velvet tunic, with black knots of ribbon at his knees, and no ornament of any kind except a silver chain, from which hung a curiously chased medal of the same material. It had belonged to Arbella, and was never away from the person of her son, who seemed to cherish some feeling of sentiment connected with it.

He stood now with his hands in his belt, looking at Kate mischievously, as if he challenged her inquiries, and at first she was puzzled where to search. Suddenly an idea struck her: Simon was dainty about his ruffles, he wore delicately embroidered ones at his wrists, somewhat resembling those we see on bishops in our own days. "You slipped it inside your sleeve," she said; "but I do not know what it was."

"Now, have the goodness to look," said Simon, turning up his finery with an air of injured innocence. "Where is this magical light?"

It was true that nothing could be seen, and Kate went back to her seat baffled, but not convinced. Her cousin felt quite satisfied, having gained his end, and assured himself that the trick could be played with safety; only the next time he must be careful how he put his implements away, especially if his watchers were as quick-sighted as Kate. She was not wrong in her suspicions, for inside Simon's velvet sleeve a small box was lying securely, which would have betrayed a secret had it been opened. He had only turned back his ruffles, but it had cost him an effort to keep the hidden treasure from slipping down meanwhile, and his next examiners were not likely to be so gentle with him as she had been. After this exploit the evening passed away very quietly, and Winnie asked no more questions about the fiery hand. Kate's mind was busy with other subjects, and, as soon as peace was restored, she shaped some of her thoughts into words.

"Can you tell me where these people called Quakers learned their ideas, Simon?"

"Oh, I do not know," said Simon carelessly. "Such doctrines as theirs have floated about the world many times before. People who declared that they drew their religion from some inner source, without aid of sacraments, and lived in a sort of rapt communion with God—you have heard of the Mystics, I dare say."

"But the Quakers are not Mystics?" asked Kate.

"No, not exactly. Heresies take their complexion and name from the sort of land they are born in; but there is a family likeness between many of them which shows itself every now and then. The Quakers are not Mystics according to our meaning of the word, but they agree with them in a great many of their thoughts."

"Rose Halifax called our ministers priests," said Winnie, who could not forget this insult to the divines of Massachusetts.

"But tell me, Simon," asked Kate, "who began to teach these ideas first?"

"George Fox," said Simon, "an Englishman. He is living now; he is a young man of five-and-thirty. *He* began to teach them."

"Could he not be satisfied with believing as we do?" said Kate. "I do not wonder that he should rebel against Prelacy."

"My dear Kate," said Simon, "you are like all the rest. 'To believe as we do' in your eyes is the whole duty of man; but unfortunately George Fox thinks otherwise. The religion which you find so comfortable does not suit him at all. He considers that the Puritans are not spiritually-minded; he wishes to show them that though the Bible is a very good book, its pages are mere columns of black letters, unless the Spirit which inspired them is present to reveal their meaning. He would like to do away with a privileged race of ministers who let no one preach but themselves, and then every one who felt moved by God could rise and say what he pleased. He thinks that your religion is becoming a mere form, and needs expansion, and talks a great deal about the necessity of having no will of one's own, but losing all personal desires in a complete union with God."

"Having no personal desires!" said Winnie. "This is foolish. We cannot help liking some things better than others."

"That is a doctrine the Mystics held," said Simon. "It is there that they meet and touch the Friends. As for saying 'you cannot help' doing something which is wrong,

they would not permit such an argument for a moment. You *must* help it, if you wish to be one of themselves."

"Well, I do not wish it," said Winnie. "I think such people are very tiresome."

"Where did you hear all this, Simon?" asked Kate.

"I have been to a few of their meetings," said Simon. "Do not tell your father: he is one of those unfortunate people who cannot enjoy listening to things which they do not believe. I like to hear everything. Besides, some of their speakers are very eloquent, and have such a wonderful way of describing their ideas that I always believe half, while they are talking. Not the whole. I never believed all that I heard from any preacher since I was born."

"Where do they hold their meetings?" asked Kate.

"I must not tell you," said Simon. "It is a secret. Be sure that you say nothing about them."

"I cannot understand why you care to go," said Winnie; "you dislike sermons so much usually."

Simon's face flushed crimson, but he turned the subject aside with a joke.

"I may be a convert of George Fox myself some day: he has often got into trouble in England, so perhaps he will come over here next. They have put him into prison many times, because he would go about teaching that all men are equal, and exhorting people to live in communion with the Spirit of God without the help of priests. He is an enthusiast of the first order."

"And Mary Dyar?" said Kate; "who is she?"

"She is a very dangerous woman," said Simon, springing to his feet. "I cannot tell you much about her. I only saw her once, but I never wish to meet her again."

On the following morning a chaise drawn by two horses came to the door, and the travellers prepared to take their places, while Winnie watched them rather sadly, uncheered by Kate's consoling speeches.

"We shall all come back together in ten days," she said; "so brighten up, Winnie, and ask Mary to stay with you."

"Ten days at the furthest," said Simon. "Keith and Rowley may be in Boston when we get there."

He was wrapping Kate in rugs and shawls as he spoke, for the air was cold, and in another minute they were being carried rapidly away, while Winnie gazed after them with a feeling of remoteness. Her trouble would have been greater, had she known the events which those ten days were to hold, and the sorrowful greeting with which one of the travellers would meet her on the return to Salem.

CHAPTER VII.

For some time Kate rested beside her cousin, enjoying the rapid movement of the chaise, and feeling as if her mental troubles grew less the farther they travelled from the scene of her sorrow, until it struck her that Simon was driving in a different direction from that along which they usually came.

"Never mind," he said, when she asked him a question. "I know of a quicker way than the old one. We shall reach Boston an hour sooner than you ever did in your life, and surprise Aunt Kezzy before her supper is hot."

Kate was pacified for a time, but soon her anxiety returned when the horses' feet began to splash in water, and she sat up and looked around her. They had now come some distance from the highway; and, as far as she could judge, they were in a lonely road skirting the forests, and crossed in various places by little brooks, which went rippling down to the shore.

"This is strange, Simon," she said; "have you not mistaken your way?"

"Not a bit," said Simon briskly. "I always drive along this road. Here is a house where we can pull up and rest."

In a sheltered nook, at no great distance, was a small wooden cottage, neat in appearance, with vines trained to grow over the walls. A child was playing in front, and the goat which supplied the inmates with milk was browsing at his side. Kate saw nothing here to make her doubt her cousin's truthfulness, and, getting down from the chaise, she watched him as he fastened up his horses. When this had been done, they walked in the direction of the cottage, out of which a woman came to meet them, dressed like the wife of a farm-labourer. Her husband, Kate thought, was probably one of those isolated colonists who preferred to live alone and work by himself; they rarely succeeded, but the experiment was often enough tried to make the aspect of the house and its inhabitants by no means uncommon.

Simon was very well known here. He talked kindly to the child, and shook hands with its mother in a familiar way, most unlike his usual manner with inferiors, which was apt to be reserved and proud. Kate sat down in the porch to rest and to drink some

Skirting the Forests.

milk, while he went inside with the woman. She heard their voices talking eagerly, and it was evident that he had received news which disconcerted him. The first words which his cousin could hear were these: "You should not have allowed her to go; it was madness."

"How could I prevent her doing as she pleased, Master Mainwaring," said the woman, "and she so obstinate in having her own way, as you know? but she has gone, and there's an end of it."

"Then I must go after her," said Simon.

The woman shook her head, as if she disapproved of his intention, and there was more talking, but Kate heard nothing except the words: "Does the lady know?" After which Simon made a gesture directing greater caution, and spoke for some time longer in a low, eager voice.

When he returned to Kate he was in one of his dejected moods. They got into the chaise, and he drove back to the high-road, proving that their change of route had accomplished nothing except to make the journey longer, and procure a visit to the cottage.

Kate was not, however, disposed to be angry, except with the prevarication her cousin had exercised in the matter. He was so evidently suffering, that she felt sorry for him, and was glad when his next words seemed to show a wish to take her into his confidence.

"Kate," he said, slackening the speed of the horses, "can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," said Kate, "very willingly, if it does not force me to say anything which is untrue."

"There is an answer most characteristic," said Simon. "I can use stratagem in a good cause, without staining my conscience; but

you have not cut yourself free from the chains in which your teachers bound you."

"But I will keep your secret, Simon," said Kate. "I can help you, perhaps, and I am sure you do not want me to tell falsehoods."

"No; but the safe keeping of this secret may involve words which you would consider such."

"Then I must ask you to leave me out of your confidence," said Kate sadly. "I am very sorry, because I see something is wrong, and I should like to be of use to you."

"How blind women are to their own interests!" said Simon. "You will repent of your mistake some day, I know; and remember, if calamities come, you must not say that I did not warn you. I was willing to show you a way of escape."

Kate was startled by the unusual gravity and earnestness of his voice in saying this, and would have asked more questions, but he reined up at that moment, exclaiming, "Who goes there?"

A party of foot-travellers came into the high-road from another less frequented track, and stopped as they heard this query, spoken in a sharp tone. Four were women, four were men; and as the first of these turned his face to the waggon, Kate recognised the features of the young man who had spoken to her in the village inn. She looked eagerly at the women, hoping to see Rose, and was not disappointed; for behind all the rest, came the slight bending figure which had stamped itself on her memory for life.

"These people look exhausted," said Simon carelessly. "Shall we offer two of them a lift? There is room behind."

"Rose," said Kate, leaning over the side of the carriage, "we have met each other again, you see. Will you ride with us to Boston?"

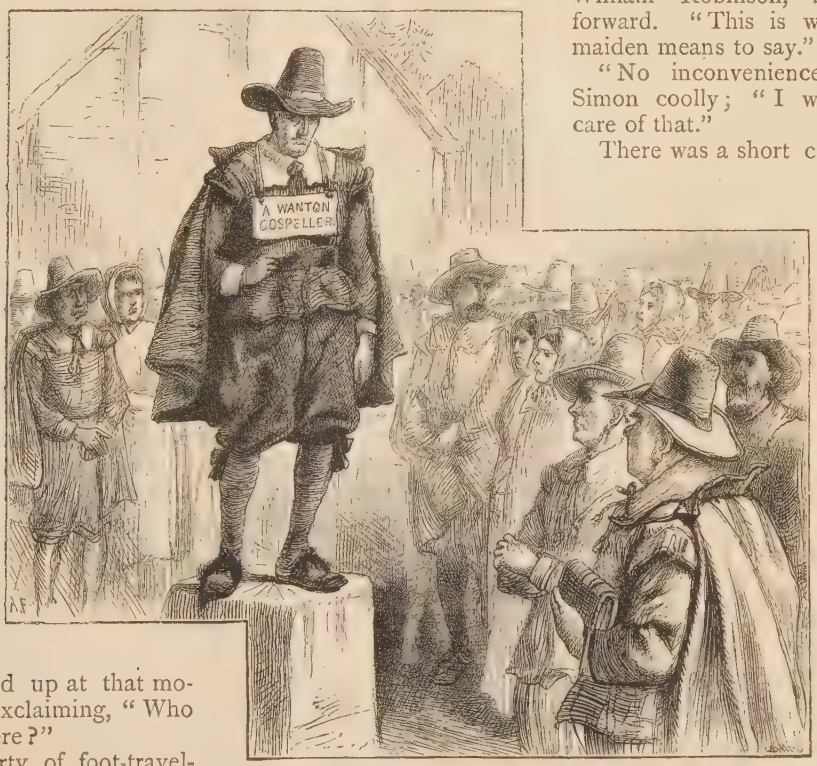
Rose looked up, and said gently, "No; it is not worth while."

"Not worth while!" said Kate, much hurt. "Oh, please come. You are tired; you cannot go the whole way on foot."

"We shall cause thee more inconvenience than is worth while," said William Robinson, stepping forward. "This is what the maiden means to say."

"No inconvenience," said Simon coolly; "I will take care of that."

There was a short conversation among the travellers, which ended in the offer being accepted. One woman rather older than the rest, who was evi-



Humphrey Everest in the Boston market-place.

dently quite worn out and unable to walk much farther, got into the carriage, while the others urged Rose to follow her. She declined, still keeping as far as possible from the waggon, until Simon leaned over the side, and stretched out his hands to her. "*Come!*" he said. Kate could not see his face, but she observed the colour rush into Rose's white cheeks, as she stood with that basket of linen still in her hand. Then he sprang on the ground, and lifted her beside Kate. Not another word was spoken as they journeyed towards Boston, for Rose seemed utterly exhausted, and a new flood of light on the history of the past was filling Kate's mind, almost bewildering her by its strangeness. On the outskirts of the town Simon checked his horses.

"Shall I drive first to your Aunt Kezia's," he said, "and take her advice what to do? I believe she will gladly receive your friends as well as yourself."

"No," said Rose, speaking instead of Kate. "We must get down near the market-place, where the fountain has just been made, at the corner of two streets."

"Let me beg you," said Simon, turning to her companion, "not to venture your lives in Boston this evening. My cousin has the means of sheltering you; she will do it gladly. Kate, speak to them; help me!"

"We cannot give thee such trouble," said the soft voice of the elder woman. "We are prepared for all that may happen to us."

"Yes, we are prepared for all," said Rose.

"But for the sake of those who love you, come with me," said Kate. "Do come, dear Rose, not for my sake alone, but for the others also, who care that you should be happy."

"I cannot," said Rose. "I have promised."

Simon said no more; he made a gesture which betrayed his irritated feelings, but yielded so far as to drive to the place which she had described. Here he stopped the carriage, and getting down himself, first helped the older woman to alight, after which he offered his hand to Rose. As he put her on the ground Kate felt sure he whispered something, but no reply was given in return and he was forced to take his seat once more in the waggon, his face settling into a look of resolute silence, whose meaning his cousin understood well. When his lips wore that expression he sometimes would not open them for hours, so she gave up the idea of asking any questions, and just then the carriage turned into the market-place, where a crowd of people had gathered together, making driving rather difficult and changing the direction of her thoughts.

"Look!" said her cousin, in his laconic way, pointing with the handle of his whip.

Kate turned her eyes to the quarter he indicated and saw a man standing on a large stone with a placard round his neck bearing this inscription, "A Wanton Gospeller." The people had come together from their desire to see him closely, and one woman was holding up her little girl, while another child clung to her dress, crying that "he wanted to see too." No trace of sympathy was shown on the faces of any of the starers, only a coarse, phlegmatic curiosity, which happily for the sufferer did not vent itself in jests or insolence.

"Who is he, Simon?" cried Kate. "How cruel of every one to press round him! Why do not the magistrates send the crowd away?"

"That would spoil their purpose," said Simon. "They put him there that people might see him, and the shame is part of his punishment. I do not know who he is. Oh, here comes Tristram Craddock; he may be able to tell us."

A young man came past the carriage who stopped when Simon called his name, and lifted his hat to Kate with a good-humoured smile.

"Welcome to Boston," he said brightly.

"My cousin thinks her welcome is more sad than friendly," said Simon. "Who is the prisoner over there?"

"Humphrey Everest."

"What, he who used to hold meetings in a boat?"

"Yes, he held them once too often, for Wilson, the minister, was moved to go and hear him preach, and came back vowing that the doctrines he taught were diabolical, so he is put up there as a warning to all curious theologians."

"Well, I do not care to look at him," said Simon. "If good Master Wilson stood in his place I might esteem it worth my while to stay and cast a stone at him, but as things are, I shall make my way homewards."

"You will be set in the pillory yourself one of these days," said Tristram. "I cannot think by what magic you have escaped so long."

"I could tell you three good reasons why I have escaped," said Simon, "and moreover why I shall always continue to escape; but this open street is scarcely a fit place in which to impart secrets."

"The noise is so great that no one would hear you," said Tristram. "How horribly those boys shout! I counted twenty as I came along, standing in the gutter throwing mud at each other, and imitating poor Everest's way of hanging his head inside his ruffle."

"I hope they will come within range of my whip," said Simon; "it is not long enough to reach the magistrates who deserve it more. Out of the way, Tristram, or I shall run over you."

He shook the reins and the horses, eager to reach home, set off at a quick trot, while his friend looked after them with an amused smile on his face. Kate asked no more questions, and in a few minutes they reached Aunt Kezzy's door, catching a glimpse as they passed the window of her head, ornamented by a stiff mob cap, bending over the fire.

"You are going to have a royal supper, Kate," said her cousin. "Come, cheer up, and begin to wonder what old Kezzy has in that pan which she is stirring so assiduously."

"You looked more grave than I a few minutes ago," said Kate.

"I was thinking," said Simon; "but there is an end to everything, even to sad thoughts. Why, poor Everest himself will soon reach the end of his troubles. It is dusk, and they will take him in when it grows too dark for any one to see him."

"Are you sure?" asked Kate wistfully.

"Perfectly sure; I think I can hear the people groaning now. That is what they always do when the spectacle ceases."

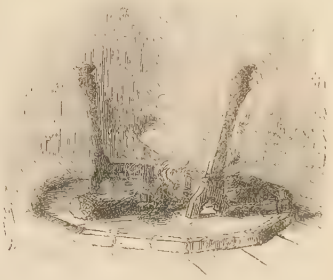
"I certainly hear a sound," said Kate, standing up in the carriage and listening, "but it is more like a shout of triumph than a groan."

"The distance deceives you," said Simon. "Here comes Aunt Kezia with a light. Now go in and warm yourself, and forget everything you have seen."

It was part of Simon's singularity that all expression of feeling was hateful to him, and whenever his heart was deeply stirred, he tried to conceal it by assuming a careless manner, but Kate knew this too well to be deceived, and his hopeful words did not comfort her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Kezia received her visitors with great warmth and hospitality, urging Simon, who was a favourite, to stay and recruit himself at her table; but he pleaded business, and hastened away. After he had gone, supper was brought in, and she set to work to load her niece's plate with dainties, though Kate



professed not to be hungry, and certainly did not eat enough to satisfy her hostess.

She was a dark-eyed, handsome woman, with a tall, active figure, which showed no signs as yet of age, and that great treasure in a nurse, a sweet, well-modulated voice. Some of the men who had been her patients used to say that Aunt Kezzy could lift them in her arms and carry them across the room as if they were children; but these stories were never told in her presence, lest Kezia, who was a severely truthful woman, should dispute their accuracy.

"Well, child, here you are," she said, as soon as she was satisfied that Kate would eat no more. "How thin and pale you look! What has happened to you?"

"Oh, nothing, Aunt Kezzy."

"*Nothing!*" repeated Kezia. "I never knew such creatures as girls for telling fibs and thinking they are not wicked. You need not tell me that it is nothing which has taken all the colour out of your cheeks, and made you look like a piece of washed muslin! However, I shall ask no more questions; it is clear you do not want to answer them."

"Is everything going on well in the town?" said Kate, desirous of changing the subject.

"Yes," said Kezia, "fairly well, as far as the world sees."

"And as far as you see, Aunt Kezzy."

"Well, I do not deny that they might be better," said Kezia; "please God to mend them; but when I say 'the world,' I mean those who do not look deeper than the surface. There is Arabella Harding, dying of lung fever. I have promised to sit up with her to-night; and that poor silly creature, Caroline Dudley, married at last to her cousin Thomas, who will never be able to put food in her mouth or the child's. She has her

first baby and I am sewing its clothes in my spare moments, else the poor thing might go without. Caroline never could learn to use her needle."

"She used to be so pretty," said Kate, "and so mischievous."

"It would have been well if she had had less beauty and more sense," said Kezia. "I can't see the use of such women, for my own part, except to teach patience to their friends."

"And will my father's work be soon over?" asked Kate.

"He will go home in three days, he tells me," said Kezzy. "Yes, his work is nearly over. I wish I could say it were well over, but I cannot think it is. These laws about the poor Quakers, as they call them, are stirring up every one to think for themselves."

"Has anything more been done?" said Kate.

Kezia looked round to make sure that the door was shut and her servant out of hearing.

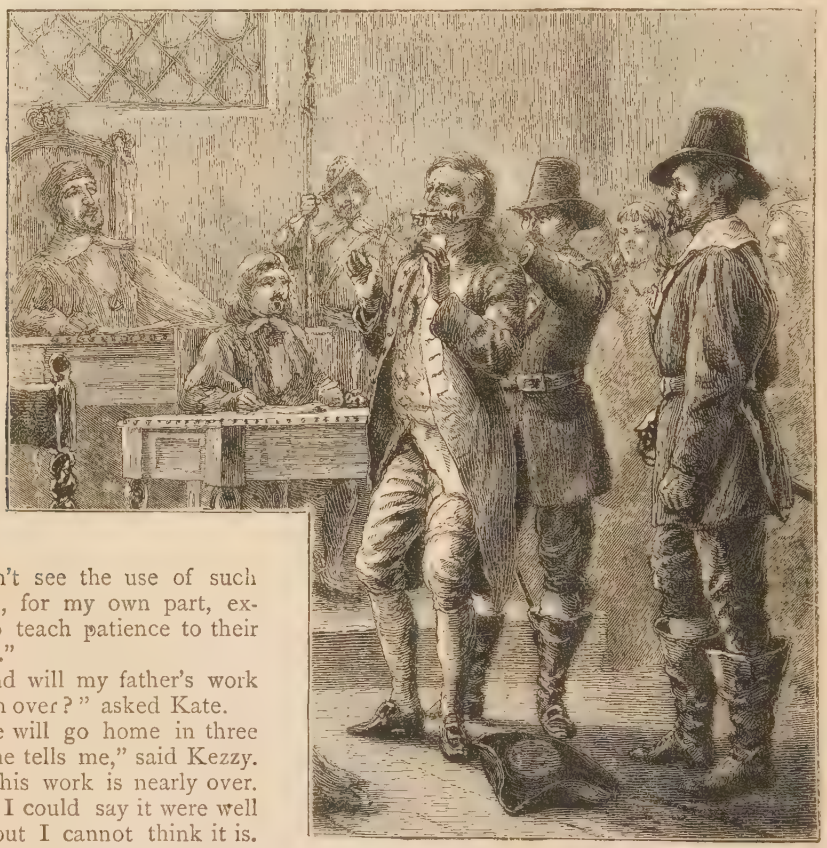
"They banished three on pain of death if they came back, William Robinson, Mary Dyar, and another man, Marmaduke Stevenson."

"Robinson?" repeated Kate.

"Yes, that is the name. They were in prison for weeks before they were banished; but I heard to-day that Mary Dyar had come back, and some one said the men were in Salem, holding meetings and preaching. Poor souls, I wish they could keep silent; and he feared they would return to Boston too. If they do there will be frightful work, for Governor Endicott shows no mercy."

"Are many in prison now?" asked Kate.

"Ten, I believe," said Kezia. "No punishments repress them. They grow and increase. Some have been burnt with hot irons; my neighbour Wentworth was gagged; some had their ears cut off: it is all of no use. They think the Lord calls upon them to confess their faith, and speak they must, if they died the next moment."



Wentworth before the Justice.

Kate was overwrought with anxiety and wearied by her long journey; this list of horrors was too much for her, and, laying her head on the carved wooden arm of Kezia's rocking-chair, she burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" said Kezzy, becoming all at once quite tender and caressing. "You never used to cry

in this way. Tell me, dear, what is the matter?"

Gradually, the story of Rose Halifax was told in faltering words, and Kezia listened with intense interest until the end.

"Child," she said as Kate finished, "what in the world are you crying for? I thought you were going to be a mocking-bird all the days of your life, flaunting about and imitating other creatures' notes while you could invent none of your own, but I see that I was mistaken. You have found your place and your work in God's universe, and you sit there crying, as if it were a misfortune."

"What place and what work?" asked Kate. "I only did what any one could have done, Aunt Kezzy."

"There you are again," said Kezia, "blinding your eyes to the truth. If you had been in Boston, do you think I do not know what Winnie and Hester between them would have made of that business, when they saw the Quaker girl in the hall? Not a word of comfort would the poor thing have got; she would have been driven away from the door."

"But I did her no good," said Kate.

"How do you know?" asked Kezia. "You may have done more than you have any idea of. Kind words and kind acts never come back empty to the people who set them going. And now if I were you, instead of crying and sobbing, I would thank God that he had given me something to do for Him at last, and try to do more."

"Do you think it is not a sin to disobey the laws?" asked Kate, whose mental conflict did not leave her long in peace. "These people are called the enemies of God."

"I am not one of the law-makers," said Kezia, "and I try to leave their regulations alone and do not trouble my head about the rights or the wrongs of such matters. It may be right to suppress false doctrine as severely as they do, I will not say to the contrary; but this I know, that when a poor dying creature comes to my door, she comes with a claim on my heart. 'I was sick and in prison and ye visited me not.' Who were the souls in prison then?—some of them for conscience' sake perhaps, and some for doing wrong."

"For doing wrong?" said Kate. "I thought Christ meant only the good ones who were imprisoned unjustly when He said that."

"How do you know He meant only the good ones?" said Kezia. "If He had said so, He would have left out many who now praise Him before the throne. That is a piece of false doctrine, Kate. I wish people would set to work to suppress it, while they are about the business and giving themselves so much trouble!"

"Of course I know He loves wicked people with a love of compassion," said Kate. "I have heard Master Prynne preach about it many times; but then all the while, He wants them to be punished."

"I do not understand this talk about the different kinds of love," said Kezia, "at least not as they describe it. All the sermons I hear in Boston speak of the love of God for sinners as if it were unlike any other love I ever heard of. When He said He loved the world, which is made up of sinners, I suppose He meant love in its natural sense."

"He loves their souls," said Kate; "at least, Master Prynne says so."

"Yes, and their bodies too," said Kezia, "else why count our hairs and notice the fall of a sparrow? Do you think He did not care that this poor Rose Halifax was wandering about in the woods, with a dreadful cough on her chest? He knew she was not fit to do it, and if she had been the worst sinner that ever lived, He would still have cared. When we speak of the love of God, let us remember that we mean a love just exactly of the same kind as our own, only deeper, and when we feel our hearts go out in compassion to people, not because they are guilty souls only, but because they are hungry and cold and tired, then we know that His heart goes out to them for just the same reason, and our business is not to preach to them, but to give them a warm meal and to comfort them as well as ever we can."

Kate was silent, and in a moment Aunt Kezzy went on—

"When Ralph Vanecourt was dying last spring of a waste, poor fellow, until he was so thin I scarcely dared to touch him, he used to say over and over again, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' I heard him whisper it in the night, as if the words held more meaning for him than any others; he was only seventeen, and his mother's love had been the best he ever knew."

"If I thought that God loved me exactly in the same way as my mother," said Kate, "how different things would be! I fancied His love was of quite another kind."

"And what kind could it be?" asked Kezia. "There is no other kind. The love of a mother for her child, a husband for

his wife, a brother for his brother: He took all the relationships in turn, and said over and over again that His love was the same as these. Why, He went lower still to find a comparison, and said His wish to save Jerusalem, the city which crucified Him, was like a hen wanting to cover her chickens under her wings. We should not have dared to say His love was like that if He had not given us an example in His own words."

Kate made no reply.

"My dear, dear child," said Kezia, stroking her cheek, "do you suppose He does not know that you are frightened and tired at this moment, and worried by all these systems of theology with set phrases to explain what can never be put into words? He knows that life is getting difficult for you. I am sure He knows it. I am tired of seeing people try to bear trouble alone. They cannot do it. That is the reason there are so many broken-hearts in the world, men and women crawling about, doing their work like wounded creatures with a pain that gnaws them and never leaves them in peace. No wonder they grow bitter and do cruel things to other miserable souls because they are so wretched themselves. Christ said He could heal the broken-hearted, and what is more, He does do it when they give Him the chance, and they go away comforted and feel they must try to help others, as He has helped them. How do you suppose He comforts their sorrows? Do you think when they come to Him crying He cares only for their future lives beyond the grave, and not for this present life here? He would heal no one if He were like that. He cares for everything they care for, and where things can be set right He helps them to do it."

Kate's tears had long since ceased, but she was leaning back in her chair, looking very white and weary, and her hand was clasped round Aunt Kezzy's as if she did not wish to let it go.

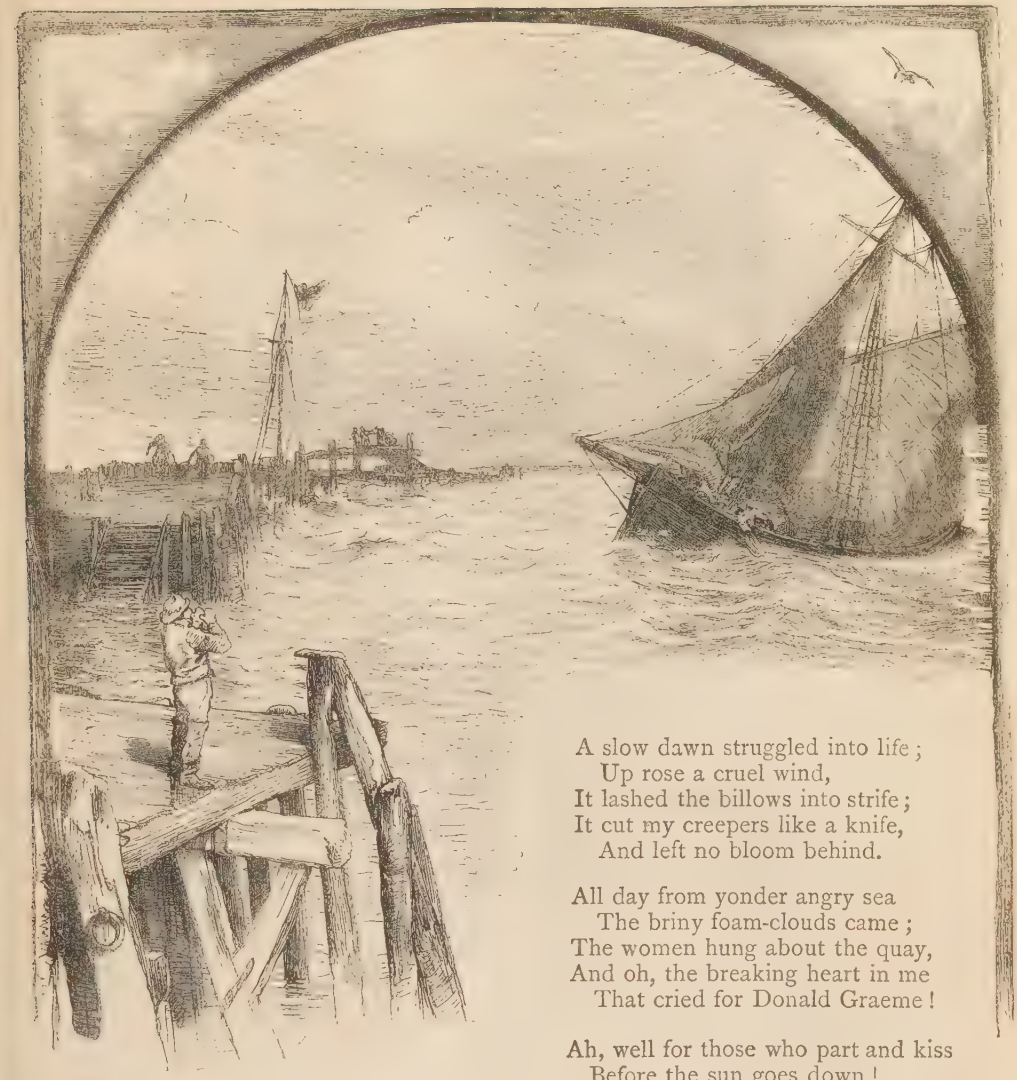
"There, you are worn out," said Kezia, "and no wonder. You must have a good night's rest while I am with Arabella. Your father is coming to see you early to-morrow morning; he is busy to-night and thought you would scarcely wish to see any one till you were rested."

Kate was glad to go and lie down, and soon fell into a dreamless sleep which lasted till four o'clock. The following morning, when she started up trying to recollect where she was, the birds were beginning to chirp under the eaves; but Kezia had not yet returned, and the servant who waited on them was still asleep. It would have been natural to lie still and keep quiet; but Kate was accustomed to early rising, and this morning a strange restlessness seemed to have taken hold of her, making her wish to go into the open air. She rose and dressed, and whispering to the servant whom she found just on the point of waking, "I am going for a walk, Janet, do not be frightened if you miss me," passed through the front door into the garden.

Kezia's little house stood on the extreme edge of the peninsula which had been chosen as a suitable site for Boston, and at some distance from the principal buildings of the settlement. It faced the shore, and for a moment the blue waves of the ocean, which Kate could see gleaming through the branches of the trees, tempted her to go in that direction, but only for a moment. She was drawn by an impulse which seemed irresistible to walk on the mainland and approach the edge of the primeval forest. It was perfectly safe to do this, for in New England every woman walked alone without fear, unmolested and unveiled, so she yielded to her desire and hastened away.

The trees were beginning to wear their autumn foliage; brilliant leaves of crimson and gold made a gorgeous canopy over her head, and tender moss covered the ground as softly as a velvet carpet. It was very tempting to go farther and farther, and she quite forgot the idea of breakfast as she dipped her hands in various friendly streams and gathered ferns sparkling with dew to decorate Aunt Kezzy's prim Puritan sitting-room.

All at once the sound of a voice speaking earnestly reached her ear, and, going a few steps in the direction whence it came, she found herself in an open place, where the trees were less thickly planted, and saw before her a small group of persons, listening to one of their number, a woman, who was speaking aloud. It was her voice which Kate had heard, and in a few moments she lost all desire to go away, but, standing behind the shelter of a large bush, listened with intense interest to every word which was uttered.



DONALD GRAEME.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

WE quarrelled, Donald Graeme and I,
Yet how, I scarcely know;
A bitter word, a swift reply,
And then, a silence, and a sigh
Before he turned to go.

I lingered in the autumn lane,
Until the vesper light
That glittered on the cottage pane
Burnt low; and over sea and plain,
Crept the chill breath of night.

A slow dawn struggled into life;
Up rose a cruel wind,
It lashed the billows into strife;
It cut my creepers like a knife,
And left no bloom behind.

All day from yonder angry sea
The briny foam-clouds came;
The women hung about the quay,
And oh, the breaking heart in me
That cried for Donald Graeme!

Ah, well for those who part and kiss
Before the sun goes down!
Death leaves them a remembered bliss;
But what remains to those that miss
Love's own immortal crown?

At last the gale was stilled and spent;
When vesper lights were dim
The boat came in with sails all rent;
There are no words for that content
Wherewith I welcomed him!

Lasses, the years that come and go
Quench not one holy flame;
And while her locks are white as snow,
The old wife's heart is still aglow
With love of Donald Graeme.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

By MARY E. NICHOLSON.

DRENCHED leaves, storm-battered,
Grey, sullen sky,
Torn buds, far scattered,—
Thunder anigh.

O Earth, chill-breathing!
Is Spring-time fled?
Is every mist wreathing
Crowns for the dead?

* * * *

Flashed there a sunbeam
Straight in my face,—
Oh, how that light-stream
Filled was with grace!

Birds woke, wild singing
Lobgesangs there;
Burst new buds, bringing
Honey-lipped air.

"Death is itself dead!"
Laughed the glad Earth:
Grey clouds brake and fled,—
'Twas Summer's birth!

"'Twas Summer's birth!"

GOLDIE.

A Story of White Horse Court.

By A. S. MACDUFF.

(*Conclusion.*)

AND so the days and weeks passed on. Hot, breathless summer days, when the heavens seemed as brass and the earth as iron—hot, breathless summer days, when the sun, that brings life and health to pure sweet country scenes, seemed only to draw poisonous vapours from the courts and alleys of the great city—hot, breathless summer days, when no cooling sight or sound of rustling trees or falling water fell upon the ear, but only the din and turmoil of the weary human world around. And through them all Goldie still lay by her small casement on the ground floor, every stray gleam of sunshine nestling in her hair, the only bright spot on which the eye could rest. Every neighbour, man, woman, and child, were in the habit of looking towards the window and the face that belonged to it for the smile and the cheery word that was sure to be ready as a greeting, morning or evening, fair or dull.

Yes, Goldie claimed acquaintance with the whole court, but she had her special friendships too. There was "Old Rabbits" (so called from the nature of his avocations), and Teddy, the donkey, who must be brought to a standstill on each of his outward and homeward journeys to receive a pat or a rub of his soft nose from the hand he came to know so well. And there was Josh Higgins, the cobbler, who sat all day at the opposite window, and who, by midsummer, knew almost as much of hospital life, of Christmas trees, and Christmas stars, and Christmas stories, as our friend herself. And there was another still, whose name Goldie never knew, but whom in her heart she called "the lonesim woman"—one around whose life hung some dark cloud of separation Goldie could not understand—who dwelt among her fellows, yet apart—who passed long dreary years with no greeting word or kindly touch till they came to her through the lips and hands of this child.

But as these burning summer days went by, in spite of her cheery smile, in spite of her merry greetings, in spite of the ringing laugh that old Josh could hear across the court as he bent over his work, it became evident that the little maiden was failing. "The 'eat," as Billy expressed it, "was takin' it h'out of 'er," and the only thing to be done, once more, was to carry the brown bundle to the hospital and leave it there.

The doctor of the ward, a man kind as he was skilful, remembered his patient well, and greeted her quite as an old acquaintance, but after he had interrogated her and had heard all she had to tell, he shook his head and said—hers wasn't a case for the hospital now, there was only one thing Goldie wanted, which would do more for her than all his physic. That was fresh air.

"And that's just wot she can't have," returned the mother in a tone of almost wild despair. "W'y we gets no h'air in our court at all, not to speak of fresh!"

"And have you no friends in the country?" asked the doctor.

"I come from the country myself," said the woman, a quick flush burning on her sallow cheek. "But that wor years agone, in our better days, and like enough they're all dead and gone; and if they ain't, they'd be above takin' the likes of 'er."

During all these revelations Billy had stood open-mouthed, his face becoming more and more expressive of dismay, till suddenly a gleam came into his dark eyes and he stooped over Goldie with a low whisper—

"Worn't that 'op-pickin' old Josh allays tellin' yer about somewhere down in the country?"

But, whispered as it was, the doctor caught it up, before Goldie could answer, with an eager response.

"Hop-picking! the very thing, my lad. And I tell you more. It was only last week a lady in the West-end sent me five pounds as a thank-offering for the cure of her butler's child, and Goldie shall have a whole sovereign of it."

"No need of any such expressions of gratitude," he continued to the mother, whose desponding features in a moment changed into sunshine. "And I say, my good lad, for I like your looks, you do as much picking as you can, and let this young woman see if she can't find some roses for her cheeks."

"Take care of yourself, my child," he added, turning to Goldie. "You always keep up a good heart, but you haven't got a strong one, all the same. But air and sun-

shine is the prescription for you, and a good one too, isn't it?"

If ever blue eyes made grateful answer, Goldie's did as she held the yellow coin—the first of the sort she had ever seen—in her pale fingers. She could say nothing; but as the doctor was feeling the pulse of the other hand, she took the irresistible opportunity of pressing his to her lips. Then in her own beaming way, nodding farewell, she passed out once more from the hospital walls on her homeward journey. Whenever Billy looked down on them amid the din and turmoil of the streets the same pair of blue eyes were always sparkling up to him—"It *is* a good perscription, isn't it?"

And when they met his, and gave an extra twinkle, he knew well enough that that meant—"And you thought of it too, you clever old Billy!"

* * * * *

And so it was all settled, and before a week was over the whole family were to find their way from the close court and the great city to the sweet woods of Kent. "Friday, Saturday, Sunday"—Goldie could say to herself—"*and then!*"

Even those waiting days slipped past in a wonderful manner, as all days do that are full of pleasant business. Had not mother's faded bonnet-ribbon to be turned, and the big holes in Billy's jacket to be mended, and Goldie's own red hospital cape to be got out and hung from the window "to take out the folds," and for the admiration of all beholders? And had not every one to hear the wonderful tidings, and to bring forth from their stores of memory everything connected with the mysterious and unknown delights of "'opping?"

Billy was commissioned, and he felt the deed made him a man of great importance, to get the sovereign changed. He got nineteen shillings and sixpence, and twelve half-pence. No bank manager was prouder than he of this rare capital, and then when he got home he received Goldie's sanction to spend a whole shilling in some comforts for the journey, including the essentials, or rather the luxuries, of tea and sugar, and a few round biscuits.

At length the wished-for day arrived; and all four, father, mother, Billy, and Goldie, were outside the door ready for their early start. "All four," but that was the least of it. Not only the whole family, but the whole court seemed to have turned out for the occasion; and if Goldie had been going a week's instead of an hour's journey, she could hardly have had a larger store of various additional provisions offered for her acceptance and sustenance.

Teddy and his cart too are on the scene, for our little maiden is to ride in state to the station, with Rabbits as charioteer.

"Hurrah!" she shouts in uproarious glee, as the old man lifts her tenderly up to her queenly perch of skins; "won't I tell yer h'all about it w'en I come back? I guess it 'll be better nor the 'orspital yet."

"Don't you forget us," and "Be sure yer comes back to us with roses in yer cheeks," said this one and that.

"Forget yer! I should think not," returned the child, with her merriest laugh, adding with some sudden touch of seriousness, and nodding her bright head in farewell from one to another as Teddy moved off—"I *will* come back, never fear."

Yes, child, you are to come back, your promise is to be fulfilled; although we all know just at this moment you have your own misgivings, despite of your brave words.

"Hurrah," she shouts once more as the little procession passes out into the noisy thoroughfare. "Hurrah!" echoes old Josh with a quaver in his voice.

* * * * *

It is now just a week since that wonderful Monday, with its wonderful journey, first above the narrow streets of the great city; then by suburban villas with sloping lawns and gay flower-plots; onwards, and still onwards, past villages and spires, through the gentle undulations of Kentish beauty;—just a week since Goldie had had her first sight of real green meadows and real blue skies. Only a week! and yet it seems to her like a second lifetime, so full of new sights and sounds is each fresh morning, so full of glad memories each evening that falls!

From the very dawn her joys begin, for does not Billy make himself her willing steed, and carry her on his broad shoulders when he fetches the early supply of water for mother from the village well? There they go, day after day, through the sweet country lanes, with the dewdrops sparkling on the grass and twinkling on the leaves, and the birds piping their parting song in the thickets. There they go across the common, with bits of the autumn gorse lingering in flower and the brambles twining and wandering about in all stages, crimson and bronze—on to the village-green, with the church-tower on one side and the well, with its quaint pointed roof, on the other. Goldie has quite a friendly feeling towards the red-tiled erection,—the very squeaking

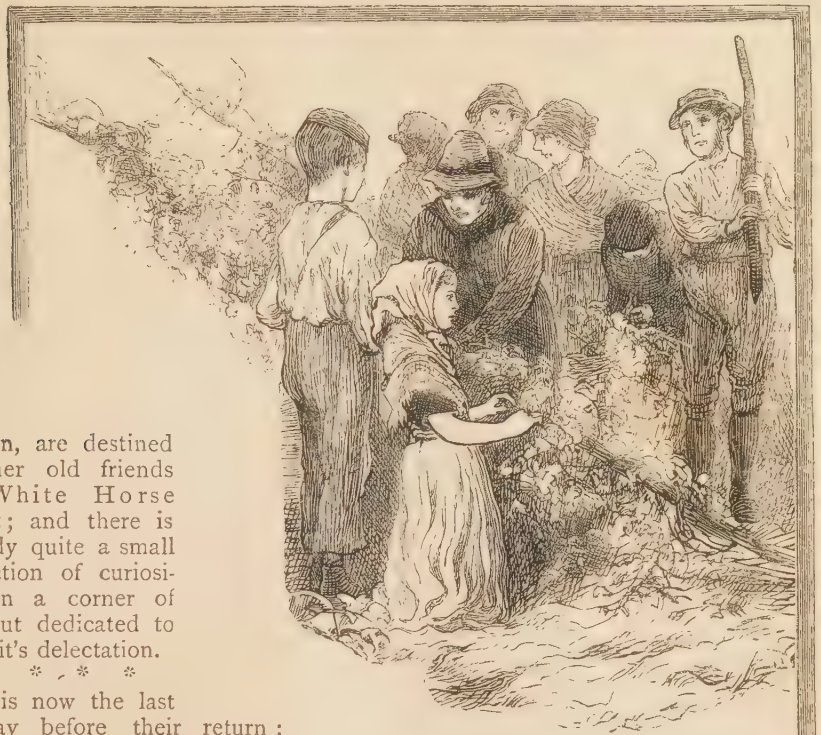
and rasping of the rope has music to her ears, so bound up is it with all sweet sounds and scents of those glad days. As she sits on the worn stone step she has right opposite to her, in full view, a cottage with roses and ivy twining round the porch. That cottage has somehow or other a strange fascination for her. The only explanation of her partiality is, "It's so nat'ral likes;" and she and Billy have a wonderful romance and day-dream of inhabiting it "some day when we makes our fortuns."

So regularly do the brother and sister come with their bucket to the well and linger on its stone step, that, at last, the village group which gathers round for the same object as themselves, tarry purposely to have a chat or a joke with the strange dark lad and the scarlet-cloaked bundle on his back.

What merry mornings those were, when Billy would come whistling back with his brimming pail, and Goldie; her cheeks glowing, and her hat a very garden of hips and haws, corn-flowers and poppies!

And then there were the hop-fields, where, while father and mother and Billy toiled in the sunshine, Goldie had nothing to do but lie all day (as she had done as a baby on the old brown shawl) beneath the green arcades, and gather in unconsciously, with those blue eyes of hers, the healthful sweetness of the scene. The fleckering lights through the hop-leaves, the touches of colour and snatches of song amongst the busy workers, the wicker baskets piled high with fruit, and over all the *blue, blue* dome of the sky, were ever new delight and wonder to the city child.

And then the Sundays, when there is no work to be done and Billy is free to carry her wherever she wishes—to the common, where she can lie among the gorse and heather, or beneath the shadow of the great ferns—to the churchyard with its flowery graves, where she can hear the hymns the children sing in the schoolroom hard by—or to the wood, with its lichen-covered trunks and overarching boughs. How she loves to sit beneath them!—to look up and catch the flutter of their million leaves—to smooth the cushion of cool fresh moss on which she lies with her unaccustomed hands—to pluck its dark green stars and wonder at its dainty seeds!—to send Billy here and there in search of treasure: acorns that fall "pit-pat" from the branches, or coral-red fungi, fit cups for the queen of the fairies. Many of these woodland wonders, over which she gloats in miserly



fashion, are destined for her old friends of White Horse Court; and there is already quite a small collection of curiosities in a corner of the hut dedicated to Rabbit's delectation.

* * * *

It is now the last Sunday before their return; and as fast-fleeting joys become ever more precious, they are to-day visiting in turn each well-known haunt. First, the well and the common; then the churchyard; then the hop-field, which had left nothing attractive save the straggling brambles beside the fence, and which hid from view the smallest apology for a brook; and last in order of all, what is always dearest of all to all pilgrims from town, the wood. They had lingered so long listening to the children singing, that it is the afternoon before they find their way to the moss-grown oak against which Goldie loved so often to lean her fair head. The sun is just setting, and his rosy light comes glowing through the branches, flushing the old stems with crimson, bringing tender gleams and shadows on the pathway.

What a Sabbath quiet there is about the country on the Day of Rest, and perhaps especially at sundown! Goldie feels the silence and the beauty sink deep into her heart and speak something gentle and holy, for which she herself could have found no utterance. Billy, returning from a third ramble in search of spoil, finds his little sister not only lost in a peaceful brown study, but with her brows knitted in a sort of dreamy puzzle.

"Wot h'ever are yer wrinklin' up yer 'ead that ways for?" he said at length, disappointed that a handful of acorns and blackberries called forth but slight commendation. "Arn't yer got a word to say to a feller?"

"It's them words wot they've sung so often w'en we've been a-listenin' outside the church. I can't get 'em, all I can try; leastways, not the bits I wants—

'W'en mothers of Silem their children brought to Jesus
Their stern discipuls drove 'em back and bade 'em depart.'

Now wot ever came arter that 's been and gone right out of me 'ead, and it wor the werry best bit—somethin' like my 'orspital picter it wor."

"I dunno, I'm sure," responded Billy, taking off his cap and rubbing his curly head. "I don't expect I paid no 'eed to the words, though the toon was werry pritty."

"I wish yer 'ad then," returned Goldie, "for it's bin a-worritin' of me h'all arternoon."

Billy retired discomfited to fresh explora-

tions; and Goldie, meditatively taking an acorn in and out of its cup, sat murmuring to herself the lines she had just quoted, when all at once the church bells were heard from the village ringing out their call to prayer, and at the same moment Billy heard his sister calling with all the strength of her lungs, "I've got 'em! I've got 'em!"

"Got wot?" cried Billy, making a rapid descent of a great oak trunk, expecting from her call to find some new botanical or natural history specimen.

"W'y, them lines to be sure. They came back as soon as h'ever that h'old bell began a-ringin'. 'Ere they are—

"W'en mothers of Silem their children brought to Jesus
The stern discipuls drove 'em back and bade 'em depart,
But Jesus saw 'em ere they fled, and sweetly smiled and kindly said,
'Suffir little children to come unto Me.'

"That's them. But w'y h'ever they didn't come w'en I wanted 'em so bad *I dunno.*" A wonderment in which many persons besides Goldie have often shared to their own discomfiture.

"Now you set down," she continued, "and we'll learn 'em both on us, in case they gives me the slip again. 'Ere's a fine cushion of moss for yer; a reg'lar bed, ain't it?"

"I wish we could take it up to the W'ite 'Orse," expressed in reply the impossible height of Billy's ambition.

And so (though I am afraid Billy had not a very musical ear) the brother and sister sang on, in the quiet wood, till the light had faded from the tree-trunks and the birds had gone to sleep; yes, and even till a little star peeped and twinkled through the leaves. Then Billy's cushion becoming, as he expressed it, "as wet as mother's clothes on washin'-day," and Goldie announcing herself as "feelin' a bit creepy," they took their homeward road, hats, pockets, skirts, and hands filled with woodland beauties; and, though they didn't know it, a greater treasure still, for heart and memory was borne away with them from these weeks of summer sojourn. There was the chime of a bell which Sundays and weekdays, sometimes muffled and sometimes clear, rang its glad music all their life long. Our readers will surmise what that music was, and the words which accompanied it.

So ended the last day of Goldie's "good perscription," and, without recording the particulars of the return journey, the next afternoon found her in her old home and amongst her old friends. These all with one accord agreed, first, that since her departure the court had suffered from the loss of its best bit of sunshine, and "'adn't been like itself no 'ow;" and, secondly, that "sure enough she 'ad come back 'all a-blowin' and a-growin',' with her cheeks like cherries."

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We cannot follow our little maiden through the subsequent stages of her life-story. The "cherry cheeks" did not at first sustain their ruddy promise. It would have been strange if a constitution so shattered had rallied without let or hindrance. For months, indeed for years, it was an uphill struggle with Goldie. But even in her struggle she was true to her own old self. She could not be idle, far less could she be selfish. And when womanhood had taken the place of the early years we have been describing, and her health and strength had been completely restored, it only gave her the opportunity, in her lowly way, of being more useful and kind and loving to all in the court. By the proceeds of her active needle she was able to add many a comfort, formerly unknown, to the declining years of her parents. She could never have satisfied a school board examiner, and would have scandalised many a Sunday-school superintendent. Nevertheless, by hook or by crook, she had managed to improve on her meagre education, and, as we can imagine, was willing as ever, and more able bodily than ever, to diffuse her small light. She is as popular with the children of a younger generation as she was with those of her own day. No one can invent so many new games—no one has such a reputation as a story-teller—no one else has such treasures. If she tells at times of gossamer wings and pink roses, it is only to beware of them, as they have not one pleasant memory to her. She is always most at home, in fact her sunniest days are lived over again, when she comes to speak of acorns and hops, gorse and bramble-berries. And on Sundays, when they gather round her, in summer by the window or in winter evenings by the fire, it is difficult to say who enjoys it most, Goldie herself, her young companions, or the old father who sits in his arm-chair with his pipe in his mouth, keeping time to the singing, or, under pretence of sleep, listening to his daughter's voice as she tells the little ones in her own way the "old, old story." We need hardly say that the chime of the old country bell is not forgotten on these Sunday evenings—neither its music nor its words.

Amongst the older folks Goldie was every bit as great a favourite as with their juniors; in fact, the whole court would have heartily

echoed the verdict of one of its members, that "she was a reg'lar stunnin' good 'un; and w'ether it wor one of them chits as wanted a weddin' dress made, or w'ether it were a worritin' child to be nussed, or one of them h'everlastin' babies for h'ever cuttin' of their teeth till it takes away yer h'appetite to 'ear of 'em—she's yer man!"

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Let us take a very considerable leap over time and space and find ourselves once more on a Sunday evening beside Goldie's favourite well in the Kentish village. The cottage with the red-tiled roof is still there, and continues, as thirty years ago, to look "so nat'ral likes." Still the roses look in at its windows, while a hop covers the porch with its delicate leaves and graceful fruit. Beneath its shadow sits a bright-faced woman surrounded by a group of three happy little ones. The sunbeams peep through the hop-leaves, dance on her white cap, and seek out the threads of mingled gold and silver in the hair beneath; for it is on Goldie we are looking; and the only result of her early years of suffering was to dash her hair prematurely with the marks of age.

"There's the 'alf hour a-striking," says the elder girl, who sits at her feet, looking up with a smile in blue eyes that seem familiar to us—"there's the 'alf hour a-strikin', so now let's 'ave yer own chime."

And while the hop-leaves whispered gently above, and the church bells rang their old glad music, the piping voices carol out:—

"When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus
The stern disciples drove them back and bade them depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled, and sweetly smiled and kindly said,
'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'"

"Hallo! There you are, Uncle Bill," said the second girl, rushing with fleet foot to the wicket gate. "If we have not been a-watchin' and a-wearyin' for you!"

This was addressed to a man of middle age, with a beaming, sagacious look and a basket slung over his arm.

We don't require to reveal and explain his personality. It was none other than Billy, who along with Goldie's husband had for years been installed, the one as gardener, the other as coachman, at the squire's. Uncle Bill, who lived in solitary blessedness, delighted on the long summer evening, when his work was done, to come and have a romp with the children; the romp most frequently resolved itself into a stroll in the wood to bask under the old tree and gather flowers and mossy contributions around. It was thither in the merriest of moods they were now wending their steps.

"Come along, Teddy," were the words addressed to a tiny brown terrier of most active and irrepressible habits.

Our readers have guessed how he came to inherit that name.

* * * * *

And now, ere we part, a word on old White Horse Court.

It never seemed the same place since Goldie left it. But in one sense—in the best sense—she had never left it.

Years had gone by since Teddy the donkey (long-lived according to the traditions of his race) went off in state, with coloured paper streamers attached to various parts of his person, his usually deliberate pace accelerated by such a shower of dilapidated boots and shoes as should certainly insure his good luck to the end of his days.

But though Goldie herself was absent, her true presence was left behind her. Her home, indeed, was no longer in the old dark place, but far away amongst the sunshine and the flowers; the cheery voice that sounded like gladdest music to many was no longer heard . . . And yet! . . . . And yet! . . . .

When the rain beats against its windows, and the mud pours down its channels, there is an angel in that slum of London that never fears to soil its wings. An angel that, flitting through it, carries gleams of light to the sinful and careworn; an angel that sings to the lost and fallen the gospel of a Divine and human love; at the flutter of whose white raiment the evil word and scurrilous jest are silenced. An angel ever pointing upwards till one and another weary soul there leaves for a better home.

What angel, say you, is that?

An angel, let us add, whose pure wings were not only known in White Horse Court, but which were as familiar amid the joys and sorrows of a rural Kentish village—visiting the sick bed, comforting the mourning, helping the helpless, and best of all, in her own home diffusing brightness:—

It is the Angel of Goldie's Life.

Yes, the Angel of Life. That angel, good or evil, that we all must leave behind us, wheresoever we may dwell; throwing sunshine or shadow, scattering weeds or flowers, ever abiding for blessing or for cursing, in the world where the lowliest as well as the highest have their part and destiny to fulfil.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. R. H. SMITH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "There's a Friend for little children." Lesson: Matt. v. 1—12. Concluding Hymn: "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear."

"AND Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him." Many who read the chapter where this verse is found, seem to see nothing but this verse in the chapter. The eye is caught as by a trail of light on a dark sea, which shines brighter and brighter till it is lost in the sun. In the chapter is a record of the ages before the flood. One antediluvian after another passes before you. One generation passes away and another comes. Nothing is told you of any of them, but their birth, their age, and their death; and while you are becoming sad with the gloominess, and somewhat weary with the monotony of the record, Enoch appears on the scene, walking with God. Ere you have had time to notice him, he is translated, for God hath taken him.

We will leave the manner in which Enoch went away, for nothing further can be said about it, than that God took him. But let us think for a while this evening about the manner of his life. The way in which he went through this world, "And Enoch walked with God."

It has always been common to speak of life as a journey. The figure occurs in all languages. It is found in the proverbs and songs of all nations. Men have talked of life all the world over, as a journey; and well they may, for there is the constant progress, the well-known stages, the as well-known weariness, and the certain close.

But this journey was a walk. We do not walk now. We seem to have lost the power of walking. We may walk for an hour, but we do not go on walking, hour after hour. Here and there you may find a person going on a walking-tour, and you may have heard of a person taking a long journey on foot. But such cases are rare, and belong to the past and not the present.

And then this journey was a walk with God. There is all the difference between going to a person and asking him to come and walk with you, and going to persons to walk with them, being ready to go with them whither they will. It is one thing to wish for God to be with us, and quite another for us to be willing to be with God. We have our own wishes and purposes, our own will and our own way, and we may be willing, nay even be anxious to have God with us, for then we think we shall be safe and happy; but this was not Enoch's life. Enoch walked with God. It was the same kind of life that was lived by our Lord. "I came not to do my own will, but the will of him who sent me." This is the perfect life. This is the charm that turns the life that is common to us all, into a pathway of gold. Our Lord tells us there are two ways, and but two, of going through this world. The one is broad, with a wide gate; the other is narrow, with a strait gate. But the one leads to destruction, and the other to life. And Christ came from heaven to earth, making a way from earth to heaven, and He lived the life that is common to us all, to show us that it is possible for men to live walking with God.

And this path of life is the king's high-road. It is made for all, without respect of persons. Here the rich and the poor meet together. Here are to be found the little child, and the old man who is full of days. Here are those of every nation under heaven; and as it is, so it has been, from the time of Enoch and before his time, and from his time till to-day, there have ever been a great multitude who have gone through this world, by the king's highway, walking with God. For to this end men were born, and for this purpose they came into the world, and for this end Christ came, became man, lived and died for us, and is living in and with us, that human life might be a walk with God.

But this journey, like all journeys, must have a commencement. And as this journey is a walk, and a walk with God, how can we walk with God except we be agreed? If, as indeed we well know, our ways are not God's ways, then our ways must be given up for His ways. If you see a person walking with another, about whom he has hitherto been careless or at enmity, you conclude there has been some change of mind. If you find that he is going in an entirely opposite direction to his custom, you conclude that the person he is walking with is leading him in that direction. And this is the way in which we are led to walk with God. We have come to walk with God because Christ has come to us, and we have been led by him to

do so. But for Christ, we should not have known, and should not have cared, that our life was intended to be a walk with God.

If two are to walk together, not only must there be an agreement at the beginning of the journey, but one must lead and the other must follow, if there be any lasting pleasure. One will must decide and govern. One will must be done. In life there is no room for self-will. Only God knows the best way in which we ought to go. Only by accepting His will as our will shall we find any peace. Therefore our Lord has taught us always to say, "Our Father who art in heaven, Thy will be done." This is the secret of the happiness of walking with God. We know He is leading us, and guiding us, and that we are not going through life, or wishing to live, without God.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God has prepared for those who love Him. But God has revealed these things by His Spirit. You have read and heard of what some have seen and felt, and I dare say you have thought these were only "travellers' tales." But the half has not been told you, and if you want to know if these things be true, then you must try for yourself, for the only way to find out is to go through this world, walking with God.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus is our Shepherd." Lesson: Matt. vi. 1—8. Concluding Hymn: "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear."

We are told by Luke in his Gospel that, "It came to pass, that as Jesus was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples." We are not told either the name of the place where our Lord was praying, nor the name of the disciple who wished our Lord to teach him to pray. Enough, however, is said to suggest both the person and the place.

Jesus is at prayer, and we are allowed to listen; and the silence of the evangelist is a necessity. Had Luke said more, we should have heard less of the voice of the Saviour. As it is, what Luke does say sounds as if it were a whisper. As we read the few words, we seem at once to feel the sacredness of the time, and the reverence and awe it awakened. We are led to feel as if our Lord's very voice could be heard, as He was praying.

The place where Jesus is praying, is evidently the place where He was accustomed to pray. For Luke tells us that he had arranged in his Gospel all the events he recorded of the life of Christ, in order, and we find that this circumstance happened just after our Lord's visit to Bethany. The Garden of Gethsemane lay at the foot of the Mount of Olives, on the road into Jerusalem, and we are told by John that Jesus ofttimes resorted thither with His disciples. We have in this incident possibly one of the signs of the poverty of Jesus. There would be no private room, no place for prayer in the houses of the poor, and so we read of Jesus going up into the mountain to pray when He was at Capernaum, and of His frequenting the Garden of Gethsemane when He was lodging at Jerusalem.

The disciple who is here mentioned as listening to our Lord, and then asking to be taught to pray, and whose name is not given, may have been the disciple John, for he is often referred to anonymously, and we know him to have been one of John the Baptist's disciples, and here the person speaks as if he had been one of them. Such a request as to be taught to pray, in the same manner as Jesus was praying, was very likely to have been made by "the beloved disciple." We can conceive that the matter and the manner of the prayer of Jesus had so humbled him, that after having heard Him pray, he would feel that his own prayers were not prayer.

You may have felt in some way like this disciple. I remember, as if it were yesterday, when I was a very little boy, hearing my mother pray. She had her eyes closed, so she did not know I was near her. I was spell-bound. It was the first time that I felt the presence of God. My mother was talking to God, and she was so engaged in what she was doing, that she seemed to have forgotten everything and every one else. But I listened, and then I found she was talking about her children. Only one other time have I overheard some one else praying in the same way, and praying about me. I had grown up to manhood, but the voice of prayer still worked wonders, and I was a child again; and I prayed, "Lord, teach *me* to pray."

There are, and there ever have been, difficulties about prayer, and these difficulties have been much the same in all ages, with the old as well as the young. But these difficulties are lessened by the fact that our Lord prayed, and that He was in the habit of praying. We are, and we are intended to be, children. Children imitate, and they

are intended to imitate. And so God sent His Son to pray, and to teach us to pray, and to pray without ceasing. And looking to Jesus, we seem to lose sight of the difficulties we have found about praying, for we listen and find that our Lord prayed; and after praying Himself, He taught us what things to pray for, and how to pray as we ought.

We pray because Christ prayed. And we should have fewer difficulties about prayer, if we always prayed in the same manner that He taught us to pray. We are, for instance, always to pray as children. When we pray we have to say "*our* Father." We have thus, whenever we pray, to be thinking of others as well as ourselves. We have always to pray as children. When we have done wrong, or others have done wrong, we have always to say "our *Father*." We are ever, whenever we pray, to talk to God as if His name never could be or would be altered; as if we ourselves, in all our sins, and the world in all its wickedness, had still the same God over us, with the hallowed name of "our Father in heaven." So Jesus taught us to pray.

And what have we to pray for? Children and parents, young and old, poor and rich, sick and healthy, troubled or prosperous? One thing—for but one thing is needful—not what you or I, or anybody else, may want, but we have to pray for the one thing that God wills, and that is that "His kingdom may come." Wherever we pray, whoever we are, and whatsoever our lot may be, we have to say, "Our Father, Thy will be done, Thy kingdom come." So Jesus taught us to pray.

And if, whenever we prayed, we prayed after this manner, we should have no difficulty about praying, or any difficulty about obtaining answers to our prayer. Such prayers as these speak for themselves. Every one who asks in this way, receives. Any one who thus seeks finds. And to those who thus knock, the door opens. We are children, the children of God, and Jesus teaches us to pray to God as our Father. And if men, being evil, know how to give good things to their children, how much more will our Heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to those who ask Him!

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus, when He left the sky." Lesson: Matt. viii. 16—27. Concluding Hymn: "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear."

Children may be in danger. Or if children have not been in danger themselves, children must have often heard terrible tales of danger and death. Such cases often occur. Every summer, some one is lost, bathing or boating. Every winter, some one is drowned by the breaking of the ice. When these accidents happen, we find long and startling accounts of them in the newspapers, and with most persons whom we meet they are the subjects of conversation. Some tell us to be silent, for such events are too shocking either to talk or to think about. And much is to be said on behalf of silence. In most cases, when we are in the presence of the relatives of the sufferers, we may trust the instincts of our hearts, and hold our peace. The time of darkness seems to be a time for silence.

But the light shineth in the darkness, and we shall do well to take heed to the light. And, after all, we must think and feel, and we cannot be left to harden our hearts. And then there is often something to be done, and also something to be said. What shall we think? What shall we do? What shall we say in the day of trouble? We may find answers to these questions.

There was a storm on the Lake of Galilee, and Jesus and his disciples were caught in it as they were crossing, and in the record of this trouble we find there was something that Jesus said and did, which we may do well to remember. The storm burst over the lake much in the same way as that which broke over the Isle of Wight when the training ship *Eurydice* was lost, a year or two ago; there seems to have been no signs of its coming, at any rate no notice is taken of them in the record. The time was towards evening, and it was in the evening of that day on which Jesus had spoken to the multitudes in parables; and you will observe that it was our Lord Himself who had proposed to the disciples to put to sea. This is a point we should notice. For many of the dangers to which we are exposed, are dangers we meet with when we have been taking life as it comes, that is, as God gives it us.

The disciples set sail in one of their fishing boats, as they had often done before; and their craft was well suited for the water of the lake, for it would have been chosen, and perhaps built, for that special purpose. And as they sailed, Jesus, tired with his day's work, falls asleep, lying in the hinder part of the boat, on one of the cushions. Then a tempest breaks over them. It would have been one of the tempests common to inland lakes. The wind blows a squall. The waves rise and rage, and are swamping the boat.

Jesus is in a sound sleep, and sleeps on amidst the noise of the storm, and the drenching of the water. At last the boat becomes unmanageable, and then the disciples were afraid, just as I or you would have been, for the disciples were men of like feelings and passions as ourselves, and they go to Jesus and awake him.

Now I want you clearly to understand that there is nothing wrong or sinful in fear. We are told that Jesus himself "feared." But Jesus prayed to His Father when He feared. "And He was heard, in that He feared." There are fearful events in life, and times will come to you when, as you face the facts, which you see plainly staring you in the face, you will be afraid. But we are not called, however, to live and to face the facts of life alone. We are called to live with God; to go through life "walking with God." Without God you will find it impossible to live without fear, but with God all things are possible.

There is another difficulty of the same kind about life, which will trouble you much in the same way, and which I want to explain to you, so that you may see as children the kind of life there is before you. You will feel unfit, unable, to do things, just as you feel unfit and unable to bear things. Well, there is nothing wrong or sinful in weakness, any more than there is in fear. God is to be to us our refuge and strength. So that feeling He is within us, we shall no longer be frightened because of some trouble; nor shall we talk as if some duty which we have to do is impossible to be done.

We were made dependent upon God. God made us dependent upon Him. But we think and act as if we were independent. And this is our sin. We have ever to trust in God, and to seek our strength in Him, and then we should not find life to be so full of trouble and difficulty. But we live without God, and we find again and again, that without God we can do nothing. To bring us back to God, to live day by day dependent upon His care and His power, Jesus comes to us as our Saviour.

And Christ shows He is willing and able to help and to save us, and showing us these things, He is the manifestation of God to us. Having seen Him, we have seen the Father.

The disciples were looking at the waves sweeping over their boat, and, finding Jesus asleep, supposed that He did not care about the danger they were in. Jesus awakes at their call, and arises, and rebukes the wind, and says unto the sea, "Peace! be still!" And the wind ceases, and there is a great calm. Jesus showed them that neither the wind nor the sea were beyond His control.

This is the teaching of this miracle, and the miracle remains the same to-day, teaching us the same lesson. "All power in heaven and on earth are given to me," says our Lord, and therefore we may trust in Him. He is able and willing to save us not only from danger that we see, but from dangers that we cannot see. He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him.

We may not be in danger of drowning, but in whatever danger we may be, Jesus is able to save us. We cannot tell what He will do, but this we know, that He will never leave us to perish. Of this we may be certain, for He has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." So that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear."

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "I love to think that I am young." Lesson: Luke ii. 25—40. Concluding Hymn: "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear."

There are two things which most children would be sure to notice. One is an old man—a very old man, especially if he were stopping in the porch of a church; and the other is a little babe—a babe only a few weeks old, especially if the little babe was in the arms of the old man. Now this might have been seen, when the mother of Jesus went to the Temple for the first time after Jesus was born. Mary and Joseph, because they were of the people of the Jews, were allowed to go into the Temple, but there were other people called Gentiles who used to come to Jerusalem to worship, and they had to remain without in a place by themselves. Amongst these outsiders there seems to have been an old man of the name of Simeon, and although he was not a Jew, we are told, "he was just and devout;" that is, he feared God and did his duty to man; and we are also told how he was able to be the old man that he was, for "he was waiting for the consolation of Israel," that is, the coming of Christ; and God had acknowledged him, for He had given him His spirit, for we read that "the Holy Ghost was upon him."

We just know the old man's name, but we do not know *who* he was; but that is immaterial, for we know *what* he was. And after all it is but of little moment that anybody should know who you, or I, or anybody else may happen to be; the one thing that is important, is our character. *What* are we? are

we believing and hoping in Christ, and are we living in the grace and power of God?

Gentile as Simeon was, God had given to him dreams and visions, as He had given dreams and visions in olden time to Joseph. The revelation made to the old man was, "that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." So the old man lived on, facing death, the death that is common to all men, but with this precious promise that he would see Jesus before he died. And so day by day he went up to the Temple to worship, and although he was not allowed to go inside, he worshipped and waited at the entrance. Day after day passed, year after year, and still the old man would have been seen watching and waiting.

Long-looked-for comes at last. For the day comes when the parents were bringing in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law. Please to notice the exactness of Scripture. Boys are sometimes told, when they are translating French or Latin, that they have put the verb into the wrong tense. In our old translation we read, "The parents *brought* in the child Jesus," but in the history, the verb is written, "the parents *were bringing in* the child Jesus." This explains the circumstance, and shows how the parents of Jesus met with Simeon. They must have gone past the old man, as they were going into the Temple, and as they were passing him he would see them.

Seeing the little babe in its mother's arms, Simeon saw, by the Spirit, that it was the Lord's Christ. Old persons seem often to be very glad to see little children. Your grandparents, I dare say, took you up in their arms, when you were little babes, and doted over you. And it was in this way that Simeon took the babe Jesus up in his arms. "Ah," you will say, "it was not the same, for Simeon 'blessed God.' And besides, we were only children, and that little babe was Jesus the Saviour." Well, it was for the purpose of talking to you about your grandparents and your parents doting over you when you were babes, that I took "The old man and the child Jesus" as the subject for our talk this evening.

Simeon was promised, for his comfort and consolation, that he should see Jesus. And the promise was fulfilled. Simeon was in an ecstasy of joy as he clasped the little babe to his breast, and began to praise God, and say how he could now die happily, for his eyes had seen God's salvation. He saw, further, that this salvation was for all people, both Gentiles and Jews. And as he said such things the parents of Jesus listened with wonder.

Well, your parents and grand-parents have dreamed dreams and seen visions. And those dreams and visions have been about you children, and about your coming as their comfort and consolation. And so it was that they had great joy at your birth, and were never tired of taking you up in their arms and blessing God.

"Ah," but you say, "we are only children." But does not Jesus himself say, that "of children is the kingdom of heaven?" and you will live to learn that there is a world of meaning in these wonderful words. They have set mothers and fathers, in all ages, pondering in their hearts. Many a mother and many a father have found God coming to them, when a child was born to them. Seeing their own children lying as babes in their arms, they have seen Jesus. Seeing their children growing up like the child Jesus, increasing in stature and in the favour of God and man, they have felt they could live in hope, and die in peace.

Even little children are intended to be like Jesus, in this way, they come to their parents to bless them; and if children are really like Jesus, mothers and fathers are in an ecstasy of joy, as they find in their own children a likeness to Christ.

We all want to have our hearts stirred within us, for we have all a great work to do. Little children have a great work before them. To this end God made them, and for this purpose He sent them into the world, to bless their parents, by increasing their faith and inspiring their hope. And little children have only to try to live simple, sweet, and happy lives, as God intended them to live, and then they will make their parents glad, infinitely glad.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE MEMORIAL TO DEAN STANLEY.

THE meeting held in the Chapter House at Westminster to raise a memorial to the late Dean was remarkable of its kind. Men of all classes, and, what is more, men of all kinds and characters, seemed for the hour filled with one spirit. They came not "to bury" Stanley, as his successor felicitously reminded them; not even "to praise him," but to honour him. And so one speaker after another, the Prince of Wales (the Dean's fellow-traveller in Palestine), Earl Granville, Mr. Lowell, the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Samuel Morley, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, all found some tribute of their own to offer. Where all was good, special eulogy may seem invidious; but after all Mr. Lowell's application of the American epitaph, "She was so pleasant," was quaintly perfect, and the Archbishop's tribute was touching in its tenderness. When the marble statue has been erected, the windows of the Chapter House completed, and the Home for Training Nurses subsidised, the true memorial must still be sought elsewhere. In many hearts of the poor, as well as of the rich, there is a deep and enduring affection for the friend whom they have lost—for a mere Dean men care little—that may strengthen life as well as transfigure it. Those who would learn more of a man whom even as strangers they loved, may go to the beautiful sketch recently published by the Archbishop, and they will find just what they need.

THE RELIGIOUS CENSUS.

The results of this informal census recently made, under the direction of the local newspapers, in a considerable number of English towns, have come upon a great number of people as a terrible shock. And yet what other issue could have been expected, it is hard to conceive. In twenty-five boroughs and cities, with a total population of $2\frac{3}{4}$ millions, there was an attendance at two services of 38 per cent. Of those present the Established Church claimed 37·06 per cent.; all the various Nonconformist denominations, 55·21 per cent., and the Roman Catholics, 7·73 per cent. The proportion then of absentees was 62 per cent., and the Bishop of Liverpool has boldly acknowledged the general accuracy of the census: "In every town and every city, in every rural or town parish, the result would not be much more satisfactory than at Liverpool." On the other hand, controversy has already been roused, and side issues have been raised as between Church and Dissent. The more pertinent and immediate question, to quote the words of the *Times*, is, "What is to be done to bring back the many millions who are equally indifferent to all the varieties of religious faith and worship, and will have nothing to do with them in any shape or form whatever?" This is the essential problem which all wise men will resolutely face.

SANITARY LECTURES TO WORKING WOMEN.

A most admirable experiment of this kind has been tried in Leeds and Birmingham during the last few years. Ladies duly qualified to give instruction in simple sanitary subjects have gathered round them large audiences of working women, and have explained the importance of cold water, pure air, and wholesome food, in making a home healthy and happy. They have also given elementary teaching about the diseases to which children are specially liable, and their remedies. Written answers to questions are received, often misspelt, but almost always intelligent, and proving that the women take a real interest in the study. The audiences which the lecturers secure in Birmingham are numbered by hundreds; and as the centre of action is shifted from year to year, a very large number of families is reached and affected by the work. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of such service, for the sanitary authorities of a borough only deal with the outside of the house; the inside may still be foul; and dirt, ignorance, and crime generally go together. Tracts may be distributed, and placards may be posted, with little effect; for to the ordinary being a placard is a thing for awe, not for understanding, and the very last use of a tract is to be read. The personal contact, the individual sympathy, and the detailed advice which one woman can give to another, are far more successful than anything men can do, who, as a poor woman at one of these lectures compassionately observed, "Don't understand these things." Few people know how terribly disease ravages the homes of the poor: death is always with them. In one of our large towns, out of every hundred deaths thirty-two are of children under one year old, and most of these are attributable to want of care or knowledge on the part of the mothers. These sanitary lectures are certainly doing something to check the terrible mortality. Sanitary officers say so; and medical men, always jealous of female intrusion, and who never forget that Æsculapius was a man, confess that they find an intelligent obedience to their directions, unknown elsewhere, among those women who have attended the Health lectures. What woman's true work in the world is we don't pretend to decide, but it is certain that she was not meant to be a frivolous doll or a domestic drudge; and a little wholesome work of this kind will keep many married women from an entire engrossment in their own household concerns, and from becoming selfish as well as insipid.

THE INCOME OF THE METROPOLITAN CHARITIES.

A classified dictionary to the Metropolitan Charities has just been published by Messrs. Longmans, containing a large amount of detailed information connected with this extensive and important subject. The total income for the year 1880-1 is set down as £4,121,546, an amount exceeding the revenue of many small states. Home and Foreign Missions

engross £1,374,844 out of this total, while on the cure and relief of disease and sickness £595,858 were expended. The aged were relieved at a cost of £422,896, while to more general beneficence £347,375 were devoted. Bible and Tract societies obtained an income of £286,268, and educational institutions, omitting orphanages and reformatories, £450,379. And yet figures of this kind give but an inadequate estimate of the vast flood of charity which year by year rolls over the land in irregular and unknown channels. Where society is so complex as in England, there is room both for systematic and informal beneficence. One point must be noted in considering this subject; that a considerable part of this great sum is derived from the provinces, and flows from towns and villages into the central exchequer, sometimes to return, sometimes to be spent in the capital itself, or frequently to pass into remote lands. The *Times*, in a leading article dealing with these statistics, reiterates the old complaint of disproportionate and profligate expenditure in the charges of official mechanism. In some cases, no doubt, the taunt is not without justification, but against this waste we must set off the enormous amount of generous help given by men of ability and energy, without any or with the most insignificant reward.

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND.

Humane people still look with anxiety to the sister isle; for the struggle between the Government and the disaffected Irish still continues. Measures have been taken by the Executive to diminish provocations to disorder, and to increase the efficiency of the police force. From the first, all writs being personally delivered, it was at the appearance of the process-server that riot always broke out; and strife once occasioned is long in lulling. Now service of writs through the post is admitted, the immediate cause of hatred is withdrawn from the vengeance of the mob, and the police are set free from this special work of protection to perform their normal duties of patrol. Five resident magistrates, all men of resolute courage and marked ability, have been appointed as an informal commission to visit the proclaimed districts, and to report on the organization and efficiency of the constabulary and troops. On the other hand, the work of the Land Court advances. Two years has been assigned by some as the period during which a settlement will be finally effected. Meanwhile the Lord Mayor of London has organized a Mansion House Committee in connection with the Property Defence Fund, doubtless with laudable motives; but, for some reason, it has not met with any considerable support. We fear that time will be needed to restore quiet to Ireland, and after quiet, we may hope, will come peace and contentment.

OUR LIFE BOATS.

The National Life Boat Institution, in the Quarterly Report of the Society, has given a most interesting account of the results of its work during the past year. The Wreck Register, from which the figures are derived, does not include the disasters occurring in the terrible gales which darkened and saddened the later months of 1881, but the year was one of storm from first to last. We are still, as the Earl of Ravensworth pointed out, in his Presidential Address at the Institution of Naval Architects, a nation of sailors. Two hundred thousand men are employed at sea, and a hundred thousand depend for subsistence on trades connected with naval industry; between them, these two classes earn an annual wage of seven millions of money. Next to agriculture the shipping interest certainly holds the foremost place. Now during the last six-and-twenty years, 51,841 wrecks have occurred on our coasts, and 18,550 lives have been lost. But during the same period the life boats have saved 18,736 lives, or almost as many as man the British fleet. During the last year the Wreck Chart shows that the West coasts of England and Scotland, and the East coast of Ireland, have been most fruitful in disasters. There have been 2,519 wrecks, 355 involving the total loss of the vessel, and 81 accompanied by loss of life. The number of lives lost was 231, while 2,923 were saved from death by rocket-apparatus and life boats. No amount of argument or description could be more effective than this contrast of statistics: for one lost ten saved. "Where are the ten?" Or rather, where are their friends? An institution of this kind touches us all and deserves universal sympathy and help.

THE DAY CENSUS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

The City of London is unique in character as in history, and the peculiar circumstances of the case made the methods and figures of the Imperial Census completely misleading. To correct erroneous estimates the Corporation instituted an investigation of their own, and obtained results of the most remarkable character. It was ascertained that the population, resident or employed in the City during the day, was 261,000, as against 50,500 given by the Imperial Census taken at night; so the population of the day is five times greater than that of the night. Of this total number, 195,000 were men, and only 44,000 women, leaving a remainder of 21,000 children of both sexes under fifteen. This was not all; and even those who have watched with curiosity and almost awe the vast flood which pours day by day into the City, will be amazed on learning that in twenty-four hours 797,000 people entered the City, 93,000 passing inwards between eight and nine A.M., and 101,000 between nine and ten, while the eight hours of the night, from nine P.M. to five A.M., only contributed one-thirteenth of the total. In the same period, 72,000 vehicles of all kinds were reckoned. Again, the Imperial Census took the entire block of each separate house for its unit, however great might be its size, and however numerous its subdivisions, and thus returned a total of 6,500. The Corporation Census, on the other hand, reckoned each separate tenement or set of offices contained in a building, and thus

returned a gross total of 25,000, including 4,000 houses left empty and padlocked at night, but which during the day are full of bustle and business. The great diversity of the two sets of statistics has a lesson of very wide application. It warns us once more that figures, even official figures, and when beyond doubt accurate in themselves, are reliable only when exactly understood.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE VATICAN.

Fact and rumour have proved beyond dispute that the truce which for a time subsisted between the Italian Government and the Papal power has been of late under a severe strain. The riots which occurred in July of last year will be within the memory of all, and now the Pope, in an address characterized by unprecedented passion, complained before his assembled cardinals on Christmas Eve that in the recent service of canonisation he had been not only compelled for safety's sake to celebrate the ceremony with diminished pomp and before a restricted audience, but that the august ceremony had been made a mockery and a derision, and "with sacrilegious audacity, mud and filth had been hurled against his person, his authority, and against the new saints thus glorified." Besides this, his faithful followers were denounced as rebels, and pious pilgrims subjected to contumely and outrage. In spite of the grotesque absurdity of the ritual of canonisation, and the character of the new saints—the blessed nun near whose heart "three small fleshy balls were found, which altogether weighed as much as one of them," a symbol of the Trinity, and the blessed Labre, who had an equal repugnance to cold water and clean linen—there is a serious element beneath the surface. Prince Bismarck has been credited with a proposal that the dissatisfied Pope should withdraw from Italy and take refuge within the German Empire, and though this is certainly nothing more than rumour, even the rumour is not without significance, especially when considered in connection with recent events in Germany. At Rome the problem has been approached from another side. It has been suggested, evidently by a partisan of the Papacy, that instead of the Pope leaving Rome, Rome should be ceded to the Pope. "The Pope free in free Italy" is the key-note of a pamphlet, discussing the subject, which has recently secured much attention. But whatever arguments can be alleged in support of this plea, it is quite clear that the Italian people will never entertain the project for a moment. Foreign intervention, if successful for a time, would prove disastrous in the sequel. The coming question, What shall be done with the Pope? is not easy to answer.

THE COLONISATION OF PALESTINE BY THE JEWS.

So many wild schemes for the restoration of the Jews to the native land of their remote ancestors have been broached that it is almost strange to hear any practical suggestion for carrying out the project. The *Jewish World*, however, has recently suggested a course of action which, so far as it goes, has sense and reason, and, if at all successful, would rescue part of the country from barrenness and desolation. The writer sees clearly the absolute folly of all visionary schemes for colonisation on an enormous scale; great expense would be involved; economic disturbance would ensue, for though the immigrants might find work, they would have no markets; and, in addition, though this point is not mentioned, there would be antagonism and, perhaps, resistance caused by any such movement among the nations who would be most affected by such an inroad; from within and from without the experiment would be liable to failure. But, on the other hand, it would be possible, without excitement or expense, for small batches of colonists, five or ten families, to settle down in suitable places, "not more than fifty families," as the writer suggests, "being sent over in any one year, and the emigrants being selected from a class of liberal and enlightened Jews, who would move with the times." This gradual influx would not swamp the labour market, but would quietly and efficiently develop trade, and, as need arose, find outlets for its commercial activity. The country would not be galvanised into a spasmodic and artificial activity, but, as new and healthy blood began to flow through the decrepit frame, vital heat and energy would revive. "Market-gardening, vegetable-raising, and fruit-growing," are recommended in preference to the more ambitious culture of grain and rearing of cattle, because the venture is less hazardous, and because land can be more easily obtained in small plots. The soil, moreover, is specially adapted for cultivation of this kind, and the profits would be greater and less subject to variation. "The vine," we are told, "the orange, and the little *mischmisch* apricot grow luxuriantly around Jaffa, to say nothing of the olive, easiest and hardiest of trees, and one of the most profitable. And, with only a moderate amount of irrigation work, the land could be made to yield crops of vegetables that would open the eyes of an English market-gardener." The last consideration, though one of importance, on which the writer dwells, is that in Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal, they would have a fine market within easy reach. Both on the outward and homeward voyage the station is the last where fresh fruit and vegetables are taken on board, and, as the commerce passing through the canal increases year by year, the demand for agricultural produce will increase proportionately. At present the supply is never equal to the demand, so that a commercial enterprise of this kind could not fail of success. Morally, politically, and economically the scheme is more feasible than any we have yet seen; but whether eligible colonists will be found, is a question which cannot yet be answered.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

THE GOSPEL IN JAPAN.

During the last few years the cause of Christianity has made great advances in Japan, and the English

and American societies now at work there report a decided increase in power and success. The palm avowedly lies with the Americans, who have the larger and more efficient force. Their success, as the Rev. C. F. Warren, one of the representatives of the Church Missionary Society in Central Japan, points out, is to be attributed to four causes: their wise concentration of work; their use of female agency; their powerful medical missions; and their admirable schools. But the most striking feature of the work is the series of great mass meetings which have been held in the cities of Kioto, Tokio, Osaka, and elsewhere, sometimes attended by three thousand people, for the dissemination of Christian truth. Discussion was allowed, and the Buddhist and Shinto priests in some cases were present in scores, and even hundreds. They do not seem, however, to be satisfied with the results of the conflict, and to check the growth of the new faith great opposition meetings have been convened, at which Christianity and its adherents have been vehemently denounced. At Kioto a Japanese speaker argued that the sole purpose of the mission was rapacity and conquest, and he endeavoured to appeal to national fear and foreign jealousy. But his chief bitterness was reserved for the Japanese Christians; who, he said, "were like the very worst robbers, who would consent to sell their country." At Osaka an attempt was made by the priests to secure a censure upon the Governor for allowing the Christian meeting to be held, though without success. In fact, the organ of the Government writes about "the folly of fighting against the new faith." All the papers of the country are full of information about the spread of the "Jesus-religion," and the Japanese speaker, to whose address allusion has been made, compares it to "fire sweeping over a plain." With signs of success like these, those who are at work will gain new energy, and perhaps new assistance, while those who watch the work from a distance should exercise more than ordinary care to avoid weakening or impeding the progress of the faith which they profess.

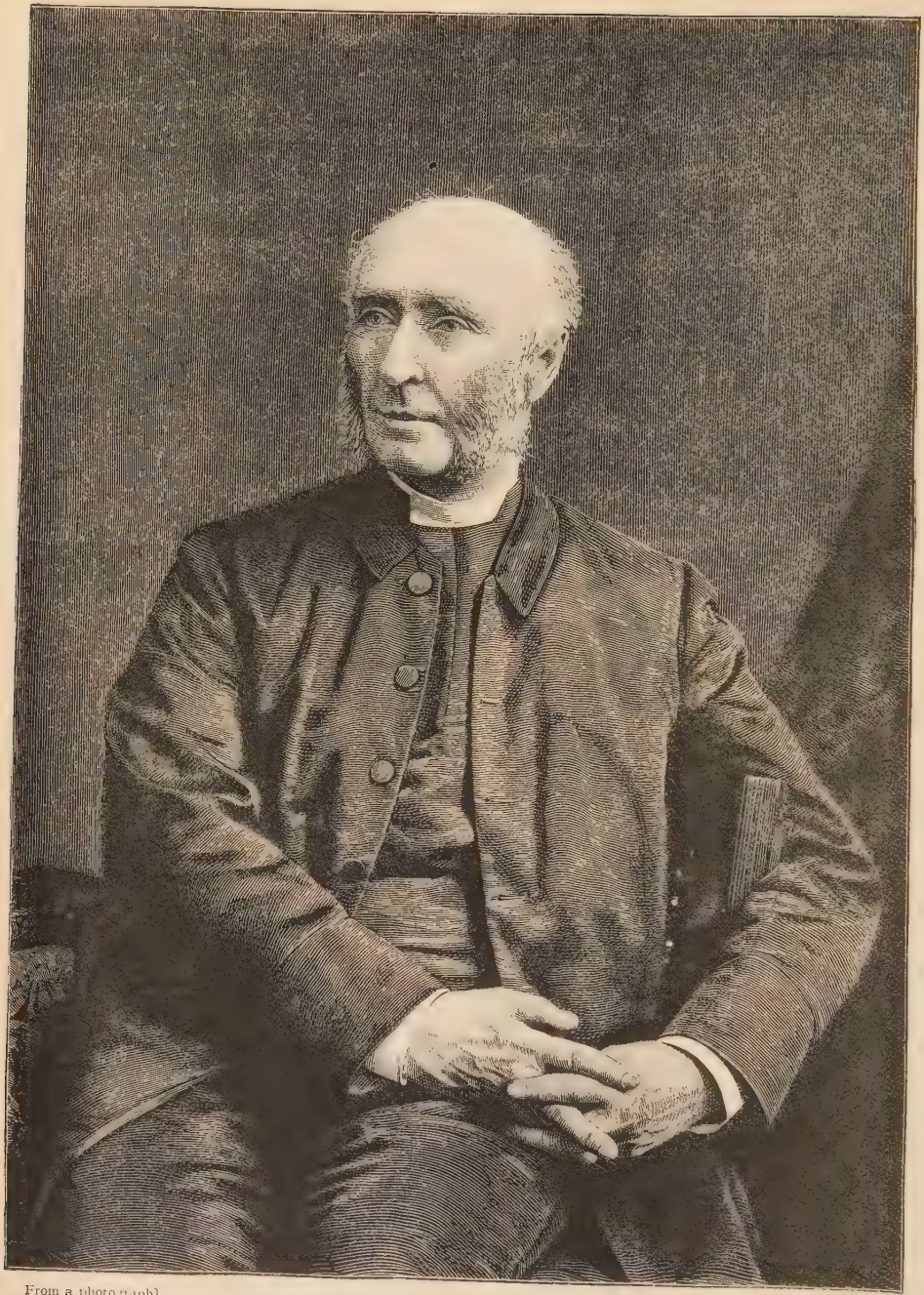
IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

LORD JUSTICE LUSH.

By the death of Lord Justice Lush the English Bench has lost one of the ablest judges in recent times, and a man no less distinguished by conscientious zeal than by sound learning. There are some men with whom law is rather an instinct than a science, but Sir Robert Lush did not belong to this class: his was a success based upon patient labour, unwearied energy, and never-failing tact; but men of a different type, like the late Lord Chief Justice, with whom he was associated in the great historic trial of our times, were always inclined to attach a special value to his views and decisions. At the time of his death Lord Justice Lush was upwards of seventy-four. He entered at the Bar comparatively late in life, and was not called till he had reached his thirty-fourth year. But his rise was steady and sure, and when in 1865 he was appointed a Judge of the Queen's Bench and received knighthood, all felt that the reward was due to his industry and talent. With great force of character, he combined great consideration for others. As a Judge, it has been happily said, he was as courteous to the Bar as he was deferential to the Bench when a barrister; and to younger men he always showed a marked consideration and kindliness. But his work was not confined to court, for, besides compiling some important legal treatises, he was one of the Royal Commission appointed to draft the new Criminal Code. Sir Robert Lush was emphatically "an honest lawyer," and though the phenomenon is not so rare as cynics would have us believe, yet such an one may command our respect and veneration. The Baptist Church, of which the Lord Justice was a devoted member, will mourn his loss, but in the crowd that gathered round his grave there were men brought there not by ties of that kind, but united in a deep and common sorrow. To all it is no slight consolation to look back on an upright life passed amid subtle temptations, and an eminently successful life, unmarred by any trace of self-seeking and stained by no reproach.

MR. STREET, R.A.

On the eve of the completion of his greatest work, the New Law Courts in the Strand, Mr. Street's life has come to a sudden close, and he has followed Sir Gilbert Scott and Mr. Burgess into that other world which has "no temple therein." Mr. Street was only fifty-seven, yet into a comparatively short life he had crowded a marvellous amount of creative work. As a writer, as professor, and as a practical architect he had poured his energy through every channel, and looking back on the long list of his work—too long to quote even in summary—it seems all but impossible that so much can have been done in so short a time. He built new churches by the score; he restored ancient fabrics; he worked at cathedrals, rectories, colleges, and castles; he undertook architectural work of every kind, and, speaking generally, he succeeded in all that he undertook. His devotion to his art was remarkable, and two of its most characteristic features deserve wide imitation. He loved thoroughness of work. He would spend the most minute care on some little insignificant country church, which could give him but slight fame or reward. He did not begin to build without accurately counting the cost. In carrying out his plans he was scrupulously inflexible in adhering to the estimate and contract. Nor did he delegate his duties to subordinates; he threw himself into all his work. For the Law Courts he made, it is said, three thousand drawings with his own hand. He was a Christian architect. The secret spring of all his action, and that which inspired and ennobled his art was a deep and living personal faith in his Lord and Master.



From a photograph] [by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

Yours sincerely,
A. K. H. Boyd.

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER X.—HESTER AND AMY.

HESTER did not miss Vavasor quite so much as he hoped she might, or as perhaps he believed she did. She had been interested in him mainly because she found him both receptive and capable of development in the matter of music—ready to understand, that is, and willing to be taught. To have such a man listen with respect to every word she said, never denying, defending, or justifying what she might point out as a fault, but setting himself at once to the correction of the same, and in general with some measure of immediate success, could not fail to be not merely pleasant but flattering to her. Brothers, I suspect, have a good deal to answer for in the estimation of men by their sisters: their behaviour at home leads them to prize the civilities of other men more highly than they deserve; brothers, I imagine, have therefore more to do than they will like to learn, with the making of those inferior men acceptable to their sisters, whose very presence is to themselves an annoyance. Women so seldom see a noble style of behaviour at home! —so few are capable of distinguishing between ceremony and courtesy, between familiarity and rudeness—of dismissing ceremony and retaining courtesy, of using familiarity and banishing rudeness! The nearer persons come to each other, the greater is the room and the more are the occasions for courtesy; but just in proportion to their approach the gentleness of most men diminishes. Some will make the poor defence that it is unmanly to show one's feelings: it is unmanly, because conceited and cowardly, to hide them, if, indeed, such persons have anything precious to hide. Other some will say, "Must I weigh my words with my familiar friend as if I had been but that moment presented to him?" I answer, It were small labour well spent to see that your coarse-grained evil self, doomed to perdition, shall not come between your friend and your true, noble, humble self, foreordained to eternal life. The Father cannot bear rudeness in his children any more than wrong:—my comparison is unfit, for rudeness is a great and profound wrong, and that to the noblest part of the human being, while a mere show of indifference is sometimes almost as bad as the rudest words. And these are of those faults of which the more guilty a man is, the less is he conscious of the same.

Vavasor did not move the deepest in Hester. How should he? With that deepest he had no developed relation. There were worlds of thought and feeling already in motion in Hester's universe, while the vaporous mass in him had hardly yet begun to stir. To use another simile, he was living on the surface of his being, the more exposed to earthquake and volcanic eruption that he had never yet suspected the existence of the depths profound whence they rise, while she was already a discoverer in the abysses of the nature gradually yet swiftly unfolding in her—every discovery attended with fresh light for the will, and a new sense of power in the consciousness. When Vavasor was gone she turned with the greater diligence to her musical studies.

Amy Amber continued devoted to her, and when she was practising would hover about her as often and as long as she could. Her singing especially seemed to enchant and fascinate the girl. But a change had already begun to show itself in her. The shadow of an unseen cloud was occasionally visible on her forehead, and unmistakable pools were left in her eyes by the ebb-tide of tears. In her service, notwithstanding, she was nowise less willing, scarcely less cheerful. The signs of her discomfort grew deeper, and showed themselves oftener as the days went on. She moved about her work with less elasticity, and her smile did not come so quickly. Both Hester and her mother saw the change, and marked even an occasional frown. In the morning, when she was always the first up, she was generally cheerful, but as the day passed the clouds came. Happily, however, her diligence did not relax. Sound in health, and by nature as active as cheerful, she took a positive delight in work. Doing was to her as natural as singing to the birds. In a household with truth at the heart of it she would have been invaluable, and happy as the day was long. As it was, she was growing daily less and less happy.

One night she appeared in Hester's room as usual before going to bed. The small neat face had lost for the time a great part of its beauty, and was dark as a little thunder-cloud. Its black shadowy brows were drawn together over its luminous black eyes; its red lips were large and pouting, and their likeness to a rosebud gone. Its cheeks were swollen, and its whole aspect revealed the spirit of

wrath roused at last, and the fire alight in the furnace of the bosom. She tried to smile, but what came was the smile of a wound rather than a mouth.

"My poor Amy! what is the matter?" cried Hester, sorry, but hardly surprised; for plainly things had been going from bad to worse.

The girl burst into a passionate fit of weeping. She threw herself in wild abandonment on the floor, and sobbed; then, as if to keep herself from screaming aloud, stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, kicked with her little feet, and beat her little hands on the floor. She was like a child in a paroxysm of rage—only that with her its extravagance came of the effort to overcome it.

"Amy dear, you mustn't be naughty!" said Hester, kneeling down beside her and taking hold of her arm.

"I'm not naughty, miss—at least I am doing all I can to get over it," she sobbed.

Thereupon she ceased suddenly, and sitting up on the floor, her legs doubled under her in eastern fashion, looked straight at Hester, and said thoughtfully, as if the question had just come, with force to make her forget the suffering she was in,—

"I *should* like to know how you would do in my place—that I should, miss!"

The words spoken, her eyes fell, and she sat still as a statue, seeming steadfastly to regard her own lap.

"I am afraid, if I were in your place, I should do nothing so well as you, Amy," said Hester. "But come, tell me what is the matter. What puts you in such a misery?"

"Oh, it's not one thing nor two things nor twenty things!" answered Amy, looking sullen with the feeling of heaped-up wrong. "What *would* my mother say to see me served so! *She* used to trust me everywhere and always! I don't understand how those two prying suspicious old maids *can* be *my* mother's sisters!"

She spoke slowly and sadly, without raising her eyes.

"Don't they behave well to you, my poor child?" said Hester.

"It's not," returned Amy, "that they watch every bit I put in my mouth—I don't complain of that, for they're poor—at least they're always saying so, and of course they want to make the most of me; but not to be trusted one moment out of their sight except they know exactly where I am—to be always suspected, and followed and watched, and me working my hardest—that's what drives me wild, Miss Raymount. I'm afraid they'll make me hate them out and out—and them my own flesh and blood too, which can't but be wicked! I bore it very well for a while, for at first it only amused me. I said to myself, 'They'll soon know me better!' But when I found they only got worse, I got tired of it altogether; and when I got tired of it I got cross, and grew more and more cross, till now I can't *bear* it. I'm not used to be cross, and my own crossness is much harder to bear than theirs. If I could have kept the good temper people used to praise me for to my mother, I shouldn't mind; but it *is* hard to lose it this way! I don't know how to get on without it! If there don't come a change somehow soon, I shall run away—I shall indeed, Miss Raymount. There are many would be glad enough to have me for the work I can get through."

She jumped to her feet, gave a little laugh, merry-sad, and before Hester could answer her, said,—

"You're going away so soon, miss! Let me do your hair to-night. I want to brush it every night till you go."

"But you are tired, my poor child!" said Hester compassionately.

"Not too tired for that: it will rest me, and bring back my good temper. It will come to me again through your hair, miss."

"No, no, Amy," said Hester, a little conscience-stricken, "you can't have any of mine. I have none to spare. You will rather brush some into me, Amy. But do what you like with my hair."

As Amy lovingly combed and brushed the long wavy overflow of Hester's beauty, Hester tried to make her understand that she must not think of good-temper and crossness merely as things that could be put into her and taken out of her. She tried to make her see that nothing really our own can ever be taken from us by any will or behaviour of another; that Amy had had a large supply of good-temper laid ready to her hand, but that it was not hers until she had made it her own by choosing and willing to be good-tempered when she was disinclined—holding it fast with the hand of determination when the hand of wrong would snatch it from her.

"Because I have a book on my shelves," she said, "it is not therefore mine; when I have read and understood it, then it is a little mine; when I love it and do what it tells me, then it is altogether mine: it is like that with a good temper: if you have it sometimes, and other times not, then it is not yours; it lies in you like that book on

my table—a thing priceless were it your own, but as it is, a thing you can't keep even against your poor weak old aunts."

As she said all this, Hester felt like a hypocrite, remembering her own sins. Amy Amber listened quietly, brushing steadily all the time, but scarcely a shadow of Hester's meaning crossed her mind. If she was in a good temper, she was in a good temper; if she was in a bad temper, why there she was, she and her temper! She had not a notion of the possibility of having a hand in the making of her own temper—not a notion that she was in any manner or measure accountable in regard to the temper she might find herself in. Could she have been persuaded to attempt to overcome it, the moment she failed, as of course every one will many times, Amy would have concluded the thing required an impossibility. Yet the effort she made, and with success, to restrain the show of her anger, was far from slight. But for this, there would, long ere now, have been rain and wind, thunder and lightning between her and her aunts. She was alive without the law, not knowing what mental conflict was; the moment she recognized that she was bound to conquer herself, she would die in conscious helplessness, until strength and hope were given her from the well of the one pure will.

Hester kissed her, and though she had not understood, she went to bed a little comforted. When the Raymounts departed, two or three days after, they left her at the top of the cliff-stair, weeping bitterly.

CHAPTER XI.—AT HOME.

When the Raymounts reached London, hardly taking time to unpack her box, Hester went to see her music-mistress, and make arrangement for recommencing study with her.

Miss Dasomma was one of God's angels; for if he makes his angels winds and his ministers a flaming fire, much more are those live fountains which carry his gifts to their thirsting fellows his angels. Meeting not very rarely with vulgar behaviour in such as regarded her from the heights of rank or money, she was the more devoted to a pupil who looked up to her as she deserved, recognizing in her a power of creation. Of Italian descent, of English birth, and of German training, she had lived in intimacy with some of the greatest composers of her day, but the enthusiasm for her art which possessed her was mainly the outcome of her own genius. Hence it was natural that she should exercise a forming influence on every pupil at all worthy of her, and without her Hester could never have become what she was. For not merely had she opened her eyes to a vision of Music in something of her essential glory, but, herself capable of the hardest and truest work, had taught her the absolute necessity of labour to one who would genuinely enjoy, not to say cause others to enjoy, what the masters in the art had brought out of the infinite. Hester had doubtless heard and accepted the commonplaces so common concerning the dignity and duty of labour—as if labour mere were anything irrespective of its character, its object and end! but without Miss Dasomma she would not have learned that Labour is grand officer in the palace of Art; that at the root of all ease lies slow, and, for long, profitless-seeming labour, as at the root of all grace lies strength; that ease is the lovely result of forgotten toil, sunk into the spirit, and making it strong and ready; that never worthy improvisation flowed from brain of poet or musician unused to perfect his work with honest labour; that the very disappearance of toil is by the immolating hand of toil itself. He only who bears his own burden can bear the burden of another; he only who has laboured shall dwell at ease, or help others from the mire to the rock.

Miss Dasomma was ready to begin at once, and Hester gradually increased her hours of practice, till her mother interfered lest she should injure her health. But there was in truth little danger, for Hester was forcing nothing—only indulging to the full her inclination, eager to perfect her own delight, and the more eager that she was preparing delight for others.

They had not been home more than a week, when one Sunday morning, that is at four o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Vavasor called—which was not quite agreeable to Mrs. Raymount, who liked their Sundays kept quiet. He was shown to Mr. Raymount's study.

"I am sorry," he said, "to call on a Sunday, but I am not so enviably situated as you, Mr. Raymount; I have not my time at my command. When other people make their calls, I am a prisoner."

He spoke as if his were an exceptional case, and the whole happy world beside revelled in morning calls.

Mr. Raymount was pleased with him afresh, for he spoke modestly, with implicit acknowledgment of the superior position of

the elder man. They fell to talking of the prominent question of the day, and Mr. Raymount was yet more pleased when he found the young aristocrat ready to receive enlightenment upon it. But the fact was that Vavasor cared very little about the matter, and had a facility for following where he was led; and, always preferring to make himself agreeable where there was no restraining reason, why should he not gratify the writer of articles by falling in with what he advanced? He had a light, easy way of touching on things, as if all his concessions, conclusions, and concurrences were merest matter of course; and thus making himself appear master of the situation over which he merely skimmed on insect-wing, Mr. Raymount took him not merely for a man of thought but one of some originality even—capable at least of forming an opinion of his own, as is, he was in the habit of averring, not one in ten thousand.

In relation to the wider circle of the country, Mr. Vavasor was so entirely a nobody, that the acquaintance of a writer even so partially known as Mr. Raymount was something to him. There is a tinselly halo about the writer of books that affects many minds the most *practical*, so called: they take it to indicate power, which, with most, means ability in the direction of one's own way, or his party's, and so his own in the end. Since his return he had instituted inquiries concerning Mr. Raymount, and finding both him and his family in good repute, complained of indeed as exclusive, he had told his aunt as much concerning them as he judged prudent, hinting it would give him pleasure if she should see fit to call upon Mrs. Raymount. Miss Vavasor being, however, naturally jealous of the judgment of young men, pledged herself to nothing, and made inquiries for herself. Learning thereby at length, after much resultless questioning—for her world but just touched in its course the orbit of that of the Raymounts—that there was a rather distinguished-looking girl in the family, and having her own ideas for the nephew whose interests she had, for the sake of the impending title, made her own, she delayed and put off and talked the thing over, and at last let it rest; while he went the oftener to see the people she thus declined calling upon.

On this his first visit he stayed the evening, and was afresh installed as a friend of the family. Although it was Sunday, and her ideas also a little strict as to religious proprieties, Hester received him cordially where her mother received him but kindly, and falling into the old ways, he took his part in the hymns, anthems, and what other forms of sacred music followed the family-tea; and so the evening passed without irksomeness—nor the less enjoyably that Cornelius was spending it with a friend.

The tone, expression, and power of Hester's voice astonished Vavasor afresh. He was convinced, and told her so, that even in the short time since he heard it last, it had improved in all directions. And when, after they had had enough of singing, she sat down and extemporized in a sacred strain, turning the piano almost into an organ with the sympathy of her touch, and weaving holy airs without end into the unrolling web of her own thought, Vavasor was so moved as to feel more kindly disposed towards religion—by which he meant "going to church, and all that sort of thing, don't you know?"—than ever in his life before. He did not call the next Sunday, but came on the Saturday; and the only one present who was not pleased with him was Miss Dasomma, who happened also to spend the evening there.

I have already represented Hester's indebtedness to her teacher as such that therein she would be making discoveries all her life. Devout as well as enthusiastic, human as well as artistic, she was not an angel of music only, but had for many years been a power in the family for good—as indeed in every family in which she counted herself doing anything worth doing. Much too generous and helpful to have saved money, she was now, in middle age, working as hard as she had ever worked in her youth. Not a little experienced in the ways of the world, and possessing a high ideal in the memories of a precious friendship, against which to compare the ways of smaller mortals, she did not find her atmosphere gladdened by the presence of Mr. Vavasor. With tact enough to take his cue from the family, he treated her with studious politeness; but Miss Dasomma did not like Mr. Vavasor. She had to think before she could tell why, for there is a spiritual instinct also, which often takes the lead of the understanding, and has to search and analyze itself for its own explanation. But the question once roused, she prosecuted it, and in the shadow of a curtain, while Hester was playing, watched his countenance, trying to read it—to read, that is, what the owner of the face never meant to write, but could no more help writing there than he could help having a face.

What a man is lies as certainly upon his countenance as in his heart, though none of his acquaintance may be able to read it. Their very intercourse with him may have rendered it more difficult.

Miss Dasomma's conclusion was, that Vavasor was a man of good instincts—as perhaps who is not?—but without moral development, pleased with himself, and not undesirous of pleasing others consistently with his idea of dignity—at present more than moderately desirous of pleasing Hester Raymount, therefore showing to the best possible advantage. "But," thought Miss Dasomma, "if this be his best, what may not his worst be?" That he had no small capacity for music was plain, but if, as she judged, the faculty was unassociated in him with truth of nature, that was so much to the other side of his account, inasmuch as it rendered him the more dangerous. For, at Hester's feet in the rare atmosphere and faint twilight of music, how could he fail to impress her with an opinion of himself more favourable than just? To interfere, however, where was no solid ground, would be to waste the power that might be of use; but she was confident that if for a moment Hester saw him as she did, she could no more look on him with favour. At the same time she did not think he could be meaning more than the mere passing of his time agreeably: she knew well the character of his aunt, and the relation in which he stood to her. In any case she could for the present only keep a gentle watch over the mind of her pupil! But that pupil had a better protection in the sacred ambition stirring in her. Concerning that she had not as yet held communication even with the one best able to understand it. For Hester had already had sufficient experience to know that it is a killing thing to talk about what you mean to do. It is to let the wind in upon a delicate plant, requiring a long childhood under glass, open to sun and air, closed to wind and frost.

CHAPTER XII.—A BEGINNING.

THE Raymounts lived in no fashionable or pseudo-fashionable part of London, but in a somewhat peculiar house, though by no means such outwardly, in an old square in the dingy, smoky, convenient, healthy district of Bloomsbury. One of the advantages of this position to a family with soul in it, that strange essence which *will* go out after its kind, was, that on two sides at least it was closely pressed by poor neighbours. Artisans, small tradespeople, outdoor servants, poor actors and actresses lived in the narrow streets thickly branching away in certain directions. Hence, most happily for her, Hester had grown up with none of that uncomfortable feeling so many have when brought even into such mere contact with the poor as comes of passing through their streets on foot—a feeling often in part composed of fear, often in part of a false sense of natural superiority, engendered of being better dressed, better housed, and better educated. It was in a measure owing to her having been from childhood used to the sight of such, that her sympathies were so soon and so thoroughly waked on the side of suffering humanity. With parents like hers she had never been in danger of having her feelings or her insight blunted by the assumption of such a relation to the poor as that of spiritual police-agent, one who arrogates the right of walking into their houses without introduction, and with at best but faint apology: to show respect, if you have it, is the quickest way to teach reverence; if you do not show respect, do not at least complain should the recoil of your own behaviour be more powerful than pleasant: if you will shout on the mountain-side in spring, look out for avalanches.

Those who would do good to the poor must attempt it in the way in which best they could do good to people of their own standing. They must make their acquaintance first. They must know something of the kind of the person they would help, to learn if help be possible from their hands. Only man can help man; money without man can do little or nothing, most likely less than nothing. As our Lord redeemed the world by being a man, the true Son of the true Father, so the only way for a man to help men is to be a true man to this neighbour and that. But to seek acquaintance with design is a perilous thing, nor unlikely to result in disappointment, and the widening of the gulf both between the individuals, and the classes to which they belong. It seems to me that, in humble acceptance of common ways, we must follow the leadings of providence, and make acquaintance in the so-called lower classes by the natural working of the social laws that bring men together. What is the divine intent in the many needs of humanity, and the consequent dependence of the rich on the poor, even greater than that of the poor on the rich, but to bring men together, that in far-off ways at first they may be compelled to know each other? The man who treats his fellow as a mere mean for the supply of

his wants, and not as a human being with whom he has to do, is an obstructing clot in the human circulation.

Does any one ask for rules of procedure? I answer, there are none to be had; such must be discovered by each for himself. The only way to learn the rules of anything practical is to begin to do the thing. We have enough of knowledge in us—call it insight, call it instinct, call it inspiration, call it natural law—to begin anything required of us. The sole way to deal with the profoundest mystery that is yet not too profound to draw us, is to begin to do some duty revealed by the light from the golden fringe of its cloudy vast. If it reveal nothing to be done, there is nothing there for us. No man can turn his attention in the mere direction of a thing, without already knowing enough of that thing to carry him further in the knowledge of it by the performance of what it involves of natural action. Let every simplest relation towards human being, if it be embodied but in the act of buying a reel of cotton or a knife, be recognised as a relation with a meeting of that human soul. In its poor degree let its outcome be in truth and friendliness. Allow nature her course, and next time let the relation go farther. To follow such a path is the way to find both the persons to help and the real modes of helping them. In fact, to be true to a man in any way is to help him. He who goes out of common paths to look for opportunity, leaves his own door and passes that of his neighbour. It is by following the path we are in that we shall first reach somewhere. He who does as I say will find his acquaintance widen and widen with growing rapidity: his heart will fill with the care of humanity, and his hands with its help. Such care will be death to one's own cares, such help balm to one's own wounds. In a word, he must cultivate, after a simple human manner, the acquaintance of his neighbours, who would be a neighbour where a neighbour may be wanted. So shall he fulfil the part left behind of the work of the Master, which He desires to finish through him.

Of course I do not imagine that Hester understood this. She had no theory of carriage towards the poor, neither confined her hope of helping to them. There are as many in every other class needing help as among the poor, and the need, although it wear different dresses, is essentially the same in all. To make the light go up in the heart of a rich man, if a more difficult task, is just as good a deed as to make it go up in the heart of a poor man. But with her strong desire to carry help where it was needed, with her genuine feeling of the blood-relationship of all human beings, with her instinctive sense that one could never begin too soon to do that which had to be done, she was in the right position to begin; and from such a one opportunity will not be withheld.

She went one morning into a small shop in Steeven's Road, to buy a few sheets of music-paper. The woman who kept it had been an acquaintance almost from the first day of their abode in the neighbourhood. In the course of their talk Mrs. Baldwin mentioned that she was in some anxiety about a woman in the house who was far from well, and in whom she thought Mrs. Raymount would be interested.

"Mamma is always ready," said Hester, "to help where she can. Tell me about her."

"Well, you see, miss," replied Mrs. Baldwin, "we're not in the way of having to do with such people, for my husband's rather particular about who he lets the top-rooms to: only let them we must to one or another, for times is hard, an' children is many, an' it's all as we can do to pay our way an' nothing over: only thank God we've done it up to this present: an' the man looked so decent, as well as the woman, an' that pitiful-like — more than she did — that I couldn't have the heart to send them away such a night as it was, bein' a sort o' drizzly an' as cold as charity, an' the poor woman plainly not in a state to go wanderin' about seekin' a place to lay her head: though to be sure there's plenty o' places for such like, only, as the poor man said himself, they did want to get into a decent place, which it wasn't easy to get e'er a one as would take them in. They had three children with them, the smallest o' them pickaback on the biggest; an' it's strange, miss—I never could compass it, though I atten' chapel reglar—how it goes to yer heart, I mean, to see one human bein' lookin' arter another! But my husban', as was natural, he bein' a householder, an' so many of his own, was shy o' children; for children, you know, miss, 'cep' they be yer own, ain't nice things about a house; an' them poor things wouldn't be a credit nowheres, for they're ragged enough—an' a good deal more than enough—only they were pretty clean, as poor children go, an' there was nothing, as I said to him, in the top-rooms, as they could do much harm

to. The man said theirs weren't like other children, for they had been brought up to do the thing as they were told, an' to remember that things that belonged to other people was to be handled as sich; an', said he, they were always too busy earnin' their bread to be up to tricks, an' in fact were always too tired to have much spare powder to let off; so the long an' the short on it was, we took 'em in, an' they've turned out as quiet an' well behaved a family as you could desire; an' if they 'ain't got jest the most respectable way o' earnin' their livelihood, that may be as much their misfortin as their fault, as my husband he said. An' I'm sure it's not lettin' lodgin's to sich I ever thought I should come to—though, for the matter o' that, I never could rightly understand what made one thing respectable an' another not."

"What is their employment then?" asked Hester.

"Something or other in the circus-way, as far as I can make out from what they tell me. Anyway they didn't seem to have no engagement when they come to the door, but they paid the first week down afore they entered. You see, miss, the poor woman she give me a kind of a look up into the face that reminded me of my Susie, as I lost, you know, miss, a year ago—it was that as made me feel to hate the thought of sending her away. Oh, miss, ain't it a mercy everybody ain't so like your own! We'd have to ruin ourselves for them—we couldn't help it!"

"It will come to that one day, though," said Hester to herself, "—and then we sha'n't be ruined either!"

"So then,—!" Mrs. Baldwin went on, "the very next day as was, the doctor had to be sent for, an' there was a babby! The doctor he come from the 'ospital, as nice a gentleman as you'd wish to see, miss, an' waited on her as if she'd been the first duchess in the land. 'I'm sure,' said my good husban' to me, 'it's a lesson to all of us to see how he do look after her as 'll never pay him a penny for the care as he's a takin' of her!' But my husban' he's that soft-hearted, miss, where anything i' the baby-line 's a goin' on! An' now the poor thing's not at all strong, an' ain't a gettin' back of her stren'th, though we do what we can with her, an' send her up what we can spare.—You see they pay for their house-room, an' then 'ain't got much over!" added the good woman in excuse of her goodness. "But I fancy it's more from anxiety as to what's to come to them, than that anything's gone wrong with her. They're not out o' money yet quite, I'm glad to say, though he don't seem to ha' got nothing to do yet, so far as I can make out: they're rayther close like. That sort o' trade, ye see, miss, the demand's not steady in it. It's not like skilled labour, as my husban' says; though to see what them young ones has to go through, it's labour enough an' to spare; an' if it ain't just what they call skilled, it's what no one out o' the trade can make a mark at. Would you mind goin' up an' havin' a look at her, miss?"

Hester begged Mrs. Baldwin to lead the way, and followed her up the stairs.

The top-rooms were two poor enough garret ones, nowise too good, it seemed to Hester, for the poorest of human kind. In the largest, the ceiling sloped to the floor till there was but just height enough left for the small chest of drawers of painted deal to stand back to the wall. A similar washstand and a low bed completed the furniture. The last was immediately behind the door, and there lay the woman, with a bolster, heightened by a thin petticoat and threadbare cloak, under her head. Hester saw a pale, patient, worn face, with eyes large, thoughtful, and troubled.

"Here's a kind lady come to see you, Mrs.!" said her landlady.

The speech annoyed Hester. She hated to be called kind, and perhaps spoke the more kindly to the poor woman that she was displeased with Mrs. Baldwin's patronizing of her.

"It's dreary for you to lie here alone, I'm afraid," she said, and stroked the thin hand on the coverlid. "May I sit a few minutes beside you? I was once in bed for a whole month, and found it very wearisome. I was at school then. I don't mind being ill when I have my mother."

The woman gazed up at her with eyes that looked like the dry wells of tears.

"It's very kind of you, miss!" she said. "It's a long stair to come up!"

She lay and gazed, and said nothing more. Her life was of a negative sort just at present. Her child lay asleep on her arm, a poor little washed out rag of humanity, but evidently dear from the way she now and then tried to look at it, which was not easy to her.

Hester sat down and tried to talk, but partly from the fear of tiring one too weak to answer more than a word now and then, she found it hard to get on. Religion she could not talk off-hand. Once in her life she had, from a notion of duty, made the attempt—with the consequence of feeling like a hypocrite. For she found herself speaking so of

the things she fed on in her heart, as to make them look to herself the merest commonplaces in the world! Could she believe in them, and speak of them with such dull dogmatic stupidity? She came to the conclusion that she had spoken without a message, and since then she had taken care not to commit the offence again.

A dead silence came.

"What can be the good of a common creature like me going to visit people?" she said to herself. "I have nothing to say—feel nothing in me—but a dull love that would bless if it could! And what would words be if I had them?"

For a few moments she sat thus silent, growing more and more uncomfortable. But just ere the silence became unendurable, a thought appeared in the void.

"What a fool I am!" she said again to herself. "I am like little Mark when he cried because he had only a shilling and saw a boy spend a penny on a lovely spotted horse! Here have I been all my life wanting to give my fellow creatures a large share of my big cake, and the first time I have an opportunity, I forget all about it! Here it lies locked in my chest, like a dead bird in its cage!"

A few more moments she sat silent but no longer embarrassed, thinking how to begin. The baby woke and began to whimper. The mother, who rarely let him off her arm, because then she was not able to take him till help came, drew him to her, and began to nurse him; and the heart of the young, strong woman was pierced to the quick at sight of how ill fitted was the mother for what she had to do. "Can God be love?" she said to herself. "If I could help her,—! It will go on like this for weeks and months, I suppose!"

She had yet to learn that the love of God is so deep he can be satisfied with nothing less than getting as near as it is possible for the Father to draw nigh to his children—and that is into absolute contact of heart with heart, love with love, being with being. And as that must be wrought out from the deepest inside, divine law working itself up through our nature into our consciousness and will, and claiming us as divine, who can tell by what slow certainties of approach God is drawing nigh to the most suffering of his creatures? Only, if we so comfort ourselves with such thoughts as to do nothing, we, when God and they meet, shall find ourselves out in the cold—a cold infinitely worse than any trouble this world has to show. The baby made no complaint against the slow fountain of his life, but made the best he could of it, while his mother every now and then peered down on him as lovingly as ever happy mother on her first born. The same God is at the heart of all mothers, and all sins against children are against the one Father of children, against the Life itself.

—A few moments only, and Hester began to sing—low and soft. Having no song sought out for the occasion, she took a common hymn, sung in all churches and chapels, with little thought or feeling in it, the only one she could think of. I need not say she put into it as much of sweetness and soothing strength as she could make the sounds hold, and so perhaps made up a little for its lack. It is a curious question why sacred song should so often be dull and commonplace. With a trembling voice she sang, and with more anxiety and shyness than she remembered having ever felt. It was neither a well instructed nor critically disposed audience she had, but the reason was that never before had she been so anxious for some measure of success. Not daring to look up, she sat like one rebuked, with the music flowing over her lips like the slow water from the urn of some naiad of stone at a fountain.

She had her reward; for, when the hymn was done, and she at length ventured to raise her eyes, she saw both mother and babe fast asleep. Her heart ascended on a wave of thanks to the giver of song. She rose softly, crept from the house, and hastened home to tell her mother what she had heard and seen. The same afternoon a basket of nice things arrived at the shop for the poor lodger in the top-room.

The care of the Raymounts did not relax till she was fairly on her feet again; neither till then did a day pass on which Hester did not see her, and scarcely one on which she did not sing to her and her baby. Several times she dressed the child, singing to him all the time. It was generally in the morning she went, because then she was almost sure to find them alone. Of the father she had seen next to nothing. On the few occasions when he happened to be at home, the moment she entered he crept out, with a shy, humble salutation, as if ashamed of himself. All she had ever had time to see was that he was a man of middle height, with a strong face and frame, dressed like a workman. The moment he rose to go, his three boys rose also, and following him from the room seemed to imitate his salutation as they passed her—all but the youngest, who made her a profound bow

"A few moments only, and Hester began to sing—low and soft."

accompanied by a wonderful smile. The eldest was about the age of twelve, the youngest about seven. They were rather sickly-looking, but had intelligent faces and inoffensive expressions.

Mrs. Baldwin continued to bear the family good witness. She confessed they never seemed to have much to eat, but said they paid their lodgings regularly, and she had nothing to complain of. The place had indeed been untidy, not to say dirty, at first, but as soon as the mother was about again it began to amend, and now really, for people in their position, it was wonderfully well.

CHAPTER XIII.—A PRIVATE EXHIBITION.

HESTER had not been near them for two or three days. It was getting dusk, but she would just run across the square and down the street, and look in upon them for a moment. She had not been brought up to fear putting her foot out of doors unaccompanied. It was but a few steps, and she knew almost every house she had to pass. To-morrow was Sunday, and she felt as if she

could not go to church without having once more seen the little flock committed in a measure to her humble charge. Not that she imagined anything sole in her relation towards them; for she had already begun to see that we have to take care of *parts* of each other, those parts, namely, which we can best help. From the ambition both of men and women to lord it over individuals have arisen worse evils perhaps than from a wider love of empery. When a man desires personal influence or power over any one, he is of the thieves and robbers who enter not in by the door. But the right and privilege of ministering belongs to every one who has the grace to claim it and be a fellow-worker with God.

Hester found Mrs. Baldwin busy in the shop, and with a nod passed her, and went up the stair. But when she opened the door, she stood for a moment hesitating whether to enter, or close it again with an apology and return, for it seemed as if preparations for a party had been made. The bed was pushed to the back of the room, and the floor was empty, except for a cushion or two, like those of an easy chair, lying in the middle of it. The father and the three boys were standing together near the fire, like gentlemen on the hearth-rug expecting visitors. She glanced round in search of the mother. Some one was bending over the bed in the farther corner; the place was lighted with but a single candle, and she thought it was she, stooping over her baby; but a moment's gaze made it plain that the back was that of a man: could it be the doctor again? Was the poor woman worse? She entered and approached the father, who then first seeing who it was that had knocked and looked in, pulled off the cap he invariably wore, and came forward with a bashful yet eager courtesy.

"I hope your wife is not worse," said Hester.

"No, miss, I hope not. She's took a bit bad. We can't always awoid it in our profession, miss."

"I don't understand you," she answered, feeling a little uneasy.—Were there horrors to be revealed of which she had surmised nothing?

"If you will do us the honour to take a seat, miss, we shall be only too happy to show you as much as you may please to look upon with favour."

Hester shuddered involuntarily, but mastered herself. The man saw her hesitate, and resumed.

"You see, miss, this is how it was. Dr. Christopher—that's the gentleman there, a lookin' after mother—he's been that kind to her an' me an' all on us in our trouble, an' never a crown-piece to offer him—which I'm sure no lady in the land could ha' been better attended to than she've been—twixt him an' you, miss—so we thought as how we'd do our best for him, an' try an' see whether amongst us we couldn't give him a pleasant evenin' as it were, just to show as we was grateful. So we axed him to tea, an' he come, like the gen'leman he be, an' so we shoved the bed aside an' was showin' him a bit on our craft, just a trick or two, miss—me an' the boys here—stand forward, Robert an' the rest of you, an' make your bows to the distinguished company as honours you with their presence to cast an eye on you an' see what you can show yourselves capable of."

Here Mr. Christopher—Hester had not now heard his name for the first time, though she had never seen him before—turned, and approached them.

"She'll be all right in a minute or two, Franks," he said.

"You told her, doctor, the boy 'ain't got the smallest hurt? It 'ud break my heart nigh as soon as hers to see the Sarpint come to grief."

"She knows that well enough; only, you see, we can't always help letting the looks of things get a hold of us in spite of the facts. That's how so many people come to go out of their wits. But I think for the present it will be better to drop it."

Franks turned to Hester to explain.

"One of the boys, miss—that's him—not much of him—the Young Sarpint of the Prairie, we call him in the trade—he don't seem to ha' much amiss with him, do he now, miss?—he had a bit of a fall—only on them pads—a few minutes ago, the more shame to the Sarpint, the rascal!" Here he pretended to hit the Sarpint, who never moved a coil in consequence, only smiled. "But he ain't the worse, never a hair—or a scale I should rather say, to be kensistent. Bless you, we all knows how to fall equally as well's how to get up again! Only it's the most remarkable thing, an' you would hardly believe it of any woman, miss, though she's been married fourteen years come next Candlemas, an' use they say's a second natur', it's never proved no second nor no third natur' with her, for she's got no more used to seein' the children, if it's nothin' but standin' on their heads, than if it was the first time

she'd ever heard o' sich a thing. An' for standin' on my head—I don't mean me standin' on my own head, that she don't mind no more'n if it was a pin standin' on its head, which it's less the natur' of a pin to do, as that's the way she first made acquaintance with me, seein' me for the first time in her life upside down, which I think sometimes it would be the better way for women to choose their husbands in general, miss, for it's a bad lot we are! But as to seein' of her own flesh an' blood, that's them boys, all on 'em, miss, a standin' on my head, or it might be one on my head an' the other two on my shoulders, that she never come to look at fair. She can't abide it, miss. By some strange okylar delusion she takes me somehow for somewheres about the height of St. Paul's, which if you was to fall off the ball, or even the dome of the same, you *might* break your neck an' a few bones besides, miss. But bless you, there ain't no danger, an' she knows too there ain't, only, as the doctor says, she can't abide the look o' the thing. You see, miss, we're all too much taken wi' the appearance o' things—the doctor's right there!—an' if it warn't for that, there's never a juggler could get on with his tricks, for it's when you're so taken up with what he wants you to see, that he dooes the thing he wants you not to see. But as the doctor thinks it better to drop it, it's drop it we will, an' wait till a more convenient time—that is, when mother 'll be a bit stronger. For I hope neither you, miss, nor the doctor, won't give us up quite, seein' as how we have a kind of a claim upon you—an' no offence, miss, to you, or Mr. Christopher, sir!"

Hester, from whose presence the man had hitherto always hastened to disappear, was astonished at this outpouring; but Franks was emboldened by the presence of the doctor. The moment, however, that his wife heard him give up thus their little private exhibition in honour of the doctor, she raised herself on her elbow.

"Now you'll do no such thing, John Franks!" she said with effort. "It's ill it would become me, for my whims, as I can't help no more nor the child there, to perwent you from showin' sich a small attention to the gentleman as helped me through my trouble—God bless him, for it can't be no pleasure! So I'm not a goin' to put on no airs as if I was a fine lady. I've got to get used to't—that's the short an' the long of it!—Only I'm slow at it!" she added with a sigh. "Up you go, Moxy!"

Franks looked at the doctor. The doctor nodded his head, as much as to say, "You had better do as she wishes;" but Hester saw that the eyes of the young man were all the time more watchful of the woman than of the performance.

Immediately Franks, with a stage-bow, offered Hester a chair. She hesitated a moment, for she felt shy of Mr. Christopher; but as she had more fear of not behaving as she ought to the people she was visiting, she sat down, and became for the first time in her life a spectator of the feats of a family of acrobats.

There might have seemed little remarkable in the display to one in the occasional habit of seeing such things, and no doubt to Mr. Christopher it had not much that was new; but to Hester what each and all of them were capable of was astonishing—more astonishing than pleasant, for she was haunted for some time after with a vague idea of prevailing distortion and dislocation. It was satisfactory nevertheless to know that much labour of a very thorough and persevering sort must have been expended upon their training before they could have come within sight of the proficiency they had gained. She believed this proficiency bore strong witness to some kind of moral excellence in them, and that theirs might well be a nobler way of life than many in which money is made more rapidly, and which are regarded as more respectable. There were but two things in the performance she found really painful; one, that the youngest seemed hardly equal to the physical effort required in those tricks, especially which he had as yet mastered but imperfectly; and it was very plain this was the chief source of trial to the nerves of the mother. He was a sweet-looking boy, with a pale interesting face, bent on learning his part, but finding it difficult. The other thing that pained Hester was, that, the moment they began to perform, the manner of the father towards his children changed; his appearance also, and the very quality of his voice changed, so that he seemed hardly the same man. Just as some men alter their tone and speak roughly when they address a horse, so the moment Franks assumed the teacher he assumed the tyrant, and spoke in a voice between the bark of a dog and the growl of a brown bear. But the roughness had in it nothing cruel, coming in part of his having had to teach other boys than his own, whom he found this mode of utterance assist him in compelling to give heed to his commands; in part from his idea of the natural embodiment of authority. He

ordered his boys about with sternness, sometimes even fiercely, swore at them indeed occasionally, and made Hester feel very uncomfortable.

"Come, come, Franks!" said Mr. Christopher, on one of these outbreaks.

The man stood silent for a moment "like one forbid," then turning to Miss Raymount first, and next to his wife, said, taking off his cap,

"I humbly beg your pardon, ladies. I forgot what company I was in. But, bless you, I mean nothing by it! It's only my way. Ain't it now, mates—you as knows the old man?"

"Yes, father; 't ain't nothin' more'n a way you got," responded the boys all, the little one loudest.

"You don't mind it, do you—knowin' as it's only to make you mind what you're about?"

"No, father, *we* don't mind it. Go ahead, father," said the eldest.

"But," said Franks, and here interjected an imprecation, vulgarly called an oath, "if ever I hear one o' you a usin' of sich improper words, I'll break every bone in his carcase."

"Yes, father," answered the boys with one accord.

"It's all very well for fathers," he went on; "an' when you're fathers yourselves, an' able to thrash me—not as I think you'd want to, kids—I sha'n't ha' no call to meddle with you. So here goes!"

Casting a timid glance at Hester, in the assurance that he had set himself thoroughly right with her, showing himself as regardful of his boys' manners as could justly be expected of any parent, he proceeded with his lesson from the point where he had left off.

As to breaking the boys' bones, there hardly seemed any bones in them to break: gelatine at best seemed to be what was inside their muscles, so wonderful were their feats, and their pranks so strange. But their evident anxiety to please, their glances full of question as to their success in making their offering acceptable, their unconscious efforts to supply the lacking excitement of the public gaze, and, more than all, the occasional appearance amidst the marvels of their performance, in which their bodies seemed mere india-rubber in response to their wills, of a strangely mingled touch of pathos, prevailed chiefly to interest Hester in their endeavour. This last would appear in the occasional suffering it caused Moxy, the youngest, to do as his father required, but oftener in the incongruity between the lovely expression of the boy's face, and the oddity of it when it became the field of certain comicalities required of him—especially when, stuck through between his feet, it had to grin like a demon carved on the folding seat of a choir-stall. Its sweet innocence, and the veil of suffering cast over its best grin, suggesting one of Raphael's cherubs attempting to play the imp, Hester found almost discordantly pathetic. She could have caught the child to her bosom, but alas! she had no right. She was already beginning to become aware of the difficulty of the question as to when or how much you may interfere with the outward conditions of men, or help them save through the channels of the circumstances in which you find them. The gentle suffering face seemed far from its own sphere, that of a stray boy-angel, come to give her a lesson in the heavenly patience. His mother, whose yellow hair and clear gray eyes were just like his, covered her eyes with her hand, though she could not well see him from where she lay, every time he had to do anything by himself.

All at once the master of the ceremonies drew himself up, and wiping his forehead, gave a deep sigh, as much as to say, "I have done my best, and if I have not pleased you, the more is my loss, for I have tried hard," and the performance was over.

The doctor rose, and in a manly voice, whose tones were more pleasing to Hester than the look of the man, which she did not find attractive, proceeded to point out to Franks one or two precautions which his knowledge of anatomy enabled him to suggest, with regard to the training especially of the little Moxy. At the same time he expressed himself greatly pleased with what his host had been so kind as show him, remarking that the power to do such things implied labour more continuous and severe than would have sufficed to the learning of two or three trades. In reply, Franks, mistaking the drift of the remark, and supposing it a gentle remonstrance with what the doctor counted a waste of labour, said, in a tone that sounded sad in the ears of Hester,

"What's a fellow to do, sir, when he 'ain't got no dinner? He must take to the work as takes to him. There was no other trade handy for me. My father he was a poor labourer, an' died early o' hard work an' many mouths. My mother lived but a year after him, an' I had to do for the kids whatever came first to hand. There was two on 'em dead 'atwixt me an' the next alive, so I was a long way ahead o' the rest, an' I

couldn't ha' seen them goin' to the dogs for want o' bread while I was learnin' a trade, even if I had had one in my mind more than another, which I never had. I always was a lively lad, an' for want of anything better to do, for my father wouldn't have us go to work till we was strong enough, he said—an' for that matter it turned out well when the hard time came—I used to amuse myself an' the rest by standin' on my head an' twistin' of my body into all sorts o' shapes—more'n it could well ha' been meant for to take. An' when the circus come round, I would make friends wi' the men, helpin' of 'em to look after their horses, an' they would sometimes, jest to amuse theirselves, teach me tricks I was glad enough to learn; an' they did say for a clod-hopper I got on very well. But that, you see, sir, set my monkey up, an' I took a hoath to myself I would do what none o' them could do afore I died—an' some thinks, sir," he added modestly, "as how I've done it—but that's neither here nor there. The p'int is, that, when my mother followed my father, an' the rest come upon my hands, I was able at once, goin' about an' showin' off, to gather a few coppers for 'em. But I soon found it was precious little I could get, no matter what I could do, so long as my clothes warn't the right thing. So long as I didn't look my trade, they regarded my best as nothing but a clumsy imitation of my betters, an' laughed at what circus Joe said he couldn't do no better hisself. So I plucks up heart an' goes to Longstreet, as was the next market-town, an' into a draper's shop, an' tells 'em what I wanted, an' what it was for, promisin' to pay part out o' the first money I got, an' the rest as soon after as I could. The chaps in the shop, all but one on 'em, jarfed at me: there's always one, or two p'raps, eastways sech 'as been my expearence, sir an' miss, as is better'n most o' the rest, though it's a good thing everybody's not so soft-hearted as my wife there, or the world would soon be turned topsy turvy, an' the rogues have all the money out o' the good folk's pockets, an' them turned beggars in their turn, an' then the rogues wouldn't give them no-think, an' so the good ones would die out, an' the world be full o' nothing but damned rascals—I beg your par'n, miss. But, as I was sayin', though I fared no better at the next shop nor the next, there was one good woman I come to in a little shop in a back street, an' she was a resemblin' of yourself, miss, an' she took an' set me up in my trade, a givin' of me a few remnants o' coloured calico, God bless her! I set to with my needle, an' I dressed myself as like a proper clown as I could, an' painted my face beautiful, an' from that time till they was able to do some'at for theirselves, I managed to keep the kids in life. It wasn't much more, you see, but life's life though it bean't tip-top style. An' if they're none o' them doin' jest so well as they might, there's none o' them been in pris'n yet, an' that's a comfort as long as it lasts. An' when folk tells me I'm a doin' o' nothink o' no good, an' my trade's o' no use to nobody, I says to them, says I, 'Beggin' your pardon, sir, or ma'am, but do ye call it nothink to fill—leastways to *nigh* fill four hungry little bellies at home afore I wur fifteen?' An' after that, they 'ain't in general said nothink; an' one gen'leman he give me 'alf-a-crown."

"The best possible answer you could have given, Franks," rejoined Mr. Christopher. "But I think perhaps you hardly understood what such objectors meant to say. They might have gone on to explain, only they hadn't the heart after what you told them, that most trades did something on both sides—not only fed the little ones at home, but did good to the persons for whom the work was done; that the man, for instance, who cobbled shoes, gave a pair of dry feet to some old man at the same time that he filled his own child's hungry little stomach."

Franks was silent for a moment, thinking.

"I understand you, sir," he said. "But I think I knows trades as makes a deal o' money, an' them they makes it out on's the worse an' not the better. It's better to stand on a fellow's own head than to sell gin; an' I 'most think it's as good as the fire-work trade."

"You are quite right; there's not a doubt of it," answered Mr. Christopher. "But mind you," he went on, "I don't for a moment agree with those who tell you your trade is of no use. I was only explaining to you what they meant; for it's always best to know what people mean, even where they are wrong."

"Surely, sir, and I thank you kindly. Everybody's not so fair."

Here he broke into a quiet laugh, so pleased was he to have the doctor take his part.

"I think," Mr. Christopher went on, "to amuse people innocently is often the only good you can do them. When done lovingly and honestly, it is a Christian service."

This rather shocked Hester:—acrobatics a Christian service! With her grand dawning

idea mingled yet some foolish notional remnants. She still felt as if going to church and there fixing your thoughts on the prayers and the lessons and the hymns and the sermon was the *serving* of God. She turned rather sharply towards the doctor, with a feeling that honesty called on her to speak; but not a word came to her lips, for the best of reasons—that not a thought had arisen in answer to his bold assertion. She was one of the few who know when they have nothing to say. But Christopher had observed the movement of dissent.

"Suppose," he went on, but without addressing her more than before, still turning himself almost exclusively to Franks—"Suppose somebody walking along Oxford Street, brooding over an injury, and thinking how to serve the man out that had done it to him. All the numberless persons and things pass him on both sides, and he sees none of them—takes no notice of anything. But he spies a man in Berners Street, in the middle of a small crowd, showing them some tricks—we won't say so good as yours, Mr. Franks, but he stops, and stares, and forgets for a moment or two that there is one brother-man he hates, and would kill if he could."

Here Hester found words, and said, though all but inaudibly,

"He would only go away as soon as he had had enough of it, and hate him all the same!"

"I know very well," answered Christopher, turning now to her, "it would not make a good man of him; but, except the ways of the world, its best ways and all, are to go for nothing in God's plans, it must be something to have the bad mood in a man stopped for a moment, just as it is something to a life to check a fever. It gives the godlike in the man, feeble, perhaps nearly exhausted, a fresh opportunity of revival. For the moment at least, the man is open to influences from another source than his hate. If the devil may catch a man at unawares when he is in an evil or unthinking mood, why should not the good Power take his opportunity when the evil spirit is asleep through the harping of a David or the feats of a Franks? I sometimes find, as I come from a theatre where I have been occupied with the interests of a stirring play, that, with a sudden rush of intelligence, I understand the things best worth understanding better than before."

The illustration would have pleased Hester much had he said "coming out of a concert-room," for she was not able to think of God being in a theatre: perhaps that had some relation to her inability to tell Saffy why God made the animals: she could have found her a reason why he made the dogs, but not why he made the monkeys. We are surrounded with things difficult to understand, and the way most people take is not to look at them lest they should find out they have to understand them. Hester suspected scepticism under the remarks of the doctor: most doctors, she believed, had more than a leaning in that direction. But she had herself begun to have a true notion of serving *man* at least; therefore there was no fear of her not coming to see by and by what serving God meant. She did serve him, therefore she could not fail of finding out the word that belonged to the act: no one who does not serve him, ever can find out what serving him means. Some people are constantly rubbing at their skylights, but if they do not keep their other windows clean also, there will not be much light in the house: God, like his body, the light, is all about us, and prefers to shine in upon us sideways: we could not endure the power of his vertical glory; no mortal man can see God and live; and he who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, shall not love his God whom he hath not seen. He will come to us in the morning through the eyes of a child, when we have been gazing all night at the stars in vain.

Hester rose. She was a little frightened at the very peculiar man and his talk. She had made several attempts in the dull light, but without much success, to see him as he watched the contortions of the acrobats, which apparently he enjoyed more than to her seemed reasonable. But, as with herself, it was the boy Moxy that chiefly attracted him, though the show of physical prowess was far from uninteresting to him; and although what she saw through the smoky illumination of the dip was not attractive to her, the question remains whether it was really the man himself she saw, or only an appearance made up of candle gleam and gloom, complemented by her imagination. I will write what she saw, or thought she saw:—

A rather thick-set man about thirty, in a rough shooting-coat of a brownish gray with many pockets, a striped shirt, and a black necktie—if tie it could be called that had so little tie in it; a big head, with rather thick and long straggling hair; a large forehead, and large gray eyes; the remaining features well formed—but rather fat, like the rest of

his not elegant person; and a complexion rather pale. She thought he had quite a careless, if not a slightly rakish look; but I believe a man, even in that light, would have seen in him something manly and far from unattractive. He had a rather gruff but not unmusical voice, with what some might have thought a thread of pathos in it. He always reminded certain of his friends of the portrait of Jean Paul in the Paris edition of his works. He was hardly above the middle height, and, I am sorry to say, wore his hat on the back of his head, which would have given Solon or Socrates himself a foolish look. Hester, however, as she declined his offer to see her home, did not then become aware of this peculiarity, which, to say the least, would have made her like him no better.

The next time she went to see the Frankses, which was not for four or five days, she found they were gone. They had told Mrs. Baldwin that they were sorry to leave, but they must look for a cheaper lodging—a better they could not hope to find; and as the Baldwins had just had an application for the rooms, they felt they must let them go.

Hester was disappointed not to have seen them once more, and made them a little present as she had intended; and in after times the memory of them was naturally the more interesting that on Mrs. Franks she had first made experiment in the hope of her calling, and in virtue of her special gift had not once nor twice given sleep and rest to her and her babe. And if it is a fine thing to thrill with delight the audience of a concert-room—well-dined, well-dressed people, surely it was not a little thing to hand God's gift of sleep to a poor woman weary with the lot of women, and having so little, as Hester thought, to make life a pleasure to her!

Mrs. Franks would doubtless have differed from Hester in this judgment of her worldly condition, on the ground that she had a good husband, and good children. Some are always thinking others better off than themselves; others feel as if the lot of many about them must be absolutely unbearable, because they themselves could never bear it, they think. But things are unbearable just until we have them to bear; their possibility comes with them. For we are not the roots of our own being.

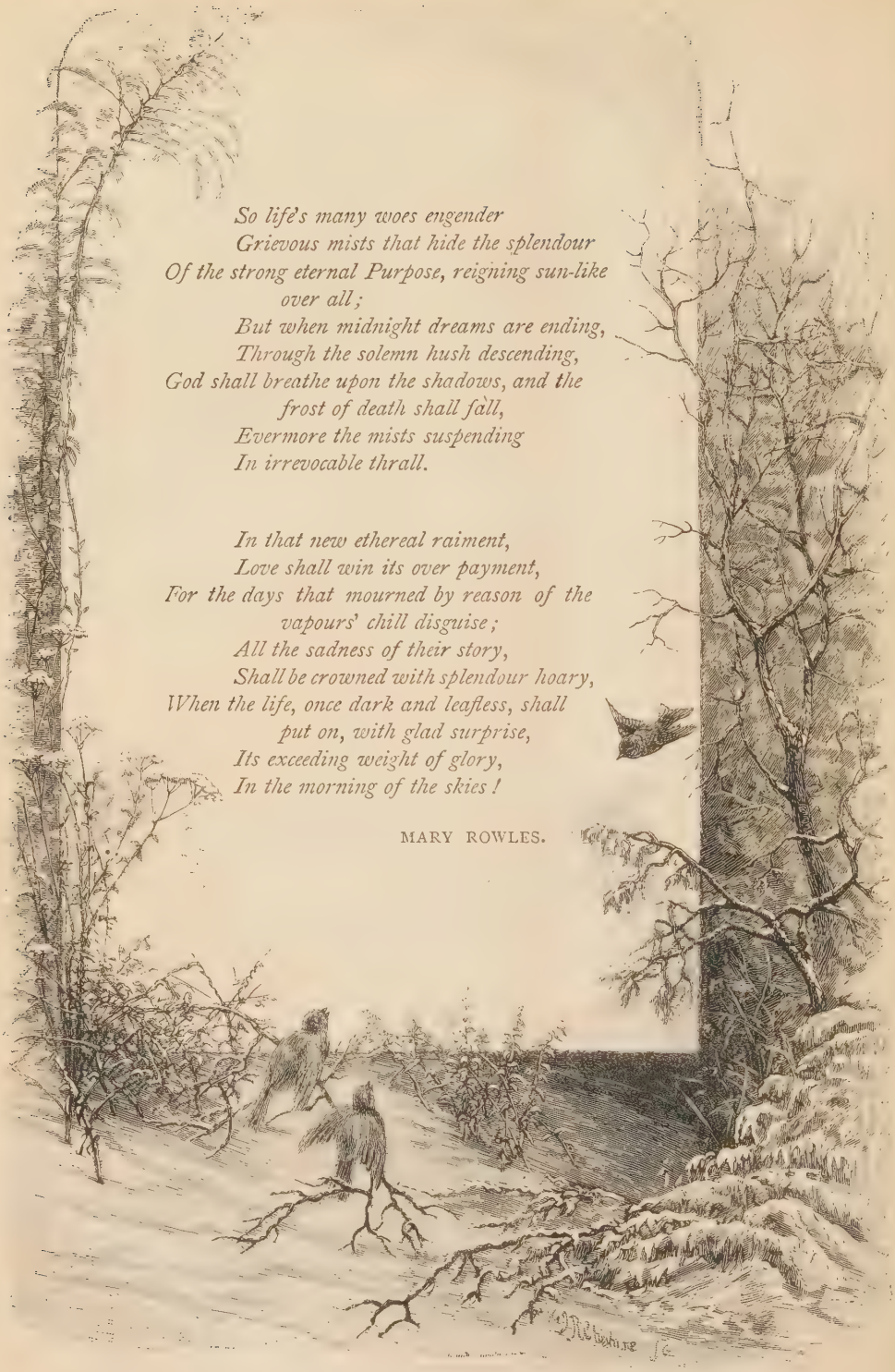
HOAR FROST.

"By the breath of God frost is given."—Job xxxvii. 10.

YESTERDAY the mists uncertain
Spread their dark bewildering curtain
Over all the face of nature, till the night fell, cold and grey;
Then a sudden frost was given,
And the heavy fogs were riven
Into clear and perfect crystals, clothing every leafless spray,
Ere the lingering shades were driven
From the portals of to-day.

Now the early sunlight tinges
All the transitory fringes
Pendent from each wayside hedgerow, flinging opal lights between;
Every blade of grass upraises
Jewels meet for royal praises,
Dainty coronals of silver glisten with unearthly sheen;
Where, in summer time, the daisies
Immemorially have been.

Hushed in dream-like adoration,
Robed as if for bright translation
All the trees stand forth in vestures, such as summer ne'er restores;
With these unfamiliar graces
On their veiled celestial faces,
They are shadowy archangels watching from these mortal shores;
Where, far up the sapphire spaces,
Shine the everlasting doors.



So life's many woes engender
Grievous mists that hide the splendour
Of the strong eternal Purpose, reigning sun-like
over all;
But when midnight dreams are ending,
Through the solemn hush descending,
God shall breathe upon the shadows, and the
frost of death shall fall,
Evermore the mists suspending
In irrevocable thrall.

In that new ethereal raiment,
Love shall win its over payment,
For the days that mourned by reason of the
vapours' chill disguise;
All the sadness of their story,
Shall be crowned with splendour hoary,
When the life, once dark and leafless, shall
put on, with glad surprise,
Its exceeding weight of glory,
In the morning of the skies!

MARY ROWLES.

WHAT "THE GOSPEL" IS.

By ALEXANDER McLAREN, D.D.

"The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ."—MARK i. 1.

MY purpose in this paper is to point out some of the various connections in which the New Testament uses that familiar phrase, "the gospel," and briefly to gather some of the important thoughts which these suggest. Possibly the process may help to restore freshness to a word so well worn that it slips over our tongues almost unnoticed and excites little thought.

The history of the word in the New Testament books is worth notice. It seldom occurs in those lives of our Lord which now are emphatically so called, and where it does occur, it is "the gospel of the Kingdom" quite as frequently as "the gospel" of the King. The word is never used in Luke, and only twice in the Acts of the Apostles, both times in quotations. The Apostle John never employs it, either in his "gospel" or in his epistles, and in the Apocalypse the word is only once found, and then it may be a question whether it refers to the good news of salvation in Jesus Christ. John thought of the word which he had to proclaim as "the message," "the witness," "the truth," rather than as "the gospel." We search for the expression in vain in the epistles of James, Jude, and to the Hebrews. Thrice it is used by Peter. The great bulk of the instances of its occurrence are in the writings of Paul, who, if not the first to use it, at any rate is the great source from which the familiar meaning of the phrase, as describing the sum total of the revelation in Jesus Christ, has flowed.

The various connections in which the word is employed are remarkable and instructive. We can but touch lightly on the more important lessons which they are fitted to teach.

1. *The Gospel is the "Gospel of Christ."*

On our Lord's own lips and in the records of His life we find, as has already been noticed, the phrase "the gospel of the Kingdom"—the good news of the establishment on earth of the rule of God in the hearts and lives of men. The person of the King is not yet defined by it. The diffused dawn floods the sky, and upon them that sit in darkness the greatness of its light shines before the sun is above the horizon. The message of the forerunner proclaimed, like a herald's clarion, the coming of the Kingdom before he could say to a more receptive few, "Behold the Lamb of God." The order is first the message of the Kingdom, then the discovery of the King. And so that earlier phrase falls out of use, and when once Christ's life had been lived, and His death died, the gospel is no longer the message of an impersonal revolution in the world's attitude to God's will, but the biography of Him who is at once first subject and monarch of the Kingdom of Heaven, and by whom alone we are brought into it. The standing expression comes to be "the gospel of Christ."

It is His, not so much because He is the author, as because He is the subject of it. It is the good news about Christ. He is its contents and great theme. And so we are led up at once to the great central peculiarity of Christianity, namely that it is a record of historical fact, and that all the world's life and blessedness lie in the story of a human life and death. Christ is Christianity. His biography is the good news for every child of man.

Neither a philosophy nor a morality, but a history is the true good news for men. The world is hungry, and when it cries for bread wise men give it a stone, but God gives it the fare it needs in the bread that comes down from Heaven. Though it be of small account in many people's eyes, like the common barley cakes, the poor man's food, it is what we all need; and humble people, and simple people, and uneducated people, and barbarous people, and dying people, and the little children can all eat and live. They would find little to keep them from starving in anything more ambitious, and would only break their teeth in mumbling the dry bones of philosophies and moralities. But the story of their brother who has lived and died for them feeds heart and mind and will, fancy and imagination, memory and hope, nourishes the whole nature into health and beauty, and alone deserves to be called good news for men.

All that the world needs lies in that story. Out of it have come peace and gladness to the soul, light for the understanding, cleansing for the conscience, renovation for the will, which will be made strong and free by submission, a resting-place for the heart,

and a starting-point and a goal for the loftiest flights of hope. Out of it have come the purifying of family and civic life, the culture of all noble social virtues, the sanctity of the household, and the elevation of the state. The thinker has found the largest problems raised and solved therein. The setting forth of a loftier morality, and the enthusiasm which makes the foulest nature aspire to and reach its heaven-touching heights, are found together there. To it poet and painter, architect and musician owe their noblest themes. The good news of the world is the story of Christ's life and death. Let us be thankful for its form; let us be thankful for its substance.

But we must not forget that, as Paul, who is so fond of the word, has taught us, the historical fact needs some explanation and commentary to make the history a gospel. He has declared to us "the gospel which he preached," and to which he ascribes saving power, and he gives these as its elements, "How that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." There are three facts —death, burial, resurrection. These are the things that any eye could have seen. Are these the gospel? Is there any saving power in them? Not unless you add the commentary "for our sins," and "according to the Scriptures." That death was a death for us all, by which we are delivered from our sins—that is the main thing, and in subordination to that thought, the other that Christ's death was the accomplishment of prophecies —these make the history a gospel. The bare facts, without the exhibition of their purpose and meaning, are no more a gospel than any other story of a death would be. The facts with any lower explanation of their meaning are no gospel, any more than the story of the death of Socrates, or any innocent martyr would be. If you would know the good news that will lift your heavy heart from sorrow and break your chains of sin, that will put music into your life and make your days blaze into brightness as when the sunlight strikes some sullen mountain-side that lay black in shadow, you must take the fact with its meaning, and find your gospel in the life and death of Him who is more than example and more than martyr. "How that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures" is "the gospel of Christ."

2. *The Gospel of Christ is the Gospel of God.* This form of the expression, though by no means so frequent as the other, is found throughout Paul's epistles, thrice in the earliest—Thessalonians (1 Thess. ii. 8), once in the great Epistle to the Romans (i. 1), once in Corinthians (2 Cor. xi. 7), and once in a modified form in the pathetic letter from the dungeon, which the old man addressed to his "son Timothy" (1 Tim. i. 11). It is also found in the writings of Peter (1 Pet. iv. 17). In all these cases the phrase, "the gospel of God," may mean the gospel which has God for its author or origin, but seems rather to mean "which has God for its subject."

It was, as we saw, mainly designated as the good news about Jesus Christ, but it is also the good news about God. So in one and the same set of facts we have the history of Jesus and the revelation of God. They are not only the biography of a man, but they are the unveiling of the heart of God. These Scripture writers take it for granted that their readers will understand that paradox, and do not stop to explain how they change the statement of the subject matter of their message, in this extraordinary fashion, between their Master who had lived and died on earth, and the Unseen Almightiness throned above all heavens. How comes that to be?

It is not that the gospel has two subjects, one of which is the matter of one portion, and the other of another. It does not sometimes speak of Christ, and sometimes rise to tell us of God. It is always speaking of both, and when its subject is most exclusively the man Christ Jesus, it is then most chiefly the Father God. How comes that to be?

Surely this unconscious shifting of the statement of their theme, which these writers practise as a matter of course, shows us how deeply the conviction had stamped itself on their spirits, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and how the point of view from which they had learned to look on all the sweet and wondrous story of their Master's life and death, was that of a revelation of the deepest heart of God.

And so must we look on that whole career, from the cradle to the cross, from Calvary to Olivet, if we are to know its deepest tenderness and catch its gladdest notes. That such a man has lived and died is beautiful, and the picture may stand for ever as the fairest of the children of men. But that in that life and death we have our most authentic knowledge of what God is, and that all the pity and truth, the gentleness and the brotherliness, the tears and the

self-surrender, are a revelation to us of God; and that the cross, with its awful sorrow and its painful death, tells us not only how a man gave himself for those whom he loved, but how God loves the world and how tremendous is His law—this is good news of God indeed. We have to look for our truest knowledge of Him not in the majesties of the starry heavens, nor in the depths of our own souls, not in the scattered tokens of His character, given by the perplexed order of the world, nor in the intuitions of the wise, but in the life and death of His Son, whose tears are the pity of God as well as the compassion of a man, and in whose life and death the whole world may behold "the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person," and be delivered from all their fears of an angry, and all their doubts of an unknown, God.

There is a double modification of this phrase. We hear of "the gospel of the grace of God" and "the gospel of the glory of God;" which latter expression, rendered in the English version misleadingly "the glorious gospel," is given in its true shape in the Revised Version. The great theme of the message is further defined in these two noteworthy forms. It is the tender love of God in exercise to lowly creatures who deserve something else, a love which flows forth unbought and unmotived save by itself, like some stream from a hidden lake high up among the pure Alpine snows, that the gospel is busy in setting forth. The story of Christ's work is the story of God's rich, unmerited love, bending down to creatures far beneath, and making a radiant pathway from earth to heaven, like the sevenfold rainbow.

It is so, not merely because this mission is the result of God's love, but also because His grace is God's grace, and every act of Christ which speaks His own tenderness is therein an apocalypse of God.

The second of these two expressions—"the gospel of the glory of God"—leads up to that great thought that the true glory of the Divine Nature is its tenderness. The lowliness and death of Christ are the glory of God! Not in the awful attributes which separate that inconceivable Nature from us, not in the eternity of His existence, nor in the Infinitude of His Being, not in the Omnipotence of His unwearied arm, nor in fire-eyed Omniscience, but in the pity and graciousness which bend lovingly over us is the true glory of God. These pompous "attributes" are but the fringes of the brightness, the living white heart of it is love. God's glory is God's grace, and the purest expression of both is found there, where Jesus hangs dying in the dark. The true throne of God's glory is not builded high in a remote heaven, flashing intolerable brightness and set about with bending principalities and powers, but it is the Cross of Calvary. The story of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," with its humiliation and shame, is the "gospel of the grace," and therefore is the "gospel of the glory of God."

3. The good news of Christ and of God is *the gospel of our salvation and peace.*

We read of "the gospel of your salvation" (Eph. i. 13), and in the same letter (vi. 15) of "the gospel of peace." In these expressions we pass from the consideration of the author or of the subject matter of the good news to that of its purpose and issue. It is meant to bring to men, and it does in fact bring to all who accept it, those wide and complex blessings described by those two great words.

That good news about Christ and God brings to a man salvation, if he believes it. To know and feel that I have a loving Father who has so cared for me and all my brethren that He has sent His son to live and die for me, is surely enough to deliver me from all the bonds and death of sin, and to quicken me into humble consecration to His service. And such emancipation from the burden and misery of sin, from the gnawing consciousness of evil and the weakening sense of guilt, from the dominion of wrong tastes and habits, and from the despair of ever shaking them off which is only too well grounded in the experience of the past, is the beginning of salvation for each of us. That great keyword of the New Testament covers the whole field of positive and negative good which man can need or God can give. Negatively it includes the removal of every evil, whether of the nature of sorrow or of sin, under which men can groan. Positively it includes the endowment with all good, whether of the nature of joy or of purity, which men can hope for or receive. It is past, present and future, for every heart that accepts "the word of the truth of the gospel"—past, inasmuch as the first effect of even the most incomplete acceptance is to put us in a new position and attitude towards the law of God, and to plant the germs of all holiness and joy in our souls; present, inasmuch as salvation is a growing possession and a continuous process running on all through our lives, if we be true to ourselves and our calling; future,

inasmuch as its completion waits to be unveiled in another order of things, where perfect purity and perfect consecration shall issue in perfect joy.

And all this ennobling and enriching of human nature is produced by that good news about the grace and glory of God and of Christ, if we will only listen to it, and let it work its work on our souls.

The same set of facts substantially is included under that other expression, "the gospel of peace." The Hebrew use of the word "peace" as a kind of short-hand for all good is probably to be remembered. But even in the narrower sense of the word, how great are the blessings set forth by it! All inward serenity and outward calm, the tranquillity of a soul free from the agitations of emotion, and the storms of passions, and the tumults of desire, as well as the security of a life guarded from the assaults of foes and girded about with an impregnable barrier which nothing can destroy and no enemy overleap, are ours, if we take the good news about God to our heart. They are ours in the measure in which we take it. Clearly such truths as those which the gospel brings have a plain tendency to give peace. They give peace with God, with the world, and with ourselves. They lead to trust, and trust is peace. They lead to union with God, and that is peace. They lead to submission, and that is peace. They lead to consecration, and that is peace. They lead to indifference to fleeting joys and treasures, and that is peace. They give to heart and mind and will an all-sufficient and infinite object, and that is peace. They deliver us from ourselves, and that is peace. They fill the past, the present, and the future with the loving Father's presence, and brighten life and death with the Saviour's footsteps—and so to live is calm, and to die is to lay ourselves down in peace and sleep, quiet by His side, like a child by its mother. The good news about God and Christ is the good news of our salvation and of our peace.

4. The good news about Christ and God is *the* gospel. By far the most frequent form of expression is that simple use of the noun with the definite article. This message is emphatically *the* good news. It is the tidings which men most of all want. It stands alone; there is no other like it. If this be not the glad tidings of great joy for the world, then there are none.

Let no false liberality lead us to lose sight of the exclusive claims which are made in this phrase for the set of facts the narrative of which constitutes "the gospel." The life and death of Jesus Christ for the sins of the world, his resurrection and continuous life for the saving of the world;—these are the truths, without which there can be no gospel. They may be apprehended in different ways, set forth in different perspective, proclaimed in different dialects, explained in different fashion, associated with different accompaniments, drawn out into different consequences, and yet, through all diversity of tones, the message may be one. Sounded on a ram's horn or a silver trumpet, it may be the same saving and joy-bringing proclamation, and it will be, if Christ and his life and death are plainly set forth as the beginning and ending of all. But if there be an omission of that mighty name, or if a Christ be proclaimed without a Cross, a Salvation without a Saviour, or a Saviour without a Sacrifice, all the adornments of genius and sincerity will not prevent such a half gospel from falling flat. Its preachers have never been able, and never will be able, to touch the general heart or to bring good cheer to men. They have always had to complain "we have piped unto you and ye have not danced." They cannot get people to be glad over such a message. Only when you speak of a Christ who has died for our sins, will you cause the heavy heart of the world to sing for joy. Only that old, old message is the good news which men want.

There is no second gospel. Men who preach a message of a different kind, as Paul tells us, are preaching what is not really another gospel. There cannot be two messages. There is but one—and counterfeits. For us it is all-important that we should be no less narrow than the truth, and no more liberal than he was to whom the message how that Jesus died for our sins was the only thing worth calling the gospel. Our own salvation depends on our firm grasp of that one message, and for some of us, the clear decisiveness with which our lips ring it out determines whether we shall be blessings or curses to our generation. There are plenty of voices now preaching other messages which promise good tidings of good. Let us cleave with all our hearts to Christ alone, and let our tongues not falter in proclaiming, "Neither is there salvation in any other." The gospel of the Christ who died for our sins, is the gospel.

And what we have for ourselves to do with it is told us in that pregnant phrase of the apostle's, "my gospel" and "our gospel;" meaning not merely the message which he was

charged to proclaim, but the good news which he and his brethren had made their own. So we have to make it ours. It is of no use to us, unless we do. It is not enough that it echoes all around us, like music borne upon the wind. It is not enough that we hear it, as men do some sweet melody, while their thoughts are busy on other things. It is not enough that we believe it, as we do other histories in which we have no concern. What more is needed? Another expression of the apostle's gives the answer. He speaks of "the faith of the gospel," that is the trust which that glad message evokes, and by which it is laid hold of.

Make it yours by trusting your whole self to the Christ of whom it tells you. The reliance of heart and will on Jesus who has died for me, makes it "my gospel." There is one God, one Christ, one gospel which tells us of them, and one faith by which we lay hold upon the gospel, and upon the loving Father and the ever-helpful Saviour of whom it tells. Let us make that great word our own by simple faith, and then "as cold water to our thirsty soul," so will be that good news from a far country, the country where the Father's house is, and to which He has sent the Elder Brother to bring back us prodigal children.

NEW LIGHT IN THE OLD LAMP.

II.

LUKE vi. 35. "*But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again.*" A motive still more unworldly than unselfishness, is given in the rendering of the revision. And the motive carries with it its own inspiration. Instead of the hopelessness which the authorised version is made to hold out for our encouragement, we are invited "never to despair." "*But love your enemies, and do them good, and lend,* NEVER DESPAIRING." The margin reads "*despairing of no man.*" The example of the Father is put before us, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect;" and it would seem, in revealing to us this reason for *our* showing goodness and mercy, that He has revealed to us the true reason why *He* is good to all, and why *His* mercy endureth for ever.

2 Timothy ii. 15. "*Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.*" The verb rendered "rightly dividing" means "to cut straight." And the metaphor is taken from cutting roads. The characteristic of the Roman roads would be well known to the apostle, and this idea is given in the margin of the revision, "HOLDING A STRAIGHT COURSE *in the word of truth.*" The expression denotes a fearless faithfulness—a simple straightforwardness in the proclamation of the truth of God; whatever may be the opinions or the conduct of men. The word has to be preached, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear.

1 Timothy v. 4. "*But if any widow have children or nephews, let them learn first to show piety at home, and to requite their parents: for that is good and acceptable before God.*" Most readers must be puzzled with this verse. A very common relationship is, however, here acknowledged. Grandchildren, in the time of the authorised version, were known as nephews. And grandchildren and grand-parents will have their hearts stirred within them, as they read in the revised version:—"*But if any widow hath children or* GRANDCHILDREN, *let them learn first to show piety towards their own family, and to requite their parents: for this is acceptable in the sight of God.*"

Hebrews xiii. 17. "*Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account; that they may do it with joy, and not with grief: for that is unprofitable for you.*" This exhortation reads as if the argument referred to the future, rather than the present. And thus read, the conclusion, to say the least, is feeble. The words "that is unprofitable for you" cannot, however, apply to the great day of account. Nor, is there a reference to any supposed ecclesiastical and conventional authority. But people are here warned against depressing the spirits of those who watch for their souls. They are but men, and as such cannot work well without joy. A joyless ministry is the people's loss. A people may make their minister happy, and a happy minister will be a successful one. The revised version is somewhat improved:—"*Obey them that have the rule over*

you, and submit to them; for they watch in behalf of your souls, as they that shall give an account; that they may do THIS *with joy, and not with grief: for* THIS *were unprofitable for you.*"

Luke x. 42. "*But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.*" The article which has been changed into the demonstrative pronoun in the authorised version, is restored in the revision: "THE *good part.*" This record of our Lord's visit to Bethany appears to have been written to prove, that the various receptions given to our Lord are not alike acceptable, but that there is one way, and one way alone, in which He wishes to be received. The two sisters would have been helping each other, sharing together the work of the house, when they were interrupted by the unexpected arrival of our Lord. This may be gathered from the remark of Martha, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath *left* me to serve alone?" Martha continues her employment. Mary finds it to be impossible, in the presence of Christ, to be cumbered with much serving. The power of His presence is upon her. She is apprehended of Christ Jesus. She is no longer herself. Constrained by the love of Christ, unconsciously she leaves her work, drawn irresistibly to Him. She sits absorbed at Jesus's feet, listening to His word. Martha is not only able to continue her ordinary work, but she is in her ordinary state of mind. Her petulance speaks for itself. She knows Christ as yet only after the flesh, and so she can talk to Him as she does of her sister. The one thing has not come. She is not beside herself. She knows as yet nothing of that good part which Mary has chosen. When Christ truly comes to us, He is all in all, we come out of ourselves. And if it be so, we shall never have to alter our conduct. It is the good part which shall not be taken from us.

Galatians v. 17. "*For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.*" By adopting the idiom of the language in which this Scripture was written, instead of expressing it by some *corresponding* idiom in English, the translators here make St. Paul say, that the opposition between our flesh and the Spirit renders it *impossible* for us to do the things which we would. Whereas what St. Paul's own words signify, according to the form of expression in the language which he used, is, that the opposition between the flesh and the Spirit has this *tendency*—not that it *necessarily* prevents a man from acting as he desires to act, but that it has a tendency to do so—operates as an impediment. "*For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary the one to the other; that ye* MAY NOT *do the things that ye would.*"

In St. Peter's address to the apostles and the elders at Jerusalem, on the question respecting the circumcision of the Gentile converts to Christianity, our translation makes the apostle say (Acts xv. 10, 11): "*Now therefore why tempt ye God, to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear? But we believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they.*" The use of the word *but* here is not according to our English custom, and does not therefore convey the right meaning, if any meaning at all, to a mere English reader. The elliptical idiom in the original, given at full length, is this,—"For, after all, it is not by these things, *but* by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, that we (*i. e.* we who have been Jews) trust to be saved, as well as they who have been Gentiles." In the revision we read:—"*But we believe that we shall be saved through the grace of the Lord Jesus, in* LIKE MANNER AS THEY." The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is with all and for all and enough.

Philippians iv. 2, 3. "*I beseech Euodias, and beseech Syntyche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord. And I entreat thee also, true yokefellow, help those women who laboured with me in the gospel.*" The name of one of these women has been restored, and the Christian duty of peace-making more distinctly pointed out, in the revision:—"*I exhort* EUODIA, *and I exhort Syntyche, to be of the same mind in the Lord. Yea, I beseech thee also, true yokefellow, help these women,* FOR *they laboured with me in the gospel.*" The two women had had some disagreement, and the apostle was anxious for their reconciliation. The person addressed is exhorted to help these women, by persuading them to make peace with each other. And he is personally appealed to by Paul, as his own fellow-labourer in the gospel; and urged, for the gospel's sake, to attempt to heal the breach.

R. H. S.

THE TWO LETTERS.

By D. C. ANGUS.

UPON the hill-top, wind-blown, hair afloat,
Lone and intent, watching a little boat
Brown-sailed and wavering, stands the waiting girl.

Sudden she bids the startled boatmen furl
Their sails, crying, with arm aloft,
In thrush's call, so loud and clear and soft,
"O boatmen, stay, good boatmen, stay for me!
Look! I have letters bound for over-sea."

The light, lithe shape against the straight sea line,
The swift free step along the steep incline,
The cheek embrowned, the uplifted arm, the gesture,
Tell, like the girl's bare head and simple vesture,
This child is free of Nature's liberties,
Cradled on earth, but rocked by murmuring seas.

The boatmen, looking upward, see her signing—
A dusky figure—while the sun, declining,
Spreads rose and gold and violet lights behind her,
As if some Raphael reverently enshrined her,
Virgin in great Assumption. Unaware
Of sunset glory, bronzing her brown hair
Like to a pictured halo, she stands—still,
Unconscious, framed by light, intent—until
From signs consenting she divines their will.

And then, with gladness winging her sure feet,
She runs adown the rocky stair to meet
Them, and with thankful welcome greet,
Bidding them bear her letters safely, "For, you know,
My brother longs for news from Ireland so."

"Not only to your brother, Kate, you send
Such long thick letters! Never mind; a friend—
An old, old friend like me—must have his joke"—
This, to her silence, for her blushes spoke.

And so, her errand done, they bid good-bye.
She climbs the stair: and now against the sky,
Upon the jutting headland, stands again,
And looks across the misty twilit plain
Of waters, and her sailor-friends she sees
Printing their tiny furrow in the seas.

The light grows dim and pale and ghostly fair,
And still the maid—she, too, grown pale—stands there,
  And as she gazes slowly they depart
From sight, and sighing half, half singing,
Her whole true being about her message clinging,
  She finds in broken utterance ease of heart.

It seems as if best part of her had gone
Drifting along with that she wrote upon;
Her heart is borne away in that frail boat,
Hurrying to catch the mail for realms remote,
The giant steamer—then, by memory smote,
Her heart is here; she knows herself again
A lonely girl. And so—like her—her strain,
Simple and plaintive as a wood-dove's note,
Is tossed from fear to hope, from joy to pain.

"O my letter! O my letter!
  Take my message, fly for me,
Like a sea-bird, noiseless, white-winged,
  —All my heart lies hid in thee.

"Let him feel it beating steadfast,
  Warm and true, and all for him,
Till his pulses too shall quicken,
  Till his eyes for joy grow dim.

"O my letter! O my letter!
  Speak to him as I would speak,
Seem not cold, O silent letter!—
  Written words are poor and weak.

"Let him see me, as I wrote them,
  Praying, longing, mingling pain
Of the waiting with the sweetness
  Of our hope to meet again.

"Let him feel that I would cheer him,
  (But not think I do not mind—
That the absence costs but little
  To the girl he left behind).

"And—dear Country, blest New Country,
  Where the children of our race
Find a home and find their missing
  Self-respect, their right, their place—

"Soon, oh, soon, so bless my lover
  With the gain of honest toil,
That *his* letter may come bidding
  Me go forth to that new soil.

"But till then—his Irish lassie
Shall be faithful, patient, true;
Tell him this, O foolish letter!
That is all I ask of you.

"O my letter! O my letter!
When he opens it he will
Tremble lest it bear ill tidings—
E'en its touch his heart shall thrill.

"'Tis her writing—her hand touched it—
She has kissed it—and this blot
Tells me how her tears were falling
When she wrote, Forget me not.

"'All our love, our thought in common,
Breathes through every tender word.'
—Thanks! O boatmen—thanks! O sailors—
For your help I praise the Lord!"

So the gentle Irish maiden's
Hope and love in prayer aspires,
And her little letter beareth
Freight of infinite desires.

And her lover, cheered and strengthened
By each honest loving word,
Answers gladly wondering comrades,
"Yes, to-day from home I heard."

IS MARS HABITABLE?

By E. W. MAUNDER, F.R.A.S., Superintendent of the Physical Department, Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

NOW let us resume our fascinating inquiry. Such an atmosphere as we described in the previous paper would give unmistakable evidences of its presence. We know how much feebler the rays of the Sun become as it sinks down in the sky, and so shines through a thicker layer of air, until as it sets we can look steadily and without discomfort at the glowing orb, which a few hours earlier, when it was high in the heavens, would have blinded us with the intensity of its light had we attempted the experiment then. If sunlight suffers such loss in its passage through the air, what must be the effect upon the comparatively feeble light of a planet? We may be quite sure that if the atmosphere of Mars were so much deeper and denser than our own, or even if it were as dense, we should never see the markings on his surface as distinctly as we do. Above all it would be impossible for the differences in colour which give the planet so beautiful and interesting an appearance, to show themselves. Besides, thick clouds are not common on Mars. The clouds generally seen are only sufficient to lighten a little, not to fully hide, the dark markings, and do not reflect nearly so much light as our own heavier clouds do. It is therefore very probable that the Martial atmosphere is not dense enough to support such heavy clouds; in other words, that it corresponds to those higher regions of our air, where the thin wispy cirrus-clouds, or "mare's tails," float, and where the little white rounded masses that counterfeit the appearance of a ploughed field stretch their long bright furrows.

There is another consideration. Mars is not only actually lighter than our earth, he is lighter in proportion to his size, so that if the weight of a planet has anything to do with the amount of atmosphere it gathers round it, Mars must indeed have a meagre one. Our own atmosphere makes up about one part in a million and a quarter of the total weight of the world. If a similar proportion holds good upon Mars, it is not hard to prove that the pressure on his surface is about two pounds on the square inch instead of fifteen. We cannot in any case suppose that there is more air above any given area of Mars than there is above the same area of our own world. To suppose there is as much is to allow the smaller planet nearly three times as much as the relative weights of the two bodies would lead us to infer; and even then the result is, as we have seen, that the atmosphere at the surface of Mars is as rare as it is on the tops of our loftiest mountains. And yet these peaks are lifeless solitudes, even when placed in the tropics, the hottest regions of the Earth; how much more then would it be impossible for anything to live when to so rare an air is added the far more intense cold that must prevail in the lands of distant Mars!

How is it then that we are able to detect water vapour in the air of Mars, and for the most part to perceive no ice or snow on his dark seas and ruddy lands? The rare atmosphere and small weight of the planet afford the true answers to these questions. The rays of the Sun would pass through such an atmosphere with scarcely the faintest loss, and though the air would remain unwarmed, they would fall with full effect on rock and plain, on river and sea. And at so low a pressure water would boil so easily, with the application of so small an amount of heat, that it is not impossible, though not probable, that the strange spectacle may sometimes be presented of pools or streams actually boiling when under a vertical sun. At all events during summer evaporation would go on there more rapidly than here.

And this vapour would be held better in the atmosphere of Mars than in our own. The vapour of water, being lighter than air, rises, and, as it ascends into rarer regions, expands. But in expanding it loses much of its heat, and some, it may be all, is condensed in different forms, as cloud, rain, snow, or

hail. It is this principle which is employed in the great ice-chambers in which meat is brought to England from America or Australia. Air is pumped into strong coffers until it is many times as compressed as the air outside. The compression causes a great development of heat, but the coffer is cooled by being placed in cold water. When it is as cold as it can conveniently be made, the coffer is opened and the air rushes out into the meat chamber, and expanding at once to its original condition, causes the most intense cold.

Some part of the cold experienced on mountain-tops is caused in this way. Air in rising three and a half miles would expand to double its original volume; hence balloons are only half filled with gas before they start if they are meant to go to great heights, for otherwise the gas would burst the covering by its expansion when it had got up any considerable distance. But owing to the small attraction of Mars, the atmosphere is not much more compressed in the valleys than on the mountain-tops, and a half-filled balloon would have to rise ten miles there, before the gas would expand sufficiently to round it out completely. And just as we have seen that bodies weigh only one-third as much on Mars as on the Earth, so bodies there fall only one-third as fast, and consequently vapours rise more slowly in the same proportion. A rising vapour, therefore, would take some nine or ten times as long to reach the place where it would expand to twice its original volume as on the Earth.

Upon our own world water-vapour performs the most inestimable services. The heat of the Sun causes evaporation to go on very rapidly in the tropics, and great quantities of water are raised from the seas and oceans of the equator. Rising high in the air they form upper currents flowing towards the poles, cold currents coming from the temperate zones to fill their place. Meanwhile the water-laden upper currents become gradually cooled and some of the vapour is condensed and falls as rain, not only refreshing and fertilising the regions on which it falls, but warming them as well. For just as part of the fierce rays of the tropical sun was used to raise those vapours, and those regions were therefore spared that portion of the heat they would otherwise have received, so in becoming recondensed the vapours give up again the heat exerted to raise them, and warm the colder countries on which they fall. And they have another office to perform, more important still. Dry air has but a feeble power of retaining heat, and the small proportion of vapour, ordinarily present in the atmosphere, gives to moist air seventy times that capacity. But for this property the earth would become so heated during the day, and fling off that heat so rapidly during the night, that the whole surface would be as uninhabitable as the highest mountain-peaks are at present. Who can look at these simple but beautiful arrangements without admiration and gratitude to the Giver of every good, and who can wonder that He who has thus exquisitely fitted this globe to be the home of His children, should "rejoice in the habitable parts of the earth"?

In Mars the case will be different. The same causes will work to produce winds there as here, but far more feebly, and just as vapours will rise but slowly, so winds will blow but languidly. Thus the vapours raised by the Sun's heat will for the most part hang over the places from whence they rose; and over the seas of the tropics, or during mid-summer and at mid-day, the air will be heavily laden with them, but only the lands in the immediate neighbourhood will be benefited. Thus the great masses of water will be prevented by this mantle of moist air from radiating away their heat so rapidly as they would otherwise do in the night and during winter, and consequently they will not very readily freeze. And as this moisture-laden air will be confined for the most part to the districts over these large seas, snowfalls on the land will be rarer, and smaller in quantity and extent, than with us. But the formation of ice over the seas and the deposit of snow on the land are our only tests of the climate of Mars; both therefore concur in seeming to ascribe to the planet a warmer climate than he really possesses. And there is another consideration. It must be borne in mind that the orbit of the Earth lies between Mars and the Sun, and that therefore he shows much the same aspect to us as he does to the source of light. In other words, the places on Mars which appear to be in the centre of his disk are enjoying the sun's mid-day heat, as he shines in their zenith—it is twelve o'clock at noon with them; to those on the western edge the Earth and Sun are sinking down below the horizon—it is evening; those on the eastern see them just rising—it is early morning there. And with the seasons it is just the same. The winter half of the planet is in winter because the position of the planet suffers but few of the Sun's rays to reach it, or, in other words, it is badly placed for being observed from the Sun,

and consequently from the Earth. So the parts of Mars which we see best at any time are just those which are for the interval the warmest; as if the stout-hearted little planet, true to his warrior reputation, strove always to hide his calamities, and put the best face upon his rather unpropitious circumstances.

But winter! When even the Sun's noon-day heat might not suffice to raise the thinnest vapour, and when as soon as the short day was over, the scanty heat received during its few hours would be radiated off into space through the dry and chill air without let or hindrance: how will it be with the Red Planet then? Cold, far colder than our poles, far colder than our loftiest mountain-tops, colder than aught of cold of which we know, cold such as nothing living might endure, must reign over the sunless hours of the Martial winter. Nor would that winter last only for a few short weeks, but more than three hundred days would roll by and still the Ice-king would sway an unchallenged sceptre over the unhappy regions under his control.

But when the summer broke at last on those frozen realms, what mighty changes would take place! The winter's snow would melt, the imprisoned rivers be released, and floods caused far more extensive than any we ever experience here—so extensive, indeed, that their traces can be clearly perceived across fifty millions of miles. For a period considerably longer than our entire year the sun beats on the northern pole of Mars without once sinking below the horizon, and when we remember this we cannot be surprised that his polar snows should disappear with the rapidity which we actually notice, nor that such immense quantities of water vapour should be raised into the air, as to make known its presence to us by means of the spectroscope at this immense distance.

We can scarcely suppose that any living beings can exist upon a planet so unhappily circumstanced. To endure such long and bitter cold, to breathe in so rare an atmosphere, to escape deluges so mighty would be impossible to forms of life like those we see around us. Movement and change there may be in abundance, but it will be the change of inorganic matter. Winds will blow, clouds gather and disperse, it may be that earthquakes will rend the rocks, or volcanoes scatter an ashen rain over miles of country, but the wondrous changes of life in all its infinite variety of form will never be noticed there.

The rare air in which it would be so difficult to breathe, and in which the voice would sound so sharp and thin, the barren soil and bare naked weather-worn rocks, the snow, the devastating floods, the tideless seas, and the piercing cold make up a picture we must regard as the reverse of pleasant, judged from the stand-point of our earthly experiences; and at first sight, on finding how little fitted for human habitation the ruddy planet would be, we may be inclined to think it a useless, purposeless globe—a failure, indeed, because not adapted for *our* use.

But a deeper insight into God's workings soon shows us that we cannot so limit His designs. Despite the honour and dignity which his Father has placed upon him, Man is not, so far as we can see, the be-all and end-all of the whole creation. A wider purpose is to be traced in Nature than can be met by supposing that the Sun was meant merely to ripen corn for his food, or the Moon to raise tides to carry his ships. And yet this inquiry into the character of the Red Planet suggests to us with what exquisite delicacy our own planet is fitted up for our needs. As the traveller confesses, on his return to his old comforts, that "there is no place like home," so the astronomer has to confess, as he surveys planet after planet, that none can compare with the one on which he stands in its fitness to be the dwelling-place of man. By arguments similar to those we have applied to the case of Mars, it is easily proved that Mercury is too near the sun, as Mars is too distant from it; that Jupiter has no changing seasons, whilst on Venus the changes are too great and violent; that the Moon has too rare an atmosphere and its attractive power is too small; that Jupiter has too dense a one and its attraction is too powerful; that the moons of Mars are too insignificant, and of Saturn too numerous, for any of these to be a pleasant, or indeed a possible home for beings like ourselves. What is the inference, then? Surely that it was no mere lucky chance that brought together so many qualifications, each of them essential to our welfare, in this planet of ours, whilst larger, brighter orbs possess no such fitness for our use; and as we look, on the one hand, at the indescribable magnificence of the starry heavens, suns without number, planets untold, of every colour, size, and brilliancy, and on the other at the infinite care with which this earth has been fashioned to be the home of man, we are compelled, despite ourselves, to unite in the outburst of the Psalmist of old, and exclaim—

"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained,
What is man, that Thou are mindful of him,
And the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

RAMBLINGS AMONG OBSCURE CHARITIES.

By J. EWING RITCHIE.

I.—A CAT AND DOG HOSPITAL.

WHILE the learned and ingenious Descartes, somewhere about a couple of centuries ago, endeavoured to make the world believe that animals had not human souls, it is to the credit of the practical age in which we live that we have realised the fact that animals have human diseases; perhaps not so numerous as those of their betters, inasmuch as they are of a teetotal way of thinking and rarely have recourse to tobacco, but diseases at any rate equally susceptible of medical treatment, and equally fatal unless the doctor be called in. I remember reading somewhere of a dog who had his leg set by a medical man coming to the same gentleman with another dog with a broken leg which also wanted repairing. I don't know whether that anecdote suggested to a clever and humane surgeon in the south of London the idea of what is termed the Royal South Metropolitan Hospital for Cats and Dogs, but that such an institution exists is a statement easily verified. At railway platforms, on side walls there, are pictorial advertisements to call attention to the fact. And if the reader finds himself at the Brixton Station, and takes the trouble to get out and cross the main road, and get at the back of a great establishment where they sell almost everything a man or woman wants, and a great deal more besides, a kind of establishment which, when I was a boy, they would have called an Emporium of commerce, but which in these cosmopolitan days they term a *Bon Marché*—then if he looks up a railway arch he will see with his own eyes the hospital for cats and dogs, and if he has the courage to ring the office bell, he will hear with his own ears most unmistakable proofs that for once in his life he has not been deceived, that he has not been taken in by an alluring advertisement, that he has found what he sought.

It is not every one who will care to visit a cat and dog hospital, however dear cats and dogs may be to us as pets and playthings at home or companions in our walks abroad. There are few hospitals in London with which I am not familiar, and at the best of times, and under the most agreeable circumstances, they are not pleasant places to visit. Though it may read us a wholesome lesson, it is painful to see one's fellow-creatures in pain, to watch the ravages of disease as it withers up the beauty of woman and the strength and comeliness of man; and still less agreeable is it to see, what people who write without thinking what they are writing about, call the dumb creation, in various conditions of disease. They are clearly flesh and blood, and should share the sympathies we feel with sickness and suffering. Cowper tells us—

> "I need not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
> If birds confabulate or no."

Surely never was there such a confabulation as took place among the patients of the hospital in question as I entered. There was an appalling burst of canine indignation as I merely took the liberty of ringing the outer bell. Of course I could quite understand it. When we are a little out of sorts we do not care about receiving visitors. Even when we are in good health it is not always convenient to be at home, and the prelude to my interview with the head and founder of the hospital was accordingly an illustration of how much these poor brutes have in common with what we call our human nature. As I wait in his sanctum, in fear and trembling as it were, I see a notice warning me not to open a door, as it is dangerous, a liberty which accordingly I shrink from taking. There are several diplomas hanging up, from which it appears that Mr. Constant is a distinguished member of the Royal Veterinary College. I gather also from framed cards hanging on the wall, that he "remembers the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Pills and potions are all around me. Now and then I discover a big canine head leering at me: happily it is stuffed and harmless. As I sit the bell again rings and there is another visitor—this time a patient. I hope he is not mad. I have rather a horror of hydrophobia. I don't think he is, or a little girl would not have come with him. He is a Maltese Pug, and I dare say has had more confectionery this Christmas time than is good for him. An attendant takes him in hand and administers a dose. It seems he is an out-door patient. It is rather an out-of-the-way spot under these railway arches, but how could it be otherwise? A dog's hospital in a fashionable square or a quiet street would evidently be an intolerable nuisance. But here comes Mr. Constant himself. In his way he is a distinguished man

and comes of a distinguished stock. His father was an old Waterloo officer: he himself has practised as a Veterinary Surgeon a long time, but for many years he has been studying the diseases of dogs and cats, and in 1874 he founded his present hospital under distinguished patronage. The staff consists of himself and three attendants, who remain in the hospital all night should circumstances require it.

There are in the hospital at the present time some forty patients, and they come from all parts of England and the Continent as well. "Would I like to see the place?" "I have come on purpose," was my reply. As a rule friends are not permitted to visit the patients, but I am an anxious inquirer and the case is different. Accordingly Mr. Constant opens a little door on our right and I follow, implicitly obeying his instructions to keep as much out of the reach of the dogs—who are all chained up, fortunately—as possible. As it is, I feel not a little of what Daniel must have felt in the lions' den. I happen to be a few minutes alone, Mr. Constant and his assistant being called outside. My situation is decidedly unpleasant. All the dogs are chained up with the exception of a mastiff, that comes sniffing round my legs as if in search of a soft place to bite. "You are not going to leave me here with this dog?" I ask. "Oh no, I shall be back in a minute, and it won't touch you so long as you don't take anything out of your pocket," and as I made no attempt to do anything so absurd under the circumstances, the dog leaves me alone and finally seeks, when Mr. Constant returns, shelter under a bench in the middle of the room, used for slight surgical operations. I cannot say the aspect of affairs is particularly cheerful. I am a stranger, and it is evident from the way in which the dogs bark, and yell, and snap at me, as near as their chains would permit, that they regard me as such. No one wags a friendly tail, or offers me a familiar paw. They ought to do so. I bear them no malice, yet they howl at me as if they were Germans and I a Jew. Never do I more fully realise the truth of the familiar lines of Dr. Watts—

> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For 'tis their nature to."

In the meanwhile I look around; outside you get no idea of the place. Most of our hospitals, from an architectural point of view, are something worth looking at; sometimes too much so, and patients suffer because the hospital authorities have spent too much money in the building. That fault, at any rate, has been avoided here. The place is, however, well adapted to its end, and that is everything. I find myself in a large and airy apartment with dog kennels all round, the floors and sides of which are constructed of Portland cement, and which are all provided with drains to carry away all liquid matter. Above these kennels are smaller cages, in which also patients, such as terriers of all kinds, pet pugs, and poodles, are placed. All, small and great, are alike more or less diseased. They are the blind, the lame, the halt, the miserable. Here is a white St. Bernard, just recovering from a surgical operation for the removal of a diseased toe; in a few days he will be quite well, and as much as ever the ornament and the delight of the social circle. There a retriever lies with a broken leg—may have been fighting; an Irish dog has been sadly disfigured in that way; and they are here to have their wounds healed. Above is a light and dry loft, in which are dogs suffering from distemper. I would fain condole with them, but they bark so when I put my head through the trap-door to look at them that I retreat as quickly as possible. Mr. Constant tells me that he has little difficulty in getting the dogs to take their medicine. It is generally administered in the shape of a powder, not disguised with jam or jelly, as it used to be when I was a boy, but conveyed right into the throat without touching the tongue and thereby annoying the sense of taste. The severe surgical cases are treated in the next house, where, when necessary, chloroform is administered and temporary oblivion secured. To this next compartment there is also a fine airy loft, in which there are more patients. Outside are the outhouses, in which the food is prepared, and where the *post-mortem* examinations are conducted; and there is a small yard as a run for the convalescent, all well cemented and kept scrupulously clean. Particular attention is paid to the drainage, an important feature in a hospital, whether as regards dogs and cats or men and women.

And what are the diseases of dogs? asks the reader. Well, the answer is, Much the same as those to which poor human creatures are subject. Contemplating the lads of Eton at play in that playground where, as Wellington used to own, Waterloo was won, Gray wrote—

> "These shall the fiery passions tear,
> The vultures of the mind,
> Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
> And shame that skulks behind."

Dogs suffer in a similar way. The fiery passions have sent many a dog into this hospital,

and defective sanitary arrangements have sent many more. Happily in England we do not allow dogs to work in carts, as they do in Belgium or Holland, and perhaps dogs are as well off here as in any land; nevertheless they suffer from disease. Unwise "kindness to animals" has doubtless sent some for a wiser kindness to cure. One poor creature suffers from cancer; a fine black-and-tan terrier has the distemper; a magnificent Newfoundland has the mange; an old English terrier is here with disease of the hip; a Pomeranian has been run over; many of the retrievers suffer from skin disease; a grand St. Bernard has a touch of paralysis; one of the biggest of the big mastiffs here has what they call mesenteric disease; a magnificent St. Bernard has come to be vaccinated, though, as regards dogs, there is no compulsory law for the free and independent to reject and for the cantankerous to dispute. Dog doctors consider vaccination a defence against distemper, and here the operation is successfully performed. In the hospital also I observe one or two cases of ophthalmia. I wonder there are not more sick dogs, considering the lives many of them lead—what bad hours they keep—how they are petted up and fed—what a drawing-room atmosphere they live in. Just as in hospitals for men and women we find gin or whisky the chief cause of disease, you would expect to find in such a hospital as this that dogs suffer from overfeeding. It does not seem to be so. Perhaps, however, such dogs die of apoplexy before they can be sent to the hospital or medical aid called in. Perhaps they are out-patients. The hospital hours are from nine till six, and in the evening the professor visits dogs at home. One great function in the hospital is that of the dentist. Dogs suffer in the teeth as much as anywhere. Dogs' teeth are scaled and all dental operations performed. There is a medicated bath for the removal of vermin; and during the absence of owners all dogs and cats are taken in and done for on reasonable terms, and, I believe, in a very satisfactory manner. Last summer there were serious complaints in the newspapers as to the starvation of cats and dogs whilst their owners were away at the seaside. In the hospital at all times there is ample accommodation for such.

As to the desirability of a cat and dog hospital under the same roof, that is a question on which it is not necessary to enter here. Dogs and cats are supposed to be natural enemies, just as French and English were supposed to be till a generation had arisen that had forgotten Bonaparte and Waterloo; but dogs and cats do live together in amity, as Frenchmen and Englishmen do at the present time. Yet there are dogs and cats who seem to hate the sight of one another, and it is a question to be asked whether to a dog in a delicate state of health the appearance of a cat might not be irritating—whether, in fact, such a sight might not throw him into a state of excitement and anger which might retard recovery, and might consequently prove eminently prejudicial. The fact is, in the hospital there are very few cats. I saw but two. This cannot be because cats are scarce, or that they are never ill. I fancy the answer to the question is to be found in the fact that cats are less valuable than dogs, and that the New River and the canals supply the British public with an instantaneous remedy for all the diseases to which cats are heir. Cats are themselves to blame for this. They do not love us, and we cannot love them. A man loves his dog because his dog loves him, greets him when he returns tired from work, defends him in the hour of danger, guards his hearth and home by day and by night, is ready if need be to die on his behalf, and when he has gone the way of all flesh, will be upon his grave, a broken-hearted mourner. A cat has no such claims on our sympathy. Though as a kitten it interests and amuses us, arrived at years of maturity it has generally but little feeling for the home that shelters it or the hand that gives it bread. A dog is a far nobler animal. Another question may be asked, and that is, whether the presence of so many dogs under one roof may not be the means of retarding recovery; but practically I do not find such to be the case; and if it were so there is plenty of room in the hospital for treating dogs separately if such treatment were demanded. It is true that dogs bark at each other at first, and seldom care to be civil to a stranger; and at the hospital the appearance of a new patient may cause a little excitement, but not to an extent to interfere with recovery. Be that as it may, the hospital for dogs is a step in the right direction. At present the art of healing is in its infancy, but a time may come for dogs as for men, when the only disease from which they will suffer will be the inevitable decay of old age. When that day does come not a little of the credit of it will be due to the care and skill of such an enthusiast in the work as the head of the Royal Hospital for Cats and Dogs, and to those who may help him to carry on his generous work.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

By W. C. PROCTER.

THE dark and desolate North is from time to time illuminated by one of the most beautiful and mysterious displays of light which our world can show. Its name, *Aurora Borealis*, or the Northern Dawn, is misleading in one respect; for it ignores the fact that the same phenomenon is also seen in the icy regions of the South. But those regions are so far outside the ordinary course of navigation, and so much more difficult of access even than the dangerous North, that the *Aurora Australis*, or Southern Dawn, is seldom observed. The "northern lights" are the only form of the auroral display within common experience. This aurora has been seen from positions as far south as Palestine; and it probably explains many of the heavenly signs which the guilty fears of men have construed as the wrathful handwriting of God in the sky. But to witness its true splendour we must seek a very high latitude.

Where no sun rises for six months in the year, and the pale stars shimmer on a monotonous waste of snow; where the steely-blue ice thickens its bars until it seems to have imprisoned all life and hope for ever in its grasp; where even the restless ocean is compelled to stillness, and the wind seems to hold its breath for very cold; there a sight is often seen which makes the northern night more gorgeous than the tropic day. An intangible mist gathers on the polar horizon. It is not thick enough to hide the stars, which gleam like spangles on a veil. But soon the veil flushes as though the sun, in shame for his neglect of these desolate places, had taken a thought to rise for once in the North. The flush deepens to a glow; the glow breaks up into concentric bands of light, waving and trembling across the sky, and varying in their radiance like shot-silk—now ruddy, now pale greenish yellow, and anon crimson or violet. At the same time arrows of light, more clear and palpable than sunbeams, shoot up the sky towards the zenith, flashing, dying, and reappearing, now here, now there, ever preserving the brightness of the vision, and ever changing its form, till the eye wearies, while the heart is delighted, with the exhaustless profusion of glittering colour. The dreary landscape of ice and snow is lit up from end to end. It catches the glow of the heavens, and answers for some brief moments with a chilly smile. But the glory is not for long. The arrowy streamers seem to be straining all their mysterious energy to meet each other at the topmost height. At length they gather there, and form a crown which gives the spectacle its last perfection of symmetry. But, as in all things of the physical world, this perfection is the threshold of decay. The crown breaks up; the streamers shudder and die down. The arches of light lose their continuity; they fade away or shrivel up; and soon only a ghostly glimmer here and there preserves the memory of the vision that is gone.

Another and rarer form of aurora is that depicted in the accompanying illustration. Here the streamers, instead of shooting up the vault of the sky, hang perpendicularly downwards, like the fringe of a curtain. If for the light and shade, which is all we can give, the reader's imagination can substitute the various play of luminous colours, rapid as lightning, yet persistent in their impression on the eye, he will assuredly feel that such a display must be one of the most striking and impressive in the whole range of nature's wonders.

In our own country this sight is rarely seen in anything like perfection, though traces of it often illuminate our skies in winter time. Whenever it has been specially brilliant it has attracted considerable attention—in old times from seers and magic-mongers, in modern days from men of science. It seems very hard that superstition should often select the most beautiful works of God to turn them into a terror. But so it has been. Such an outburst of meteors as that which, in 1866, delighted and awed the whole land, would in earlier days have been regarded as a sure presage of woe. And so it has been with the aurora. We shall extract one or two illustrations from the Saxon chronicle.*

Under the date A.D. 793 we read: "This year came dreadful fire-warnings over the land of the Northumbrians, terrifying the people most woefully. These were immense sheets of light rushing through the air, and whirlwinds and fiery dragons flying across the firmament. These tremendous tokens were soon followed by a great famine; and not long after, on the 2nd of January, in the same year,† the harrowing inroads of

* Ingram's edition.

† To the writers of the Chronicles the year began on March 25.

"Luminous colours, rapid as lightning."

heathen men made lamentable havoc in the Church of God in Holy Island by rapine and slaughter." The description of the signs in the sky very clearly indicates a display or displays of the Aurora Borealis. And the coincidence by which a Danish inroad speedily followed, went probably far to confirm the superstitious dread with which the sight was viewed.

The year 1122 was marked by several local troubles, and by the death of Ralph, Archbishop of Canterbury, an event sure to make a deep impression on the churchmen by whom the chronicle was kept. Accordingly we find the writer of the summary for that year careful to note that there were "many tokens (or omens) far and wide in England, and many spectres were both seen and heard." Amongst other portents was the following:—"After this there were many shipmen on the sea and on fresh water who said that they saw in the north-east, level with the earth, a fire huge and broad, which anon waxed in length up to the welkin; and the welkin undid itself in four parts, and fought against it; and the fire waxed nevertheless up to the heaven. The fire they saw in the day-dawn; and it lasted until it was light over all." At first glance the reader might suppose that we have here the description of a remarkable sunrise, but when it is observed that the time was midwinter that will be felt to be an impossible interpretation. The appearance of a fire on the horizon which shoots up, dividing the sky, and soon covering it up to the zenith, is strikingly suggestive of the aurora, as it is known to us.

The same phenomenon occurred nine years afterwards, and we might have supposed that our forefathers would have become too much accustomed to it to be alarmed. But not so. The curious and fitful memory which retained all coincidences between omen and misfortune, but forgot the cases where they did not fit, made every successive appearance of the kind more terrible, rather than less so. Accordingly, under the date 1131, we read, "This year after Christmas, on a Monday night, at the first sleep, was the heaven on the northern half all as if it were burning fire, so that all who saw it were so afear'd as they never were before. That was on the third day of January. This same year was so great a murrain of cattle, as never was before in the memory of man, over all England. That was in neat cattle and in swine; so that in a town where there were ten or twelve ploughs going there was not one left; and the man that possessed two or three hundred swine had not one left. Afterwards perished the hen-fowls; then shortened the flesh meat, and the cheese, and the butter. May God better it when it shall be His will!"

The good people who wrote such words would have been greatly scandalized at any attempt to explain these signs and wonders on purely natural principles. And perhaps no better illustration can be found of the difference between the religious spirit of modern times and that of the Middle Ages, than the relations of both to the works of God in nature. These old chroniclers would have it that God by a miraculous act lit up the sky with strange fires to manifest his wrath. The more reverent spirit of our own day seeks to find in the "Northern Lights" some link in the mysterious web of magnetic and electric influences woven round the earth and the sun and all the solar system. So far back as 1716 Dr. Halley, discoursing to the Royal Society,* concerning an auroral display in March of that year, suggested, not without some modest trepidation, the germ of the explanation that seems likely to be worked out in our own day. But even the illustrious astronomer cast back lingering looks towards the vain conversation received by tradition from his fathers. For, says he, "casting about and considering what might be most probably the material cause of these appearances, what first occurred was the vapour of water, rarified exceedingly by subterraneous fire, and tinged with sulphureous steams . . . And as these vapours are suddenly produced by the fall of water upon the nitro-sulphureous fires underground, they might well be thought to get from thence a tincture which might dispose them to shine in the night, and a tendency contrary to that of gravity." But Dr. Halley was happier in the bolder explanation he afterwards proposed. He talks indeed of "*effluvia*"—"magnetical effluvia whose atoms freely permeate the pores of the most solid bodies." And that is a kind of language which would not be used now. But when he propounds his view that "our Globe of the Earth is no other than one great magnet," and that the phenomena of the aurora are caused by the play of magnetic currents around its axis, he makes a wonderful approximation to the most modern views on the subject. The idea seems now to be that the luminous appearances are the enormously long sparks of an electric discharge between different parts of the atmosphere. It has been observed

* *Philos. Transactions*, vol. xxix.

that the aurora is generally coincident with what are called "magnetic storms"—disturbances in the earth currents. And more wonderful still, the frequency of such disturbances is found to correspond generally with the prevalence of spots on the sun, or in other words with solar cyclones, that is, storms in the fiery atmosphere of the sun.

Now which attitude of mind is more reverential, that which would make every aurora a portentous miracle and the symbol of His wrath, or that which sees in it a subtle yet luminous hint of the unity of all God's works and the symbol of His far-reaching goodness? If, as it has been scornfully said, superstition is the nurse of religion, it is under the happy influences of true knowledge that it will rise to the full stature of its perfect manhood.

JUSTICE WARREN'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of New England.

By OLIVE M. BIRRELL.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER Simon had left Kate, he drove in the direction of Warren's lodgings very leisurely. It was dusk, but he could distinguish the faces of those who passed him as he drove under the shadow of the wooden houses, with their sharply pointed gables. The first who came by was Governor Endicott, slowly walking down the street, in a steeple hat and long boots, with his sword swinging at his side.

He was a powerful, broad-shouldered man, with heavy cheeks, a narrow beard, and that solemn, austere expression which is often to be noticed in the faces of people whose faith in the love of God is limited. He imagined that the Creator of the universe had fenced the New Englanders around with especial privileges, and given them a peculiar blessing, as He did to the Israelites of old. Indians and Roman Catholics and Quakers were not worthy of His protection, and what He did not value was surely undeserving of pity from others, and might be destroyed without compunction.

Since the Society of Friends had set the example of wearing their hats in the presence of dignitaries, the practice of "capping," as it is called at some of our universities, had become more than ever the duty of good citizens, and Simon was obliged, in his own interests, to take off his head-covering as he passed Governor Endicott. He put it on again very quickly, with an angry frown, and jerked the horses' reins to make them go faster, muttering some words meanwhile which it was well no one could hear.

The next acquaintance who passed him was John Endicott, the Governor's son, walking quickly, and stopping to speak to no one: a tall, fair-complexioned man, with that mysterious shadow on his face which is supposed to portend an early death, and certainly betrays the existence of a spirit ill at ease in this world of contradictions and strife. Simon liked him as much as he hated his father. They had been companions at Harvard College, which even in those days had begun to give promise of a brilliant future, and attracted to itself the finest intellects of New England. When the young men saw each other their faces changed, and Simon reined in his horses, while Endicott came up to him and asked in a low voice, "Have you heard the news?"

Governor Endicott.

"What news?"

"Mary Dyar has come back, and others with her. My father has given orders for their arrest. When this is done, seventeen Friends will be in prison."

The contemptuous name of *Quaker* was never heard to pass the lips of John Endicott: he was too courteous to use titles of dishonour.

"What will be done with them?" asked Simon.

"The magistrates are tired of half-measures; since hot irons and whips and knives have done no good, they must try the halter. Their punishment will be death, and no reprieve."

"But if they keep quiet," said Simon, "no one need molest them. I scarcely think that even that mad enthusiast, Mary Dyar, will venture to rise in public meetings again and preach instead of the minister!"

"If she never opens her lips again," said John Endicott, "it will avail her nothing. She was sentenced to banishment on pain of death if she ever showed her face in Boston after the decree had been pronounced. But this is not all, Mainwaring. There is worse to be told. Robinson and Stevenson were banished on the same terms, and they only went as far as Salem, where they have been holding meetings ever since, gathering crowds in the woods and exhorting them. To-day it was rumoured that they were coming back with six others, a party of eight in all—four women and four men."

"Quite true," said Simon. "I met them outside the town, and took two of the women inside my carriage."

"Then you saved their lives," said Endicott, "by a strange chance, as some would call it. To me it looks like the leading of Providence, for a number of soldiers have been sent out to arrest the whole party. They are going now, followed by a mixed and noisy rabble, all eager to see what will follow. Hark! do you hear the noise of shouting?"

The evening was very calm and still, and a distant sound, at first dull and heavy, but rising louder and louder, till it became a roar like thunder, was borne over the houses and reached the ears of the two men who stood listening. Simon drew in his breath and folded his arms across his chest.

"Good God, Endicott!" he said, "I am losing all self-mastery. Before long I shall set fire to this accursed city, if I perish myself in the flames!"

"There is something better to be done than that," said Endicott. "Where did you leave the two women you took up?"

"In the market-place. One of them was Rose Halifax."

Endicott positively started back with surprise.

"Rose Halifax!" he repeated. "Did you not tell me she was safe?"

"She was. I sent her to my uncle's house, but she would not stay there: the very next day she left and joined her friends somewhere on the road. She would not tell me where she was going."

"But I can guess," said Endicott. "Mary Dyar is lodged in a cottage near the mainland, not far from Kezia Shenstone's. My father had information brought him scarcely an hour ago. You may depend upon it they are together."

"Then they will be arrested at the same time," said Simon.

"Early to-morrow morning; the men were all busy just now with the party from Salem, else it had been done to-night. You have one more opportunity, but make good use of your time. The sun has gone down, and the soldiers will be at the cottage before it has risen again."

"Can you delay them?" asked Simon. "I am at your service, Endicott. I will give you everything you choose to ask, if you will do me this favour."

"I cannot," said Endicott. "I have tried my best already; but my father will not listen to a word. Do you think, if I could save them, I should need a bribe? The cottage is that brown one, where Prudence, the old herb-gatherer, used to live."

They separated without another word. Endicott went to see what was happening in the crowd of men, who had now turned their faces homewards, and Simon drove to his uncle's stables, where he left the horses; then, forgetful of hunger and weariness, he turned his steps in the direction of the forests. When he reached the cottage of which Endicott had spoken it was growing quite dark, and he tapped the door with a light touch. Some one said, "Come in," and he went forward as quietly as usual, for no degree of excitement ever made Simon otherwise than gentle. A small fire of sticks was burning on the hearth, and beside it sat Rose, still wrapped in her grey cloak; she looked the picture of hopeless dejection, but at the sound of his voice greeting her the colour rushed into her face, and she tried to rise.

"Rose, I never dreamed you would deceive me so cruelly," said Simon. "Why did you come away from where I left you?"

"I could not stay," said Rose; "it was wrong. I felt it borne in upon my mind that my duty was to return and suffer with the rest, who before long will go to meet death. When I tried to pray a weight seemed upon my heart; I had deserted my post, so I got no blessing."

"This is the purest delusion," said Simon; "you did wrong to come back."

"I did wrong to go away," said Rose, looking at him with her deep eyes in a strange, abstracted way, as if she were seeing something behind, which to others was invisible. "I could not pray. I felt like Peter when he fled from Rome to escape being martyred. They told me a story about that long ago, when I was a child. He had gone outside the gates when he met Christ coming towards the city, and asked him, 'Lord, whither goest thou?' And the Lord replied, 'I go to Rome to be crucified a second time.'"

"What, then?" said Simon. "This is a fairy tale."

"It is true," said Rose. "St. Peter returned, and was crucified. The reproach filled him with shame. I was flying as he fled; but I met the Lord also, and turned back."

"What have you come back to do?" asked Simon.

"*To die*," said Rose under her breath, and smiling as she spoke.

Simon might have replied to the mediæval legend by quoting the advice of Christ to the disciples—"When they persecute you in one city, flee ye into another;" but his acquaintance with the writings of the New Testament was small.

"This woman, Mary Dyar, has bewitched you," he said; "you are beside yourself; you speak as if dying meant but to pass from one room to another. It is insanity, Rose, pure, absolute insanity; but I will prevent you from destroying yourself."

"You cannot prevent me," said Rose. "My spirit is free. See, I am in your power now, or so it seems to you, but there is something you cannot touch or reach; *that* belongs to Christ: it is His. He has claimed it, and I have given it. In the deepest dungeon I should still be free."

She had risen as she said this, and was standing before Simon, her head a little raised and her eyes shining, though they were still fixed dreamily on some unseen object, and took notice of nothing in the room. Her figure seemed as if it might melt away at a touch, and her hands looked almost transparent in their thinness and whiteness. With her golden hair falling over her shoulders, and that strange expression in her eyes, she seemed to embody one's conception of a glorified spirit, and Simon looked at her with mingled reverence and distress.

"This is beautiful, Rose," he said at last, "but it is not real. No one can live in such an exalted atmosphere, and I suppose we were meant to live in some way or another. You are as cruel to others as you are to yourself. Have you no pity for me, who have suffered surely as no man ever suffered before for the sake of one who rejected him? I have risked life, fortune, honour, everything for you, and this is the reward."

"You should have risked them for our Lord, and not for me," said Rose. "He would have rewarded you. I can do nothing. I am only a frail creature of mortality, whom the next moment may see reduced to atoms."

"But you care for me?" said Simon wistfully. "You are not quite indifferent to my pain and loss?"

"I have tried to forget them," said Rose. "It was very hard; much harder than it is to forget my own, but I have struggled, and God has helped me."

"Good heavens!" said Simon with an involuntary cry, the expression of agony too great to be borne in silence, "is this all I have lived for—to be told that you have forgotten the very existence of my sorrow?"

He hid his face in his hands and turned away from Rose with a gesture which seemed to express physical pain, as if she had struck and wounded him. Usually he was so calm and self-controlled that such indications of suffering came with greater force, revealing as they did a depth of misery which it was terrible to realise. Rose grew suddenly pale, and her lips quivered, changing her rapt look of devotion into one that denoted a struggle not yet completely over.

"It is so difficult," she said; "everything is difficult, and yet I did try to do right."

Simon heard the words, and they gave him a new hope.

"Listen to me," he said, rising from the seat on which he had thrown himself and coming towards her. "Have patience with me for a few moments. It is the last time I shall make such a request. You have renounced me as if I were an inanimate being—a stone, a piece of wood, who had neither soul to save nor heart to feel, but I am neither. I am a human being, capable of suffering pain, one who may either be lost or redeemed. If you cast me off my destiny is fixed. I shall go to the Indians as I did before. This life in Boston stifles me. It is you who have kept me patient in slavery for so long. When I am with you I feel that there is a higher life than can ever be lived among savages—a life of purity and blessedness without these grasping laws and iron formulas. If you desert me it will follow. For the love of God, stay with me—help me! I will do as

you like—live among your people and learn your ways. We can go to the protection of Rhode Island. Only, for the sake of all that is good, do not abandon me and rush to throw yourself upon death!"

It was evident that his words touched Rose very deeply, for she became paler and paler, until she was forced to lean against the wall of the cottage for support. If all that Simon said were true, and her power over his character so great, it was clear that she had a definite duty to perform which could not be thrust aside at pleasure, though in taking it up she seemed to choose the path which was easy and pleasant. But her nature was not capable of such expansion as Kate's, who in a trial like this would have cast away prejudice and narrowing formulas to act as her own heart and conscience alone directed. Rose stood hesitating and trembling, and her next words, when they came, sounded uncertain and faint.

"I do not think I could help you by staying with you. I tried, but my doubts and anxieties would not let me rest. I told you why I came back. If I lived always with you I should not save you; only lose my own soul and break my vow of fidelity to Christ."

"You are being deceived," said Simon. "These mad enthusiasts have led you into error. You are worn and ill from watching and struggle. Let me help you to escape from the chains in which they have bound your spirit. Come with me, dearest, now—while there is time. Come!—to-morrow it will be too late."

Rose fell back on the chair in which she had been sitting before; hot tears were in her eyes, and she looked at Simon with unutterable distress.

"It could be done so quickly," he said. "I could take care of you and bring you safely away. John Endicott is my friend. My cousin will help me, I feel certain she will, in an open act where no double words are needed."

"I could not be of any use to you," said Rose. "My heart would be broken by a sense of wrong-doing. I must not desert my people."

"There is no wrong to be done," urged Simon; "you are ill, exhausted, overwrought. My dearest, trust yourself to me and come."

His hands already stretched out to those transparent ones and clasped them tightly round, while his eyes were fixed on hers with wistful entreaty, but she started up and put him away, giving a low cry as she did so.

"This is cruel," she said, "you make me go through all the agony of self-denial again. Last night I dreamed that we were in Rhode Island, safe and together, but I awoke to find myself alone, and I remembered that all hope for this life was gone. It seemed hard that I should have such dreams and then awake; but this meeting with you is worse, in a few moments I shall be alone as I was then. It is cruel. Oh, God, have I not promised, have I not said I would do right?"

Her suffering was evidently so terrible that Simon drew back his hands with a suppressed groan, but Rose misunderstood the nature of the movement.

"You will not take me by force?" she said, in a kind of terror.

"What should I gain if I did?" he answered, "only an empty casket out of which the jewel had gone. It is your heart I coveted, and that is not in the power of force to give me. Stay if you must. I will not say a word nor utter a reproach to add to your misery. These people have blinded your eyes, and your death will be a sin charged to their account."

"They are about to die themselves," said Rose. "I am only one of a vast number. I carried a basket here, it holds nothing but linen, fresh linen for the bodies of those who are to suffer. It is a work done for Christ. We can no longer wipe His feet with our hair nor pour upon them sweet ointment, but 'the poor ye have always with you.' For His sake, we comfort those in trouble."

"Stay then," said Simon, "and work for Him. Who am I that I should come between Christ and yourself with hungry beseechings? My soul is of small value, it would seem, either to Him or you. Farewell, dear Rose, complain of you I may, but love you, I always must. If anything still lies in the power of man to do for you, it shall be done, but I am afraid there is very little."

He lingered a few moments, perhaps in the hope that she would say some words of comfort or affection, but she neither spoke nor looked up, and at last with slow, unwilling steps, as if urged by a cruel fate, he went out of the cottage, leaving her by the dying fire alone.

CHAPTER X.

SIMON did not go to his uncle's lodgings to report his safe arrival with Kate. The evening had become wild and stormy, and rain was falling, but he cared nothing for this, as he turned in the direction of the forest, trying by rapid movement to subdue the

violence of his feelings. He could never afterwards remember where he had passed the hours of that terrible night, but probably he wandered about in a circle, coming back to the same place from which he started, for in the early morning he found himself in an open clearing, close to the edge of the woods.

A number of people were gathered round a woman who seemed to be speaking to them, in the centre of the clearing, and Simon, more experienced than Kate, knew in a moment that he had discovered a meeting of the persecuted Friends. He had seen the face of the preacher before and needed no one to tell him who she was; the brown hair, warm grey eyes, and quivering tender mouth, were all familiar to him as belonging to one whom he believed to have ruined his hopes. This was the woman who had drawn Rose Halifax after her with that magnetic power of attraction which seemed one of her natural gifts, who had risked life and peace again and again in her zeal to proclaim the truth, the enthusiast, fanatic, and missionary, Mary Dyar.

Every one who is familiar with the history of the Friends in America will remember the name of this extraordinary woman. She was banished from Massachusetts with her husband, on account of their religious views, which were said by their enemies to be Antinomian, and went for refuge to Rhode Island, where all creeds were tolerated; there she joined the Society of Friends, though her husband did not share in this new development of religious life, and from henceforth a restless zeal possessed her, which broke up the happiness of their home. Before long she left the shelter of Rhode Island and journeyed back to the fatal place, whose rulers had already cast her out, believing that she was called by God to be a witness for His truth and a reprover of the persecuting judges. Again they pronounced the sentence of banishment, adding the terrible words "on pain of death," and again she appeared amongst them, burning with desire to deliver her message. An impartial observer watching her expressive countenance, would have read there the signs of that rapt enthusiasm which has sprung to life in all ages and all communions of the Church, inspiring deeds of self-sacrifice, and needing only wise direction and control to be an example and blessing to mankind.

Simon had come at the end of her address, if address it could be called, which was a simple utterance of impassioned but restrained feeling. There was none of that fatal fluency which often gives the effect of insincerity to the words of ardent preachers, no attempt at rhetoric or lofty eloquence. Her sentences were short, and more than once came a pause, as if the speaker were trying to collect her thoughts, and ask direction from the Most High before venturing to give them utterance in words, but when the tones of that thrilling voice were heard again, it was known that the hesitation had only added deeper meaning to her words. Simon stood among the listeners, absorbed like them in attention, while anger and admiration struggled for the mastery in his breast.

"You will wonder, many of you, why I have come back to a city which has twice banished me, but I come in obedience to a Divine Call. The Lord sent for me that I might minister to such of His friends as are imprisoned in Boston, suffering for their faith. I came for that purpose, but for another also. My dear friends——"

Here there was a short pause, and every one waited for the next sentence. There was something most unusual in the way those commonplace words, "My dear friends," were spoken. On her lips they seemed all at once to become the most tender epithets of personal affection, and after she had said them, many hearts among her listeners thrilled with pleasure, as if for the first time in their lives they had found a love which satisfied their deepest desires.

"My dear friends, we must not forget the souls of the persecutors while we grieve over the poor bleeding bodies of those whom they torture and destroy. The dear Lord does not wish us to do that. He has a message to send them through us, through our lives . . . through our deaths if need be. Some of us who now talk together may be in His Presence before many days are over. We are ready to go. Yes, though we have husbands and children and parents whom we must leave behind, we rejoice to go with joy which is unspeakable. But we have work to do first. When He meets us, He will ask if we have finished our work, if we have remembered to minister to those sheep still in the wilderness, for whom His heart yearns. Ah, can you not see Him with wounded hands and feet, and the crown of thorns pressing on His brow, searching among brambles and in stony places, for the sheep which He has lost? Shall *He* look and we not help Him? My friends, let us pray for the soul of John Endicott, the Governor of Boston."

There was a long silence, in which no

sound was heard, except the rustling of leaves in the tree-tops and the rippling of a brook over stones. Simon waited for a voice to be raised, but there was none; the whole assembly was praying in quietness, according to their wont. The first to speak again was Hope Clifton, a friend of Mary Dyar's, who had come with her to Boston. She mentioned the names of several others among the magistrates, noted for their bitterness against the Friends, asking those present to pray for them, for their children and their households, that God would grant them the light of truth. The last named was Reginald Warren.

There was another long silence after Hope ceased speaking. Those who were praying did not know that two of the souls they included in their supplications were standing in their midst: Simon Mainwaring, his heart filled with wild and conflicting passions, and Kate Warren, hidden behind a sheltering bush, joining in the prayer with feelings too deep to be uttered in words.

In a few minutes the company began to disperse, moving away one by one and disappearing among the glades of the forest. The opportunity for which Simon had been waiting had come, and he stepped forward and addressed the leader of their prayers, touching her long mantle as she passed him. Kate, who had not yet gone away, saw, with immense surprise, her cousin walk across the clearing, dressed as he had been the previous day, his cloak damp with dew, his hair in disorder, and his whole appearance revealing the agitation of his mind and the strange circumstances under which he had passed the night. Mary Dyar was the last to leave the ground, accompanied by Hope Clifton; she did not seem in haste, and when she felt her mantle touched, she stopped instantly and turned to Simon with a look of great kindness.

"I am glad to meet thee amongst ourselves, Master Mainwaring. It is true then,—our prayers have been already answered."

"No, it is not true," said Simon, whose voice was low and hoarse. "I did not come here to pray. I have done with prayers for ever. You have stolen from me the one and only being, in whose presence I believed in God."

"She is not stolen from thee," said Mary Dyar, "she may belong to thee in a higher sense than ever before, if thou lovest her truly. We all belong to each other and to Christ. In another world thou mayest look forward to blessed communion, unmarred by sin and earthly passion. If that day ever comes and you meet as glorified spirits in the presence of God, these sorrows will seem too light to be remembered."

"I do not know what you are saying," said Simon. "My brain is on fire. She will be thrown into prison, scourged, insulted, tortured. How do you suppose I can forget this, in dreaming about another existence which may never come? If the Lord is what you say, He ought to help her; but He is against you like the others, or else He has no being like the gods of the heathen, whom priests cried to in vain."

Hope Clifton drew back from Simon with something akin to horror, but Mary Dyar came nearer and put her hand on his arm, looking at him meanwhile with those wonderful grey eyes of hers, full of pity and tenderness and inexhaustible love. He was young enough to be her son, and she said afterwards that her heart was drawn out by God in compassion to him, because of his youth and sufferings.

"Young man," she said very gently, "I see that thou art still in darkness and fast bound with the chains of the devil; but I grieve for thee because thou dost not know what thou sayest when thy voice is raised to blaspheme so fiercely the Lord who loves thee. I will pray earnestly for thee that He may open thine eyes to behold the heavenly vision. He is not forgetful of thy pain. He knows that thy heart is bleeding; He suffers with thee. In His own good time He will send help. Only trust Him; He can do nothing unless we trust. Come to Him and see."

The sweet tones of her voice died away in a sound which was half a sob, but she kept her hand on Simon's arm, and looked into his troubled face with anxious, sorrowful tenderness.

"I shall go," he said. "John Endicott will entreat for her."

"Do not seek to rob her of the honour God has bestowed," said Mary Dyar. "It is not every soul whom He calls to seal their testimony with blood. She came back prepared to die for Him."

Simon struck the heel of his boot on the ground with a deep groan.

"This is madness," he said, "or else I am mad and the whole world is a delusion. She was given to me. Does God take back His gifts?"

"Nay, but we renounce them of our own free purpose," said Mary Dyar.

She herself had left home and friends to come to the city which had cast her out, with

the full knowledge that she came to meet death. The agonized beseechings of her husband, who after months of cruel absence and more cruel silence, could still write of her as his "dearly beloved," had been firmly set aside, and on the path of thorns where she trod herself, she expected all who loved Christ to follow.

"I will send a message to Rhode Island," said Simon. "Your husband is Secretary there; he has powerful friends; he will come when he hears you are in danger."

"Do not disturb him vainly," said his wife; "I came without his knowledge; it would have been useless to entreat his leave, and I was drawn by a Higher Power. We have not seen each other for many weeks. This is only one of the lesser trials we are called upon to bear for our Lord."

"You were wrong to forsake him," said Simon, "cruelly, utterly wrong; but his suffering shall help mine. I will write, and a sure messenger will carry my letter."

"As you please," said Mary Dyar; "it is useless labour; but in this world men always strive uselessly until they have found the right Master. Farewell, my time is short. I am on my way to the prison to comfort Christopher Holden who lies there, one of our number."

"You will be seen and arrested," said Simon. "Why go to the prison, the most dangerous place in Boston? You will be taken before Endicott!"

"For that purpose have I come," she replied, moving away from him.

Hope Clifton now joined her, and together they disappeared in the forest, going in the direction of Boston. Kate had kept at some distance during the conversation, but when Simon was once more alone she ventured to approach him.

"You here!" he exclaimed; "have you heard all the mad folly she uttered?"

"I heard nothing except her prayer," said Kate, "and that was not mad. It seems to me that she has the Spirit of God to help her. Is this Mary Dyar, about whom Rose Halifax spoke so often?"

"Ah!" said Simon, "she overcomes every one. The strongest mind yields to her persuasions, much more those who are delicate and young."

"Oh, Simon, I am so sorry for you," said Kate, putting her hand on his arm; and strangely enough those words of natural sympathy touched him more deeply than any of Mary Dyar's. "I know all about your trouble. Rose did not tell me, but I guessed that you were the friend she spoke of when I saw you with her on the road. Do not give up hope. We must try to save them all."

"It is too late," said Simon.

"My father will help us," said Kate. "Take courage, and then we shall be more sure of victory."

"Here is your father," said Simon, "and some one else with him."

Two figures now appeared, walking across the clearing. One of them, a broad-shouldered man with a massive head, fair skin, and hair of that soft pale grey which shows it has once been very light, was Reginald Warren. The other, who was taller and more slightly made, with dark hair, straight features, and a tanned complexion, was no stranger to Kate. She looked for a moment as if doubting, and then her hand was caught by another whose grasp she had not felt for months, and her troubles seemed all at once to grow lighter and hope more certain as she heard the cheerful voice of Captain Keith.

CHAPTER XI.

A VERY happy party of friends met that evening in Kezia's neat parlour to hear and relate all the adventures that had happened since they were last together. It is true that Mary Dyar and Hope Clifton had been arrested on their way to the prison, but the magistrates had passed no sentence upon them, and rumour said that Endicott was either relenting or else afraid of stirring up the wrath of the people by shedding more blood.

Nothing had been said about Rose, so Kate began to think that she would escape altogether, and built up many schemes for the future, in which every one was to be made happy. It was in vain that she hoped. Even while they sat in the cheerful blaze of the fire and talked, a number of armed men were stealing through the darkness to surround the herb-gatherer's little cottage. Their orders bade them arrest all who were inside, but they found only a young girl shivering on the empty hearth, for these autumn nights were cold, quite by herself, without fire, or food, or candle.

They told her Mary Dyar had been taken to the House of Correction, hoping to see her courage give way; but the news had an opposite effect. When the leader was gone, how should the army keep together? Rose felt that there was no longer a home upon earth which would open its doors to her, nor a friend to stand by her side. Simon had been sent away by her own act, and Mary

"A number of armed men were stealing through the darkness."

Dyar torn from her by the hands of others; a prison seemed a refuge in such forlorn condition, and she got up, tired and heartbroken, to say they might lead her where they would.

While this was happening in the cottage, Kate was feeling that all her troubles were being charmed to sleep. Captain Keith never failed to see events through a rose-coloured medium, and he possessed the happy art of making others do the same. He was sure that the General Court would not proceed to extremities, and brought a great many arguments to prove the truth of his words. Endicott was tired, he said, of severity, and might easily be induced to try gentle measures with the Quakers instead, especially since Bellingham, the Deputy-Governor, was going over to the moderate side, and had confessed his change of views in public. Keith was so sure of this, and told Kate so often that Mary Dyar would return to her husband, Rose Halifax be released on account of her youth, and the others receive only a mild censure and be dismissed, that at last she began to believe his words, and even the gloomy Kezia admitted that it was not right too soon to despair.

The only one not present at this family gathering was Simon, though Rowley reported that he was not far off, as he had seen him in the market-place, near the door of the principal prison. Rowley was a slim youth of nineteen, who had grown perceptibly since leaving home, and had also developed a faint line of yellow moustache, an ornament of which he was inordinately vain. His wild spirits affected the rest of the party almost against their inclination, as he sat perched on the window-seat, pouring out wonderful tales of adventure, now and then modified and corrected by Captain Keith when they became too extraordinary for implicit belief.

The expedition had been a very fortunate one, and their success was chiefly due to clever diplomacy, not to bloodshed—a circumstance which the women rejoiced over, and which lent to the stories some of their charm. Captain William Keith by no means

left all the talking to his young lieutenant; he had some tales of his own to relate about the vagaries of the Indian chiefs, which made Kate's mouth dimple with laughter, and caused even Kezia to smile, while Warren sat apart, busily writing, and wondering what could be the reason that people found food for merriment in such trifles as these. So much laughing was not perfectly consistent with his ideas of right behaviour; he thought it savoured of levity, and now and then his mouth twitched nervously, especially when Rowley's voice became more and more excited.

"Such a curious thing happened the day before we came home, Kate," he said. "An old chief, called Spotted Tail, who knew Simon, brought a present for him. I cannot understand their gibberish, it is no use trying, but Keith does, and I listened to their palaver for a long time. The old fellow got more and more solemn, and at last he brought out a chain of beads—naturally coloured ones, two purple and three white. He was very particular about stringing them in their right order. One of the white beads was out of its place, and he put it back next to the other white one before he gave them finally up. Show Kate the chain, Keith; it is so curious."

"They are very pretty," said Kate.

"I believe they are charms," said Rowley; "and I think Spotted Tail meant them to carry a message. Perhaps Simon understands the significance of three white beads and two purple ones."

"Hush, Rowley," said Captain Keith in an undertone.

"I think they want him to marry Spotted Tail's daughter," said Rowley, unheeding. "There was a young lady who looked as if she might suit him. These beads are a sign that she makes him an offer of marriage, you may depend. What glorious fun to see Simon married to a squaw!"

"Ah, there is a puzzle," said Captain Keith. "How came Simon, who is so refined, to live among red Indians for a year, and eat and drink in primitive simplicity?"

"Oh, he had a knife of his own," said Rowley; "and he slept in the tree-tops when the wigwams were uncomfortable. He told me so."

"He was only fourteen," said Kate. "A boy can live like a monkey or a squirrel for a few months without hurting himself. He would never go back now."

"He would arrange things to his liking if he did," said Rowley; "and, really, you exaggerate the unpleasantness. Those forests make a grand canopy over one's head, better by far than smoky ceilings, and there are plenty of brooks to bathe in. His ruffles would not look so dainty as they do now, but what of that? One cannot be vain without an appreciative audience."

"Vanity takes various forms to suit its audience," said Kezzy; "he would soon be a hero and chief among them if he cared."

"And found a race of English kings," said Rowley. "What a good idea! I wish that girl of Spotted Tail's had been a little more elegant; then I should feel perfectly sure. Give me the beads, Kate; I will run and ask Coco" (John Endicott's Indian servant) "to explain the meaning of them. Two white, you see; two purple; and then a white one again."

"Rowley," said Warren's voice, speaking in a low and distinct tone from the other end of the room, "give back those beads to Keith. Do you hear?" as his nephew stood with one hand on the door handle. "I tell you to give them back to Keith."

"Yes, Rowley," said Captain Keith, "they were entrusted to me. Give them back; you took them without my leave."

"It was such a trifle," said Rowley reluctantly. "A joke against Simon and some fun with Coco, that was all."

"But I have given my orders," said Warren, speaking in a tone which the giddiest member of the household could not fail to understand, and which even Simon never ventured to call out twice.

Captain Keith rose, and, anxious to end the dispute, took the beads from Rowley's hand and put them in his pocket.

"When you give that chain to Simon," said Warren, "I have one request to make: let me be there to see."

Rowley sat down in a subdued manner, as if conscious of having worked mischief, and Keith looked deeply annoyed. He was not disposed to bend under Warren's strength of will, or to acknowledge his authority, and he felt some sympathy for the wayward member of his family, so often misunderstood.

"Has anything gone wrong?" asked Kate, as she and her friend went into the garden together.

"I cannot say," he answered; "the beads have a secret meaning. The chief's manner left me in no doubt about that, but what it may be, only Simon or himself could tell you."

"Simon has been so unhappy and restless

lately," said Kate, wondering if she migh tell all that had passed without breaking confidence. "I am so sorry for him; it seems as if no one here understood him in the least."

"Your father certainly does not," said Captain Keith, looking towards the window, where Warren's firm, steady hand could be seen ceaselessly passing over sheets of paper, which he threw on one side, after he had covered them with writing.

"He thinks he can force him to become like himself," said Kate, with a sigh, "but he cannot. Simon will always be different from every one else. I wish you would talk to him, and then perhaps he would tell you his chief trouble. I should like to, but I am afraid I ought not."

"Ah!" said Keith, a simple exclamation, but Kate thought she detected something unusual in his tone, and looked up anxiously.

"Do you think there is trouble preparing for us," she said, "about the Indians and Simon?"

"I think there are all kinds of trouble preparing," said Keith. "For example, tomorrow is meeting-day, and we cannot go home till it is over. That is one trouble, for it puts off our marriage, at least twenty-four hours. Then Mary Dyar will be set free, and instead of going back to that good husband of hers, she will begin preaching again, until she has persuaded Simon to be a Quaker. That is the second trouble."

"Oh, if these are all," said Kate, "I can bear them. The first does not matter in the very least, and the second is quite impossible. Simon become a Quaker! What a ridiculous idea!"

"There is a third trouble looming over us," said Keith. "You may become a Quaker yourself: that is a cheerful prospect for me."

His eyes were glancing with so much mischief that Kate felt all her anxiety melt away, in her wish to take some slight revenge, so she threw a very late and prickly rose-bud at him, and saw him catch it in the air without the least difficulty, and put it in his coat with glee.

"Your malice is greater than your skill, Mistress Katherine," he said. "I shall now tell you of the worst trouble. If you had behaved well, I would have spared your nerves."

"What is it?" said Kate, whose fears had all fled before his bright good-humour. "Nothing more dreadful than the last, I hope."

"Your father has given his consent that we shall be married the week after we go back to Salem—that is, if no one else finds a hindrance to suggest."

"*Oh!*" said Kate, letting fall some flowers she had been holding and giving a deep sigh, partly from excess of happiness and partly from a new feeling of solemnity which mingled with her joy.

"Is there any hindrance?" said Keith, rising and coming to her side. "I expected at least a hundred."

"I think I shall remember them by-and-by," said Kate, looking at him with a very wistful expression in her great dark eyes.

What is it that makes the spirit tremble at the near approach of happiness? Is it a sense that joy is fleeting, and that our deepest pleasures bring with them the greatest possibilities of pain? Kate thought she must be unlike other people, because at this moment when her gladness should have been complete, she was aware of a vague fear, a slight trembling of nerves, it did not amount to foreboding, which made her hesitate as she put out her hand to take hold of her lover's. He, for his part, was conscious of no misgivings. The present was full of sunshine to him, because his nature was so simple and natural that he could not long torment himself with cares about the future, but took his blessings as they came, with boundless joy and thankfulness.

Kate felt courage enter her heart as those strong protecting fingers closed around her own, and in a moment more she forgot her doubts as if they had never been, and yielded herself to the enchantment of the hour. Aunt Kezzy looked from her window as they walked in the evening twilight, and said, "Thank God, there is more in this world after all than sorrow;" and Warren, closing his desk with a weary snap, cast some glances in the direction of the garden, and thought that when the gates of Paradise closed on our first parents, some relics of their happiness came with them as a legacy to their descendants for ever.

What a mercy that there are some gifts of the Creator which He thrusts into men's hands, forcing those who have the hardest thoughts of Him, and nurse the most unreasoning fears, to take, enjoy, and be thankful!

CHAPTER XII.

THE next day was Thursday, when the usual weekly lecture was given in the meeting-house, and Kate never dreamed of remain-

ing at home, though her thoughts were a good deal occupied with matters not theological. No one in Boston, except sick persons and young children, neglected the hours of meeting on Sundays and lecture-days; they dared not, and a fine of five shillings was imposed on people who stayed away without sufficient reason. So, punctually at the appointed time, Kezia and her niece set off to hear the Reverend John Norton, one of the chief ministers in Massachusetts.

The meeting-house was a bare and ugly place, in which the congregation were rigorously divided, the men occupying one side of the building and the women another; but as soon as Kate came in she saw her father and William Keith nodding recognition from their seats, which were directly opposite Kezia's and her own. Reverent behaviour in meeting-houses was not considered essential by the Puritans, and no laws were made to enforce it. Men came in with their hats on, taking them off as they sat down, and covered their heads again before they were fairly out: while the women whispered in loud, buzzing voices, and their children ate scraps of cake or fruit by way of enlivening the long, dismal service. It must be confessed that there was a secular work-a-day atmosphere about the place and its inhabitants, which was not very soothing or refreshing, but Kate was accustomed to it and did not find fault.

Governor Endicott was in his customary seat; several magistrates and persons holding offices being ranged around him. His wife had died a few years before, and perhaps the vacancy in his home had helped to make his character stern and morose, and added some lines to his forehead. If he owned a tender place in his heart it was kept exclusively for his son, John Endicott, who sat on his right hand this morning, dressed in black, and looking, as usual, very burdened and sad.

The sermon itself was likely to be a very important one on several accounts, for every one knew that seventeen Quakers were in prison, and that the General Court had not decided what to do with them. John Norton was expected to give the magistrates the benefit of his advice, and as his character for sanctity stood unusually high in Massachusetts, it was to be looked for that his counsels would be accepted. Kate believed in his goodness with all her heart, and just now in the midst of doubt and perplexity she felt inclined to believe in it more earnestly than ever, because it seemed to offer an assurance that he would throw light upon the questions troubling her. As he came in she found herself scanning the expression of his face with deep interest, trying to read there the fate of Mary Dyar and Rose Halifax, but she saw nothing which could reveal his thoughts.

The beginning of his discourse was difficult for persons whose education had not trained them to follow the arguments in a theological dispute, but Kate listened attentively, and made out a good deal. He said that Truth was *one*, a perfect whole, not to be separated according to the taste of those who heard it, but received in its complete form as it was presented to them. Secondly, he maintained that Truth was *certain*, there was no haziness or obscurity about the things which had been revealed; and thirdly, Truth was *authoritative*, it came with the stamp of God's approval, and every one, on pain of eternal death if they refused, must instantly and without reservation believe it.

So far the sermon might have been preached by a Roman Catholic; but at this point a striking difference occurred. Kate began to ask herself where truth was to be found, since its rejection brought such sweeping condemnation, and listened for Mr. Norton's next words, as the key to the whole question. A Roman Catholic in those days would have referred all doubters to the decrees of the Councils of the Church, and in our own times to the decrees of the Pope; but Mr. Norton turned aside from these methods, and pronounced that he rested his faith solely on the words of the Scriptures, and found his only authority there, inspired by God as they had been for the instruction of men.

Kate was not satisfied, for she wanted to know if she might interpret the meaning of the Scriptures according to her own judgment; and if so, what was to prevent people coming to different conclusions based on the same texts; but this problem Mr. Norton wisely left unsolved.

George Fox was not present to cry out, as he did in an English church during a somewhat similar sermon, "No, no, it is not the Scriptures; it is the Holy Spirit by which the men of God gave forth the Scriptures, whereby opinions and religions are to be tried;" and it was well that he could not, for nothing but harm would have resulted from it.

Kate relaxed her attention for a few moments, and noticed that a messenger came in, bringing a note for her father, who read it, and then beckoned to Simon to come to his side. This incident disturbed her some-

At the Plymouth Rock.

what, apprehensive as she was of impending troubles, and when she began to listen again the minister had advanced a considerable way towards the climax he had in view. He was now speaking of the early trials of the New England settlers, when their reverence for truth drove them to seek a new home, and his voice had lost that conventional ring which had marked it during the disquisition on authority.

"Of our sorrows, from the day when we landed on Plymouth Rock, and John Alden and Mary Chilton claimed each the honour of springing first to shore, you have often heard the history. We suffered many trials. I myself have seen strong men staggering from want of food, because they had shared their last morsel with women and children. Numbers died; others rebelled against God's providence, and a few among the mixed multitude, who had followed us from hope of gain, returned to England and to religious thraldom in disgust; but not a single pilgrim who had started on the journey, because he wished to serve God in pureness of heart, went back to the place of bondage. No, *not one*."

Mr. Norton's eyes were gleaming, and his whole face had kindled into such enthusiasm that Kate felt as if she were looking at him for the first time. It seemed for a few moments as if the dust and vapours of the library, in which he spent half his life, had been swept away, and the courage of the Pilgrim Fathers had taken possession of him, stirring him up to action and unwonted power.

"These men and women left us the inheritance of a sound faith," he continued, after a pause, "a noble legacy, and one not to be vainly squandered, which, if necessary, we must even defend with blood. There have been persecuted people who suddenly sprang into energy and combination when the purity of their homes was threatened. It was a hideous danger! I do not speak lightly of their wrongs. But purity of belief is even more precious to us than the purity of our wives and daughters. When these sufferers of whom I speak were robbed of their innocents, they knew that from the

murdered bodies the souls sprang upwards to the bosom of the Angel of the Covenant, and they sorrowed as those who have hope. But what comfort can we give to the man whose dear ones have been led into paths of religious error, where none can wander and be saved? Must he not go down to his grave, mourning in the bitterness of his soul for those who shall perish everlastingly? These false teachers have worked wrongs more cruel than any inflicted by tyrants in the days of old! We punish them, not to gratify our revengeful hearts, but to prevent them from destroying those innocent beings for whom Christ died; nay, not for this end only, but with the hope that their own minds may be convinced and their souls saved, as if by fire."

Kate was listening now with intense interest, for this argument in favour of religious persecution seemed to carry weight, and at first she could find no answer to it.

"Our Pilgrim forefathers founded a colony," said Mr. Norton, "of which the Lord Jehovah was to be the Head. They vowed to keep the faith He committed to them perfectly pure. It is to us what the ark of the Lord was to the Israelites—a sacred thing which no sinner's hand might come near; but in these latter days many dangers have threatened it. We have seen strange things already; we may live to see the mystery of iniquity set up in our midst, and the hideous abomination of the mass performed once more by a bloody priesthood."

A shudder passed through the congregation as this sentence was uttered, and Kate thought the minister's voice sounded like a hammer, each word driving a nail into the coffins of the imprisoned Quakers.

"When the door has been opened to divers opinions," said Mr. Norton, "how can we feel secure? Where Quakers find room to enter, other guilty wanderers from the truth will follow. We are alone in the wilderness, a little band of consecrated people girt round by Indians, as of old the Israelites by the tribes of Canaan; and we must show the same spirit as they, who rejoiced to be the ministers of God's vengeance. Whether the danger besets us from heathen outside, or from more sinful and audacious souls within, let us grasp the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and cut off their remembrance from the earth. Do not weep for these people in prison; do not hold back the hands of the magistrates from fulfilling their divinely appointed work. No, rather encourage them by singing, as the Hebrew psalmist sang when his foes were to be destroyed—'Oh, daughter of Babylon, happy shall he be that taketh thy little ones and dasheth them against the stones!'"

There was an interruption here. Simon Mainwaring sprang to his feet, put his hat on his head, threw down the books he had been using, and went out, while the congregation stared aghast. Such an act of disrespect to a minister when in the act of preaching was new in the annals of Boston, and most people began to wonder whether the pillory or the whipping-post would be a more suitable punishment. Warren's face flushed crimson between anger and shame, and the Governor bit his under lip, always a sign that his temper was becoming dangerous, and gathered his heavy brows into a frown.

Kate saw her cousin disappear with great alarm. She turned very white, and Aunt Kezzy became afraid that a fainting fit would be the result. These were not times when women were permitted to be frail and give trouble to the stronger sex. A disturbance of this kind would have annoyed Warren beyond measure, especially as one member of his family had already caused offence and arrested the preacher in his discourse. Aunt Kezzy whispered to Kate that she had better go out into the open air, and a friendly old woman holding the door aside to let her pass, she made her escape unnoticed. When she got out her first thought was of Simon, and in a few moments he appeared, slowly walking round the other side of the building.

"Simon," she exclaimed, "how could you do such a dreadful thing! My father will be so troubled and vexed."

"I am sorry for that," said Simon, "but I was forced to do as I did. One cannot be dutiful for ever. The day comes when each man must act on his own responsibility."

"You will get into trouble yourself," said Kate. "They will set you in the pillory."

"Are you afraid of that?" said Simon. "Do you suppose I shall stand with a placard round my neck labelled 'A Wanton Gospeller,' as Humphrey Everest stood? No, truly. Before that day comes you will see Boston sacked and pillaged."

"I cannot understand you," said Kate. "Do you know that you will be cast out of the Church?"

"I have left of my own accord," said Simon. "I have gone over to the minority, and given myself to the service of the devil."

He spoke so quietly that Kate looked at him with terror, fancying that his mind must be distracted.

"It is true," he said, seeing her expression. "God is against these souls in prison, and therefore I am against Him. I shall ask the devil to help me in this matter."

"Do not be so fearfully wicked," said Kate. "Surely, you do not know what such words may mean!"

"Did you mark those prayers for vengeance?" he said. "They are going up to God now from those bloodthirsty lips. Hark! I hear them chanting in His praise. Let those join who can. This Being whom they worship my inmost soul abhors."

Kate shuddered at the hatred which was expressed in his voice, so quiet, so intensely solemn, and so deep.

"You are mistaken," she said; "indeed you are mistaken. It is the devil whom you hate, and God for whom you are searching. These prayers for vengeance are wicked. He rejects them. He is on your side though you do not know it."

"But they are in the Book," said Simon; "in those Scriptures which are their authority."

"They were the utterance of a soul who had never known Christ," said Kate. "When He came He said it was to abolish the old commandment. These prayers are among the things which He came to destroy. It is wrong to go back to the first elements—to take up words which He condemned. Do you remember what He said to His disciples when they did as our people are doing now, and asked Him to call down fire upon their enemies? He told them they did not know the spirit they were of. It was the spirit of the devil, Simon, and it is the devil who is being worshipped in our meeting here, not the everlasting Father who shadows us all with love."

"You are right, perhaps," said Simon, "but it is too late for me to find out God. Where is He?"

"Let me say one thing more," said Kate; "only one, Simon. Do not go away from me, for I have felt as you do. My heart is always with these persecuted ones in prison, and it seems at times as if God Himself rejected my prayers. But a thought comes to me, and I take courage. Do you remember, years ago, when we were children, we lost ourselves after dark, and I cried because I could not see the way home? but you comforted me, Simon—you showed me the pole-star, and told me that it never moved away; that when we kept our faces towards it we were going straight to the north, and must find our way back at last."

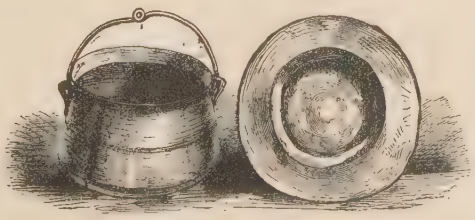
"Yes, I remember," said Simon.

"When I am in difficulties now I think of it," said Kate, "because so many things seem to change. What is right at one time is wrong at another, and the words which taught the Jews only bewilder us. But Christ is like the northern star; He never changes. We must guide our course through the world by following Him. No one else—no saint, nor apostle, nor teacher of any sort; only Christ Himself. Let us go where He leads us, Simon. No one can say it is hard to love Him, and I am sure that if we do He will bring us where we want to come—into the presence of God."

Simon's expressive face had changed while his cousin was speaking, and she hoped he would relent, but at that moment the door of the church opened and the congregation came streaming out.

"I have work to do which will keep me busy for some time longer," he said in the sarcastic tone which always revealed that his worst self was dominant. "I am not ready to be thrown into gaol just at present, so I had better make my way homewards. Farewell, Kate. My best greetings to our righteous Governor and magistrates."

He lifted his hat mockingly and walked in the direction of the prison, while Kate went back to the open door, hoping to see her father and Keith.



HOMES UNDER THE SEA.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable both small and great."

STARFISHES.

IN a former issue of this Magazine we have seen how the soft body of the snail or slug can be converted into a terrible instrument of destruction.

We have also seen (May and November, 1881) how the fragile bodies of the jelly-fishes can overpower the strongest man, and the fibres, not thicker than the threads of a spider's web, and even more easily broken, bear within their almost invisible filaments a poison apparatus which is as deadly as the fang of the rattlesnake.

The creatures are gifted with these structures for the purpose of enabling them to obtain food, and indeed, if we look to the details of any living being, we shall see that most of them are subordinated to that object.

Now we come to a group of marine creatures in which the food-procuring structure is so remarkable, that if it had not been seen in action no one could have suspected it. Even dissection could have given no clue to it.

There are few marine animals which appear to be so absolutely secured from foes as the bivalve molluscs, such as the oyster, the scallop, the cockle, and the mussel. Their lives appear, according to our ideas, to be peculiarly dull and stupid, but there does seem to be a compensation in their immunity from foes. Among reptiles the slow-moving tortoise presents a somewhat similar combination, but even the box-tortoise itself, which can contract its legs and head within the shell, and then shut itself up like a box, is not nearly so secure as either of these molluscs.

Supposing that a hungry man were supplied with oysters, and forbidden the use of tools with which he could either break the shells or force them open, he would probably starve to death. If we were to be asked to select some inhabitant of the sea which would be best fitted for feeding on oysters, we should naturally search for some large fish, furnished with teeth and jaws powerful enough to crush the firmly-closed shells, for to force them asunder would be almost impossible.

Any of my readers who has opened oysters knows practically that even with the aid of a knife made expressly for the purpose, a novice in the art finds the greatest difficulty in forcing the shells asunder. He cuts his fingers and breaks the shells, but they still remain obstinately closed.

Now, strange as it may seem, the worst of the oyster's foes destroy it by forcing its shells apart before they eat it, and these foes are popularly known as Starfishes.

The name, by the way, is a very unfortunate one, the French word *Etoiles de Mer*, or Sea Stars, being far superior, as it conveys no ideas of fish.

With us, the word is used in the loosest possible manner. Oysters, periwinkles, limpets, whelks, lobsters, crabs, and shrimps are all termed "shell-fish." Then there are the jelly-fishes, and now we have the starfishes. Even the whales are called fish, and when a party goes to hunt seals they are said to go seal-fishing!

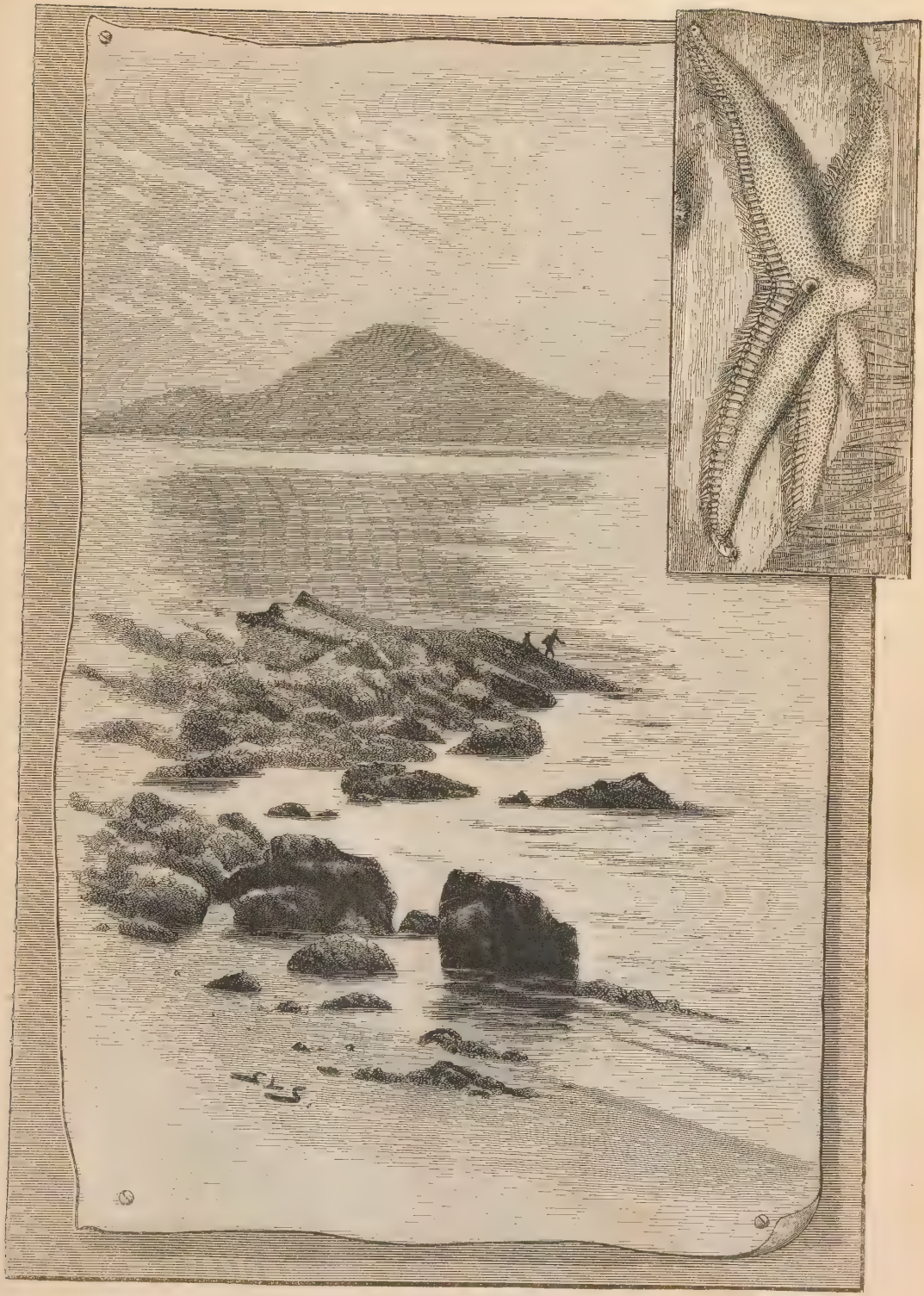
In the present paper I propose to give a brief sketch of the starfishes, especially for the purpose of illustrating the manner in which their Creator has fitted them to fulfil conditions which seem to be impossible.

Let us take the most common of the starfishes, the "Five-finger," which is so plentiful on our shores and which is shown on the corner of the opposite illustration. Viewed upon the upper surface, it appears as helpless a being as can well be imagined. It is absolutely incapable of resistance or even of struggle to escape. It has no stinging threads like those of the jelly-fishes, and permits itself to be torn or crushed without seeming to know that it is hurt.

Viewed from the under surface, however, it presents a different aspect. (See Fig. 1.)

In the centre of the arms there is an aperture which may do duty for the mouth, but there is not even a semblance of jaws, nor any visible apparatus for taking prey.

Protruding from the whole of the lower surface are many rows of little semi-transparent papillæ, not unlike the "horns" of snails in shape, and each having a little rounded knob at the end. They are in perpetual motion, being continually protruded or withdrawn, and moving in all directions, as if feeling for something.



Home of the Starfish.

This, in fact, is the case. Each of these papillæ is an organ of progression, and they are feeling for some object to which they can adhere. The little rounded tip acts as a sucker, and so, when the papillæ are brought into contact with any firm surface, they can cause the creature to advance or recede with a smooth, slow, and gradual motion.

Perhaps the words "advance" and "recede" are hardly applicable to the starfish, as it has no head, no tail, and can move with equal facility in every direction. The technical name for these papillæ is "ambulacra," from the Latin word *ambulare*, to walk.

Their structure is remarkably beautiful, but the mechanical contrivances which render them capable of protrusion, retraction, adherence, and detachment, are so complicated that they cannot be described within the limits of this article. Suffice it to say that along the under surface of the body are a number of hard, shelly shields, set closely side by side, and that these shields are pierced with tiny holes called "ambulacral apertures." Through these apertures the ambulacra pass. How they are worked I will try to explain.

Suppose that a vessel were shaped like an ordinary water carafe, but made of very thin and very elastic india-rubber. Let this vessel be filled with water and the mouth stopped. Now, if the ball be squeezed between the hands, the water will be driven into the neck and cause it to expand.

Suppose that the neck of the vessel were passed through a hole in a thick log of wood, and were only just large enough to fit; it could not expand sideways, and must do so downwards, so as to become lengthened. When the pressure is taken off the ball, the water will return into it, and the neck be drawn back through the hole.

This is just what happens with the starfish, the ambulacrum being represented by the carafe, and the pierced log by the ambulacral plate.

As far as we can see, the starfishes have neither eyes nor organs of scent. Yet they are, in some unknown manner, able to detect the presence of food and to direct themselves towards it.

Every one who has fished in the sea with a bait of whelk or limpet, must often have been annoyed by finding, when they drew in their lines, a starfish fastened on the bait, with its arms clasped tightly round it. Now it is not likely that in these cases the bait has happened to alight in the middle of the starfish, and it is tolerably evident that the creature must have directed its course to its food.

The professional fishermen, when they find a starfish devouring their bait, always tear it asunder and fling the halves into the sea. It is a very foolish thing to do, for, like many animals of low organization, the starfish can reproduce the missing portions, and so each half becomes a separate starfish.

Fig. 1.

Even if all the rays be torn asunder, each of them will throw out four more arms, and so in process of time look as if nothing had happened to it. An example of this curious faculty is shown in the accompanying illustration, Fig. 2.

Lobsters, as most of us know, can reproduce a missing limb, even when they have lost a claw

Fig. 2.

almost as large as the rest of the body. But if torn asunder they die, the restorative power being limited to the limbs.

An interesting experiment can easily be tried, which will show how well the creature can direct its course.

Put a starfish into shallow sea water—a rock-pool is the best place—and watch the direction in which it begins to move. Now, place in its course a couple of large stones from one to two inches apart, according to the size of the starfish.

Until it arrives at the narrow passage formed by the stones, it crawls with all its rays widely spread. But, as soon as it comes to the stones, it knows how to act. Without stopping for a moment, it pushes one ray between the stones, and goes quietly gliding on. As the centre of the body approaches the aperture, ray after ray is allowed to trail behind, until one ray is in front, and the four others are pressed closely together behind it.

In this contracted form it easily glides through the narrow passage, and when it emerges at the other end, the rays all spread themselves and the creature assumes its former shape.

The mention of the ambulacral plates brings us to the hard structures of the body. The whole under surface of the body is made up of a series of shelly plates, largest at the base of the ray, and diminishing gradually in size to the tip. Beside these plates there are successive rows of shelly joints arranged in regular order, and so jointed to the ambulacral plates as to permit the needful amount of flexibility in the rays. There are many hundreds of these pieces in each starfish.

If the reader can imagine an ivory ship before the planks are put in it, that each rib should be made of several joints, and that the keel should be jointed like the back-bone of a vertebrated animal, he can form some idea of the complex structure of the starfish skeleton.

True, there is little variety of the skeleton, which is simply a repetition of similar parts, differing only in size. But, these parts are arranged in such exquisite order, and produce such harmony of outline, that their beauty is beyond the power of description. A portion of these plates may be seen in Fig. 1.

Having now taken a cursory glance at the external structure of the starfish, we must see how it kills and eats its prey.

That starfishes are destructive to oysters has long been known, but it was thought that in order to reach the oyster the starfish waited until the mollusc opened its shells, and then prevented it from closing them by thrusting one of its rays between them.

Such a process, however, would have been impossible, as the adductor muscle by which the shells are closed is so powerful that the ray would be crushed as soon as the mollusc took alarm. The reader may remember that several instances have been recorded of mice strangled by oysters. The mouse had gained access to a fishmonger's shop, found an oyster with its shells open, and put in its head for the sake of eating the oyster. Directly the mollusc felt the touch of the intruder's teeth, it instinctively closed its shell on the neck of the mouse and so strangled it.

The real mode by which the starfish attacks, opens, and devours the oyster we shall describe in the next paper.

ANECDOTAL PORTRAITS.

No. II.—CHRISTMAS EVANS.

By WILLIAM DORLING.

WALES owes much to her preachers. She has but a scanty literature in her own language; and her people are poor and in many respects uncultured. The preacher has evoked her best enthusiasms, and stirred into fervour the truest impulses of her life. Ignorance has been shaken into inquiry; inquiry has reached the broad realms of thought and knowledge; so that the Wales of to-day opens wide her arms to receive whatever may be provided for her spiritual welfare.

A charming glimpse of a typal Welsh preacher is given in a recent work by Paxton Hood.* So well has he told the life-story of the man, that this volume may be safely ranked among the very best productions of his skilful and eloquent pen.

Those were simple times, when Christmas Evans was born in the parish of Llandysul, in Cardiganshire. The year was 1766, the day was Christmas Day, and so his parents called him Christmas Evans. His father was a shoemaker, and died when he was but a child. There were other children besides Christmas, and his mother's brother took the little boy home to his farm, with the promise to feed and clothe him, and perhaps make a man of him in due time. But this uncle was hard and cruel, and, withal, a selfish drunkard; so that those were six miserable years which Christmas Evans spent in his adopted home. He used to say, long after that time, that "it would be difficult to find a more unconscionable man than James Lewis in the whole course of a wicked world."

At seventeen, Christmas could not read a word; he was in the midst of evil society, and was strangely subject to accidents of various kinds. "Once he was stabbed in a quarrel, once he was nearly drowned and with difficulty recovered, once he fell from a high tree with an open knife in his hand, and once a horse ran away with him, passing at full speed through a low and narrow passage." The uncle's home was so miserable a one that Christmas resolved to leave it, and seek occupation and shelter elsewhere. He went from place to place until he settled at Castellhywel.

After his conversion, when he and other young men had been meeting together for mutual improvement in evening meetings, a number of his former dissolute companions waylaid him at night, beat him unmercifully, and one of them struck out his eye with a stick. Some one once chanced in the presence of Robert Hall to mention Christmas Evans's one eye. "Yes, sir," said Hall, "but that is a piercer; an eye, sir, that could light an army through a wilderness in a dark night." Certain it is that he was known far and wide as "the one-eyed preacher."

The young convert was uneducated and ignorant, but he began to thirst for knowledge enough to read about God, and he and his companions bought Bibles and candles, and used to meet together in the evening in a barn, so that in about one month he was able to read the Bible in his mother tongue. The minister of the Church he joined, the Rev. David Davies, also undertook his instruction, and gave him some schooling in the Latin grammar. Young Christmas longed to be at work as a preacher. It was the passionate imagination of his heart, but difficulties stood in his way. It was the law of the Church with which he was united that no member of it should be permitted to preach until he had passed through a college course. Strange to say, two members of that Church, who were admitted into fellowship on the same evening—David Davies, afterwards of Swansea, and Christmas Evans—became two of the most famous preachers in Wales, and both broke the rule. Within a week after their admission to the Church, Davies and Evans preached in a cottage room. The substance of Evans's first sermon was borrowed from a book by Beveridge. A farmer who heard it was much impressed by it, but upon going home found the sermon. "Still," said he, "I have some hope of the son of Samuel, the shoemaker, because the prayer was as good as the sermon." The prayer too was mainly committed to memory from a collection of prayers by a well-known Welsh clergyman. Still he was not a man to fail in his work. His theological sentiments, which were probably Arian at that time in their relation to the person and work of Christ, took a different complexion; and when he

* "Christmas Evans." By the Rev. E. Paxton Hood: Hodder & Stoughton, London.

was twenty years and six months old, he was received into a Baptist Church, and was baptized by a very remarkable man—the Rev. Timothy Thomas.

Timothy Thomas belonged to a very honourable family. He was a farmer, and seemingly held his farm upon such terms as enabled him to maintain a position of great respectability, and to devote himself freely to the work of the ministry. He would sometimes ride thirty or forty miles on a Saturday to be ready for Sunday services at a distant place. His bearing was gentlemanly, and his courage of the highest order. He had often to use all his skill and power in dealing with assemblies of roughs, who came to disturb his meetings. And he was a muscular Christian. Once when travelling with his wife, four ruffians attacked them. He knocked down two of them with his stick, but broke it in the very act of conquest. He immediately tore another weapon from the hedge, and was about making good use of it, when the ruffians became possessed of that discretion which it is said is the better part of valour. He had strong sympathy with those who used their physical capabilities in difficult circumstances. A man was brought before him for Church discipline. He had knocked down a Unitarian. "Let us hear all about it," said Mr. Thomas. "To tell all the truth about it, sir," said the culprit, "I met Jack, the miller, at the sign of the Red Dragon, and there we had a single glass of ale together." "Stop a bit," said the minister; "I hope you paid for it." "I did, sir." "That is in your favour, Thomas," said the pastor: "I cannot bear those people who go about tippling at other people's expense. Go on, Thomas." "Well, sir, after a little while we began quietly talking about religion, and the work of Jesus Christ. Jack said that He was only a man, and then he went on to say shocking things—things that it was beyond the power of flesh and blood to bear." "I dare say," said the pastor, "but what *did* he say?" "He actually said, sir, that the blood of Christ had no more power in it than the blood of a beast. I could not stand that any more, so I knocked him down." "Well, brother," said Timothy Thomas, "I cannot say that you did the right thing, but I can believe that I should have done so too. Go and sin no more." This singular man died at Cardigan in 1840, at eighty-five years of age. It was his great boast to the last that he had baptized Christmas Evans.

Evans had a great many difficulties to encounter—"fightings without and fears within;" but he mastered them all in due course. The first place at which he exercised a kind of ministry was a little inland hamlet out of Caernarvon Bay, amidst scenery of great magnificence and impressiveness. He was a kind of home missionary in the district. His ministry was speedily effectual for great good, and his heart rejoiced. Preaching became a passion and a joy to him. He went forth beyond this district, going through many neighbouring counties, and holding services in the villages on his way. It was there that he married Catherine Jones, a member of his own church, of whom more presently. His fame was growing in all the districts through which he passed on his preaching tours, but the following circumstance indicates the culminating point.

An Association meeting was being held in the neighbourhood of Llanelly. A multitude of people had met together in the open air. Two men who were expected had not arrived, and somebody was wanted to speak to the people while the interval lasted, but no one seemed to be fitted for the purpose. Christmas Evans was walking about on the edge of the crowd, "a tall, bony, haggard young man, uncouth and ill-dressed." The minister who had charge of the arrangements appealed to Mr. Timothy Thomas, who was also present; but he declined the request, saying abruptly, "Why not ask that one-eyed lad from the North? I hear that he preaches quite wonderfully." When he stood forth the people said, "Surely he can never ask that absurdity to preach!" It looked to them as though a mistake had been committed, and some went away to refresh themselves, or to rest underneath the hedges till the proper men should arrive. The text which Christmas took was, "And you, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled in the body of His flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and unreproveable in His sight." His power was soon felt. The people that hung back moved again to the front, the crowd increased, the sermon was on fire. Dazzling thoughts and images came fast from the preacher's lips. At some appalling utterances numbers started to their feet. He and they together had caught the "hwyl." Christmas was at full sail, and the people began to cry "Gogoniad!" (Glory!), "Bendigedig!" (Blessed!). He finished his sermon amidst their tears of joy and gratitude; and from that hour Christmas Evans was acknowledged to be in the first rank of Welsh preachers.

He did not remain long afterwards at Lleyn, the mission station which he then occupied; and in 1792 he went to the Island of Anglesea, to accept the charge of the churches of his faith and order in that island for the sum of £17 a year, which was his stipend during the twenty years that his service lasted. He was twenty-six at the time, and actually started on his birthday, which was a very rough day. He travelled on horseback with his wife behind him. When he reached Anglesea he found ten small Baptist Societies in a very feeble condition, distracted by theological strife. There was no Baptist minister within reach of him, indeed not within one hundred and fifty miles. Soon the work began to prosper. He had his home in a small village; chapel and cottage standing upon a bleak and exposed piece of ground. In a commodious house which has been built upon the spot, may be seen to-day a venerable old chair—Christmas Evans's chair—marked by cuttings of his pocket-knife, made when he was indulging in those reveries and day-dreams in which he lived abstracted from everything around him. The man was absorbed in his work. Quite suitably does his latest biographer quote Wordsworth's memorable lines in his sonnet to Milton:—

> "So did'st thou travel on life's common way,
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
> The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

He studied his sermons with all his might. He gave considerable attention to Greek and Hebrew, and to some of the old theology. It appears that he was sorely tried by an irruption of Sandemanianism, with which he had sharply to contend. It does not fall within the scope of the present paper to attempt to describe the character of Christmas Evans's preaching. The specimens which are left behind serve to convince us that it was of the kind which should be heard rather than read. Theologically he was in sympathy with the opinions which prevailed in Wales at the time. These were certainly different from what are in favour to-day. His preaching was full of allegory, metaphor, and vivid descriptions. Two elements it never lacked—light and fire.

The preachers in those days, and in that country, lived on very familiar terms with one another. Christian names were generally used without any prefix, and yet there was no want of reverence. It is said that on one occasion a minister from South Wales, who was a native of Anglesea, was in the island, and rose in an assembly with the intention of speaking. Christmas, who suffered no intrusion from the south into their northern organizations, instantly nipped the flowers of oratory by crying, "Sit down, David, sit down."

It is quite clear that the preacher did not repose upon a bed of flowery ease. How he managed to be both liberal and hospitable upon his meagre stipend is impossible of comprehension. Catherine did her best to make him comfortable. She was evidently well suited for her post: lonely as her life was, and trying often beyond measure, she seems not to have complained, but to have bravely striven to preserve a comfortable home for the good man. Once upon a time when he was about starting forth upon a preaching tour, she managed to obtain for him what he sorely wanted—a new hat. But upon the journey his horse needed drink, and when he came to a pool, having no pail to use, he filled his hat with water for his "poor old Lemon." It was a difficult matter to keep Christmas respectable in his attire.

Catherine died in 1823, when Christmas was fifty-seven years of age. She seems to have been remarkable for her considerate self-denial. Her husband testifies—"If there happened to be on our table one dish better than the other she would modestly, but earnestly, resist all importunity to partake of it, until she ascertained that there was enough for both." Her own sphere was a small one, but she filled it with as much energy and zeal as her husband filled his. Her illness was a long one, but divine strength held out. On the last night of her life she repeated a beautiful Welsh hymn, and then, having said three times, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me," breathed forth her spirit into the hands of God. Her husband wanted her sadly, for her companionship was sweet and precious to him, but he bore on his way still trusting in the strength which had never failed him. Three years afterwards Christmas left Anglesea, and accepted an invitation to the Baptist Church in Caerphilly. It was then a poor little village, although in times long past it had a magnificent castle, the largest in all Great Britain, excepting Windsor, and even now the most extensive ruin. Before he could settle down in this home, which was so distant from his former sphere, he persuaded a friend to go for him to Anglesea, and to bring back with him the old and faithful servant of himself and his departed wife—Mary Evans—whom he in a short time married, and treated with untiring and devoted affection. And now

once more the fame of the preacher rose to its highest point. "Caerphilly, the village in the valley, became like a city set upon a hill; every Sabbath, multitudes might be seen, wending their way across the surrounding hills, in all directions. The homes of the neighbourhood rang and re-echoed with Christmas Evans's sermons; his morning sermon, especially, would be the subject of conversation in hundreds of homes, many miles away, that evening."

After some few years of labour in this spot he went back again to North Wales, and settled at Caernarvon. This was in 1832. It was in the direction of his beloved Anglesea. His return created immense delight and excitement. He had still, as in the old days, to fight with chapel debts; and actually at seventy years of age, he started forth in the south to attempt to raise the sum that was still wanted for the chapel in Caernarvon. He had been there four years when he set out with his wife and a young preacher for the purpose. Before starting, he wrote a circular letter to his brethren, which appeared in the *Welsh Magazine*, in which he said, amongst other things:—"Dear brethren,—We have received notice to pay up three hundred pounds. The term of the lease of life has expired in my case, even threescore and ten years, and I am very much afflicted. I have purposed to sacrifice myself to this object, though I am afraid I shall die on the journey, and I fear I shall not succeed in my errand for Christ. We have no source to which we can now repair, but our own denomination in Wales, and brethren and friends of other communities that may sympathize with us. . . . . Oh, help us, brethren, when you see the old brother, after having been fifty-three years in the ministry, now, instead of being in the grave with his colleagues, or resting at home with three of them who are yet alive—when you see him coming, with the furrows of death in his countenance, the flowers of the grave on his head, and his whole constitution gradually dissolving, having laboured fifty years in the Baptist denomination . . . . oh, do not frown upon him; he is afraid of your frowns. Smile upon him, by contributing to his cause, this once for all. If you frown upon me, ministers and deacons, by intimating an *irregular case*, I am afraid I shall sink into the grave before returning home. This is my last sacrifice for the Redeemer's cause." His popularity seems to have been abundant, and money came in plentifully. He preached in Monmouthshire before the County Association, taking for his text, "By grace ye are saved," and had immense power over his audience. He was exhausted, however, by the effort, and was laid up for a week in the house of a kind host. He reached Swansea on the 14th of July, and the next day preached twice, as one of his memorialists says, "like a seraph." On the following evening he went out to tea with a friend, and preached in English, his text being, "Beginning at Jerusalem." It appears that he always felt a difficulty when preaching in English, and upon this occasion it was particularly manifest; but there are striking indications of his great power. "'Beginning at Jerusalem.' Why at Jerusalem? The apostles were to begin where the inhabitants had been witnesses to the life and death of Christ; where He had preached, wrought miracles, been crucified, and rose again. There, on the very spot of His deepest degradation, He was also to be exalted: He had been crucified as a malefactor, He was now to be elevated in the same place as a King. Here were accorded to Him the first-fruits of His resurrection." The following was one of the strains of the sermon:—"'At Jerusalem, Lord?' 'Yes.' 'Why, Lord, these are the men who crucified Thee; we are not to preach it to them?' 'Yes, preach it to all.' 'To the man who plaited the crown of thorns and placed it on Thy head?' 'Yes; tell him that from my degradation he may obtain a crown of glory.' 'Suppose we meet the very men who nailed Thy hands and feet to the cross, the very men who pierced Thy side and spat in Thy face?' 'Preach the gospel to them all. Tell them all that I am the Saviour, that all are welcome to participate in the blessings of my salvation. I am the same Lord over all, and rich unto all them that call upon Me.'" As he walked down the pulpit-stairs he was heard to say, "This is my last sermon."

He died on the following Friday morning. At the end he repeated a verse from a favourite Welsh hymn, and, as if he had done with earth, exclaimed, "GOOD-BYE! DRIVE ON!" The old evangelist fancied himself once more on a preaching tour, and that he held the reins in his hand, his humble nag listening for the word of command. The great preacher thus passed away, after fifty-three years of ministry, in the seventy-third year of his age. Wales heard of his death with deep emotion; and upon the roll which bears the names of her best and noblest sons, that of Christmas Evans will shine with conspicuous lustre for all generations to come.

TARRY THOU.

"Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure."

SUBMIT thee to thy Father's will,
Discouraged child! Be still, be still!
We fain would save ourselves one sigh—
He worketh for eternity.

The complex working of His plan
Our finite wisdom cannot scan.
The orbit of the spirit's flight
Is far beyond our mortal sight.

Its glorious mission here begun
Shall still through circling ages run;
To praise and honour it shall be
Linked in its course with Deity.

Ancient of Days! A thousand years
Roll on with all their throes and tears,
E'en as the briefest watch of night,
So far Thy view—so infinite!

To meet the need of human breath
Must needs be ruin, loss and death
In ages past. The treasured store
Lies locked beneath earth's crystal floor.

To meet the need of spirit life
Through future cycles, joy and grief
Must weave their web of gleam and gloom,
The warp and woof of earthly doom.

Oh, dream not thou, who bear'st thy cross
Of thwarted plan and bitter loss,
That this poor scene is all the stage
And act of thy long pilgrimage!

Oh, tarry thou God's holy will!
Oh, trust thee to His perfect skill!
We fain would save ourselves one sigh—
He worketh for eternity!

CLARA THWAITES.

AT HIS WITS' END.

A Story of Invention.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

CHAPTER I.—HOW HE WAS DRIVEN THERE.

"THOU'LL have to do the same as t' rest on us. What call hast thou to set thysen up, a man wi' only his day's wage to look till? To look at thee folk would think thou could pocket-out t' National Debt at five-minutes' notice."

"Nay, none so, mate. Times has been pretty slack with most on us of late."

"Then what a fool thou must be when a bit o' extra work turns up not to take it."

"Ah!" interjected another dust-begrimed mechanic, who, with bare and folded arms, was leaning, half-sitting half-standing, against his anvil; "and there's another mouth to fill at your place, old chap, since yesterday, I hear tell."

"Yes—a little lass; the marrer of her mother!" said the man addressed, his teeth gleaming whitely as he smiled. He was a fine-looking fellow—tall, strong, and powerful, with good-humoured blue-grey eyes shining under a broad forehead, and relieving by their brightness the plainness of the other features and the weight of the square-cut jaw. He was eating his breakfast of bread and bacon in a primitive fashion, cutting pieces off the very thick sandwich with his pocket-knife, and then, transfixing them on the blade, he speared them into his mouth, and every now and then refreshed himself likewise with a drink from a tin bottle, which was standing on the forge to keep the tea it contained hot.

"Come thou in to-night, Aaron," he continued, looking up at his mate who had last addressed him, "and thou shalt see her. I was thinking happen thou'd stand for her when the missus gets about."

"Well, lad, I'se none again' being sponsor to t' little lass. I reckon I shan't have so many sins to answer for her but what they may go along wi' my own without making much differ."

"Thou knows thou's nobbut joking. Thou doesn't think that."

"I do though, old chap," answered his friend, nodding his large head covered with red hair vigorously, and then winking aside to their companion, the first speaker.

A shrill whistle rang through the vast place, and in another moment the men had pocketed their pipes, Aaron and Stephen took up their hammers, Jerry turned to the forge. The thunder of blows, the resounding clang of the struck metal, and the rush and roar of the machinery made the very air of the workshop pulsate and throb with sound. For hours it went on, the sweat poured from Aaron's face, and the muscles rose and fell in great bands across Stephen's shoulders, showing their quick working through his damp shirt. There was no time for speaking now. They worked with a will.

"Though I say it what shouldn't," said Aaron in a short pause, as he straightened himself for a rest, "there's no two chaps in 'Hanworth's' can beat you and me, mate, at a spell of piece-work. Well, half-work is what I can't abide, nor thee neither, mate."

"Right there, Aaron; so here goes."

And again the regular rhythm of the blows rang out. Once more the whistle sounded. The hum of labour ceased, and the workmen crowded toward the pay-window of the office.

"Now, don't be a fool, lad!" whispered Aaron as his turn and his friend's came. "Thou can't afford scruples just now."

"Can't afford—ay, that's where the shoe pinches," whispered Stephen back.

As each man had his little pile of money pushed towards him and passed on, some were spoken a few words to, and answered, "All right," or, giving a short nod of acquiescence, passed on. Aaron's turn had arrived, and Stephen was close behind him. The clerk hardly raised his head as he said—

"The anvils must work to-morrow. You'll be here?"

Aaron gave a grunt which might be taken for "Yes," and then Stephen was there.

"You would hear what I said?" asked the cashier.

"Yes. But could not we three work a night instead, till nigh twelve to-night and again from half-past twelve on, sir? We'd prefer that."

The clerk turned questioningly towards a gentleman who, sitting in the office with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out, was poising his chair on its back legs and gazing into the fire.

"What am I to say, sir?" asked the cashier.

"Eh! what!" cried the master, letting his chair come down suddenly on the floor and fixing his keen eyes on Stephen. "What does he want?"

"To work overnight, sir, instead of on Sunday. He says his two mates he thinks will be willing to join him too, and he'll make full time."

Not condescending to notice the clerk's explanation, the master, springing to his feet, cried—

"Come in here, Steve."

And Stephen entered the counting-house cap in hand.

"Now, my lad, what nonsense is this?" demanded Mr. Hanworth. "You know well enough how slack trade has been, and I think you ought to be glad Hanworth's has got the order. It's good for you as well as me."

"So I am, sir, I'm sure."

"And you know it has to be executed to time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then do you mean to tell me you won't work on Sunday?"

"I'll make it up fully, sir. I know my two mates will come, and we'll give you full satisfaction; but I cannot break the Sabbath. I never have, sir, and I hope you won't ask it now."

"Shut up!" cried Mr. Hanworth angrily. "Do you think I'm going to be preached at by any hand here? Are you going to accommodate me or are you not?"

Stephen stood silent, and then he raised his eyes and looked full in his master's angry face.

That silent look was enough. White to his lips, Mr. Hanworth said slowly—

"If you won't accommodate me you may go," and then turned his back.

Stephen waited a moment or two and then slowly left the office and passed out into the now empty foundry yard.

In the street he found Aaron lingering.

"Well, lad?"

"I've got the sack!"

Aaron would have said some word of consolation, but, glancing at the sorrow-stricken face beside him, he forebore and left Stephen to walk home alone. As he did so he did not feel much like a hero! A man may do the right thing, but those know nothing of such struggles who represent that, therefore, peace—nay, joy, will flood his soul. Nothing of the kind. There is only one way into the kingdom, and that way is strewn with thorns, and the thorns pierce the feet which press them; yes, sometimes they wound so deeply that they even *lame*, and it is with hesitating and bleeding footsteps that the traveller presses sorrowfully—it may be regretfully, onward. Visions of victory fade away, and all that the worn and wearied soul dares to hope for is strength to struggle forward, and, maimed and broken-hearted, to reach some day the goal, and *then* rest.

Stephen, miserable and sad, grew more low-spirited as he neared his home. He did not fear having to listen to reproaches, but he trembled as he thought of the look he would receive. It was with a slow footstep that he entered the cottage and ascended the stairs to the neat room above where wife and child awaited him.

With a bright countenance and shining eyes Mary looked up into her husband's face, and then before he spoke a word she stretched out her white hand and took his fondly.

"Dear lad, sit down and tell me what is the matter."

"A great deal, wife! I've got the sack."

Certainly as he spoke the face he loved so well became downcast. Mary cast a frightened glance towards the little bundle by her side, but the next instant she regained her confidence and said cheerfully—

"Never mind, you are sure to get on somewhere else. Thou are a first-class hand, Steve, there are plenty more works in this big town beside Hanworth's. Have any more got turned off? Is work slacker?"

"No, it's better, and I'm the only one out."

"Thou the *only* one; tell me all about it, dear Steve."

And then he related his story, and as he spoke his wife's face grew as quiet and as settled as his own, and when he concluded with the remark, "It's very hard on you and the little lass, Mary, but what could I do?" she answered, "Nothing but what thou has done. My Steve would have to grow a different man from what he is afore he'd put us above his duty to God. Never fear for us, a way will be made; kneel down and pray a bit, lad!"

And when in a few low-murmured heart-felt sentences her husband had done so, she fell quietly asleep holding his hand in hers. Afraid to disturb her, he sat still thinking of many things, and his thoughts were not sad, for, now the first shock of losing his work at such a critical time was past, he felt convinced he should have little difficulty in getting another place. He knew himself to be a first-rate workman, and that his character as a steady and reliable man stood high and was pretty well known amongst those to whom on Monday he must apply for employment, and he thought with some satisfaction on the fact that from his apprenticeship he had always remained at Hanworth's. "Yes, I never was a chap for running about. I've

never worked anywhere else, and though it's hard to be turned out of the old place, being so long there will help me to a new one." So he sat quietly resting till the gathering twilight rendered all things indistinct, and the fitful glow of the fire threw long fantastic shadows on the ceiling of the little chamber.

A quiet, restful Sabbath followed, and on Monday morning very early, with a hopeful, cheerful heart, Stephen sallied forth to seek new employment.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT HE LOOKED FOR THERE.

MR. HANWORTH usually—as a respectable custom—attended church on Sunday morning. There was a feeling of satisfaction in accompanying his elegant wife and well-dressed children there. He did not think much why he did go, nor when he arrived at church did he think at all about worship or praise. He stood up and sat down in the right places—he did not kneel, of course; so far as the neighbours saw he was sufficiently devout, but if some unknown power had obliged Mr. Hanworth to reveal himself to public gaze, his human fellow-worshippers as well as the "cloud of witnesses" would have known that church-time was a time of busy business—a quiet time for speculation, investment, invention, calculation, and plans, anything but devotion to this seemingly correctly religious man.

Mr. Hanworth was "put out" more than he liked to own by Stephen's resolute bearing, and the little incident in his counting-house and the steadfast look in his workman's eyes kept recurring with disagreeable distinctness to his mental vision. Coming out of church he met, as he frequently did, another iron-master; living in the same direction, they usually walked home together, talking various little business matters over. To-day Mr. Hanworth mentioned Stephen's obstinacy.

"Just shows how disobliging those fellows can be; man and boy he's worked about the place for twenty years. Detestable impudence! he's only one of a class. Combination is our only remedy. Are you coming to the masters' meeting to-morrow? yes, of course. You'll mention this little circumstance?"

"No, I think not; I don't want to injure the fellow."

"Then I shall. Fine day, isn't it? good-bye."

The next day the "little circumstance" was mentioned, and called forth many indignant and contemptuous comments. Nearly all the gentlemen present were self-made men. And yet amongst no set of aristocratic landowners could more determined counsels of class (*their* class, that is) supremacy be heard. One benevolent old man did dare certainly to remark that this did not seem to him a case of insubordination, but of conscience, and that every man had a right to his Sabbath, but this gentleman was treated with scant attention.

And there the matter was dropped. But not ended, as Stephen found to his cost next day.

All Monday Stephen went from foundry to foundry, but trade had been dull and was just beginning to revive, no new workmen were required, and he met with refusals at all save one place; there he was told a foreman who understood his own particular branch was wanted, but the master was engaged out at a meeting, and he might call next day. When he did call he found *he* was not wanted.

So a bitter time of trial began; for three long weeks Stephen wandered about constantly asking for work. When he had penetrated into every workshop and foundry-yard in the vast town where he had been born and always had lived, and met invariably with disappointment, he began by his wife's advice to travel to the neighbouring smaller towns.

Frequently he walked very long distances on vague rumours of employment, which always turned out to be false, for the iron trade, which was beginning to revive in the great town, was still stagnant in the outlying districts. Constant refusals crushed even his brave and trustful spirit, and he went now, at the end of a fortnight, on his daily search with so despondent an air that misfortune seemed to accompany him and cling naturally to his side.

Stephen tried each evening as he neared his house to put on the cheerful air he did not feel and enter his home briskly, but one look at Mary's anxious face and large questioning eyes and all his sham brightness vanished.

The couple had only been able, on account of the long bad times, to make but a very small provision against a rainy day. A sick sister—a widow—had needed and received help to the utmost of their power, and many unusual expenses had come to be paid during the last month, so the little savings had dwindled rapidly away, and it was with a feeling akin to despair that Stephen, on the Monday in this the third week, was obliged to go to the Savings Bank and withdraw their last pound.

Through all the years which have passed since then Stephen looks back upon that week as the most miserable of his life, and

sometimes even now he wonders how he got through it, and owns with humble gratitude that nothing short of the sustaining hand of his God and the patient, uncomplaining, cheerful love of his wife prevented him from utterly despairing.

He had been everywhere! He knew the uselessness of applying where he had been already refused, and yet it was intolerable to remain in the house doing nothing but watch, as he could not help watching, his pale feeble wife and the helpless little baby. Out in the streets there seemed more room to move. He avoided the hours when he should meet his fellow-workmen returning from that employment to gain a share in which would have been the greatest earthly happiness to himself. He wandered about fighting a sore battle. Few persons passing the man in the street in his unused working dress, and with that look of misfortune hanging like a mist about him, would have given him credit for being a hero, and little did he feel like one himself. And yet each night as he knelt and prayed for that daily bread which seemed so long in coming, he also offered a thanksgiving for having passed one more day without having yielded to sin, for every waking hour of the day had been passed in fighting temptation. A voice had been constantly urging him, with sometimes such terrible vehemence that it seemed as though no denial was possible—

"Go to Mr. Hanworth, say you are sorry and you will work on Sunday when he finds it needful. He will take you back. The wages are good, and Mary and the child will be provided for. Go at once; here you are just passing the gates."

"No, no! not even for them. Lord, help me to be true to Thee, and to do what I'm sure is right," he would cry in his heart; and then with hurrying feet would hasten past the well-known walls.

Saturday night came. There was a question Stephen must ask, and he tried twice or thrice to say the words before they would form the very simple sentence.

"Have we any money left, Mary? I know you've had coals to get."

"A shilling, dear lad; but don't be low-hearted; we've three big loaves and a bit of cheese and some tea and sugar—enough to put us over Monday. Keep up thy heart, Stephen; our Lord's sure to make a way for us."

Stephen groaned as he buried his face in his hands.

So the third week ended.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT HE FOUND THERE.

ANOTHER Sabbath had come round, and perhaps, of all the sorrow-laden souls in the great congregation assembled in the time and smoke blackened old parish church, none carried a heavier heart than the working man who knelt with bowed head and passionately clasped hands in the shadow of the farthest pillar.

Stephen was sitting silently by the fire that afternoon, and Mary, singing a hymn, was trying to quiet the child to sleep as she rocked it to and fro in her arms, when the door opened and Aaron came in.

"Well, old chap, are you getting on middling?"

"No, not at all; I can't get a chance to go to work."

"Ay, but that's bad! You see, Steve, it's gotten out why Hanworth sacked thee. Have you tried old Mr. Wilson? He's of thy own way of thinking."

"Ay, and I should have got a job, maybe; but they've not work for their own old hands."

"I'm sorry for you, Steve. I've wished many a time since I'd been man enough to do t' same. All these three Sundays I've been fair miserable, and I've thought such a sight of thee. I thought to mysen to-day, directly I've got washed I'll go on and see Steve."

"Have you been working every Sunday sin'?"

"Ay, that we hev; and now, whenever it suits Hanworth, we shall have to do it again. He comes down for an hour in t' afternoon, looking so clean, and with a flower in his coat. It fair rouses me. But what is a chap to do?"

"Obey God, rather than man." Stephen said the words sadly, and as though speaking to himself.

"Ah, it's well enough for thee," Aaron began, and then he stopped suddenly, for he caught sight of Mary's face, and her eyes were full of tears. She rose hastily, and began nervously moving about. Stephen looked up also.

"You'll stop, Aaron, and have a cup of tea with us? We can yet afford to give a friend that."

"Yes, do, Aaron," echoed Mary. "Here, Steve, hold baby, will you? while I get it ready."

Stephen took the little creature carefully—he was not much used to holding babies in his arms; but he had hardly received his little daughter when she set up a pitiful cry. He rocked himself backwards and forwards,

holding the baby closely to him, and trying to hush it; but in vain; the more he rocked the more she cried.

Mary, who had gone into the cellar to fetch the bread, ran hastily up.

"What ever's the matter?" said Stephen, turning helplessly towards his wife. "I never heard it go on like this afore."

"You've run a pin into it! Here, give me hold of her; I'll soon put it straight."

The baby ceased to cry, and remained quite happy on her father's knees till the poor meal was spread. Then, though Mary and Aaron talked cheerfully together, Stephen became quite silent, and when tea was over, and they drew their chairs around the hearth, his thoughtful gaze turned to his little child, peacefully slumbering in her wooden cradle, and he became absorbed apparently in contemplating her small face. Suddenly he exclaimed—

"Yes, that's how it could be done."

"What done?"

"Why, I know how I could make a pin that wouldn't hurt."

"Then do it, lad," cried Aaron. "Lots of t' women folk would buy them; ay! and men too, for naught drives a man out of himsen like a crying barn."

"But I can't do it."

"For why?"

"Because our money's done, and we've naught even to buy pin-wire."

"Here, I lend thee it. Will ten shillings fit thee?"

"Ay, five shillings will, and plenty too; and thank you, mate."

"Nay, take ten shillings; you're kindly welcome."

After that a cloud seemed lifted from the party, and when Aaron left at nine o'clock, after again partaking of bread and cheese, he thought, as he strolled home, he had seldom spent so happy an evening, and found himself wishing he had a wife too, and hom of his own.

The early dawn was hardly flushing the sky above the crowded roofs when Stephen the next day awoke, and he was the earliest customer the wire-seller had that morning.

Very diligently and happily he worked. Mary even heard him whistling and singing at intervals; and before dinner-time he called her.

"Wife, come hither; here are some pins finished. You must have the first, my joy."

And he held out towards her half a handful of the now universally known "safety pins."

"Will they do?" Stephen added rather anxiously.

She looked at them, this first judge of his invention, examining them minutely, and then cried—

"Do? Yes, grandly!" She hastily laid them down and turned to the cradle, and without any apparent reason picked up therefrom the baby, covering its tiny face with kisses. "My little barn, my lamb! I sadly feared for thee; but father can keep us both now." And the mother burst into tears.

"Why, Mary, what hast thou been thinking of?"

"That I must get mother to take the little one and go back to service till times mended."

"I thought, wife, we promised for better *or* worse. We must always stick together."

She looked pitifully up into his kind face.

"But, Steve, soon there would have been no other way, though it would have been the very *worst* that could have come. We are bound to be honest thou knows, lad."

"Thank God!" reverently responded her husband, "He has not let us be tried above what we *could* stand. As long as He spares *thee* everything else I can bide to lose."

But henceforward it was no tale of loss that their lives told. Two days later, with a workbox of his wife's filled with various sizes of the new pin, Stephen sallied forth and visited some of the largest drapers' shops in the town. He returned in two hours with a handful of silver and an empty box, and set to work at making more; and, although Aaron joined him the following week, the demand could not be met.

Safety pins became the rage, and Stephen soon had no difficulty in obtaining money to patent his invention, nor in opening a small manufactory, which presently grew to such large dimensions that Aaron finds the salary he receives as manager a very comfortable provision indeed for the wife and little children he has now the honour of supporting.

Stephen is able to surround his Mary with every indulgence even his warm love can wish to supply her with, and perhaps the reason why he remains so unassuming and humble a man, though now a rich one, is found in the fact that he acutely feels all his prosperity has come to him—a most unexpected gift—from following resolutely the will of God. It was because he was at his wits' end for bread that he was led to think out and find what proved to be a blessing both to himself and family and to tens of thousands of mothers and their babes. God's ways are sometimes rough, but they always lead to what is bright and good.

We need hardly add Sunday labour is unknown at the "Safety-pin Works."

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Lord, a little band and lowly." Lesson: 1 Samuel xvi. 1—12. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

WHAT a bright and lovely thing a rose-garden is when the trees are covered with buds and blossoms from top to bottom, in every shade of pink and crimson and gold, which both men and children can see and smell and pluck. But how very unlovely it is in winter! Look at it when the ground is hard and frozen, the air is bitter and the sky is dull. Where are the roses then? There is nothing to be seen but leafless sticks, nothing to pluck but sharp, prickly thorns; yet you know that these are rose-trees. And the gardener values them and loves them because of what they are even in their bareness and ugliness. Hidden away in their heart of hearts they contain the graceful leaves of those loveliest of flowers; and when the *power* is come to them, when the ground is soft and the air is warm, and the sun is pouring its floods of golden glory out of a summer sky, then their hearts will stir within them, the lovely things that lie hidden will creep and creep up the stems, and through the buds and out into the open air, and unfold themselves, till little children's eyes can see and their hands can reach and pluck them. They are ugly now; but for all that, the gardener loves them now, bare, prickly sticks as they are; for, see, he is putting warm straw about their roots, dunging about them, and tilling them. He does not judge by their outward appearance. He knows what is in the hearts of them, and he wants to keep their hearts alive; if he has their hearts now, he knows that he shall have their unfolded flowers soon. He loves them, and values them, and cares for them, because of the glory which shall be revealed in them. And God so loves the world. It is full of unlovely-looking characters, hard and prickly, and ugly as the frozen rose-sticks. But, be they what they may to our views and feelings, He values all men; He *honours* all men, He *loves* all men, and bids us try to do the same; for everybody, even the ugliest, hardest, most unlovable-looking people have things hidden down away in their hearts beautiful alike to God and man, but seen, just now, only by God. The whole world is a garden of the Lord's, but in dull cold winter-time. God knows what it can be and will be. And this is what I want you to enjoy to-night, that God knows what is in the heart of man, and this is the reason why, with infinite patience, He cares for and tends and loves the world.

But you will see what I mean by these hidden blossoms in the souls of men by a story. It is now just sixty years ago since it happened. Napoleon Bonaparte—a hugely wicked man—went with tens of thousands of soldiers into Russia to steal from the Russians their towns and villages, to have them for himself. But he did not get what he wanted; for difficulties arose, and he had more to fight than could be fought with guns and swords, or the bravest of men. The Russians fought against him, and these he could beat; but heaven and earth fought against him, and these foes were too great for him. The city in which he would have housed his soldiers caught fire, and the fire rapidly spread. House after house, street after street, it spread, till every street and every house was ablaze, and the city became one vast fire. Of course the soldiers fled from such a place with all speed.

Now there was no place to fly to, except their own homes in their own country far away; for all the neighbouring towns and cities were Russian, and of course hated an army which had come to steal their country from them. And, worst of all, the time was winter, and such a winter as has seldom been. So there was no hope for them but in their far-off homes; the fire had destroyed their only shelter; there was no help for it. And thousands of men set out on the long and terrible journey which was to take them there. Then began a story of sufferings past all power to imagine. They were in a strange land, yet there were no roads nor paths to follow; what roads and paths there were in its vast uncultivated sweeps of land lay deeply hidden in snow. There were not even people to be found to ask the way, nor friendly cottage to offer a moment's rest or warmth. The few straggling woodmen's huts which might lie here and there by their track, like the roads, were buried in snow. No shop offered the means of getting even a crust of bread. They could get no water, not one drop, to quench their raging thirst; springs

and streams were all frozen. And so cold was it that melted ice scorched and blistered their mouths like burning coal. Freezing winds searched through their clothes and flesh, chilling their bones to the very marrow. Cold and hungry and thirsty, every mile in the soft sinking snow added the misery of wearying limbs; yet must they hold on, for to halt for even a little rest they knew was certain death. Hour after hour, through long days and longer nights, they struggled on towards home. Pitiless snows fell in thick, blinding storms, settling on them in great masses, adding heavy weight to carry, soaking them to the skin. And with their wearying load, every step sank deeper into the soft, hampering road. Their aching legs swelled, their soaked feet broke into sores, their lips split and bled, their ears became raw; and strong men cried out in terrible anguish.

Every hour through days and nights, to one after another the suffering and struggle proved too much; they fell into a deadly sleep and dropped torpid upon the road. One of these was a little drummer-boy. He had a sturdy little heart and had made long and manful efforts to keep up with his big and stronger companions. The burden of his drum, light as it was, was rather against him; but he had kept his legs, till now he could do so no longer. He stopped, staggered a little, dropped his drum, reeled a second, and then fell stretched upon it. It had come to be his turn to die. His party moved on, doubtless a little sad to leave a mere child to die; but times were stern, and they had enough to do to take care of themselves. A second party came along the track, frozen, disabled, haggard as the rest. Some looked at the little drummer, some half stopped, but all passed on. Everybody was silent. A third party straggled up, frozen, disabled, haggard as the rest. But one of this both looks at the boy and stops. His face is flat, pale, swollen; his big lips look sour; his brow is low and frowning. He seems wearier and more haggard than others, and there is something about his desperate looks which would have alarmed you. His life, you would have thought, must have been a very evil one; and it is very likely it had, for he bears a wretched name among his soldier companions, who themselves are not over particular. But this one man stops by the boy. The sight of the little fellow, after all his brave strugglings, lying there stretched upon his drum, left to die, is too much for him. He feels something rise in his throat. He cannot, and—come what will—he will not leave him. In a passion for the boy, he bends forward, lifts him up and rouses him. Unable to speak, he makes signs to some who are passing to give him help, and the boy, drum and all—for the bewildered little fellow is clinging to his drum—is mounted on this kind man's back. It was a while before he could quite steady himself to start. Then with raw feet and aching limbs he set out, himself and his new burden, to do the rest of the weary way home, and who should say what would be the end?

Before the terrible journey was all over, many of those who had seen and passed the outstretched boy fell down upon the snowy road and died, and only a very, very few of all that set out from the burning city ever reached their journey's end; but whether it was because of the extra warmth which came from those two little legs hanging down on each side of his chest—for two cold bodies can make each other warmer—or whether it was because of the extra thrill and power which so noble an enthusiasm gave to his failing heart—warming and strengthening his spirits and his limbs and all that made him a man—I cannot say; be this as it may, you will be very glad to know, that among that very, very few, the man with the drummer-boy was one. He and his burden both reached home.

Perhaps to pass the fallen child was not wicked. We can hardly blame men who feared to increase the awful weariness, difficulties, and dangers of their terrible lot; but if we cannot blame, neither can we admire. Their conduct might be human, it was not divine. The heart that thinks most, not of itself, but of another; the man that must try to save, even if in the trial he lay down his own life, that is the lovely and divine, the disposition of the beautiful and blessed God as seen in Christ. "*He* saved others, Himself He could not save." But I have told you the story of this particular man because till that hour he had been counted bad, the worst of his set. Yet all the while he contained, hidden away in his heart of hearts, loveliness, lovely both to God and man. It lay there waiting for the power to touch it into life and bring it out to sight.

Oh, my dear children, love everybody, honour all men! Secret glories lie in them all, however hard it may be to believe it. God believes it, and that should be enough.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "I love to think that I am young." Lesson: Mark v. 21—24, 35—43. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

If you had been with me a little while ago as I walked through a prettily kept village church-yard, you would have felt full of pity, as I did, so full that I was nearly crying for relief. "There lie the graves of a whole family," said the sexton, who stopped in his digging as I passed and pointed to two small mounds side by side. He saw that I was a stranger. "They was all dead and buried in a fortnight; six of 'em, sir. It's a sight to see, is that poor woman as is the mother of 'em, when she comes down here. I've been long at my job, but I've never seen nothing like it. And you can't wonder, neither," he continued. "She lays full down on them two graves and she cries till she seems like dead; and they has to carry her away again." I had never seen the poor woman; I did not even know her name, not even so much as where she lived; yet there I was almost breaking down with the feeling I had for her dreadful sorrows. I knew dimly how I should have been had those graves been mine, and my whole family buried in them. The same malady, I learnt, had carried her children off, one after another, till all six were dead, and the home was childless; but only the home. The *heart* was not childless; that had children still, though dead; six dead children: and the poor mother lay stretched upon the graves in which they were, yearning and hungering as if she would bring them back again. The *home* had lost, but the heart still held them, and would not, could not, give them up. Deep true love, which also had been happy love, was deep and true love still, though it was all turned to yearnings and sorrow and woe.

Now you can well understand that these lifeless children were loved not because they had been extraordinarily good children, but because they were *children*, that woman's own. They had had each their little fretful, wayward, and perhaps their little naughty ways, like other children; and they had caused care and anxieties too, through little diseases from which they had suffered for a while, and then got well again, like other children. But all the trouble and sorrow that mother had ever known was nothing compared with the trouble, the dreadful anguish that she suffered now. "She lies full down on those little graves," as the sexton said, "and cries till she seems like dead."

Now why, do you think, have I brought your young hearts to look upon that sad picture? Not, certainly, to make you sad, but to give you joy—indeed, to fill you with joy. I want you to see in those two little graves, lying side by side, a picture of some of the children of God, and in that yearning, sorrow-laden mother, a portrait of the beautiful glory of God.

For did not Jesus tell us that sinful people are God's children, and knowing well what deep and touching meaning the word would have to us, he added, but His children *dead*. And the fact is all through the Bible. What a world of sorrow that little added word "dead" contains. Other words we may speak rudely or harshly, but this one we cannot. It falls from our lips as a tear drops from our eyes—laden with sorrow. We say it to one another reverently, as we say our holiest prayer to God. Strangers hear it and are moved. Friends speak it softly and with tender awe. We pity and forgive from our very heart even an enemy when we see him stagger to a loved one's grave. And that tender word does not mean one thing to us and another thing to God; so I cannot tell you what good, what glorious news it brings. It tells us that even the wicked are lying in wickedness as those children lay in that grave-yard. They are God's children, dead. Sad is it, very, that they are dead! but it is good and joyful beyond words to tell that they are loved of God, for there is nothing more sure, nothing higher, nothing deeper in all the world than love's yearning hunger for its dead. This is the meaning of all the sorrow of Jesus, and there was no sorrow, not even of that bereaved and desolate mother, like unto His sorrow.

And for what did that mother yearn? What had she lost? Why did she grieve? Was it not for this, that when she looked her loving look upon her dear one's face, no look came back again? When her heart put out its arms to clasp them to her, no arms arose to meet them. When she pressed her passionate lips to kiss their lips, no kiss returned. Her tenderest words they did not heed. Their little forms were there, but they did not know her, they did not love. It was the knowing and the loving that was the life. But one look; but one word; but one recognition, "my mother," and what would have been the rapture of that mother's heart? but it did not come, and she said to herself the dreadful word, they are dead. So from the grief of God I am led on to the joy of God. Oh for the look and the love! This is the yearnings of the Infinite Sorrow. Do

"The man with the drummer-boy."

not think it strange that God should thus long for recognition and love. How can it be strange? Is he not "Our Father"? and what can be more father-like? Fancy a father sitting at the bedside of a child he has given up as dead, after all, seeing its little face feebly broadening with a tiny smile, its little hand stretched gently out to touch his, and hearing, however faintly, "My Father." What would be his rapture! And do you think that the tiny bits of love you have, and the feeble little looks to Him, and the faint little recognitions you make, "My Father," can be nothing to God? Nothing! My dear child, they are all the world to Him. There is no joy, not even in that rejoicing father, like unto His joy.

I speak to you, dear children, as those who are not dead but living. Your souls are open to God, and He sees them looking their love, and hears their lips speak, "Father." You live, and God has great joy in your life, and is glad to have the cares of it, for life always brings cares. You do not think the only trouble that weeping mother had ever known was the trouble she had in her children's death. They had doubtless been occasionally, each in his own way, thoughtless and wayward, and self-willed, and fretful perhaps, even deliberately naughty. They had, doubtless, little ailments needing patient nursing. But all these things she could bear and suffer gladly; she will endure anything, everything, if but her children live. So, my child, your heavenly Father can endure and suffer all the cares and anxieties of your little waywardnesses, and thoughtlessnesses, and little heart ailments, and count it all joy, so long as He has your recognition and love. Greatly would He miss the bright trustful look of your face, and your dear companionship; and His one desire is that you may continue and grow and NEVER DIE. There is nothing in all the world more natural, more true to you, more sublimely beautiful than a mother's love—except the love of God.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Lord, who hast made me Thy dear child." Lesson: Luke vii. 1—17. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

I cannot tell you how much I should like to have seen the face of Jesus spreading over with unutterable love and lighting up with a strangely beautiful joy as He spoke the words, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." But I think I should have almost better, if that were possible, liked to have seen the faces of the poor wretched men and women for whom they were especially spoken. They had far too many and good reasons to fear that He might cast them out. And if He did, He would only be joining with all the rest. They were already outcasts, some of them from even their own homes, and all of them from the Church and from the company of all the people they counted good. They were indeed almost outcasts from themselves; their own hearts bitterly condemned them. Why should they not be outcasts from Jesus? Such a thing would not seem strange, though it would have been the very crown of their already unbearable wretchedness; for, slaves of degrading habits and sins as they were, they had yet somehow found Jesus the highest, deepest, joy and charm. Bad as they were, His gentle purity seemed like an ark of refuge to them. Still, many a quiet hour, they sobbed and cried in fear that such joy was all too good for them. Just at this moment, too, they saw Jesus surrounded by many of those "good people," as they were reckoned, who despised and hated them. There they were with Jesus. They were powerful and learned and refined people, and they could talk, too; and it seemed as if they were making friends with Jesus! Listen! What are they saying? "What sign showest thou, that we may believe on Thee?" And lifting Himself erect, in triumphant love, this was His answer: "*Him that cometh unto me I will in* NO WISE CAST OUT." The words fell upon the timid, anxious, worthless hearts like sunbeams on a mist. Fear was for ever gone; their faces lit up with the glow of unutterable joy. But upon their learned and powerful enemies it fell like a thunder-bolt. Calmly to tell them that *that* was His sign for their faith, He would not send anybody who came to Him away! That aroused anger, hatred, deadly hatred, and "they went about to kill Him;" and not long after, they did kill Him.

Now I want you through this to see the greatness, the grandeur, and the adorableness of the heart of Jesus; and you will understand this better if I tell you a story. A few years ago there were two negro boys who, like thousands of negro boys and girls, had been stolen from their homes, brothers, and friends, and were being marched along with others down to the African shore to be shipped away and sold as slaves in a foreign land. But these two unhappy boys were, as they thought, exceedingly fortunate; for, as they were marched on the banks of a river where they halted one night to rest, they chanced to

see, above the tops of the tall reeds where they were to lie down, a mast and a flag; it was the English flag. There, they knew, must be an English ship, and they knew many glorious things about the English. Their hearts leaped for joy as they looked, and signed, and softly whispered to each other this wonderful discovery. And they had heard, what seemed now best of all, that all on the deck of an English ship were free.

They lie down, but not to sleep. Their heads are crowded with bright dreams of liberty and home. They have resolved to try to reach that ship in the river; they will do it and then they will be free. The night sank into starless darkness. Cautiously the two boys rose, and, creeping stealthily from the sleeping place, gained the river brink. They stood and listened, no one stirred, not a sound was heard. One ankle of each was fastened by an iron bar and links of a chain to an ankle of the other, but so silently had they moved that the slave-driver who slept near had not been disturbed. So far they were safe. Silently they crept along the river's brink in what they knew to be the direction of the ship. It was almost pitch dark; they could not see a yard before them. Here, too, were alligators floating in the river and lying on the bank in great numbers. They were in serious peril, but they risked that and pushed cautiously on. They stumbled over something. They expected to feel jaws moving about their limbs. What they had stumbled on did not even move. They felt it. It was a canoe! The very thing they wanted. Quietly they pushed it towards the water till they felt it was afloat, entered it, and, giving one hasty thrust against the shore with their feet, darted out into the stream. They had no oars; they could not see where they were going; and the current of the river just carried them where it would. Here too were fresh dangers from floating alligators, fallen tree trunks, and sunken sand-banks, which in the darkness they could neither avoid nor even see. But not only were they safely drifted through all these, but, what seems miraculous, they were actually drifted right up to the side of the ship they wanted to reach. I think they must have been positively giddy with delight as they found themselves really holding the rope which hung down from its bulwarks. The difficulty of reaching the deck, two together, ankle fastened to ankle, up a narrow ladder and in the dark, must have been immense; but this was overcome, and the two at length, literally forgetting their danger in the joy of freedom, leaped upon that English deck. They were free again! Then they saw a figure. Somebody was startled. The clang of the iron chain had awoke the man in charge. He rang an alarm loud and long. Voices then came from the shore, and in a few minutes men came on board, and together, armed with guns and with a light, searched and found the two crouching negro boys. At the sight of the fetters on their feet and their woebegone faces they knew what it all meant. These were runaway slaves. Then the men looked floods of pity on the terrified boys, and the boys felt the touch of sympathy and were glad and thankful. It *was* English; they *were* free.

The night passed, and with the morning came a cruel-looking, hardened man to the ship demanding of the Englishmen the runaways. The dismayed boys turn sick, stagger, almost faint. They are given up and led away to slavery and to punishments for trying to escape which are altogether too horrible to describe. How the men could find it in their hearts to give them up I cannot understand. The answer is, they had "a mission" to found, and if they made an enemy of this man he would go about to kill them.

Yes; just the temptation to Jesus. He was tempted in all points, really tempted like as these men were. He, too, had a mission to found, and for His love of the helpless and hopeless who put their trust in Him certain men went about to kill Him. But neither His life nor His mission, nor anything whatsoever, could He possibly put above His love of weakness and want. So we see from this how strong and beautiful is the heart of Jesus.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "We are but little children weak." Lesson: Matthew v. 38–48. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

One of the most difficult of all the duties of young folks is to know and do, just there and then, the will of God, when people suddenly break into a bad temper with them. No doubt bright and happy feelings are the rule of their lives, but, all unexpectedly, somebody sometimes gets vexed, and dark looks and hot and angry words follow. It seems as if, do what they will, bad temper will have its turn.

Now the Bible tells us that the vexations we feel are in themselves not wrong; we may be angry and not sin. Unkind, thoughtless, and stupid things cannot be pleasing to us; and people, I am sorry to confess grown-

up people as well as little people, will occasionally do such things, and then nothing is so quick and natural as irritation and anger; black looks gather on the brow, and fiery words leap to the lips, and sometimes a sharp slap or a heavy blow follows. Then the slapped is roused; he is not going to stand that; he is angry, looks black, gives hard words and blows back again, and there is a quarrel, and everybody is miserable, and it ends up in a cry. Clearly now, somewhere there is sin. And what is to be done to prevent that?

There is one text in the Old Testament which is a splendid guide to little folks who don't want to do wrong, and don't like quarrels and cries. It is brimful of the spirit of Jesus, which is the only real preventive of wrong; and it has kept many an hour in young lives all good, bright, and beautiful, which, but for it, would have been dark and wretched and wrong. It is this, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

I know an old English castle which stands to-day in all its ancient glory: enormous towers, and huge gates, and spacious courts, and gorgeous halls, just because it once gave "a soft answer" to enemies that in wrath had come to destroy it. They came with spears and swords, and bomb-shell and cannon; planted themselves right opposite the towers and gates, and fully expected in a few hours to see them blown and shattered to pieces; for the gates were old, and though they looked ever so fine and strong, they were weak before big iron balls and powder and cannon. They had been made in the older days to defend the castle against bows and arrows when little more than these were used by fighting men. And the towers, which looked noble and firm, had been built at the same time and in the same way, for then castle-builders had not even dreamed of such terrible weapons as were to be used to-day. And the soldiers were so sure of victory that they could almost see, even before they had fired a single gun, gates and towers all tumbling down, and fancied themselves rushing on over their ruins into the castle, taking the owner a prisoner and all its wealth and treasures for themselves. They planted their cannon and mortars, filled them with powder and shot and shell, and fired them, one after another. "Boom, boom," went the cannons, "crack" went the bomb-shells; and the castle was surrounded with thunder and flame and smoke. Flash followed flash, and boom followed boom. Balls whizzed and shells burst, but, to the soldiers' amazement, the gates did not break and the towers did not fall. More powder and more shot, yet the castle stood. Away went still more powder and still more shot and shell, till powder and shot and shell were at length all done. Yet not a stone would fall, not a plank would split, and the owner was still the owner, snug and safe within. How could this be? Were they not real walls? Was the castle enchanted? Yes, they were real walls enough, and in a sense the castle was enchanted, for it had a rarely shrewd common-sense English gentleman for its owner, and shrewd common sense—you will find it so as you get older—does for all it touches more than the most wonderful wand of fairy enchanter. So when the old man heard that "the Enemy" with its cannon was coming to batter down his castle-gates, and take his castle from him, he simply just got all the wool-bags that he could. Happily he lived in a wool-market town, where bags of wool were plentiful. Then he tied them fast together, and let down wool-bags over the towers, and wool-bags over the gate, till they were all covered with wool-bags, and looked like walls of wool-bags; and then he locked the gate himself, and sat down within. When the soldiers saw it they laughed in amusement and scorn; but their laugh soon changed, as that sort of laugh almost always does. They saw their cannon balls hit against the bags, the soft wool breaking their blows and springing them back, harmless, into the moat below; they saw ball after ball follow the same course, and prove altogether useless, till the powder was all gone, and the balls were all used up, and the castle *unharmed*. Then they gave up laughing, and fighting too, and, admiring the old gentleman's shrewdness, just packed up and went away. Those soldiers had attacked the castle with "wrath," and the castle had made "a soft answer."

We can fancy how the dear old gentleman, when he looked over his castle-wall, chuckled to himself and was glad; and thousands of boys and girls have been just as shrewd and sensible. They have heard angry words, and have given soft answers, and have chuckled and been glad; they have *turned* the anger, and turned it away.

Give kindly words for cruel ones, good-mannered words for ill-bred ones, quiet words for hasty ones, and you will always win. Keep plenty of wool-bags. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC.

WHAT the precise force may be that suddenly lifts into prominence a question which has challenged public attention with comparative failure for many years, lies beyond the range even of speculation; but more than once we have seen the whisper of to-day become the acclaim of to-morrow. This has been the case with the Opium Traffic, so long and so repeatedly denounced, apparently in vain. Almost without warning, the assailants of the existing system have secured not only attention, but adherence, and there is no predicting when the critical moment in a great struggle may surprise us. Those who on political and economic grounds are wedded to the traffic at last are thoroughly alarmed, and an organized resistance to withstand the gathering force of public opinion has been attempted, without much success, by Sir Rutherford Alcock and Sir George Birdwood. Misleading and illusory issues have been raised, and the conflict has spread into new fields. Most startling, perhaps, among all the recent utterances on the subject has been the bold assertion that opium as used in China is not only harmless, but beneficial. To accept this for truth would be to give up the whole case, and without overwhelming evidence to substantiate the assertion—evidence hitherto not forthcoming—we are justified in retaining our previous opinion on this vital point. If opium is indeed so innocuous, why has the fact been kept back so long? It is also asserted that the Chinese would grow their own opium if they did not get supplies from India; but Mr. Goldwin Smith pertinently asks whether "we are to murder them for fear that they should commit suicide?" The action of the Chinese Government has been assigned to a Protectionist policy, and our Free-Trade sympathies have been appealed to with a careful concealment of the fact that England forced opium on China at the point of the bayonet. But it is no part of a Free-Trade policy to prevent China from prohibiting this importation by national authority. It is not as individuals, but as a Government, be it remembered, that we are responsible for the traffic. Opium is a Government monopoly; only grown under official licence, passing through Government manufactories, and sold by Government to private dealers in public auction. Seven hundred thousand acres of land are under opium cultivation, and we are drawing six millions and a half of annual revenue from the trade. Here lies the real obstacle: India is poor, poor past belief. The salt-tax is a form of exquisite cruelty, and yet apparently our sole resource to make good any financial deficit. Would the English nation be ready to take the burden on themselves?

ASSAULTS ON THE "SALVATION ARMY."

The resentment excited by the work of the "Salvation Army" has culminated in brutal violence and outrage. In town after town, publicans of the lower class and their allies have incited the ruffians only too ready for such work to disturb meetings and to attack processions. Sheffield and Reading were the scenes of most serious riots: mud, sticks, and stones were freely used by the crowd, and some members of the Army were severely injured. Unfortunately it has been difficult in most cases to identify the actual offenders with sufficient certainty to secure a conviction, nor do the penalties inflicted by the local magistrates seem proportionate to the gravity of the offence. The methods of Mr. Booth and his friends are certainly somewhat grotesque; some may think them revolting and degrading; but effective they certainly are. The very animosity of the basest part of our society puts that beyond question. And in any case these men, however absurd their system, do not forfeit their right to protection in the meetings they may hold in public halls or in the open air. At the same time, they are not justified in disturbing the peace of a town, in suspending ordinary traffic, and inflicting serious annoyance on thousands of people by ostentatious daily processions. A Roman Catholic congregation may celebrate the Mass in its own church, but it would never be allowed to organize a public procession of the Host. Every man has the right to worship in his own way and to make what converts he can, but he must not abuse his freedom by the wanton provocation of an idle parade. The meetings of the "Salvation Army" must be protected at any cost: though perhaps their processions have not an equal claim.

VIVISECTION.

Mr. Lawson Tait, the brilliant pupil of the late Sir James Simpson, and himself one of the highest living authorities on some obscure forms of disease, has recently given most weighty testimony on this subject in direct contradiction to the most important part of Dr. Humphry's plausible pamphlet. Mr. Tait admits that his opinions are those of a convert—a fact which will enhance their value—and states that his conversion dates "from the accident of witnessing an experiment of so brutal a character, so wantonly useless, and so inhumanly cruel," as to decide him to oppose vivisection in every way, unless its overwhelming necessity could be proved. This, he asserts, has not been done. Mr. Tait's evidence, drawn from personal experience, strikes directly at the analogy assumed to exist between the human and the animal organism, and denies that experiments on the lower animals have resulted in the saving of life or the diminution of suffering: vivisection has misled the surgeon instead of guiding him. Mr. Tait illustrates the fact by some experiments on animals, once undertaken by himself, to improve the means of arresting hæmorrhage, "acupressure" being substituted for the ordinary ligature. The results were received with acclamation, translated into foreign languages—then forgotten and disused, just because.

after all, the closure of a dog's artery was altogether a different process from that seen in the human vessel. Now if the analogy is misleading in the simple matter of an artery, what can be expected, asks Mr. Tait, in the complex action of the brain? So far from any service being rendered by all the torture inflicted upon the lower animals, experience so derived is futile; and the poor creatures will have suffered in vain. Mr. Tait tells us that he has often thought, with "bitter regret, of those poor dogs" on which he operated: their suffering, let us hope, may, by this bold and frank confession, help to save many of their kind from a similar fate.

AN AMBULANCE SERVICE.

Every one knows the difficulty of removing invalids and sufferers to the hospitals. In many cases exposure to the air, or the jolting of the vehicle, puts recovery beyond the reach of hope, while infectious disease, in the absence of proper sanitary precautions, leaves its deadly trail wherever it passes, to strike down unconscious and heedless victims. The St. John's Ambulance Association have done a most valuable work, not only in providing wheeled litters, but in training people, and public servants especially, to make an intelligent use of them; but recently, at a mass meeting of the surgeons and officers of the London hospitals, over which the Duke of Cambridge presided, a scheme was set on foot for organizing a horse-ambulance service for London. In some of the great cities of the United States such an organization already exists, and an ambulance waggon, accompanied by a surgeon, is ready for use at a few minutes' notice, responding to the call with the speed of our own Fire Brigade. Specimens of the vehicles were exhibited. Their wheels were covered with india-rubber tires, to prevent every shock to the patient, and inside was a sliding litter, hung on delicate springs, and curtained in so as to insure perfect privacy, with accommodation for the surgeon and his appliances. An ambulance service of this kind, available in all emergencies, will prove a great benefit to the whole community, for it is not the poor only who suffer under the inadequate arrangements of our present system. Life will be saved, and an immense amount of suffering will be spared. If the experiment succeeds—as succeed it must—in London, other towns cannot fail at once to follow in the same course.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Our military authorities, and Sir Garnet Wolseley in particular, are more than anxious about the possible success of the scheme for tunnelling the English Channel. Forebodings are many and various. We are to lose our insular character, the chief source of our moral strength, and to rise and fall with the vicissitudes of European fortunes. On the other hand we are to surrender our impregnable position, and to put ourselves at the mercy of any unscrupulous ruler with sufficient enterprise to seize Dover by a *coup de main* with a couple of thousand men, reinforced in the course of a few hours by an army corps. The destruction of the work even in extreme danger, it is alleged, would either be altogether impracticable, or would be unduly deferred to avoid such an enormous sacrifice of capital. How much solid foundation these fears can claim, we do not profess to determine. It is at least clear that no project of the kind should be carried through without the most careful consideration of the nation itself and the authoritative sanction of the national Government.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

The schemes for Jewish emigration have suddenly assumed an almost tragic importance. The nation has been startled by the intelligence that the anti-Semitic fever which a little while ago revived in Germany has broken out in a deadlier form among the half-civilised millions of the Russian Empire. For some time past there have been menaces on the one side and dread on the other, but early in last year hostility began to express itself openly and without disguise. Isolated brutality developed into organized violence, and in the course of a few months the reign of terror extended over portions of Southern and Western Russia equal in area to the extent of France and the United Kingdom combined. Between Easter and the close of last year, at least 160 towns witnessed these outbreaks of infuriated passion. The mob was supreme: the homes of the Jewish population were attacked, plundered, and wrecked; men were murdered, women were outraged; towns and villages suffered alike, though Kief, Elizabethgrad, and Odessa hold the foremost place in the annals of shame. At Warsaw 2,000 families, comprising 10,000 souls, are homeless, and their loss is estimated even by an unfriendly and unsympathetic tribunal at a sum of 800,000 roubles. The local officials, almost without exception, manifested the most flagrant indifference about repressing the disorders; they did not, perhaps, instigate the mob to violence, but at least they connived at its cruelties, and the troops were not called out till action was too late to save the victims: a plea of ignorance could not shield them, for they had ample warning of the danger, and did not disguise their apathy, though entreated by the Jews to take precautionary measures. Worse than this, they allowed an imaginary ukase of the Czar to be circulated transferring the property of his Jewish to his Christian subjects, which supplied the pretext if not the occasion of wanton outrage. Here and there a few resolute men were able to disprove this malignant report and to check disorder in its beginnings; only the will was wanted. It might have been expected that the Imperial Government would have exerted itself to alleviate the misery and terror of two millions of its subjects, yet as late as last September, long after some of the worst outbreaks, General Ignatieff issued an official rescript throwing the blame not on the offenders, but on the sufferers.

He attributed the riots to the presence of the Jews in places where they had no right to be, and ordered that the penal laws restricting their residence and commerce should be more stringently enforced, so that many whom popular violence had spared were driven from their homes in the depth of winter. England has uttered a clear and emphatic protest against official cruelty and popular barbarism. Great meetings have been held in London and in most of the chief provincial towns, at which men of all creeds and parties have united in condemnation of the crimes and in sympathy for the victims. Even the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have taken part in the national movement. Though the English Government may not directly address the Russian Empire on this painful subject, the loud voice of the country will not fail to affect those in power and to teach them that such barbarities cannot be tolerated among the nations of Christian Europe.

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

During the last few weeks the French nation has passed through a most serious political crisis. M. Gambetta, having been defeated on his proposals for the revision of the Constitution, preferred resignation to surrender, and laid down the office and the responsibility which he so recently assumed. Into the exact points of the controversy it is unnecessary to inquire, but this much is certain, that the conflict was one between a principle and a person. M. de Freycinet has formed a new Cabinet, which includes M. Jules Ferry as Minister of Public Instruction, and M. Léon Say as Minister of Finance, while M. de Freycinet himself takes the portfolio of the Foreign Office. One most happy characteristic of the event is that the change has been accompanied by none of the restless and excited feeling which has again and again embittered political life in France: all passed off with the most perfect tranquillity; nor is the new Minister inclined to raise a storm immediately upon his accession to power. Projects of revision he is content to postpone for the present, wisely preferring to keep the vessel of the State at safe anchorage, in spite of the taunts of extreme men, to whom breakers and storm are more congenial elements. We are thankful that the new Cabinet is evidently bent on peace, and one of its first acts is likely to promote good-will between France and England.

THE CONVICTION OF GUITEAU.

At last the wearisome trial of President Garfield's assassin has come to an end, and the prisoner has been convicted of his monstrous crime. Seldom indeed has so great a tragedy led to so degrading a burlesque; but in our indignation at the vagaries of the trial, we must not forget that the court was local and insignificant, and that the presiding judge could not be expected to rise without preparation to responsibilities so great. The United States have among their judges men of firmness and dignity, as eminent for personal character as for legal erudition; and it is matter for regret that a tribunal on which the eyes of the civilised world were fixed could not have had for president a man fit at all points to deal with the difficulties of the position. By a strange anomaly sentence after conviction was necessarily deferred for some days, and a long period again intervenes between the passing of sentence and its execution. When that last scene is over, there will be nothing left to mar the dignity and loftiness of the life and death of the murdered President.

THE COLOURED POPULATION OF AMERICA.

The American census of 1880 has brought into prominence the great increase which has taken place in the coloured population of the Southern States during the last ten years. In 1870 the total number of blacks in the Southern States was estimated at about four millions and a half; now it exceeds six millions, and there are also three-quarters of a million in the North. Under the American constitution citizenship with ignorance is a serious immediate danger, and unless a strong moral force can be brought to bear upon these masses, the best interests of the State must be prejudiced and imperilled. The responsibility of the educated portion of the community is realised and discharged. Universities such as Fiske and Atalanta, the great Institutes, and common schools are grappling with the danger; and, though for the parents aid comes too late, it is possible to reach the children. Progress is slow. No movement of the kind is ever speedy; but the race is rising. When the negro once feels that he may advance without let or hindrance, if he is worthy, and learns his duties as well as his rights, all will be well. He has fine qualities; the war showed his courage and his gentleness: these may serve as a foundation for nobler excellence.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

THE UGANDA MISSION.

The Mission at Mtesa's capital, for the time at least, is prospering. The influence of the Arabs, who again and again have stirred up trouble, has been destroyed; and as they are banished from the Court they have lost their power to excite the King's distrust and hostility. The missionaries have regained their former liberty to teach and to preach, have established a home for themselves, and introduced new methods of cultivation. They are laying hold of the people in all ways, working from the lower to the higher provinces of life and conduct. They have realised the fact that the nation can only be permanently turned from the barbarity of its present state to a new civilisation and a new faith by acquiring some occupation and aim in place of those now habitual. So Mr. Mackay and Mr. O'Flaherty are showing them how to use "eyes, and heads, and hands, in peaceful arts which will give occupation to the idle, distract attention from warlike raids, and raise the standing of the country." The account which they give of their work is full of interest.

"With native labour alone, and native material alone, we are building ourselves a respectable house of simple, but to their eyes marvellous design, and we know full well that the King and every chief in the land will very soon set about building for themselves after our pattern. That will give employment to many, and in itself raise the standard of excellence and the standing of the owners, besides conducing to health and cleanliness.

"The present universally used style of thatched huts of reeds, with no walls, and the roofs ending in the earth like bee-hives, is conducive to neither comfort nor health. The end of the thatch ever rotting in the soil, and the filthy state of the floor in the dark interior, have produced a plague, closely akin to, if not quite identical with, the 'black death' which swept over Europe in 1665.

"We have made representations to the King on this matter, with a view to relieving the sufferers and, by improved hygienic measures, to check the spread of the awful pestilence. Already the effect is marked. The filthy streets and lanes have been cleaned, attention is being paid to the vile floors of the huts, and burial of the dead is ordered, instead of throwing the bodies into pestilential swamps as heretofore."

Were this all it would still be something to accept with gratitude in a country which for so long seemed fraught with peril, and where the caprices and whims of the ruling monarch more than once disappointed the brightest hopes and frustrated the wisest plans. All is not yet assured, and the missionaries know it. But meanwhile they are gaining, if not converts, at least "half-believers," not of a "casual creed," but of a new faith which holds out to them promises almost past belief, and confers on the humblest soul of a savage tribe a supreme dignity and glory.

ZENANA WORK IN INDIA.

The condition of women in India rarely fails to impress the hearts of Europeans who carry into their intercourse with other races and nations less of conscious or unconscious superiority and a livelier and more human sympathy than is common among us. In all countries there is the pressure of poverty; nor are any exempt from sickness, and pain, and sorrow. Here in England, with all our societies, and all our elaborate medical system of hospitals and dispensaries, there still remains a terrible amount of unrelieved physical suffering. But in India the case is far worse, for the women more especially. In the zenanas, the native women, who have always held a position of inferiority, if not of degradation, undergo terrible misery through the want of medical and surgical assistance. They are beyond the reach of ordinary organizations, and to give them the help which they so sorely need is impossible under the ordinary conditions. To imagine even vaguely the sum of this suffering, endured year after year in secret seclusion by millions of women and little children, is enough to fill any heart with pity and grief. But Christian humanity has not left the terrible task unattempted, and now a Medical Mission has been organized in connection with the zenana work of the English Church Missionary Society, so that the work of visiting and of relief will be carried on simultaneously. At home in England the special training necessary for this work is given at the "Zenana and Medical Mission Home and Training School," in Westminster, and in the Punjab, at Amritzar, there is a hospital now containing accommodation for twelve patients. Besides this, the hospital is attended by a large number of out-patients, while the staff of nurses also visit the sufferers in their own homes. To those who come from foul and pestilent dens the hospital must seem a very Paradise.

"Its adornments have drained no charity purse; but the Lord, who clothes the lilies of the field with loveliness, has ordered that the hospital should be lovely; pure white walls, lofty and bright, with bands of the emerald hue of Hope; windows gemmed with green and ruby glass; the graceful Oriental design of the whole might charm a fastidious taste. But these are not all. Beautiful illuminations from the West, and coverlets bright with pictures and precious texts (some, doubtless, worked by loving hands), must tend to beguile even the sense of pain, and change the depression caused by sickness into something akin to pleasure. The visitor could not but exclaim to the medical missionary at her side, 'If I fall ill, will you take *me* in?'

"By no means the least interesting feature of the place are the native assistants: two young Indian maidens, trained to follow in the steps of Him who healed the sick; and the nurse, once a Mohammedan, now a bright and rejoicing Christian!"

Work of this kind will go far to bridge over that deep and wide gulf which at present separates the English woman from her Indian sister. When they meet by the bed of pain, and in the hours of darkness, sympathies now unknown will gather and grow: for underneath the differences of race and education the human soul is the same. Those who are giving life and strength to this work will find that from the body golden steps slope upward to the spirit, and that those whom they have delivered from physical pain will look to them for the secret that allays the anguish and despair of the soul.

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON.

When a man whose whole life has been spent in combat with Death over the beds of others at last succumbs in his own person to the power of his inveterate foe, position gives an added melancholy to his fate; and though Sir Robert Christison can hardly be described as a great physician, yet as a professor in the medical faculty of Edinburgh, for fifty-four years he helped to train many a physician whose practical skill excelled his own. In his own department, as an authority on poisons, his eminence was supreme; and his evidence in more than one notorious case was of critical and decisive importance. In the brilliant society of Edinburgh, Sir Robert Christison was brought into close contact with many famous men: of many he was at once the predecessor and the survivor. Sir James Simpson, Sir William Hamilton, Sir David Brewster, and many others of hardly less renown, were among his contemporaries. His own generation passed away long since, and now he has once again rejoined it.

Illustration to Psalm CIV. verse 10.—"*He sendeth springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.*"

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—DRIFTING.

THE visits of Vavasor, in reality to Hester, continued. For a time they were more frequent, and he stayed longer. Hester's more immediate friends, namely her mother and Miss Dasomma, noted also, and with some increase of anxiety, that he began to appear at the church they attended, a dull enough place, without any possible attraction of its own for a man like Vavasor: they could but believe he went thither for the sake of seeing Hester. Two or three Sundays and he began to join them as they came out, and walk part of the way home with them. Next he went all the way, was asked to go in, and invited to stay to lunch.

It may well seem strange that Mrs. Raymount, anxious as to the result, should allow things to go on thus; but, in the first place, she had such thorough confidence in Hester as not to think it possible she should fall in love with such a man as Vavasor; and, in the second place, it is wonderful what weakness may co-exist with what strength, what worldliness stand side by side with what spirituality—for a time, that is, till the one, for one must, overcome the other: Mrs. Raymount was pleased with the idea of a possible marriage of such distinction for her daughter, which would give her just the position she counted her fit for. These mutually destructive considerations were, with whatever logical inconsistency, both certainly operative in her. Then again, they knew nothing against the young man! He made himself agreeable to every one in the house. In Addison Square he showed scarce the faintest shadow of the manner which made him at the bank almost hated. In the square not only was he on his good behaviour as in a private house, but his heart, and his self-respect, as he would have called his self-admiration, were equally concerned in his looking his best—which always means looking better than one's best. Then in Hester's company his best was always uppermost, and humility being no part of this best, he not merely felt comfortable and kindly disposed—which he was—but good in himself and considerate of others—which he was not. There was that in Hester and his feeling towards her which had upon him what elevating influence he was yet capable of receiving, and this fact said more for him than anything else. She seemed gaining a power over him that could not be for other than good with any man who submitted to it. It had begun to bring out and cherish what was best in a disposition far from unamiable, although nearly ruined by evil influences on all sides. Both glad and proud to see her daughter thus potent, how, thought Mrs. Raymount, could she interfere? It was plain he was improving! Not once now did they ever hear him jest on anything belonging to church!—As to anything belonging to religion, he scarcely knew enough in that province to have any material for jesting.—If Vavasor was falling in love with Hester, the danger was for him—lest she, who to her mother appeared colder than any lady she knew, should not respond with like affection.

Miss Dasomma was more awake. She knew better than Mrs. Raymount the kind of soil in which this human plant had been reared, and saw more danger ahead. She feared the young man was but amusing himself, or at best but enjoying Hester's company as some wary winged thing enjoys the flame, courting a few singes, not quite avoiding even a slight plumous conflagration, but careful not to turn a delightful imagination into a consuming reality, beyond retreat and self-recovery. She could not believe him as careless of himself as of her, but judged he was what he would to himself call flirting with her—which had the more danger for Hester that there was not in her mind the idea corresponding to the phrase. I believe he declined asking himself whither the enjoyment of the hour was leading; and I fancy he found it more easy to set aside the question because of the difference between his social position and that of the lady. Possibly he regarded himself as honouring the low neighbourhood of Addison Square by the frequency of his shining presence; but I think he was at the same time feeling the good influences of which I have spoken more than he knew, or would have liked to acknowledge to himself; for he had never turned his mind in the direction of good; and it was far more from circumstance than refusal that he was not yet the more hurtful member of society which his no-principles were working to make him.

Hester was of course greatly interested in him. She had been but little in society, had not in the least studied men, and could not help being pleased with the power she plainly

had over him, and which as plainly went on increasing. Even Corney, not very observant or penetrating, remarked on the gentleness of his behaviour in their house. He followed every word of Hester's about his singing, and showed himself even anxious to win her approbation by the pains he took and the amount of practice he went through to approach her idea of song. He had not only ceased to bring forward his heathenish notions as to human helplessness and fate, but allowed what at first she let fall as mere hints concerning the individual mission of every human being to blossom in little outbursts concerning duty without show of opposition, listening with a manner almost humble, and seeming on the way to allow there might be some reality in such things. Whether any desire of betterment was now awake in him through the power of her spiritual presence, I cannot tell; but had Mrs. Raymount seen as much of him as Hester, she would have been yet better justified in her hope of him. For Hester, she thought first, and for some time, only of doing him good, nor until she imagined some success, did the danger to her begin. After that, with every fresh encouragement the danger grew—for just so much grew the danger of self coming in and getting the upper hand.

I do not suppose that Vavasor once consciously laid himself out to deceive her, or make her think him better than he thought himself. With a woman of Hester's instincts, there might have been less danger if he had: she also would then perhaps have been aware of the present untruth, and have recoiled. But if he had any he had but the most rudimentary notion of truth in the inward parts, and could deceive the better that he did not know he was deceiving. As little notion had he of the nature of the person he was dealing with, or the reality to her of the things of which she spoke;—belief was to him at most the mere difference between decided and undecided opinion. Nay, she spoke the language of a world whose existence he was incapable at present of recognizing, for he had never obeyed one of its demands, which language therefore meant to him nothing like what it meant to her. His natural inborn proclivities to the light had, through his so seldom doing the deeds of the light, become so weak, that he hardly knew such a thing as reform was required of, possible to, or desirable in him. Nothing seemed to him to matter except "good form." To see and hear him for a few minutes after leaving her and entering his club, would have been safety to Hester. I do not mean that he was of the baser sort there, but whatever came up there, he would meet on its own grounds, and respond to in its own kind.

He was certainly falling more and more into what most people call *love*. How little regard there may be in that for the other apart from the self I will not now inquire, but what I may call the passionate side of the spiritual was more affected in him than ever previously. As to what he meant, he did not himself know. When intoxicated with the idea of her, that is when thinking what a sensation she would make in his grand little circle, he felt it impossible to live without her: some way must be found! it could not be his fate to see another triumph in her!—He called his world a circle rightly enough: it was no globe, nothing but surface.—Whether or not she would accept him he never asked himself; almost awed in her presence, he never when alone doubted she would. Had he had anything worthy the name of property coming with the title, he would have proposed to her at once, he said to himself. But who with only the most beautiful wife in the world, would encounter a naked earldom! The thing would be raging madness—as unjust to Hester as to himself! How just, how love-careful he was not to ask her—considerate for her more than himself! But perhaps *she* might have expectations! That could hardly be: no one with anything would slave as her governor did, morning, noon, and night! True his own governor was her uncle—there was money in the family; but people never left their money to their poor relations! To marry her would be to live on his salary, in a small house in St. John's Wood, or Park Village—perhaps even in Camden Town, ride home in the omnibus every night like one of a tin of sardines, wear half-crown gloves, cotton socks, and ten-and-sixpenny hats: the prospect was too hideous to be ludicrous even! Would the sweetness of the hand that darned the socks make his overfilled shoe comfortable? And when the awful family began to come on, she would begin to go off! A woman like her, living in ease and able to dress well—by Jove, she might keep her best points till she was fifty! If there was such a providence as Hester so dutifully referred to, it certainly did not make the best things the easiest to get! How could it care for a fellow's happiness, or even for his leading a correct life! Would he not be a much better man if allowed to have Hester! —whereas in all probability she would fall to the lot of some quill-driver like her father

—a man that made a livelihood by drumming his notions into the ears of people that did not care a brass farthing about them !—Thus would Vavasor's love-fits work themselves off —declining from a cold noon to a drizzly mephitic twilight.

It was not soon that he risked an attempt to please her with a song of his own. There was just enough unconscious truth in him to make him a little afraid of Hester. Commonplace as were in the most thorough sense the channels in which his thoughts ran, he would not for less than a fortune have risked encountering her scorn. For he believed, and therein he was right, that she was capable of scorn, and that of no ordinarily withering quality: Hester had not yet gathered the sweet gentleness that comes of long breathing the air of the high countries. It is generally many years before a strong character learns to think of itself as it ought to think. While there is left in us the possibility of scorn we know not quite the spirit we are of —still less if we imagine we may keep this or that little shadow of a fault. But Hester was far less ready to scorn on her own account than on the part of another. And if she had fairly seen into the mind interesting her so much, seen how poverty-stricken it was, and with how little motion towards the better, she would indeed have felt a great rush of scorn, but chiefly against herself for being taken in after such a fool's-fashion.

But he had come to understand Hester's taste so far as to know certain qualities she would not like in a song; he could even be sure she would like this one or that; and although of many he could not be certain, having never reached the grounds of her judgment, he had not yet offended her with any he brought her—and so by degrees he had generated the resolve to venture something himself in the hope of pleasing her: he flattered himself he knew her *style!* He was very fond of the word, and had an idea that all writers, to be of any account, must fashion their style after that of this or the other master. How the master got it, or whether it might not be well to go back to the seed and propagate no more by cuttings, it never occurred to him to ask. In the prospect of one day reaching the bloom of humanity in the conservatory of the upper house, he already at odd moments cultivated his style by reading aloud the speeches of parliamentary orators; but the thought never came to him that there was no such thing *per se* as *speaking well*, that there was no cause of its existence except *thinking well* were the grandfather, and *something to say* the father of it—something so well worth saying that it gave natural utterance to its own shape. If you had told him this, and he had, as he thought, perceived the truth of it, he would immediately have desired some fine thing to say, in order that he might say it well! He could not have been persuaded that, if one has nothing worth saying, the best possible style for him is just the most halting utterance that ever issued from empty skull. To make a good speech was the grand thing! what side it was on, the right or the wrong, was a point unthinkable with him. Even whether the speaker believed what he said was of no consequence—except that, if he did not, his speech would be the more admirable, as the greater *tour de force*, and himself the more admirable as the cleverer fellow.

Knowing that Hester was fond of a good ballad, he thought at first to try his hand on one: it could not be difficult, he thought! But he soon found that, like everything else, a ballad was easy enough if you could do it, and more than difficult enough if you could not: after several attempts he wisely yielded the ambition; his gift did not lie in that direction! He had, however, been so long in the habit of writing drawing-room verses that he had better ground for hoping he might produce something in that kind which the too severe taste of Hester could yet admire! It would be a great stroke towards placing him in a right position towards her—one, namely, in which his intellectual faculty would be more manifest! It should be a love song, and he would present it as one he had written long ago: as such it would say the more for him while it would not commit him.

So one evening as he stood by her piano, he said all at once,

"By the bye, Miss Raymount, last night, as I was turning over some songs I wrote many years ago, I came upon one I thought I should like you just to look at—not the music—that is worth nothing, though I was proud enough of it then and thought it an achievement; but the words I still think not so bad—considering. They are so far from me now that I am able to speak of them as if they were not mine at all!"

"Do let me see them!" said Hester, hiding none of the interest she felt, though fearing a little she might not have to praise them so much as she would like.

He took the song from his pocket, and smoothed it out before her on the piano.

"Read it to me, please," said Hester.

"No; excuse me," he answered with a little shyness, the rarest of phenomena in his spiritual atmosphere; "I *could* not read it aloud. But do not let it bore you if——"

He did not finish his sentence, and Hester was already busy with his manuscript.

Here is the song.

If thou lov'st I dare not ask thee,
Lest thou say, "Not thee;"
Prythee, then, in coldness mask thee,
That it *may* be me.

If thou lov'st me do not tell me,
Joy would make me rave,
And the bells of gladness knell me
To the silent grave.

If thou lovest not thy lover,
Neither veil thine eyes,
Nor to his poor heart discover
What behind them lies.

Be not cruel, be not tender;
Grant me twilight hope;
Neither would I die of splendour,
Nor in darkness mope.

I entreat thee for no favour,
Smallest nothingness;
I will hoard thy dropt glove's savour,
Wafture of thy dress.

So my love shall daring linger
Moth-like round thy flame;
Move not, pray, forbidding finger—
Death to me thy blame.

Vavasor had gone half-way towards Mrs. Raymount, then turned, and now stood watching Hester. So long was her head bent over his paper that he grew uncomfortably anxious. At length, without lifting her eyes, she placed it on the stand before her, and began to try its music. Then Vavasor went to her hurriedly, for he felt convinced that if she was not quite pleased with the verses, it would fare worse with the music, and begged she would not trouble herself with anything so childish. Even now he knew less about music than poetry, he said.

"I wanted you to see the verses, and the manuscript being almost illegible I had to copy it; so, in a mechanical mood, I copied the music also. Please let me have them again. I feared they were not worth your notice! I know it now."

Hester, however, would not yield the paper, but began again to read it: Vavasor's writing, out of the bank, was one of those irritating hands that wrong not only with the absence of legibility but with the show of its presence, and she had not yet got so clear a notion of his verses as a mere glance of them in print would have given her. Why she did not quite like them she did not yet know, and was anxious not to be unfair. That they were clever she did not doubt; they had for one thing his own air of unassumed ease, and she could not but feel they had some claim to literary art. This added a little to her hesitation, not in pronouncing on them—she was far from that yet—but in recognizing what she felt about them. Had she had a suspicion of the lie he had told her, and that they were the work of yesterday, it would at once have put leagues between them, and made the verses hateful to her. As it was, the more she read and thought, the farther she seemed from a conclusion, and the time Vavasor stood there waiting, appeared to both of them three times as long as it really was. At last he felt he was pounded and must try back.

"You have discovered," he said, "that the song is an imitation of Sir John Suckling!"

He had never thought of the man while writing it.

"I don't know anything of him," answered Hester, looking up.

Vavasor knew nothing was more unlikely than that she should know anything of him.

"When did he write?" she asked.

"In the reign of Charles I., I believe," he answered.

"But tell me," said Hester, "where is the good of imitating anyone—even the best of writers? Our own original, however poor, must be the thing for us! To imitate is to repudiate our own being."

"That I admit," answered Vavasor, who never did anything original except when he followed his instincts; "but for a mere trial of skill an imitation is admissible—don't you think?"

"Oh, surely," replied Hester; "only it seems to me a waste of time—especially with such a gift as you have of your own!"

"At all events," said Vavasor, hiding his gratification with false humility, "there was no great presumption in a shy at Suckling!"

"There may have been the more waste," returned Hester. "I would sooner imitate Bach or even Handel than Verdi."

Vavasor could stand a good deal of censure if mingled with some praise—which he called appreciation. Of this Hester had given him enough to restore his spirits, and had also suggested a subject on which he found he could talk.

"But," he said, "how can it be worse for me to imitate this or that writer, than for you to play over and over music you could easily excel."

"I never practise music," answered Hester, "not infinitely better than I could write myself. But playing is a different thing altogether from writing. I play as I eat my dinner—because I am hungry. My hunger I could never satisfy with any amount of

composition or extemporization of my own. My land would not grow corn enough, or good enough for my necessity. My playing merely corresponds to your reading of your favourite poets—especially if you have the habit of reading aloud like my father."

"They do not seem to me quite parallel," rejoined Vavasor, who had learned that he lost nothing with Hester by opposing her—so long as no moral difference was involved. In questions of right and wrong he always agreed with her so far as he dared expression where he understood so little, and for that very reason, in dread of seeming to have no opinion of his own, made a point of differing from her where he had a safe chance. "One may read both poetry and music at sight, but you would never count such reading of music a reproduction of it! That requires study and labour, as well as a genius and an art *like* those which produced it."

"I am equally sure you can never read anything worth reading," returned Hester, "as it ought to be read, until you understand it at least as well as the poet himself. To do a poem justice, the reader must so have pondered phrase and word as to reproduce meaning and music in all the inextricable play of their lights and shades. I never came near doing the kind of thing I mean with any music till I had first learned it thoroughly by heart. And that too is the only way in which I can get to understand some poetry!"

"But is it not one of the excellencies of poetry to be easy?"

"Yes, surely, when what the poet has to say is easy. But what if the thoughts themselves be of a kind hard to put into shape? There's Browning!"

Of Browning Vavasor knew only that in his circle he was laughed at—for in it a man who had made a feeble attempt or two to understand him, and had failed as he deserved, was the sole representative of his readers. That he was hard to understand Hester knew, for she understood enough of him to believe that where she did not understand him he was perhaps only the better worth understanding. She knew how, lover of music as she was, she did not at first care for Bach; and how in the process of learning to play what he wrote she came to understand him.

To her reference to Browning then, Vavasor did not venture a reply. None of the poetry indeed by him cultivated was of any sort requiring study. The difficulty Hester found in his song came of her trying to see more than was there: her eyes made holes in it, and so saw the less. Vavasor's mental condition was much like that of one living in a vacuum or sphere of nothing, in which the sole objects must be such as he was creator enough to project from himself. He had no feeling that he was in the heart of a crowded universe, between all whose great verities moved countless small and smaller truths. Little notion had he that to learn these after the measure of their importance, was his business, with eternity to do it in! He made of himself but a cock, set for a while on the world's heap to scratch and pick.

When he was gone, leaving his manuscript behind him, Hester set to it again, and trying the music over, was by it so far enlightened that she despaired of finding anything in it, and felt a good deal disappointed.

For she was continuing to gather interest in Vavasor, though slowly, as was natural with a girl of her character. But she had no suspicion *how* empty he was, for it was scarcely possible for her to imagine a person indifferent to the truth of things, or without interest in his own character and its growth. Being all of a piece herself, she had no conception of a nature all in pieces—with no unity but that of selfishness. Her nature did now and then receive from his a jar and shock, but she generally succeeded in accounting for such as arising from his lack of development—a development which her influence over him would favour. If she felt some special pleasure in the possession of that influence, who will blame her for the weakness?

Women are being constantly misled by the fancy and hope of being the saviours of men! It is natural to goodness and innocence, but not the less is the error a disastrous one. There ought surely at least to be of success some probability as well founded as rare, to justify the sacrifices involved. Is it well that a life of supreme suffering should be gone through for nothing but an increase of guilt? It will be said that patience reaps its reward; but I fear too many patiences fail, and the number of resultant saints is small. The thing once done, the step no longer retrievable, fresh duty is born, and divine good will result from what suffering may arise in the fulfilment of the same. The conceit or ambition itself which led to the fault, may have to be cured by its consequences. But it may well be that a woman does more to redeem a man by declining than by encouraging his attentions. I dare not say how

much a woman is not to do for the redemption of a man; but I think one who obeys God will scarcely imagine herself free to lay her person in the arms, and her happiness in the bosom of a man whose being is a denial of him. Good Christians not Christians enough to understand this, may have to be taught by the change of what they took for love into what they know to be disgust. It is very hard for the woman to know whether her influence has any real *power* over the man. It is very hard for the man himself to know; for the passion having in itself a betterment, may deceive him as well as her. It might be well that a woman asked herself whether moral laxity or genuine self-devotion was the more persuasive in her to the sacrifice. If her best hope be to restrain the man within certain bounds, she is not one to imagine capable of any noble anxiety. God cares nothing about keeping a man respectable; he will give his very self to make of him a true man. But that needs God; a woman is not enough for it. This cannot be God's way of saving bad men.

CHAPTER XV.—A SMALL FAILURE.

Vavasor at length found he must not continue to visit Hester so often, while not ready to go further; and that, much as he was in love—proportionately, that is, to his faculty for loving—he dared not do. But for the unconventionality of the Raymounts, he would have reached the point long before. He began, therefore, to lessen the number, and shorten the length of his appearances in Addison Square.

But so doing he became the more aware of the influence she had been exercising upon him—found that he had come to feel differently about certain things—that her opinion was a power on his consciousness. He had nowise begun to change his way; he had but been inoculated, and was therefore a little infected, with her goodness. In his ignorance he took the alteration for one of great moral significance, and was wonderfully pleased with himself. His natural kindness, for instance, towards the poor and suffering—such at least as were not offensive—was quickened. He took no additional jot of trouble about them, only gave a more frequent penny to such as begged of him, and had more than a pennorth of relief in return. It was a good thing, and rooted in a better, that his heart should require such relief, but it did not indicate any advanced stage of goodness, or one inconsistent with profoundest selfishness. He prided himself on one occasion that he had walked home to give his last shilling to a poor woman, whereas in truth he walked home because he found he had given her his last. Yet there was a little more movement of the sap of his nature, as even his behaviour in the bank would have testified, had there been there any one interested in observing him.

Hester was annoyed to find herself disappointed when he did not appear, and betook herself to a yet more diligent exercise of her growing vocation. The question suggested itself whether it might not further her plans to be associated with a sisterhood, but her family relations made it undesirable, and she felt that the angel of her calling could ill consent to be under foreign rule. She began, however, to widen her sphere a little by going about with a friend belonging to a sisterhood—not in her own quarter, for she did not wish her special work to be crossed by any prejudices. There she always went alone, and seldom entered a house without singing in several of its rooms before she came away—often having to sing some old song before her audience would listen to anything new, and finding the old song generally counted the best thing in her visit—except by the children, to whom she would frequently tell a fairy tale, singing the little rhymes she made come into it. She had of course to encounter rudeness, but she set herself to get used to it, and learn not to resent it but let it pass. One coming upon her surrounded by a child-audience, might have concluded her insensible of what was owing to herself; but the feeling of what was owing to her fellows, who had to go such a long unknown way to get back to the image of God, made her strive to forget herself. It is well that so many who lightly try this kind of work meet with so little encouragement; if it had the result they desire, they would be ruined themselves by it, whatever became of their poor.

Hester's chief difficulty was in getting the kind of song fit for her purpose; and from it she gained the advantage of reading, or at least looking into, with more or less of reading, as many of the religious poets recognized in our history as she could lay her hands upon; where she failed in finding the thing she wanted, she yet often found what was welcome. She would stop at nearly every bookstall she passed, and bookstalls were plentiful in her neighbourhood, searching for old hymn-books and collections of poetry, every one of which is sure to have something the searcher never saw before.

About this time, in connection with a fresh and noble endeavour after bettering the homes of the poor, originated, I had almost said *of course*, by a woman, the experiment was in several places made of gathering small assemblies of the poor in the neighbourhood of their own dwellings, that the ladies in charge of the houses in which they lived might, with the help of friends, give them an unambitious but honestly-attempted concert. At one of these concerts Hester was invited to assist, and went gladly, prepared to do her best. It had, however, been arranged that any of the audience who would like to sing, should be allowed to make their contributions also to the enjoyment of the evening; and it soon became evident that the company cared for no singing but that of their own acquaintances; and they, for their part, were so bent on singing, and so supported and called for each other, that it seemed at length the better way to abandon the platform to them. There was nothing very objectionable in the character of any of the songs sung—their substance in the main was flaunting sentiment—but the singing was for the most part atrociously bad, and the resulting influence hardly what the projectors of the entertainment had had in view. It might be well that they should so enjoy themselves; it might be well that they should have provided for them something better than they could produce; but, to judge from the experiment, it seemed useless to attempt the combination of the two. Hester, having listened through a half hour of their singing, was not a little relieved to learn that she would not be called upon to fulfil her engagement; and the company of benefactors went home foiled but not too much disappointed for a good laugh over their fiasco before they parted.

The affair set Hester thinking; and before morning she was ready with a scheme to which she begged her mother to gain her father's consent.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE CONCERT-ROOM.

THE house in which they lived, and which was their own, was a somewhat remarkable one—I do not mean because it retained almost all the old-fashionedness of a hundred and fifty years, but for other reasons. Besides the ordinary accommodation of a good-sized London house with three drawing-rooms on the first floor, it had a quite unusual provision for the receiving of guests. At the top of the first landing, rather more than half-way up the stair, that is, there was a door through the original wall of the house to a long gallery, which led to a large and lofty room, apparently, from the little orchestra half-way up one of the walls, intended for dancing. Since they had owned the house it had been used only as a playroom for the children; Mr. Raymount always intended to furnish it, but had not yet done so. The house itself was indeed a larger one than they required, but he had a great love of room. It had been in the market for some time when, hearing it was to be had at a low price, he stretched more than a point to secure it. Beneath the concert-room was another of the same area, but so low, being but the height of the first landing of the stairs, that it was difficult to discover any use that could be made of it, and it continued even more neglected than the other. Below this again were cellars of alarming extent and obscurity, reached by a long vaulted passage. What they could have been intended for beyond ministering to the dryness of the rooms above, I cannot imagine; they would have held coal and wood and wine, everything natural to a cellar, enough for one generation at least. The history of the house was unknown. There was a nailed-up door in the second of the rooms I have mentioned which was said to lead into the next house; but as the widow who lived there took every opportunity of making herself disagreeable, they had not ventured to propose an investigation. There was no garden, for the whole of the space corresponding to the gardens on each side was occupied with this addition to the original house. The great room was now haunting Hester's brain and heart: if only her father would allow her to give in it a concert to her lowly friends and acquaintance!

Questions concerning the condition of the poor in our large towns had, from the safe distance of speculation and the press, been of late occupying a good deal of Mr. Raymount's attention, and he believed that he was enlightening the world on those most important perhaps of all the social questions of our day, their wrongs and their rights. He little suspected that his daughter was doing more for the poor, almost without knowing it, than he with all his conscious wisdom. She could not, however, have made her request at a more auspicious moment, for he was just then feeling specially benignant towards them, an article in which he had, as he believed, uttered himself with power on their behalf,

having come forth to the light of eyes that very day. Besides, though far from unprejudiced, he had a horror of prejudice, and the moment he suspected one, hunted it almost as uncompromisingly in himself as in another: most people surmising a fault in themselves rouse every individual bristle of their nature to defend and retain the thing that degrades them! He therefore speedily overcame his first reluctance, and agreed to his daughter's strange proposal. He was willing to make so much of an attempt towards the establishment of relations with the class he befriended. It was an approach which, if not quite clear of condescension, was not therefore less than kindly meant; and had his guests behaved as well as he, they would from that day have found him a friend as progressive as steady. Hester was greatly delighted at his ready compliance with her request.

From that day for nearly a fortnight there were busy doings in the house. At once a couple of charwomen were turned loose in the great room for a thorough cleaning, but they had made little progress with what might have been done, ere Mr. Raymount perceived that no amount of their cleaning could take away its dirty look, and countermanding and postponing their proceedings, committed the dingy place to painters and paperhangers, under whose hands it was wonderful to see how gradually it put on a gracious look fit to welcome the human race withal. Although no white was left about it except in the ceiling for the sake of the light, scarce in that atmosphere, it looked as if twice the number of windows had been opened in its walls. The place also looked larger, for in its new harmonies of colour, one part led to another, introducing it, and by division the eye was enabled to measure and appreciate the space. To Saffy and Mark their playroom seemed transformed into a temple; they were almost afraid to enter it. Every noise in it sounded twice as loud as before, and every muddy shoe made a print.

The day for the concert was at length fixed a week off, and Hester began to invite her poorer friends and neighbours to spend its evening at her father's house, when her mother would give them tea, and she would sing to them. The married women were to bring their husbands if they would come, and each young woman might bring a friend. Most of the men, as a matter of course, turned up their noses at the invitation, but were nevertheless from curiosity inclined to go. Some declared it impossible any house in that square should hold the number invited. Some spoke doubtfully; they *might* be able to go! they were not sure! and seemed to regard consent as a favour, if not a condescension. Of these, however, two or three were hampered by uncertainty as to the redemption of their best clothes from the pawnbroker.

In requesting the presence of some of the small tradespeople, Hester asked it as a favour: she begged their assistance to entertain their poorer neighbours; and so put, the invitation was heartily accepted. In one case at least, however, she forgot this precaution; and the consequence was that the wife of a certain small furniture-broker began to fume on recognition of some in her presence. While she was drinking her second cup of tea her eyes kept roving. As she set it down, she caught sight of Long Tim, but a fortnight out of prison, rose at once, made her way out fanning herself vigorously, and hurried home boiling over with wrath—severely scalding her poor husband who had staid from his burial-club that she might leave the shop. The woman was not at all of a bad sort, only her dignity was hurt.

The hall and gallery were brilliantly lighted, and the room itself looked charming—at least in the eyes of those who had been so long watching the process of its resurrection. Tea was ready before the company began to arrive—in great cans with taps, and was handed round by ladies and gentlemen. The meal went off well, with a good buzz of conversation. The only unpleasant thing was, that several of the guests, mindful like other dams of their cubs at home, slipped large pieces of cake into their pockets for their behoof; but this must not be judged without a just regard to their ways of thinking, and was not a tenth part so bad as many of the ways in which well-bred persons appropriate slices of other people's cakes without once suspecting the category in which they are doomed to find themselves.

When the huge urns and the remnants of food were at length removed, and the windows had been opened for a minute to change the air, a curtain rose suddenly at the end of the room, and revealed a small stage decorated with green branches and artificial flowers, in the centre of it a piano, on the piano music, and at the piano Hester, now first seen, having reserved her strength for her special duty.

When the assembly caught sight of her turning over the leaves of her music, a

"The affair set Hester thinking, and before morning she was ready with a scheme."

great silence fell. The moment she began to play, all began to talk. With the first tone of her voice, every other ceased. She had chosen a ballad with a sudden and powerfully dramatic opening, and, a little anxious, a little irritated also with their talking while she played, began in a style that would have compelled attention from a herd of cattle. But the ballad was a little too long for them, and by the time it was half sung they had begun to talk again, and exchange opinions concerning it. All agreed that Miss Raymount had a splendid voice, but several of those who were there by second-hand invitation could find a woman to beat her easily! Their criticisms were, nevertheless, not unfriendly—in general condescending and patronizing. I believe most of this class regarded their presence as a favour granted her. Had they not come that she might show off to them, and receive their approbation! Amongst the poor the most refined and the coarsest-grained natures are to be met side by side—egg-china and drain-tubing in the same shop—just as in *respectable* circles. The rudeness of the cream

of society is more like that of the unwashed than that of any intermediate class; while often the manners of the well behaved poor are equalled by those only of the best bred in the country.

CHAPTER XVII.—AN UNINVITED GUEST.

VAVASOR had not heard of the gathering. In part from doubt of his sympathy, in part from dislike of talking about doing, Hester had not mentioned it. When she lifted her eyes at the close of her ballad, not a little depressed at having failed to secure the interest of her audience, it was with a great gush of pleasure that she saw near the door the face of her friend. She concluded that he had heard of her purpose, and had come to help her. Even at that distance she could see that he was looking very uncomfortable, annoyed, she did not doubt, by the behaviour of her guests. A rush of new strength and courage went from heart to brain. She rose, and advancing to the front of the little stage, called out, in a clear voice that rang across the buzz and stilled it,

"Mr. Vavasor, will you come and help me?"

Now Vavasor was in reality not a little disgusted at what he beheld. He had called without a notion of what was going on, and seeing the row of lights along the gallery as he was making for the drawing-room, had changed his direction and followed it, knowing nothing of the room to which it led. Blinded by the glare, and a little bewildered by the unexpectedness of the sight, he did not at first discern the kind of company he had entered; but the state of the atmosphere was unaccountable, and for a moment it seemed as if, thinking to enter Paradise, he had mistaken and opened the left-hand door. Presently his eyes, coming to themselves, confirmed the fact that he was in the midst of a notable number of the unwashed. He had often talked with Hester about the poor, and could not help knowing that she had great sympathy with them. He was ready indeed, as they were now a not unfashionable subject in some of the minor circles of the world's elect, to talk about them with any one he might meet. But in the poor themselves he could hardly be said to have the most rudimentary interest; and that a lady should degrade herself by sending her voice into such ears, and coming into actual contact with such persons and their attendant disgusts—except indeed it were for electioneering purposes—exposing both voice and person to their abominable remarks, was to him a thing simply incomprehensible. The admission of such people to a respectable house, and the entertainment of them as at a music-hall, could have its origin only in some wild semi-political scheme of the old fellow, who had more crotchets in his head than brain could well hold! It was a proceeding as disgraceful as extraordinary! Puh! Could the tenth part of the air present be oxygen? To think of the woman he worshipped being in such a hell!

But the woman he could honour little by any worship he gave her, was far more secure from evil eyes and evil thoughts in that company than she would have been in any drawing-room of his world. Her angel would rather see her where she was.

The glorious tones ceased, the ballad was at an end, and the next moment, to his dismay, the voice which in its poetry he had delighted to imagine thrilling the listeners in a great Belgravian drawing-room, came to him in prose across the fumes of that Bloomsbury music-hall, clear and brave and quiet, asking him, the future earl of Gartley, to come and help the singer! Was she in trouble? Had her father forced her into the false position in which she found herself? And did she seek refuge with *him* the moment he made his appearance? Certainly such was not the tone of her appeal! But these reflections, flashing through his brain, caused not a moment's delay in Vavasor's response. With the perfect command of that portion of his being turned towards the public on which every man like him prides himself, and with no shadow of expression on his countenance beyond that of a perfect equanimity, he was instantly on his way to her, shouldering a path in the gentlest manner through the malodorous air.

"This comes," he said to himself as he went, "of her foolish parents' receiving so little company that for the free exercise of her great talent she is driven to such as this! For song must have audience, however unfit! There was Orpheus with his! Genius was always eccentric! If he could but be her protection against that political father, that Puritan mother, and that idiotic brother of hers, and put an end to this sort of thing before it came to be talked about!" He grew bitter as with smiling face but shrinking soul he made his way through that crowd of his fellow creatures whose contact was defilement. He would have lost them all rather than a song of Hester's—and yet that he would on occasion have lost for a good rubber of whist with certain players!

He sprang on the stage, and made her a rather low bow.

"Come and sing a duet with me," she said, and indicated one on the piano before her which they had several times sung together.

He smiled what he meant to look his sweetest smile, and almost immediately their duet began. They sang well, and the assembly, from whatever reason—I fancy simply because there were two singing instead of one, was a little more of an audience than hitherto. But it was plain that, had there been another rondo of the duet, most would have been talking again.

Hester next requested Vavasor to sing a certain ballad which she knew was a great favourite with him. Inwardly protesting and that with vehemence against the profanation, he obeyed, rendering it so as could not have failed to please any one with a true notion of song. His singing was, I confess, a little wooden, as was everything Vavasor did: being such himself, how could he help his work being wooden? but it was true, his mode good, his expression in the right direction. They were nevertheless all talking before he had ended.

After a brief pause, Hester invited a gentleman prepared for the occasion to sing them something patriotic. He responded with Campbell's magnificent song, "Ye Mariners of England!" which was received with hearty cheers.

He was followed by another who, well acquainted with the predilections of his audience, gave them a specially sentimental song about a chair, which was not only heard in silence but followed by tremendous cheering. Possibly it was a luxury to some who had no longer any grandfather to kick, to cry over his chair; but, like the most part of their brethren, the poor greatly enjoy having their feelings gently troubled.

Thus the muse of the occasion was gradually sinking to the intellectual level of the company—with a consequence unforeseen, therefore not provided against.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CATASTROPHE.

For the tail of the music-kite—the car of the music-balloon rather, having thus descended near enough to the earth to be a temptation to some of the walkers afoot, they must catch at it! The moment the last-mentioned song was ended, almost before its death-note had left the lips of the singer, one of the friends' friends was on his feet. Without a word of apology, without the shadow of a request for permission, he called out in a loud voice, knocking with his chair on the floor,

"Ladies an' gen'lemen, Mr. William Blaney will now favour the company with a song."

Thereupon immediately a pale pock-marked man, of diminutive height, with high retreating forehead, and long thin hair, rose, and at once proceeded to make his way through the crowd: he would sing from the stage of course! Hester and Vavasor looked at each other, and one whisper passed between them, after which they waited the result in silence. The countenance approaching, kindled by conscious power and anticipated triumph, showed a white glow through its unblushing paleness. After the singing one sometimes hears in drawing-rooms, there is little space for surprise that some of less education should think themselves more capable of fine things than they are.

Scrambling with knee and hand upon the stage, for the poor fellow was feeble, the moment he got himself erect with his face to the audience, he plunged into his song, if song it could be called, executed in a cracked and strained falsetto. The result, enhanced by the nature of the song, which was extremely pathetic and dubiously moral, must have been excruciation to every good ear and every sensitive nature. Long before the relief of its close arrived Hester had made up her mind that it was her part to protect her guests from such. It was compensation no doubt to some present to watch the grotesque contortions of the singer squeezing out of him the precious pathos of his song—in which he screwed his eyes together like the man in Browning's "Christmas Eve," and opened his mouth in a long ellipse in the middle of one cheek; but neither was that the kind of entertainment she had purposed. She sat ready, against the moment when he should end, to let loose the most thunderous music in her mental *repertoire*, annoyed that she had but her small piano on the stage. Vanity, however, is as suspicious of vanity as hate is of hate, and Mr. Blaney, stopping abruptly in the middle of the long last note, and in doing so changing the word, with ludicrous result, from a sung to a spoken one, screeched aloud ere she could strike the first chord,

"I will now favour the company with a song of my own composure."

But ere he had got his mouth into its singing place in his left cheek, Hester had risen and begun to speak: when she knew what had to be done, she never hesitated. Mr. Blaney started, and his mouth, after a moment

of elliptic suspense, slowly closed, and returned, as he listened, to a more symmetrical position in his face.

"I am sorry to have to interfere," said Hester, "but my friends are in my house, and I am accountable for their entertainment. Mr. Blaney must excuse me if I insist on keeping the management of the evening in my own hands."

The vanity of the would-be singer was sorely hurt. As he was too selfish for the briefest comparison of himself with others, it had outgrown all ordinary human proportion, and was the more unendurable that no social considerations had ever suggested its concealment. Equal arrogance is rarely met save in a mad-house: there conceit reigns universal and rampant.

"The friends as knows me, and what I can do," returned Mr. Blaney with calmness, the moment Hester had ended, "will back me up. I have no right to be treated as if I didn't know what I was about. I can warrant the song home-made, and of the best quality. So here goes!"

Vavasor made a stride towards him, but scarcely was the ugly mouth half screwed into its singing place, when Mr. Raymount spoke from somewhere near the door.

"Come out of that," he shouted, and made his way through the company as fast as he could.

Vavasor drew back, and stood like a sentinel on guard. Hester resumed her seat at the piano. Blaney, fancying he had gained his point, and that, if he began before Mr. Raymount reached him, he would be allowed to end in peace, again got his mouth into position, and began to howl. But his host, jumping on the stage from behind, reached him at his third note, took him by the back of the neck, shoved him down, and walked him through the crowd and out of the room before him like a naughty boy. Propelling him thus to the door of the house, he pushed him out, closed it behind him, and re-entering the concert-room, was greeted by a great clapping of hands, as if he had performed a deed of valour. But, notwithstanding the miserable vanity and impudence of the man, it had gone to Hester's heart to see him, with his low visage and puny form, in the mighty clutch of her father. That which would have made most despise the poor creature the more, his physical inferiority, made her pity him even to pain.

The moment silence was restored, up rose a burly, honest-looking bricklayer, and said,

"I beg your pardon, miss, but will you allow me to make one remark?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jones," answered Hester.

"It seems to me, miss," said Jones, "as it's only fair play on my part as brought Blaney here, as I'm sorry to find behave himself so improper, to say for him that I know he never would ha' done it, if he hadn't have had a drop as we come along to this 'ere tea-party. That was the cause, miss, an' I hope as it'll be taken into account, an' considered a lucidation of his conduct. It takes but very little, I'm sorry to say, miss, to upset his behaviour—not more'n a pint at the outside.—But it don't last! bless you, it don't last!" he added, in a tone of extreme deprecation; "there's not a mossel of harm in him, poor fellow,—though I says it as shouldn't! Not as the gov'nor do anything more'n his duty in puttin' of him out—nowise! I know him well, bein' my wife's brother—leastways half-brother—for I don't want to take more o' the blame nor by rights belong to me. When he've got a drop in his nob, it's always for singin' he is—an' that's the worst of *him*. Thank you kindly, miss."

"Thank *you*, Mr. Jones," returned Hester. "We'll think no more of it."

Loud applause followed, and Jones sat down, well satisfied: he had done what he ought in acknowledging the culprit for his wife's sake, and the act had been appreciated.

The order of the evening was resumed, but the harmony of the assembly once disturbed, all hope of quiet was gone. They had now something to talk about! Everyone that knew Blaney felt himself of importance: had he not a superior right of opinion upon his behaviour? Nor was he without a few sympathizers. Was he not the same flesh and blood? they said. After the swells had had it all their own way so long, why shouldn't poor Blaney have his turn? But those who knew Hester, especially the women of them, were indignant with him.

Hester sang again and again, but no song would go quite to her mind. Vavasor also sung several times—as often, that is, as Hester asked him; but inwardly he was disgusted with the whole affair—as was natural, for could any fish have found itself more out of the water than he? Everything annoyed him—most of all that the lady of his thoughts should have addressed herself to such an assembly. Why did she not leave it to him or her father! If it was

not degrading enough to appear before such a canaille, surely to sing to them was! How could a woman of refinement, justifiable as was her desire for appreciation, seek it from such a repulsive assemblage! But Vavasor would have been better able to understand Hester, and would have met the distastes of the evening with far less discomposure, if he had never been in worse company. One main test of our dealing in the world is whether the men and women we associate with are the better or the worse for it: Vavasor had often been where at least he was the worse, and no one the better for his presence. For days a cloud hung over the fair image of Hester in his mind.

He called on the first possible opportunity to inquire how she was after her exertions, but avoided farther allusion to the events of the evening. She thanked him for the help he had given her, but was so far from satisfied with her experiment, that she too let the subject rest.

Mr. Raymount was so disgusted, that he said nothing of the kind should ever again take place in his house: he had not bought it to make a music hall of it!

If any change was about to appear in Vavasor, a change in the fortunes of the Raymounts prevented it.

What the common judgment calls *luck* seems to have odd predilections and prejudices with regard to families as well as individuals. Some seem invariably successful, whatever they take in hand; others go on, generation after generation, struggling without a ray of success; while on the surface appears no reason for the inequality. But there is one thing in which pre-eminently I do not believe—that same luck, namely, or chance, or fortune. The Father of families looks after his families—and his children too.

A GREETING TO THE PRINCESS HELEN OF WALDECK.

WE greet thee, noble maiden,
Thrice welcome to our shore!
All England, flower-laden,
Would blessings on thee pour.

Thy people's colours twined we
Amid our garlands fair,—
The name of Helen bind we
Upon our hearts for pray'r.

An Empress great and peerless
Would win thee to her side,
Then come among us, fearless,
To be our Prince's bride!

Now joy be to the stranger
Who, young and trusting, comes
To England, free from danger—
The land of peaceful homes.

And hushed be warring faction!
Ye statesmen, rest awhile,
To own the sweet attraction
Of Princess Helen's smile.

And ye shall frame the better
Your laws for factions rude
For glimpse of bridal fetter,
And bridal interlude.

By gentle visions haunted,
May gracious purpose come
To guard with hearts undaunted
Our English hearth and home!

CLARA THWAITES.

"The baby-river lightly springs."

THE FRIENDSHIP OF RIVERS AND MEN.

By. W. C. PROCTER.

AMONGST all the features of the inanimate world, rivers have at once the longest and the most touching record of friendship to humankind. "Inanimate world," we say now: but it was not always thus that men felt about rivers. Time was when the flowing water seemed a living thing that had a soul. It issued from the urn of a god. It carried a divine energy with it. Its animating spirit was joyful in the placid summer,

and showed anger in the wintry flood. To the river Spercheios, Peleus vowed an offering of Achilles' hair if ever the youthful hero should return safe from Troy. With the Scamander, known in Olympus as the immortal Xanthos, Achilles fought for his life in a combat that must have been fatal to him if Hephæstus had not come to his aid with burning flames, that withered the river's strength and reduced it to plead for mercy. Homer's story of that fight, with the eager pursuit of Achilles by the raging stream, its

"They give drink."

appeal to its brother Simois for help, and its agony when smitten with the terror of fire, is one of the most vivid pictures of the Iliad, and shows how intense and real was the impersonation of natural objects by the Greek imagination.

The honour thus done to rivers was only a late return of human gratitude for favours received in a long-bygone age. It was along the banks of rivers that the earliest human races made their way, and picked up their living as they followed the current through otherwise pathless wilds. The flint weapons found along the ancient levels of the Somme, in France, opened up to science a new chapter in the history of mankind. That river, in a far distant time, was a tributary of the Rhine, which then had to flow far to the north over now buried lands, receiving the Thames in its course before it met the sea. And this marvellous network of ancient rivers was the nursery of the earliest tribes of North-western Europe. Its waters provided fish, its thickets sheltered the huge prey of those primæval huntsmen, and the high banks furnished caves for their rude abodes.

Similarly, all over the world great rivers, such as the Nile and Euphrates, have been first the path of savage migrations, and then the high-road of empire. We need not wonder, therefore, that all ancient literature is full of mythological stories, or poetic images, suggested by rivers. And perhaps the long association of our ancestors with such features of natural scenery has made their descendants specially susceptible to the beauties of flowing water. The literature of the Bible is in itself a sufficient illustration of the ancient friendship of rivers and mankind. Witness the fond memory retained of the four rivers of Paradise. The sacred authors lived in a country where the preciousness of water was very vividly realised by the inhabitants. Sometimes they learned it by their experience of great drought. But for the most part they knew their happy fortune by contrast with the neighbouring deserts. As their great prophet told them: "The land whither ye go to possess it is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven." Accordingly we find the Bible full of allusions to the beneficence, though sometimes also to the terrible power, of rivers. Indeed, the traveller

down a river's course finds at every change in its winding channel some reminder of a scriptural allusion.

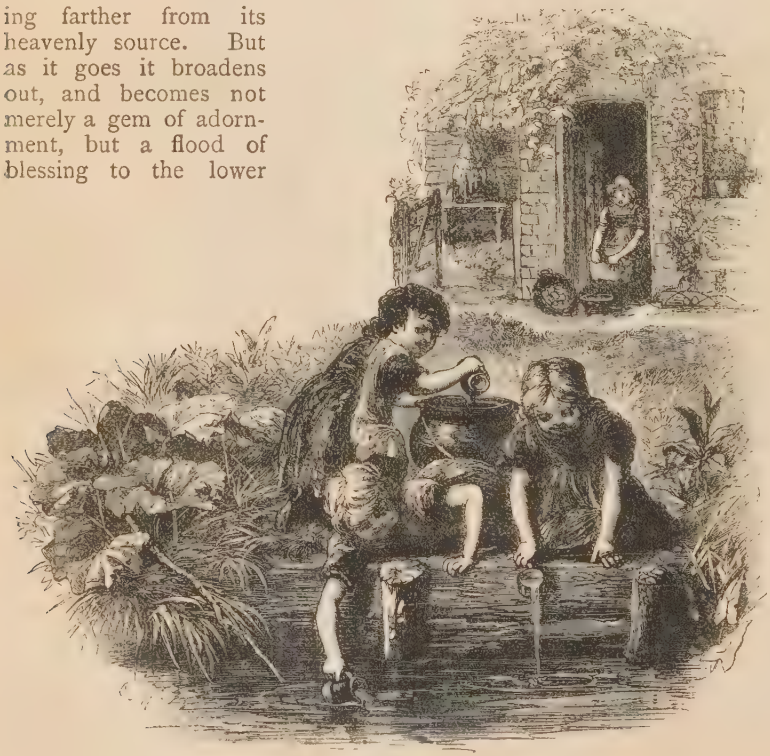
High up amongst the mountain-tops, where the spongy sod rustles everywhere with infant rills yet concealed amongst the grassy roots, the bright expanse of heaven brings to mind the language of the Psalmist, who, when he worshipped his God in some such natural sanctuary, thought of Him as One who "covered Himself with light as with a garment." How then did that poet conceive of the inner splendour of the Most High, to whom light was only a covering? But the mind of the sacred singer was more occupied with the beneficent energy of God; and in that mountain vision of his he followed the eager activity of God's created messengers, as they sped on their errands throughout the world. Prominent by their speed and their sparkling brightness were the streams that fructified his native land. Here, down the edge of a cliff, the baby-river lightly springs, to begin in the hollow below its infant work of wearing away stones and feeding ferns and mosses.

Still, from vale to vale the stream descends, like infant innocence receding farther from its heavenly source. But as it goes it broadens out, and becomes not merely a gem of adornment, but a flood of blessing to the lower world into which it has descended. "*They give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst.*" So childhood ceases merely to sparkle, and grows into little offices of usefulness in household ways, long before it reaches the busy haunts of human industry. The soil grows richer where the streamlet flows, as household affections are deepened and fructified by the child. And now flowers are reflected in its current, and tall trees rise aloft. "*By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.*" So as childhood verges into youth, the poetic sentiment is awakened, if only in an inarticulate warble. "The time of the singing-birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

How cheerful is the river-side in its lower reaches, where cottages are perched upon its banks, and happy children play with it as a familiar friend! In describing the morning-hour, the Poet Laureate turns to a river-side to set the dawn of light and labour in its most attractive guise.

"Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
By thee the world's great work is heard
Beginning, and the wakeful bird;
Behind thee comes the greater light.

"The market boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink;
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,
And seest the moving of the team."



"Where cottages are perched."

The clattering mill, and toiling oars, and lumbering barge show that the river has got into its work-a-day life. No rest for it henceforth until it mingles with the sea! After innocent infancy and sentimental youth comes labouring manhood. And as we think of a whole generation of youthful toilers

"Full from bank to bank."

ing over the usually silent rocks, fresh torrents start from every nook amongst the hills, and meeting in the channel of the main stream, they fill the valley from side to side. Bridges are swept away, hamlets are drowned, vast tracts of cultivable land are washed bare to the rock. In such a time it is seen to be true of water quite as much as of fire, that if a good servant, it is a terrible master. Of such a scene Isaiah was thinking as he announced the Divine promise, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers

going forth into the world's harvest, we feel, in a new sense, the pathos as well as the hopefulness of the Psalmist's words, "*Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening.*"

Alas! the temper of the river is as uncertain as human life. Peaceful and smiling though it may be at dawn, giving drink to a tender flower upon its bank, a tempest in the mountains may, before sunset, make it a terror to the land about. Rushing and foam-

they shall not overflow thee." Such was Nahum's image of Divine vengeance when he sang: "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him. But with an overrunning flood He will make an utter end of the place thereof, and darkness shall pursue His enemies." This terrific power of water also was adopted by the great Teacher himself, as a fitting emblem of the searching tests to which character is put in some great trials of life. "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them,"—behold the true foundation! such a man's character grips into the rock of ages. "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." But what else can stand the rush of fierce temptation, and the blast of prevalent passion amongst a generation smitten with madness? The man whose hut is builded only on the shifting sand thrown up by former floods, is helpless against the fickle river bent on tearing up its own work. And equally helpless is the man who bases his character on the popular sentiment of an hour, when the popular passion of another hour comes to sweep it away.

But in the Bible the peaceful and happy associations of rivers are far more frequent. "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! *Then had thy peace been as a river.*" At these words there rises before us some broad reach of a wealthy stream, full from bank to bank, but unruffled and smooth, where sunlight broods in patches amongst deep reflections of shadowy foliage. Fulness, plenty, quietness,—such is the meaning of the scene, and such the peace of those who hearken to the commandments of God. "Thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. For with thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light." Reflections of woodland and hill, in deep placid water, have a sort of spiritual beauty not seen in the tangible objects themselves; and so surely all our blessings, reflected in the peace of God, have a charm added to them which does not belong to the things themselves. "The river of God's pleasures!" What is that? Is it not the everlasting stream of love for ever flowing forth from Him? Is it not mercy, loving-kindness, sacrifice? Every one who will be an imitator of God in these things shall know what it is to drink of the river of God's pleasures.

Perhaps after all there is a deeper reason than old association for the friendship of rivers and mankind. They are both God's creatures, and there is something in the exalted origin of rivers, in their steadfast pursuit of the sea, in their alternations of hurry and rest, of passion and peace, which look very like nature's prophecies of human life, uttered before ever man was in the world, and pointing to the time when the world shall have ceased to be his path; when he shall have gained the vast sea of bright human faces, bright with the glory of Divine love and purity, and peaceful with the satisfactions of righteousness.

THE LORD'S SIDE.

SLEEP, coward soul, and take your rest!
True hearts the fight are braving.
North, south, east, west,
Rise plume and crest
Amid the battle waving.

This is no idle tilt of spears,
No tournament of nations;
Its bitter tears
Still drown the years
Of countless generations.

Ten thousand graves beneath our feet
Still echo back the story,
While, fierce and sweet,
Still mix and meet
The shouts of dying glory.

Like some great sea with passion tossed
Th' eternal war is waging,—
Some battles lost,
Some tactics crossed,
But still the conflict raging.

Against the rocks of want and crime,
Like restless billows breaking,
The brave troops climb;
With each new time
More furious onset making.

Back rolls the wave, on sweeps the tide—
No fear these ranks can sever,
While side by side
With weary stride
They struggle on for ever.

The red sun stains the cloud that creeps
Above the dim horizon;
The traitor sleeps,
But graveyard heaps
Hide 'neath the flowers he lies on.

Is this a time for little spites,
Or subtle speculations?—
Who scales the heights
While childish knights
Stoop dallying with negations?—

Is this a time for paradox,
Or sentimental vision,
When cruel mocks
Make fast the locks
Of hearts in deep contrition?—

Up, up and learn the battle song!
Go, mingle with the battle.
Struggle and die
Rather than lie
Chewing the cud like cattle!

ANNIE MATHESON.

THE THREATENING COMET.

By E. W. MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

MOST people must have remarked a somewhat startling prediction which has gone the round of the public press during the last few weeks, to the effect that this world had but fifteen more years of life before it, and that in 1897 it would be utterly consumed by fire. If this prediction had come from some hypothetical "Mother Shipton" or "Old Moore," or from some visionary expounder of prophecy, it might have been treated with deserved contempt; but it was fathered on a well-known writer, and was believed to be based upon the most certain scientific grounds. And since Mr. Proctor is justly regarded as being as accurate in his statements as he certainly is clear and interesting, there seemed to be a strong *primâ-facie* reason for believing that science had at length succeeded in doing what charlatans and visionaries had so often attempted in vain, and, piercing the veil of futurity, had fixed with certainty the time of "The End."

Rumour ran that Mr. Proctor had proved that a certain great comet which had visited the sun once or twice in recent years, and had passed exceedingly near to it, was about to return in 1897, this time to plunge headlong into the solar fires, and by its fall to raise the sun's heat to many hundred times its usual intensity, with the inevitable result that our earth and all that it contained would be instantly set on fire.

There was, perhaps, no sentence in all this prediction that could not be found somewhere in the paper of Mr. Proctor's on which it was based; but fortunately for the earth, and unfortunately for the lovers of sensation, Mr. Proctor's words had been subjected to such an ingenious process of dovetailing as to convey an impression diametrically opposed to the author's original meaning. There was a comet, it was true, which would probably approach the sun in 1897, and finally sink into it, but it was *not* feared that the destruction of the solar system would result from the catastrophe. The history of this comet is as follows. In February, 1880, a very remarkable comet was seen at several of the southern observatories. With a tail of enormous length, very straight and narrow, it stretched like a gigantic staff of light across the sky. Its breadth was only one degree, or about half the greatest length of the little group of the Pleiades; its length was more than fifty degrees, or about the distance that the Pole Star is above the horizon. The head of the comet, unlike nearly all the more brilliant ones with which we are acquainted, had no bright starlike point of light within it, but always appeared cloud-like and filmy, and was little, if any, brighter than the tail. It was very difficult, therefore, to measure its position with accuracy; the faint, misty, ill-defined light of the head gave no point of which to lay hold, so that, despite its importance, its place was not determined with the precision desired, and it receded from us so rapidly that measures could only be obtained during about ten days.

This was most unfortunate, for, though the ten days' observations were enough to show the direction and position of the comet's path, and the degree of nearness with which it approached the sun, they left a very important matter still in doubt, viz. the distance to which it would recede from the sun before beginning to return towards it again, or, what amounts to the same thing, the time which had elapsed since its last appearance, and which would elapse before its next.

However, this latter detail was soon supplied. It is the custom of astronomers, on the appearance of any comet, to search the records to ascertain if it had ever appeared before, and it was at once recollected that in 1843 a magnificent comet, one of the finest seen during the century, had been observed, and its orbit was now seen to be nearly the same as that of the great comet of 1880. This would alone have sufficed to suggest that it was but an earlier appearance of the 1880 comet; but its exact resemblance to it in shape leaves scarcely any room for doubt. The 1843 comet, like that of 1880, had an immensely long, straight, brilliant, but very narrow, tail, and a comparatively insignificant head, and such an appearance is so unusual that we may confidently accept it as established, the orbits being similar, that the two objects are really but the same comet at two different approaches to the sun, and that it has a period of thirty-seven years.

But then we meet a difficulty. If this comet has a period of 37 years, it ought to have been seen in 1806, in 1769, and so on,

for it is so large and brilliant that it would not seem likely that it could return without having been observed.

Just the same difficulty was experienced in determining the period of the comet when it appeared in 1843, as was experienced two years ago, for at both appearances it was observed with great difficulty, and the observations lasted only over a short period. But in 1843 it had been believed to be a return of a comet observed in 1668, and a period of 175 years was in consequence assigned to it.

At first sight it would seem quite impossible that a comet should take 175 years to perform one revolution and only 37 to perform the next, but in this case it is not hard to suggest a cause. No comet of which we have any knowledge ever approached the sun more closely; indeed, it is scarcely possible that any ever should do so, since this one must have all but brushed the sun's surface as it sped past it—for on February 27th, 1843, the centre of the comet's head, which is believed to have been 160,000 miles in diameter, passed the sun at a distance of only 80,000 miles, so that they must almost have grazed each other. True, neither the sun's surface nor the apparent edge of the comet can be supposed to be solid, but there is undoubtedly some sort of a solar atmosphere at a very great height above the visible surface; solar prominences have been seen to attain a height considerably greater even than 80,000 miles, and that portion of the corona which is supposed by many to be an extension of the sun's atmosphere is traceable further away still. So that, however thin and rare we may fancy that atmosphere to be, it is still highly probable that it would offer some considerable resistance to the comet's progress, as it rushed along at the rate of 350 miles a second. For when a meteor enters our atmosphere, at but one-seventh of this speed it yet encounters sufficient resistance, even as far up as 70 miles, where the air is rare indeed, to heat the meteor into a glowing mass from the effect of the friction. And there is no need to assume that the retardation was anything very considerable, for a delay of but *one yard* in every six miles would be sufficient, so powerful was the sun's attraction, when the comet was in this position, to convert its orbit from one of 175 to one of 37 years' period.

But if the comet was thus retarded in 1843, it must also have been retarded in 1880, and an equal action on the part of the solar atmosphere would still further reduce the period, and instead of returning in 1917, as a 37 years' period would demand, it will again be close to the sun in 15 years' time from the present date, or in 1897. And it will then suffer a still further retardation, will return after a shorter period still, and so on circling round the centre of its fate, like a fascinated bird around a snake, until at no very distant epoch it finally subsides into the solar orb.

It will be seen that there are several "if's"—"much virtue is in 'if'"—in this theory. There is the first doubt as to whether the comets of 1843 and 1880 are really the same, for although this seems to be highly probable, it cannot be asserted with absolute certainty. Next, was the comet of 1668 a previous appearance? The observations of this latter were so scanty and rough that a very considerable doubt must prevail on this point. And lastly, if both the two first assumptions be correct, is it impossible that the comet should have revisited the neighbourhood of the sun, once, twice, or even oftener, without having been detected?

If, however, we suppose all these surmises to be correct, and that in 1897, or far more probably a few years later, the great southern comet of 1880 is destroyed by falling into the sun, the question at once arises, how will this catastrophe affect ourselves?

At first sight it might seem that the principal danger would result from the increase in the sun's heat consequent on such a large addition of *fuel*, that the solar fire being supplied with an ample addition of coal would burn with greater fierceness than ever. But two facts assure us that there is no ground for fear under this head. First, the sun's heat is so intense, and has been kept up for so long a time without any diminution, that we are perfectly sure that combustion cannot account for its mighty energy. Had it been made of nothing but coal, and been set on fire at the creation of Adam, it would by this time have very nearly burned itself out, and the addition of a mass of coal as large as our globe would only suffice to keep up the fire for five or six days. But we have very good reason for believing that the comet instead of being a respectable solid body like our world, is scarcely more substantial than "the stuff that dreams are made of," and that, despite its enormous size, could it be but condensed to the consistency of common earth, it would perhaps only fill a few ordinary carts; nay, some have even ventured to say that it might probably be sent by book-post without infringing the

regulations as to limit of weight, or carried in a waistcoat pocket without inconveniencing the bearer. Though these are probably excessive views of the extreme unsubstantiality of cometic structure, it may be safely and certainly concluded that the mere combustion of the matter of a comet at the distance of the sun would not injure us an iota.

The obvious failure of any theory of combustion to account for the heat of the sun led several men of science, many years ago, to start another theory; viz. that a constant hail of meteors was the true source of that wonderful energy to which we owe so much. Our everyday experience supplies us with plenty of examples of the amazing amount of heat which is generated by means of a little friction, or by the sudden stoppage of a quickly moving body. How much more effective this theory is in accounting for the sun's heat than any theory of combustion may be judged when it is stated that the fall of the earth to the sun would produce as much heat as the sun gives off in ninety-six years, instead of the few hours to which its mere burning would be equivalent.

If the comet is really as light and immaterial as it has been supposed to be, it could not work us very much harm, however, even in this manner, for the amount of heat developed by the stoppage of a moving body depends on two things—its mass and the speed with which it is moving.

Some recent investigations have, however, suggested an unseen danger. Every one is acquainted with the shooting stars which blaze out for a moment, fly across the heavens and are gone; and not a few of the readers of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE must remember that magnificent display which was beheld on the night of November 13, 1866, when, for several hours, the heavens were aglow with the scores and hundreds of brilliant meteors as they rushed across the sky in an unceasing rain of many-coloured fire. It has since been clearly established that these meteors were part of a great army which was travelling along the same path as a certain well-known comet, following it in such vast numbers that though moving with the inconceivable swiftness of 26 miles per second, the long procession took more than six years to pass the point where its track cuts the orbit of the earth. In a similar way other meteor showers have been identified as possessing the same orbits as particular comets, and it is now believed that in some way the two phenomena are connected, and that meteors are generally, if not always, following in the track of comets.

The apparent size of the comet is, therefore, no indication of the extent of the danger to which we are liable from this source. Years after the comet has been absorbed into the sun, its followers may keep up an unremitting bombardment, exciting the sun to an unwonted and terrible degree of heat, and bringing utter disaster on our earth by the fierce scorching to which it would be subjected.

We are not without instances in which the heat and light of a sun, though not of our own sun, have suddenly been increased many hundredfold. Thus, in 134 B.C., Hipparchus, the Greek astronomer, was induced to commence a star catalogue by seeing a brilliant star appear, where he had noticed none before. Again in 1572 a marvellous star, far brighter than the brightest stars, appeared suddenly, and shone, though with ever diminishing lustre, for over seventeen months. And two instances of a similar kind have occurred in our own day. On May 12th, 1866, a new star, of the second magnitude, was noticed shining in the Northern Crown, where no such star had been visible to the eye two hours before. It, too, gradually faded away, and now may be seen with a telescope as a star of about $\frac{1}{800}$th the brilliancy it possessed when Mr. Birmingham first noticed it. And more recently still, on November 24th, 1876, a star in the Swan blazed forth in the same remarkable manner, and then faded away almost to nothingness. Were our sun to share a similar fate to these "temporary" stars, and have his heat and lustre suddenly increased in the same proportion that they had, swift and utter destruction would indeed seize on our globe at once. Eight minutes after the solar orb had felt that new and terrific thrill, a flood of heat and light would pour down on the part of our world which was enjoying the daylight, and doubtless before the marvellous brilliance could excite a thought of wonder, or the fierce heat a pang, not one living thing would be left to think or feel. Nor would the proudest works of man survive their author to bear witness to his energy and skill. City and hamlet, palace and citadel, would vanish like a dream; the dark forest, and the cultivated field would be withered in a moment, and the mighty ocean would be dried up as though it were no more than a puddle caused by a passing summer shower. Nor would the dwellers on the hemisphere in darkness be better off, for long ere the sun had

risen, the atmosphere of the part in daylight, now one sheet of glowing gas, would have rushed upon them in a headlong hurricane of fire. That day would indeed "burn as an oven," and the apostle's words be fulfilled even to the letter, that the time would come "in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

Mr. Proctor has thought that the instances of sudden outbursts amongst the stars may have been occasioned by a comet and its attendant meteors rushing directly into a star. If so, these stars must differ widely in constitution from our sun. It is difficult to imagine how the latter could be excited to eight hundred times its present brilliancy; it is certain that were it so excited, an immense period of time would elapse before it returned to its wonted aspect. Still a collision capable of evoking from the sun only three or four times its present light and heat would, less speedily indeed, but hardly less surely, destroy every form of life on the earth, and leave it a desert as waste and barren as the moon. But this particular comet of 1843 and 1880 can never be the cause of such a catastrophe, for it is obviously not rushing directly into the sun, but merely grazing it time after time, losing some of its speed at each encounter, until at length it will subside into the solar orb without giving rise to any great disturbance. In fact this comet has already done its worst. Each time its path was changed by the friction it experienced in passing through the solar atmosphere an amount of heat was developed greater rather than less than will attend its final destruction. Each time, too, that it passed the sun, its meteor train, if it possesses one, suffered a certain amount of dispersion. For its attendant meteors would be almost certainly scattered over a pretty broad track, and therefore some would pass much closer to the sun than others, and suffering greater retardation, would return sooner to perihelion, and some passing at a considerably greater distance than the comet, would experience but little hindrance, and having their period less affected than the comet, would soon part company with it. Nor would this be the only way in which it would suffer deprivation of its attendants, for some would probably be captured by the sun at each passage. There is some reason to believe that this actually took place in 1843, for three months after the comet had passed a huge sunspot broke out, a spot so large that the vast bulk of our globe bore no greater proportion to it than a pea does to a teacup. So large a spot is a rarity at any time, but this one broke out at a time when the sun was in its most inactive state, so that its appearance was quite an unprecedented occurrence. It was imagined, therefore, that a large meteor travelling nearly on the same track as the comet, but three months behind it, had so short a perihelion distance as to lead it not merely to graze the sun's surface but actually to plough into it, giving rise to the disturbance evidenced by the unusual spot.

However this may be, we may rest assured that the comet of 1880 will work us no great harm, and there is certainly no greater reason to fear danger from any of the others known to belong to our system. True, a comet *might* come from the unseen depths of space, and *might* be pointed with so true an aim as to carry it into direct collision with the sun. But it is so improbable that we may dismiss the notion from our minds. Besides, even if at this present moment the messenger of destruction be winging his silent way through the fields of space towards us, what can we know of it? Not until he had long entered our system could we know of his destiny, or even of his existence, and he might not improbably follow such a path as to be unseen till the moment when he dealt the fatal blow.

But though science cannot tell us of the ultimate destiny of our planet, Divine Revelation has done so, and assured us that even as once it was overflowed by water, so it is now "kept in store, reserved unto fire." And that we may always live "like unto men that wait for their Lord," we are told that "that day knoweth no man," for it "will come as a thief in the night."

"Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

OUR BABY.

PATTER, patter, patter
Of the sweetest feet,
Shining of two blue eyes
Raised for mine to greet.

Dearest little darling,
Brightest little flower,
Sent direct from heaven
My glad heart to dower.

Oh! that head so radiant,
With its sunny hair;
Oh! those eyes so star-like,
Glancing here and there.

Hands so full of dimples,
Limbs so round and white,
Lips that smile upon us
With a rosy light.

Dearest little laddie,
Darling little boy,
God Himself looks on thee
As a wondrous joy.

And in heaven the angels
Sweeter sing for thee,
And the gentle Jesus
Loves thee tenderly.

And on earth the flowers
Put on colours gay
For the little laddie
Who may pass their way.

All things bright are brighter
Since you came to earth;
All things dark must vanish
By your baby mirth.

Loved beyond description,
Loved beyond compare;
No one else can rival
Baby anywhere.

L. T. MEADE.

IN COWSLIP TIME.

By the Author of "Plant-Life."

A SHORT light shower of soft warm rain has fallen, and all the air is full of the fine aroma of bursting buds and unrolling ferns. It is spring; prison doors are opened to them that were bound; our minds and bodies catching the inspiration of the leaves, blithely too go forth into the air and light to pace the winding road that traverses the gorge between two tree-clad hills. A little while and we have reached the highest point, from which we look down upon the sleepy hamlet whose red-tiled cottages lie scattered among masses of fresh greenery. Ten paces farther and a mossy wicket admits us to a lonely hillside wood, overlooking a vast extent of country six hundred feet below. Upon the sloping banks on either side are multitudes of "nodding violets," and the chaffy crowns and snowy blossoms of the wild strawberry. That mass of exquisite azure before us denotes the fugacious four-petalled blooms of speedwell.

We leave the beaten track and wander carelessly among the denser portion of the wood. The dead leaves of the old year lie thick and soft beneath our feet, all the crispness and the rustle taken out of them by the frost and rain. One of their many purposes is served. They have formed a winter coverlet to shield from frost the tender seeds and plants, and now are becoming covered in their turn by plants that push above them.

There are the two flat grey-green leaves of the snowdrop—spears to protect the green-spotted snowy bell that hangs from the arching scape. But the bells are getting browned, for they have passed their prime, and are conspicuous by reason of their paucity amongst great groups of leaves. Now their deficiency is more than made up by the great abundance of the beautiful white, purple-streaked chalices of the wood-sorrel, known in Wales as the "fairy bell." Even apart from its delicate flowers, this plant is one of the prettiest we shall meet with in our woodland walk. Its acid trefoil leaves, said by some to be the veritable "shamrock" of St. Patrick, faithfully record the approach of sunset, or atmospheric changes, by folding down close to the knotted pink stalk. And here, with their backs all turned to the breeze, are the taller-growing wind-flowers, or wood anemones; flowers that have no petals, the ordinarily green calyx being developed and coloured instead.

Down in the wooded hollow far ahead a sheet of gold is gleaming in the sun beneath the tremulous aspens—

> "Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty."

Thousands of them jostle each other and nod familiarly to the greenish hoods and spotted leaves of "lords-and-ladies" close at hand. Hard-by groups of adder's-tongues are sending up their spear-shaped fronds and ruddy spikes of spores, by country children known as "red-hot pokers."

We take a turn beneath a fine old ash, its leafless branches beautiful with clusters of purple blooms, and reach the upper path that winds across the wood. Its banks are beautiful with yellow bedstraw and silvery stellate flowers of lesser stitchwort, that rise above the purple labiate flowers of the ground ivy. Above us the sloping hillside is covered with a wood of straight tall pines, beneath which a carpet of the deepest blue betrays the all-but-bursting buds of

> "Sheets of hyacinth
> That seem the heavens upbreaking through the earth."

Our woodland road is strewn on either side with lovely primrose blooms, and here and there upon the banks the pale blue periwinkle grows in patches of trailing stems and glossy leaves. Where barren brambles spread their well-armed shoots, the lowly woodruffe rears its fragrant stems. Those silver woolly tufts just breaking through by the hazel-clump are the shoots of the red-berried bryony, whose long trailing stems and vine-like leaves will soon be straggling far and wide among the neighbouring branches.

The wind makes pleasant melody among the trees, and now another note is added—a silvery note that tells of rippling streams. A bend in our path discovers the instrument whereon that note is played. From the rugged escarpment of the rocky hill, far above, a streak of liquid silver drops and sparkles in the vernal sunbeams. From point to point it falls, and as it strikes upon the jutting rocks the silver is broken up into myriads of tiny many-hued gems that scatter far and wide amongst the humble vegetation of the rocks. We follow this hillside burn and note the many plants it nurtures.

Here in the hollow where it overflows and widely spreads among the sphagnum and rushes, is a sight worth seeing: For here prosperous colonies of marsh marigolds, or

> "Winking Mary-buds begin
> To ope their golden eyes."

We tread lightly now from clump to clump of sedge and cotton-grass, for sphagnum-moss is bibulous as sponge, and too much trust in the firmness of the ground may send you home with feet all wet and cold. Long-stalked spearwort mimics in a smaller way the golden cups of marigold. Here is another of Shakspeare's flowers, for the bitter-cress, or

> "Lady-smocks all silver white,
> Do paint the meadows with delight."

Only in this case we should read copse for meadows, and then the rhythm is gone. But never mind, we have rhythm enough in the splashing and purling of our mimic waterfall. And here we are where its waters are frothing and foaming among the masses of fallen rock. What though there is not force enough to turn a mill, it yet has a grandeur all its own, if we but view it in the proper light. Here is a pocket lens. We carefully focus it, and examine the surfaces of stones around us, to find each covered with beautiful growths of delicate moss and seedling fern that form beneath our glass a fairy forest, swarming with animal life of an alarming character. Size is but a relative quality, and to the

insects that people the moss-growth, its slender stems are as grand and majestic as the firwood is to us. The highest mountain is but a slight irregularity on the surface as compared with the entire extent of the earth, and, inversely, this little rill that trickles down the face of the rugged hill has, when compared with the forest of moss, a grandeur unequalled by Niagara itself.

All up the face of the hill, as far as the splashing of the water reaches, the jutting stones are clad in moss and ferns. Here are great shaggy fellows that have braved the storms of a decade at least, spreading their fresh soft fronds abroad in all directions; and here, again, are thousands of tiny fernlings scarcely discernible from the scaly liverworts that cover all wet rocks. Male fern, broad-buckler fern, hart's-tongue, and most beautiful of all, pale lady-fern are here, moored to the bare rocks by silken rootlets that spread in a network over the sides of the stones and bury themselves deep into the adjacent soil. There is no sight in nature more beautiful than a natural fernery such as this, where ferns grow so thickly that they hustle and crowd each other on every side. And yet there is no confusion. Each plant asserts its own individuality, yet all are blended in harmonious effect.

But let us mount to the hill-top and see what is to be seen there. Here is a path through the gorge which offers an easy ascent. Along its flanks crowds of woolly-leaved foxgloves are getting ready for their grand display of purple spikes. That colony of pigmy plants with scanty leaves and tiny flowers that cap the dry bank on the left, consists of the whitlow-grass, one of the smallest and earliest of our flowering plants. Not far removed, in the same position, is the early field scorpion-grass, the smallest of our forget-me-nots. And now we reach the top, which is covered with bright green heather and cross-leaved heath, and the twisted, jointed stems of whortleberry, with its bursting leaf-buds and crimson bell-shaped flowers. The golden furze is all aglow again, and "daisies pied" illume the short-cropped grass. Beneath the heather all the ground is grey with reindeer-moss, cup-moss, and other kinds of lichens, and here and there are patches of the moon-wort fern, which old Culpepper says will open locks and bolts.

We look at that fir-wood creeping up the hillside. What an exquisite green mist seems floating over the gaunt stems and blackened masts. We note, too, that huge old beech below us, where the thrush pipes out his joyous song. Its bursting buds give it a purple hue which soon shall be replaced by the fresh green of its crisp and crumpled leaves. All around us the crosier-like fronds of bracken-fern are rapidly unrolling, hiding the undergrowth of diminutive plants that cling closely to the earth. Here is the bright little strawberry-leaved cinquefoil, and the unpleasantly-named lousewort with erect striking pink flowers. As we wade knee-deep through the heather and watch the merry squirrels on the branches above us, we are startled by the black-grouse rising from our feet, which have probably been in dangerous proximity to her eggs. Among the heather the pale golden-green fronds of the mountain fern show brightly; so do the shining scales of the nimble lizard that quickly vanishes at our approach. On the low branches of the oak the ring-dove sits upon her nest—a mere platform of twigs—and flies at our approach, uttering her melancholy note. In the high branches of the elm and chestnut whole colonies of rooks are chattering and robbing each other of building materials.

We reach again the lower lands and wander through the meadows where yellow is the favoured hue. Rich cowslips are abundant. So are the cheerful humble-bees that pry into the innermost recesses of the flower in quest of honey, just as they did when Shakspeare wrote—

> "Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
> In a cowslip's-bell I lie."

But not alone to these is the meadow indebted for its golden colour. Shining buttercups seem more abundant than the blades of green, and look! each golden cup contains a beautiful living gem: a beetle—on whose hard upper wings have mingled all the bow's bright tints to give a glorious effect of colour that is really dazzling in the sun's rays.

What is its name? Ah, now you puzzle me, for English name it has none that I know of, but beetle-hunters who visit this sloping mead call it by the unpretending name of *Cryptocephalus hypocharidis!* Here are thousands of them, and we have but to lightly sweep our butterfly-net over the yellow flowers to get a handful of them in a few moments. But stay, our butterfly-net is needed for its rightful purpose, for here come two specimens of the earliest butterfly of spring—the brimstone, with its pale primrose-tinted wings, each with its central orange spot. No! we have missed them both. Well, never mind, they are the first we have seen this season; they will be common

enough a little later. And now look at that interesting group of long-tailed tits that dart about among the branches of the willow. Under and over the branches they go, standing upright, then swinging upside down, their long tails sticking straight out and their tiny beaks ever pecking at some invisible prey.

Dead-nettles, white and purple, line the hedge-banks, and near them Wordsworth's favourite, the subject of three poems—the lesser celandine, with a mass of golden stars upon a bed of glossy heart-shaped leaves. But brighter stars of silvery whiteness shine out from the tangled hedgerow, where the stitchworts rear their long and brittle-jointed grassy stems.

Before us lies the old grey lichened stile, on either hand of which the stony hedge is bright with last year's polypody fronds, still fresh and green. Over the stile we leap and soon are pacing the sandy lane beneath the branching arms of trees that form the squirrels' playground. Another mile and we have reached the spot from whence we started, by another route. So ends our vernal ramble, but in our vasculum are spoils will serve us on a winter's day to call to mind a pleasant jaunt

"In cowslip time when hedges sprout."

EBENEZER.

By ALEXANDER McLAREN, D.D.

"Now Israel went out against the Philistines to battle, and pitched beside Eben-ezer, ... and Israel was smitten before the Philistines."—1 SAMUEL iv. 1, 2.

"And the men of Israel . . . . pursued the Philistines, and smote them. Then Samuel took a stone, and called the name of it Eben-ezer."—1 SAMUEL vii. 11, 12.

SO then there were two fights on this one field. In the first Israel was disastrously defeated, and a blow struck which seemed to threaten utter ruin. The house of Eli was exterminated, the sanctuary at Shiloh destroyed as it would seem, the ark of God taken, and the nation forced under an iron yoke by the conquerors. For twenty years the grinding foreign oppression continued. During these years Samuel was growing from early youth to mature manhood, and in the probable disorganization of the priesthood consequent on the fate of Eli's house and of the ark, was gradually acquiring authority. Foreign tyranny wrought reformation. "All the house of Israel lamented after the Lord." So at last the hour came to strike another blow, and this time the revolt is begun in the only way that promised success, by a religious reformation. Samuel heartens the people and calls on them, if they would break the yoke of their oppressors, first to put away their idols. He is obeyed. The Baals and Ashtoreths are deposed, and Jehovah worshipped. A solemn national assembly is called at Samuel's town of Mizpeh, probably situated on a conspicuous hill northwest of Jerusalem, which still bears his name. There he offers sacrifices which can scarcely be regarded as part of the Levitical ritual. A significant part of them consisted in a rite of which we find no other instance, namely, pouring out water "before the Lord," accompanied with and expressive of penitent confession of national departure from Him. The watchful Philistines seem to have had their attention attracted by this suspicious gathering at Mizpeh, and made a sudden swoop down upon it, in the midst of the sacrifices. The surprised congregation will not go forth to fight until once more they have confessed themselves to Jehovah. A whole burnt offering is presented, and the people implore the intercession of Samuel while they go out to meet the dreaded foe. Moses-like, he "cries to the Lord" on the hill, while they rush on the fight. The battle is joined on the old field. Probably strategic considerations determined that, as they did the many battles, for instance, on the historic plain of Esdraelon or on the fields of the Low Countries. Probably they would meet on some bit of level ground in one of the wadys, up which the Philistines would march to the attack; at all events, there, on the old ground, they met a second time. Old men might be there on both sides, who had been in the former engagement. Depressing remembrances or burning eagerness to wipe out the shame would stir in these; contemptuous memories of the ease with which the last victory had been won would animate those. God Himself helped them, by a sudden and violent thunder-storm which shook the steadiness of their enemies' ranks. Purified by penitence, and strong in faith on their helping God, and reliant upon the power of Samuel's intercession, the men of Israel struck with arms that had each the strength of ten, and there, on the very spot

where they had once been scattered like chaff before the same foe, the victors reared the trophy destined to commemorate neither a leader's skill nor an army's prowess, nor set there to minister to national vanity, but recording only the help of Jehovah, and laying all their laurels at His feet.

May not these two fights with opposite issues on the one field, and the rearing of that stone of praise on the very soil where defeat had once darkened the nation's life, yield lessons which we may all lay to heart?

Let us in this paper see how it may hearten us with boundless *hope of victory even on the fields where we have been defeated.* No doubt the remembrance of former defeat might tempt to despondency. Twenty years of servitude had bred a slavish fear on the one side and contempt on the other. Yet in spite of all disadvantages the victory this time is with Israel.

The lesson is helpful to ourselves as to our power of mastering rooted faults of character and overcoming even temptations that have often conquered us. We are often tempted to drop into a dreary mood of acquiescence in the dominion of some firmly seated sin, and to say to ourselves, "I have been beaten so often that I may as well give up the fight altogether. Years and years I have been a slave, and everywhere I tread on old battle-fields where I have come off second best. Why should I wage this hopeless strife any longer? Were it not better to give it up and not be for ever resolving and breaking my vow, defying my foe to mortal combat and being beaten once again?" We have all tried to shake off some fixed habit, it may be a mere trick of manner, and we know how over and over again it has been too strong for us, and our faults of conduct and character strike still deeper roots into our natures than these gestures of the hand or inflections of the voice. We seem to have overcome them but they suddenly break out again. Vesuvius was quiet for centuries and great forest trees grew on the floor of its crater, but up burst the lava again and shrivelled the thin crust into sulphurous flame. But, however obstinate the fault may be, however often we may have been beaten in our effort to cast it from us, there is no reason to bate one jot of heart or hope; but every reason to hope bravely and boundlessly in the possibilities of victory. We have no ground of confidence in ourselves. We may wisely be "afraid of the Philistines," but we have a mightier than Samuel to "cry unto the Lord for us," and if we prepare us for the fight by penitent confession and by invoking the help of the great Intercessor who sits high on the mountain of God that He may plead our cause, we may face the foes that have oftenest put us to flight with buoyant confidence that victory will sit on our banners, and we shall be "more than conquerors through Him." The grounds of our confidence lie in the inexhaustible fulness of God's Spirit, and the certain purpose of His will that we should be purified from all iniquity, as well as in the proved tendency of the principles and motives of the gospel to produce characters of perfect goodness. Since we have a Divine Spirit to dwell in us and be the seed of a new life which will unfold into the likeness of the life from which it is derived; since we have a perfect example in Him who became like us in lowliness of flesh that we might become like Him in purity of spirit; since we have a gospel which enjoins and inspires complete obedience; and since the most rooted and inveterate evils are no parts of ourselves, but vipers which may be shaken off from the hand into which they have struck their poison fangs, we commit a faithless treason against God and ourselves if we doubt that we shall overcome all our sins, and attain to entire dominion over them. Let us then not go into the battle downhearted, with our banners drooping as if defeat already sat upon them. The belief that we shall beat has much to do with victory in all kinds of struggles. There is no surer way of being defeated than to expect defeat. So, though the whole field may be strewed with relics and eloquent with associations of our former disgrace, let us go to the renewed battle with the confidence that the future will not always repeat the past. Let remembrances of flight not suck the spirit out of us, but rather fill us with eagerness to wipe out the shame. We are saved by hope. By hope we are made strong. It is the very helmet on our heads. Let us then set ourselves to our warfare with evil in our own habits and character, in the full confidence that every field of defeat shall yet be a field of victory, where we shall one day set up a grateful trophy to the God of our help.

In like manner, we should cherish the hope of reversing our defeats in the region of thought. Many a difficulty in God's revelation of Himself has baffled us once and twice, but will yield to repeated assaults. It is a familiar experience that, by what is now called unconscious cerebration, we may have been straining our faculties to grasp some principle or unravel some complicated sub-

ject, and have put it away for the time as hopeless, but, on returning to it, have found that somehow it has cleared itself up, and offers no further difficulty. We have no right to fix a limit to the progress which devout effort from a pure heart may make, in learning "the secret of the Lord." All the ordinary encouragements to persevering thought and patient investigation in other regions, apply with increased force here, where growth in knowledge is as much a matter of moral as of intellectual discipline, and the deeper insight is the reward of the single eye. We shall never, God be thanked, grasp all His fulness in our poor thoughts, but we may indefinitely approach it, and it is our wisdom to entertain a brave confidence that the limits of our apprehension of the ways of God are a shifting boundary, and that what is too high for us to-day, we may grow up to by to-morrow.

But this same reversal of the defeats of the past may also be applied to our sorrows and disappointments. For Christian men, believing in the all-sufficiency of God and in the perfect wisdom of His providence, there are no irrevocable defeats, nor any losses that cannot be more than made up. Where we have had the most disastrous blows, and seem to have lost all, even there God can help us to triumph. He will "restore the years that the canker worm hath eaten," and, as the promise runs, the mournful fast days "shall be joy and gladness and cheerful feasts." Divine joy is often struck out, like a spark from the flint, by the hard blow of a sharp sorrow on the heart. There are infinite stores in the purposes and in the sweetness of God, to fill all emptinesses and make up for all losses. He leads us to a deeper delight in Himself by smiting our delights, and that not out of jealousy, but out of purest love. Our sorrow and pains cut deep letters on our hearts, which often bleed in the process; but they are cut so deep that, as lapidaries sometimes do, He may fill them with gold. "I shall *yet* praise Him," should be the cry of faith even in the midst of pains. We cannot trust too much in the power of the future, if shaped and fitted by God, to reverse every defeat, to make up every loss, to change every sorrow into an occasion of thankful praise. So, however weary and "spent with changing blows," however solitary, however weighed upon by sorrow, let us pluck up heart and fling ourselves into the fight once more; for this battle, "once begun, though baffled oft, is always won."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW LIGHT IN THE OLD LAMP.

III.

EPHESIANS iv. 32. "*Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.*" This is the only place in the New Testament where the phrase "for Christ's sake" occurs, and it appears to be a mistranslation. The words in the Greek simply are, "*Forgiving each other, even as* GOD ALSO IN CHRIST *forgave you.*" And this is the revised rendering. This emendation is of importance, not only in making our duty of the free forgiveness of others more plain, but also for plainly setting before us our free forgiveness by God in Christ. We have freely to forgive others, as we have been ourselves freely forgiven by God. The authorised version represents God as unable, or unwilling, to forgive, until rendered able and willing by Christ; or until so affected by what Christ has done as to change His mind regarding us, and to be ready to forgive. This suggestion of diversity between God and Christ is fatal to all faith in the one living and true God, and is in distinct opposition to the statement of our Lord—"I and my Father are one." Christ came to reveal God's fatherhood, God's love, God's righteousness, God's forgiveness, and in this way to reveal the Father to us. Christ did not make God act as a father, but was sent by God, who is, and ever has been, the Father of all, to reveal His fatherhood. And the free forgiveness of sins is one of the evidences of His fatherhood. We are all brethren—partakers of the same grace; and we have freely to forgive each other, as we all have been freely forgiven by our Father in heaven.

James v. 9. "*Grudge not one against another, brethren, lest ye be condemned: behold, the judge standeth before the door.*" The word translated "grudge" signifies "murmur," or "bemoan." And we are reminded of our habit of bad temper towards those who are around us, and of our disposition to attribute

our troubles either to their conduct, or to their want of interest in our welfare. There are many arguments against ill-temper, but there is only one which is of any avail. We may, or may not, have suffered wrongfully, but in either case, whatever be our condition, our times are in God's hands, and he is not very far from any one of us. He knows, and He cares, and we have to commit ourselves to Him as to a faithful Creator. "MURMUR NOT, *brethren, one against another, that ye be not judged: behold, the judge standeth before the door.*

James i. 26. "*If any man among you seem to be religious.*" This verse must have perplexed many. For they will have asked, "How can any man 'seem to be religious,' when his religious pretensions are refuted by the licence of an unbridled tongue?" This inconsistency is removed by the rendering, "*If any man* THINKETH HIMSELF *to be religious.*" This is better grammar and better sense. The man does not seem to be religious, but *thinks* that he appears to be so, and is, of course, mistaken. This religious delusion, like all other personal fancies about bodily or mental gifts, only deceives the person himself. Nothing is more easily or more universally perceived than affectation. All affectation is vain, and religious affectation is the vanity of vanities.

James i. 17. "*The Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.*" The light of the sun is here taken as an emblem of divine goodness and mercy. But this analogy, like all other analogies between earth and heaven, is only partial; and the difference is more plainly pointed out in the revision:—"*The Father of lights, with whom* CAN BE NO VARIATION, NEITHER SHADOW THAT IS CAST BY TURNING." Looking at the things seen and temporal, we are sometimes tempted to feel that God has forgotten to be gracious, and hath hidden His face from us. The sun rises and sets—is at one time nearer, at another time farther from the earth, and thus the changes of day and night, summer and winter, heat and cold, are produced. The shadow of evil, however, that we all find to be cast upon ourselves, and upon others, is the result of our turning from the Father of lights, and not the Father of lights turning from us. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." God never changes in His disposition. His being is ever the same. His faithfulness is unalterable; and so His light is ever shining in our darkness. Goodness and mercy follow us all the days of our life, for He has revealed His purpose of mercy to us in all the evils which follow our sins. "Also unto Thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy, *for* Thou renderest to every man according to his works."

Acts xxvii. 40. "*And when they had taken up the anchors, they committed themselves unto the sea.*" There is no reference here to the crew and passengers, but to the anchors. "*And* CASTING OFF *the anchors,* THEY LEFT THEM IN THE SEA."

Galatians ii. 11. "*But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed.*" Peter's conduct had been more than blameable, and so we read in the revision—"*But when Cephas came to Antioch, I resisted him to the face, because he* STOOD CONDEMNED." Not condemned by the apostle or the Church, but he stood condemned by his own conduct—by his own inconsistency. Timidity, or the undue influence of others, was the cause of his conduct. Hence St. Paul charges him with "hypocrisy," that is with having implied an objection which he did not really feel, or which his previous conduct did not justify.

Ephesians iv. 29. "*Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying.*" This reference here is to a habit for which we have often blushed. There are those who give a witty turn to conversation, by hinting at things of which they are ashamed openly to speak. These persons are recommended to use their ready wit in finding something to say, which shall be a word in season. We need not turn aside to evil to give a point to our talk; the opportunity of saying something opportunely is to be found in any company, and at any time. "*Let no corrupt* SPEECH *proceed out of your mouth, but such as is good for edifying* AS THE NEED MAY BE."

Luke xix. 48. "*For all the people were very attentive to hear him.*" The authorised version has lost here one of those touches of life which are so characteristic of the Evangelists. We gather from their records that there was an individuality about the Saviour which was ever arresting attention. It characterized his look, his appearance, and

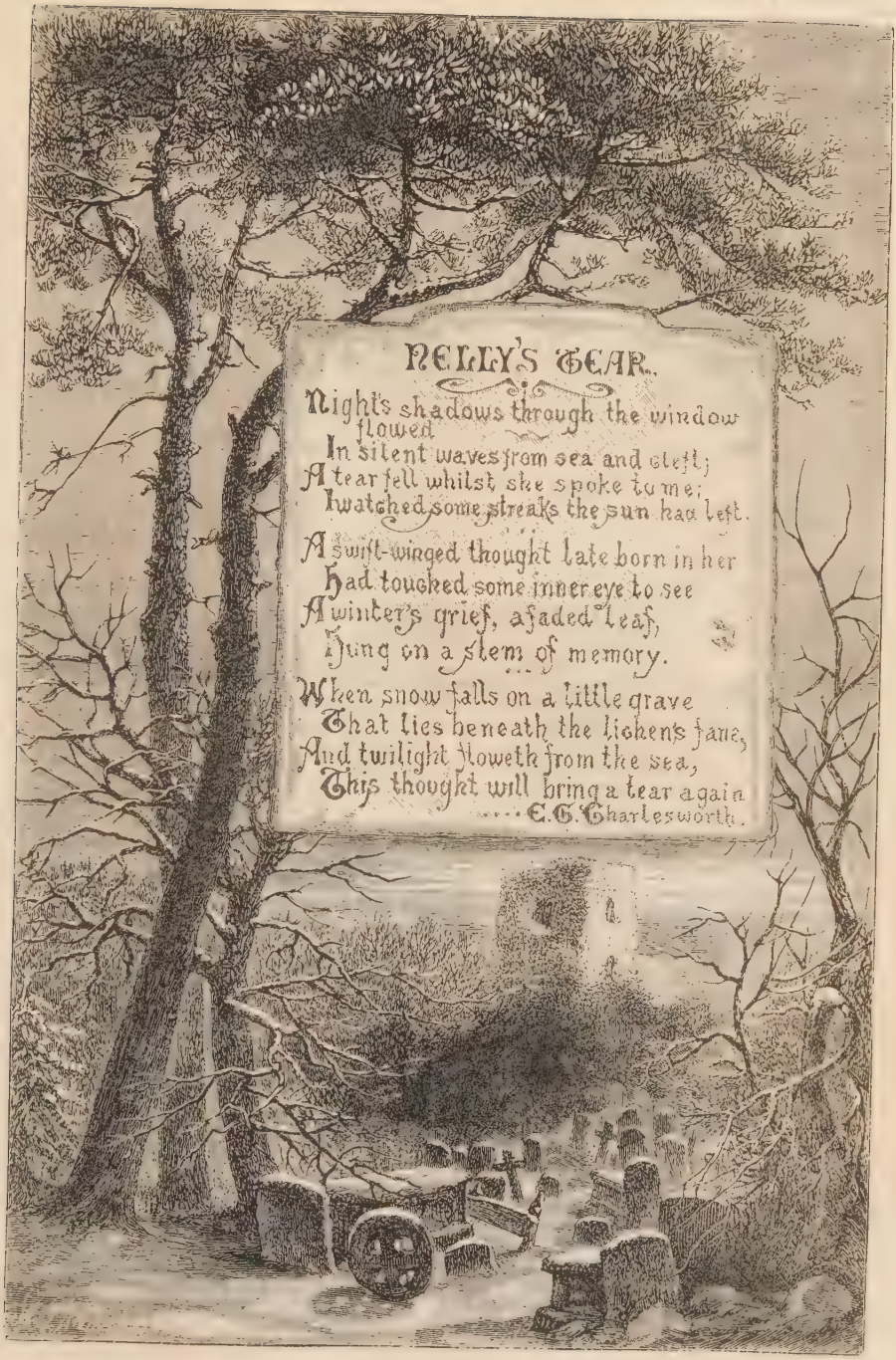
manner, and here we are told that it belonged to his words and voice. "*For the people all* HUNG UPON HIM, LISTENING." And the words of our Lord have still the same power. If we listen to Him we find His words enter into our heart and soul, and all that is within us. He speaks to the inner consciousness of each one of us, and so we and others are ready to say with all who have listened to Him, "never man spake like this man." For He has spoken unto us, as if He knew what was in us; and He has spoken to us of God, as if He and the Father were one.

Matthew xi. 28. "*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" These words in the authorised version commence a paragraph, and are thus separated from their context. Our Lord had been revealing the Father, and it was this revelation that he had made of the Father that was the ground of his invitation to the troubled and tried. The previous verse contains the key-note, and this verse and the two following have to be read in connection with it. The paragraph in the new version commences at the 25th verse and ends at the 30th verse. And it is only as we read over the paragraph from the beginning to the end that we perceive its meaning. Instead of any freedom from yokes and burdens, or any lightening of our responsibilities, which we have supposed to be the purpose of our Lord, as we have listened to some of His words, we find, not that we have to be unyoked and unburdened, but rather to yoke and burden ourselves as He did; to learn from His meekness and lowliness of heart the easiness of the yoke and the lightness of the burden, in the service of sons. It was the revelation of the Father, which Jesus was making known by His obedience and submission; and it was because of its blessed influence on human life and human sorrow "*that at that season Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes: yea, Father, for so it was well pleasing in thy sight.*"

Matthew vii. 28. "*And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine.*" The reading is rather, "His teaching," for what the people were astonished at was that his teaching was without doctrine. He spoke of things that speak for themselves, and carried their authority along with them. He addressed the conscience. It is this which strikes us as we read the Sermon on the Mount, and we say there is no doctrine in it. It was in this way that it was felt that Christ had authority, and the common people with their common sense heard him gladly, because He talked to them naturally, and talked to them of things which they felt to be true. The human method and manner of His teaching was to them a sign of His being a teacher sent from God. True teaching speaks for itself and does not require the authority of doctrine. And a true teacher is not one who has been authorised to speak, but who speaks with the authority that is in the truth that He teaches. "*And it came to pass, when Jesus ended these words, the multitudes were astonished at his* TEACHING."

Matthew xxvii. 5. "*And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself.*" The whole edifice, with all the land attached, and all the dwellings of the priests, were known as "the temple." The holy place and the Holy of holies was called "the sanctuary." It would appear that Judas, in his phrensy of remorse, broke the bounds which separated the priests from the people. The revision reads: "*And he cast down the pieces of silver* INTO THE SANCTUARY, *and departed; and he went* AWAY *and hanged himself.*" The key to the character of Judas is covetousness. The sin of his heart was doubtless for a season kept in check, but he acquired the habit of being with Christ, of listening to His teachings and warnings, and of "holding the truth in unrighteousness." Judas was clever, possibly more clever than the other apostles. He was daring as well as clever. All the apostles were expecting a temporal kingdom, and they were anticipating, through their connection with Christ, worldly advancement. None but Judas, however, could have conceived his plan of hastening the coming of the kingdom, or would for a moment have entertained the idea of compassing the object through treachery to Christ. Judas did not know what he was doing when he betrayed our Lord. He did not believe in the certainty of shipwreck when a good conscience is put away. The suggestion of Satan seemed to him, in his desperate venture, as a divine policy. The end would justify the means. He could bring good out of evil. But he found that the end of these things is death.

R. H. S.


NELLY'S TEAR.
Night's shadows through the window flowed
In silent waves from sea and cleft;
A tear fell whilst she spoke to me;
I watched some streaks the sun had left.
A swift-winged thought late born in her
Had touched some inner eye to see
A winter's grief, a faded leaf,
Hung on a stem of memory.
When snow falls on a little grave
That lies beneath the lichen's pane,
And twilight floweth from the sea,
This thought will bring a tear again
....E.C. Charlesworth.

EASTER-TIDE.

"We have passed from death unto life."

SWEET words—all gold: gold, mine and thine,
Brother or sister; from God's mine
To heal us in this Easter-tide
For some who died, yet have not died.
As rainbow after rain
It floweth to our pain,—
This voice from heaven saying, Death is gain
Above our tears, above our fears.
And,—
Sometimes, our spirit's ear seems turned to hear
A whisper from behind "the veil"—come near—
Answer to fallen tear at eveningtide—
The solitary prayer of drooping faith,
"The gate of life is Death,
We have not died." E. G. C.

THE PEABODY HOMES FOR THE POOR.

THAT a man is much affected for good or for ill by the house he lives in, is one of those social facts which seem to be specially emphasized in the life of a great city; and the lower down we go in the social scale the sharper and more unmistakable does the emphasis become. Who that glances, even hastily and cursorily, down the dark slums and courts of our metropolis, or passes along the dingy crowded streets of the poorer quarters, does not feel that all the outward conditions are against a sober, decent, cleanly life—to say nothing of a life that is cheerful and in itself enjoyable—and that men and women who contrive amidst such surroundings to live such a life have in them something more than is common of heroic energy and steadfast preference for what is right and good?

It is cheering, however, amidst general gloom, to catch sight of a single ray of sunshine, or, in crossing a weary waste, to come upon the tiniest streamlet. In each we find a voice of hope, a prophecy of brightness and of beauty. And so, in our thoughts of the homes of the London poor, when painful and vivid recollections of what we have known and witnessed are crowding upon us, and dreary forebodings of the future are gathering blackly, and muttering ominously of the increase of vice, of the further decay of physique, and of all the other miseries which spring up, like poisonous fungi, amidst an ill-housed, badly-cared-for, labouring population, the latest report, the seventeenth, of the "Peabody Fund" comes to us like a ray of better thought and a streamlet of better influence. It is not needful to repeat here the story of the munificent American merchant, who, being brought into close relations with the metropolis of the mother country, bethought him, in his prosperity, of its poor, and, wishing to befriend them, prompted by a benevolent heart and guided by a sound and ripened judgment, determined to devote a large portion of his great wealth to the task of providing for them, or rather of giving them the opportunity of providing for themselves, the conveniences and comfort of decent, well-ordered dwellings. In gifts and legacy Mr. Peabody gave to the poor of London, and vested in trustees on their behalf, a sum of half a million sterling. This report tells us how this munificent gift is being used.

Everybody knows that a certain risk attends all charitable gifts and bequests, and especially those upon a large scale—the risk of misuse. Our metropolitan charities bear sad witness to the fact that the most benevolent intentions of wealthy donors may easily be altogether frustrated, and that gifts designed for blessing have carried with them a double curse—a curse to those through whose hands they passed as agents of the bounty, and a curse to those into whose hands they came as recipients. The first thought which impresses itself upon the mind, as we glance through the Peabody Fund Report, is that of the sagacity and true kindness which

prompted the donor to make the gift under conditions calculated to prevent its doing any mischief, and not only to perpetuate, but to enlarge and extend its own usefulness. Half a million sterling flung carelessly to the London poor might very easily have been the occasion of immense harm, fostering idleness, sapping self-respect, and destroying the spirit of self-reliance in a large multitude of people. Mr. Peabody skilfully avoided these evils. First, in appointing trustees, he fixed upon men, not only above all possible suspicion of self-seeking, but of tried abilities and experience in enterprises involving much attention to business detail and a full consideration of varied interests. The lapse of seventeen years has, alas! made some changes in the original board, and especially we miss the name of the late honoured and beloved Sir Charles Reed. But the list, as it stands, is one which commands the most thorough confidence. It contains the names of the Earl of Derby, the United States' Minister, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Curtis M. Lampson, Mr. J. S. Morgan, and Mr. G. C. Lampson; and the secretary is Mr. J. Crouch, of 64, Queen Street, Cheapside. Secondly, he devised a scheme by which his splendid donation, instead of being exhausted with the lapse of years, should gradually but steadily increase in value. In the trust deed, dated 31st of May, 1869, Mr. Peabody caused the following explanation of his purpose to be inserted:—"The operation of the fund is intended to be progressive in its usefulness. It will act more powerfully upon future generations than in the present. It is intended to endure for ever; and it is the ardent hope and trust of the said George Peabody that within a century the annual receipts from rents for buildings of the improved class, hereby authorised, may present such a return that there may not be a poor labouring man of good character in London who could not obtain comfortable and healthful lodgings for himself and his family at a cost within his means."

This, surely, was a noble purpose; and although it would be too bold in us to attempt to calculate what the fund, thus vested, may be within the century referred to, and still more hazardous to attempt to forecast what the requirements of the labouring population may be at the end of that time, this report shows that the trustees are fulfilling the duties they have undertaken with an ability and success which seem to leave nothing to be desired. "The sum given and bequeathed by Mr. Peabody was in 1862, £150,000; in 1866, £100,000; in 1868, £100,000; and in 1873, £150,000; making a total of £500,000; to which has been added money received for rent and interest, £280,448 4s. 9d., making the total fund on the 31st of December last, £780,448 4s. 9d." The actual expenditure of the trustees has been a little over £781,000. It will thus be seen that the fund has already increased by more than half as much as the original amount; and the trustees state that the net gain of the last year has been close upon £30,000.

Is this steady and rapid increase of the property consistent with a due regard to the benefits intended to be conferred? To this inquiry we find a completely satisfactory reply in the statement before us. "Up to the end of the year, the trustees had provided for the artisan and labouring poor of London 6,160 rooms, exclusive of bathrooms, laundries, and washhouses. These rooms comprised 2,787 separate dwellings, which were occupied by 11,459 persons." The sites selected are in the midst of several of the most crowded and necessitous parts of the metropolis. During the past year 432 new dwellings have been opened by the trustees, and it is a sufficient proof both of the popularity and of the pressing need of the work which is being carried out by this fund, that for these dwellings the trustees have received more than three thousand applications! This fact, however, is not surprising when we remember the kind of accommodation provided and the extremely moderate, although as we have seen sufficiently remunerative, rate charged for it. The buildings erected by the fund are constructed on a plan which is deservedly growing in favour with English people, and which combines many sanitary, domestic, and other conveniences. They consist of blocks of buildings, some six or eight stories high, with a common staircase for each block. A specially noticeable and valuable feature of the arrangements is that there is a plentiful supply of water and a sufficient number of well-appointed laundries, sculleries, and bathrooms for the use of the inmates. The arrangements for drainage, ventilation, removal of refuse, &c., are excellent, and it need hardly be added that the walls are substantial and the workmanship in the buildings is of the best. Notwithstanding the liberal expenditure thus involved, the trustees are able to place the rent at the extremely moderate sum of an average of 4s. 5½d. per week for each dwelling, and 2s. a week for each room. "The rents," we are told, "*in all cases include the free use of water*,

laundries, sculleries, and bathrooms." When we think what all this means, and contrast it with the shameful flimsiness, restricted space, and lack of convenience in the general run of small houses, even those intended for persons a step above the artisan and labouring class, we cannot wonder that the death-rate in the Peabody Buildings was appreciably (3·98 in a thousand) below the average of all London for last year, and that the applications from tenants are far in excess of the accommodation at command.

Of course the carrying out even of an enterprise like this has not been effected without giving rise to some criticism and some slight grumbling. For some time the stereotyped objection was repeated, like a parrot-cry, that living in suites of rooms was opposed to the Englishman's notion of privacy, and that a small house for each family was greatly to be preferred, and would be greatly preferred, to even the most tempting arrangements on "block" system. Such an objection is sufficiently answered by the facts which we have already set down, not to dwell upon the baselessness of the theory that the working man can, or as a matter of fact does, get "a house to himself" in London. But, indeed, it would be a waste of time and space to dwell upon the obvious superiority of buildings of the type erected under the Peabody Trust as homes for the working classes, to the dwellings which they are intended as far as may be to supersede.

The complaint has also been made and often repeated, that the Peabody Buildings attract and are occupied by a class above that which the Founder intended to benefit. The trustees take pains in their report to correct this impression. They justly appeal to the terms of the trust-deed already quoted, and they also mention that the scheme on which they are now proceeding to carry out their trust was devised before Mr. Peabody's death, and was fully and expressly approved by him. In addition to this, they are careful to set forth the employment of the present tenants, in a table which shows that they are exactly of the class which Mr. Peabody had in his mind when he bestowed his gift. Numerically, "Labourers" stand first on the list; then "Porters," "Police Constables," "Needlewomen," "Carmen," and so on. As a further proof that the persons thus provided for are pecuniarily so situated that a rate of rental such as that named is a means of conferring a great boon upon them, it is stated that "the average weekly earnings of the head of each family in residence at the close of last year was £1 3s. 7¾d." Such an income certainly leaves small margin for rent, and to be able to command, with the sum which can be spared in such cases, the accommodation afforded by the Peabody Buildings, is doubtless an immense advantage to the persons concerned.

Of course there is a certain exclusiveness in the management and administration of the Peabody Trust. It is intended that there should be; and besides the fact that many applicants for the rooms and dwellings must be disappointed, from sheer inability on the part of the trustees to provide for all would-be tenants, a rule of selection must be adhered to which will necessarily exclude a good many people; and a system of orderly supervision must be carried out which cannot but be objectionable to many who would probably be glad to have the advantages of tenancy if they had not to submit to the restrictions and regulations which tenancy involves. But to impartial and candid observers the restrictions and regulations referred to, which are perfectly reasonable and necessary, constitute part of the excellent work which the Buildings are intended to accomplish. They bar the way to the disorderly, idle, and vicious; and they are felt as a pleasant advantage, by the respectable, industrious, and well-disposed of the humbler classes. It ought not to be left to the Peabody trustees to grapple alone with the great difficulty of providing satisfactory homes for the London poor; but they have the honour of being the pioneers in a work which promises to bring about a great and beneficent social revolution in this mighty city. E. L. W.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

A Sketch.

By JULIE SUTTER.

ST. PAUL'S is the true Londoner's pride, and the name of him who built it has a familiar sound to the ears of children even; yet few of us know more about the architect who raised London from its ashes, than that he built St. Paul's. It is not the fate of

every great man to have a faithful picture of him preserved by the loving hand of some competent biographer, and Christopher Wren has been particularly unfortunate in this respect. How shadowy is the outline come down to us of even the greatest of Englishmen, immortal Shakspere; yet with him the loss is scarcely a loss, his mind and soul, which after all are the true man, being for ever translucent in his works, in which we see his very likeness, something more than as through a glass darkly. Not so with Sir Christopher. Looking at St. Paul's and many a fine city church bearing the stamp of his masterly hand, we could wish the stones to speak, where men are silent. They witness to his genius it is true, but the picture of the man has all but vanished in the dim past. Yet the time is not so remote either, and his must have been an eventful life, even if free from personal vicissitudes, seeing that it was cast among some of the most exciting scenes of his country's history, the birth-throes of modern England. It was moreover a time brimful of interest, quite apart from politics, the awakening of modern culture, when men like Sir Isaac Newton lived and thought, when science in our acceptation of the word took hold of men's mind and the Royal Society was started. But the eighteenth century, which cast a death-spell on many a fair flower of the preceding age, gave over the memory of the great architect also "to dull forgetfulness a prey." Books have of course been written about him, first and foremost the "Parentalia," collected by his son and published by his grandson, a family chronicle, one would imagine, in the true sense of the word, but affording the scantiest information of his life, though plenty, if not always of an interesting nature, of his fifty churches and fifty-three inventions. The "Parentalia" saw the light in 1750; it is scarce now, but survives at the British Museum for the benefit of those who have the pluck to sift its most scientific and driest of records.

Sir Christopher was born to his honours; the son of a Dean, the nephew of a Bishop, he seems to have had a very birthright for the building of churches. The family, of Danish origin, had long distinguished itself in the country, producing able men, before it culminated in the architect. He was born in 1632 at East Knoyle, Wilts, where his father held a living previous to succeeding his brother Matthew, the Bishop, in the Deanery of Windsor and the registrarship of the Garter.

Little Christopher was a delicate child and a remarkably precocious one; he was left motherless, and to the loving care of his sister Susan (subsequently Mrs. Holden, famous for her knowledge in medicine) it was in a great measure due that he lived to grow up, amply to fulfil his childhood's promise. He received his first training at Westminster, and thence passed, at the early age of fourteen, to Oxford, where he matriculated, as gentleman-commoner at Wadham College.

It is a most peculiar fact of Wren's history that he was *not* trained as an architect, though he appeared to have all the making of one when later on his genius was required in this capacity. His seems to have been a sort of universal mind, fit for anything, prolific in the extreme, with a sound mathematical basis. John Evelyn, whose calm judgment would scarcely be accused of being swayed by enthusiasm, has an entry in his diary, upon the occasion of his coming to Oxford in 1654, when Wren was a Fellow of All Souls, "After dinner visited that miracle of a youth, Mr. Christopher Wren;" speaking of him elsewhere as "a rare and early prodigy of universal science." And Robert Hooke, one of the Oxford philosophers, who, like Evelyn, knew him through life, says of him: "I must affirm, that since the time of Archimedes, there scarcely ever met in one man, in so great a perfection, such a mechanical hand, and so philosophical a mind." Even before going to Oxford he presented his father with an astronomical instrument of his own contrivance, enlarging upon it in a set of Latin verses. His early years at Oxford seem to have teemed with "inventions" of the most varied kind, and when a Palsgrave appeared on the scene, he forthwith took opportunity of presenting him with some of them. Nor were his endeavours of a useless sort, though most of them have long been superseded by a fuller blossoming of the ideas after which he sought; and if his "diplographic instrument for the writing with two pens" could scarcely be held to have benefited mankind at large, he deserves gratitude, on the other hand, for his experiments on "Torricelli's Tube," producing what later on was perfected into the barometer. The "Parentalia" claims for him also "the first geometrical and mechanical speculations into anatomy," of which subject he had no mean knowledge.

A strong current of scientific inquiry was at that time at work in the land, and Wadham College became a resort for philosophical minds; there that little band of Oxford

scholars met, whose chief ornaments were Dr. Wilkins and Seth Ward. So striking a talent as Wren's could not long be hidden under a bushel, and we soon hear of him as the chosen friend and fellow-worker of these men, whose labours for the advancement of learning have not been lost, inasmuch as they may be considered the pioneers of the Royal Society which sprang from these very meetings, incorporated by the King's charter in 1663, Wren remaining one of its most zealous members for life.

His versatile mind during those Oxford years was specially at work upon the heavenly bodies, which bent is manifested also in several of his inventions; and at the early age of twenty-four he was chosen Gresham professor of astronomy. He filled this chair till 1661, when he returned to Oxford, having accepted the Savilian professorship instead, and in the same year he took his degree as Doctor of Civil Law at both universities.

From star lore and college honours, we find him transposed all at once to the inspection of men's dwellings; he did not resign the Savilian astronomy chair until twelve years later, but in 1662 the king appointed him coadjutor to Sir John Denham, the Surveyor-General of Works, whom he eventually succeeded. It is at this juncture that we see the mathematician, the astronomer, and student of natural philosophy, reveal himself as an architect of high order, outshining all his countrymen in the one art and science, the sudden inspiration of which seemed to combine his manifold gifts into one.

Charles II. had begun his reign with many a design for the glorification of restored kingship. There was Windsor Castle to be embellished, a new palace to be erected at Greenwich, and, above all, there was St. Paul's to be repaired.

The venerable cathedral had suffered much at the hands of the stern Puritans, and was sadly in need of restoration. But Wren was far more thorough in his proposals than the clergy deemed necessary; patchwork would have satisfied them, while he, admitting the beauty of Inigo Jones's famous portico, saw need for a new roof, and pronounced the tower from top to bottom "a heap of deformities." Two or three years passed away, during which time he achieved his first masterpiece, the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, and eventually leaving the doctors to agree in his absence, he went to Paris, returning presently with "all France on paper."

He had examined the Louvre with great interest, as well as other noteworthy buildings. Notre-Dame of course would be included, but there is nothing to show that he made a study of French cathedrals, or went out of his way for any one of them, while it is quite certain that it never struck him to go and see the cathedral of cathedrals, St. Peter's at Rome. He returned to England to find the question of repairs still under discussion, nor would it perhaps have come to a speedy solution but for the awful event of the Great Fire, which brought doubt and dissension to a terrible close.

It has been said that the restoration of a king and the burning of London prepared the way for Christopher Wren. The avenging conflagration swept away the city, and at the voice of his genius it rose again as a phœnix reborn. As to the fire, most readers are familiar with John Evelyn's vivid description, but far less known is a powerful picture of the dire catastrophe given by one Rev. Samuel Vincent, expressing the feelings of an eye-witness with weird quaintness, and which may not unaptly be transcribed here:—

"It was on the 2nd of September, 1666, that the anger of the Lord was kindled against London and the fire began. It began in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane by Fish Street Hill; and now the Lord is making London like a fiery oven in the time of His anger, and in His wrath doth devour and swallow up our habitation. It was in the depth and dark of the night, when most doors and senses were locked up in the City, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad, and like a mighty giant refreshed with wine doth awake and arm itself, quickly gathers strength when it has made havoc of some houses, rusheth down the hill towards the bridge, crosseth Thames Street, invadeth Magnus Church at the bridge foot, and though that church were so great, yet it was not a sufficient barricade against the conqueror; but having scaled and taken this fort, it shooteth flames with so much the greater advantage into all the places round about, and a great building of houses upon the bridge is quickly thrown to the ground. Then the conqueror, being stayed in his course at the bridge, marcheth back towards the City again, and runs along with great noise and violence through Thames Street westward, where having such combustible matter in its teeth, and such a fierce wind upon its back, it prevails with little resistance, unto the astonishment of the beholders.

"My business is not to speak of the hand of man which was made use of in the beginning of the fire at such a time, when there had been so much hot weather which had dried the houses and made them more fit for fuel; the beginning of it in such a place, where there were so many timber houses and the shops filled with so much combustible matter; and the beginning of it just when the wind did blow so fiercely upon that corner towards the rest of the City which then was like tinder to the spark; this doth smell of a Popish design, hatched in the same place where the gunpowder plot was contrived, only that this was more successful.

"There, then the City did shake indeed, and the

inhabitants flew away in great amazement from the houses, lest the flames should devour them. Rattle, rattle, rattle was the noise which the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones; and if you opened your eye to the opening of the streets where the fire was come, you might see in some places whole streets at once in flames, that issued forth as if they had been so many great forges from the opposite windows, which folding together were united into one great flame throughout the whole street; and then you might see the houses tumble, tumble, tumble, from one end of the street to the other with a great crash, leaving the foundations open to the view of the heavens."

But the visitations of God ever come with a blessing in their train, and the great fire was not without benefit to the smarting city; it burned away the lingering contagion of the plague which again and again had desolated men's houses; the narrow streets harbouring the pestilence could be reconstructed on a better plan, and for Christopher Wren it cleared a ground whereon he might build.

It is not within the limits of this sketch to give a description of his works, a history of the rebuilding of St. Paul's on the one hand, or of his fifty churches on the other. Thirty-five years of patient labour he gave to the raising of that mighty pile, which is the grandest monument of his fame, and many a city church still bears testimony to the touch of his hand, while some of them, as St. Mary-le-Bow, or St. Stephen's Walbrook, carried his reputation far beyond the confines of his country. An anecdote of special reference to the work at St. Paul's has been preserved in the "Parentalia," and is quoted by all who have written about him as having been considered of good omen for the cathedral; it might well have stood as an omen for the city itself. As he was measuring out the circle for the great dome, he asked a workman to bring him a stone for marking the centre; it was a fragment of an old tombstone which happened to come to hand, with an inscription upon it—the single word, "Resurgam."

But though the city rose speedily from its sorrows, improved in many ways, it has not reached the perfection of beauty and grandeur planned for it by the architect. As Wren had to give up his noblest design for the cathedral, based upon the Greek cross, because the Duke of York, looking forward to the time when the country would return to Roman Catholicism, complained of the absence of side oratories, and insisted on the Latin cross with side aisles as affording space for processions, so also Sir Christopher's finest plans for the city found no favour with the merchants and shopkeepers of the metropolis, with whom beauty certainly remained subordinate to usefulness, and whose chief object was to run up the warehouses and resume business as quickly as possible. The opportunity was lost for making London one of the finest cities of Europe, and Wren had to be satisfied with his churches.

One would wish to draw a picture of the man himself, but adequate information is vainly sought for. The "Parentalia," that family chronicle which is so minute about church designs and other matters no doubt interesting, has little to relate of the architect as a man among men. The goodness of his personal qualities is chiefly apparent from negative testimony, inasmuch as even his enemies could not say aught against him. His son's memorial is summed up in these words: "He had such wonderful sweetness of temper, such a steady tranquillity of mind, and such a pious fortitude, that no injurious incidents or inquietudes of human life could ever ruffle or discompose." It seems he was one of those who possess their souls in patience, attaining therefore to great things. That he had another virtue, eminently Christian, is evident from the fact that he could take the evil which men did to him as he would have taken their praise. Like many another great man, he met with ingratitude at the summit of his glory, even the crowning of St. Paul's, being accused of having sought his own gains; whereupon his salary, £200 a year! was suspended, and the old man of eighty-five was dismissed from the surveyorship by George I. With humility and true dignity he retired to his country-house, saying merely, "Nunc me jubet fortuna expeditus philosophari"—"Now fortune commands me to apply myself more closely to philosophy."

Wren was twice married, but nothing beyond the bare name of either wife has come down to us; it may be that the silence respecting these ladies is the silence of praise, if it be true that she is the best of women of whom report finds nothing to say. Still the picture of a man's life could not be complete without some glimpse of her who is the influence for good or for evil in that life, to whose hands the blessings of his heart are committed. Wren had married late, and he outlived his second wife by forty years, spending the declining years of his age in the additional solitude of being forgotten by his country, but peaceful and satisfied, passing his eventide in contemplation and studying chiefly the Holy Scriptures.

JUSTICE WARREN'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of New England.

By OLIVE M. BIRRELL.

CHAPTER XIII.

WARREN came out of the meeting in a very uncomfortable state of mind. He, as well as Kate, entertained fears that the pillory would be the fate of his nephew, and the aristocratic blood of his forefathers burned in his veins at the mere idea of such degradation. Up to this moment he was not prepared to be the "Lucius Junius Brutus of his kind," and join with Endicott in carrying out the sentence of the law. He looked for Simon as he came out, but saw only Kate, walking to meet him.

"Simon has gone away," she said, anticipating his question. "He is in a fever of excitement; you must be patient with him."

"Patient!" said her father; "when have I been otherwise than patient with his absurdities? The question is how long Endicott will follow my example."

"Perhaps the congregation thought you sent him out," said Kate. "I hoped so, because a messenger had just been with you."

"Then you hoped that they would believe a falsehood and be deceived," said Warren testily. "This is the result of his influence: one fault brings another."

"I suspect we all breathed the same wish," said Keith, smiling at Kate.

"Then we were all alike wrong," said Warren. "The time has come when he must bear the consequences of his behaviour."

"Not just yet," said Keith. "He needs sympathy, for our minister to-day seemed bent on teaching murder. Rowley, run and find him, and persuade him to go to my rooms and keep quiet. Endicott looked savage, but if he does not see him, he may forget."

"It is all right," said Rowley, who came up at this instant. "I have been with John Endicott, and he says his father has gone to the council, and only Quakers will be dealt with to-day."

"Are you going to the court?" said Keith, looking at Warren.

"At once," he answered, with a glance directed at Kate, which seemed to say, "Take her where she cannot hear what is going on."

Keith acted on the suggestion. He went home with Kate and Aunt Kezzy, and, after promising to bring them news as quickly as he could, set off for the council chamber. The General Court of Massachusetts included two houses, one which consisted of the Governor, Deputy-governor, and eighteen magistrates chosen by the votes of the entire colony, and the other made up of deputies sent by the various towns. These houses met separately, though the consent of both was needed before laws could be passed. The Chamber of Deputies was summoned when occasion required, usually four times a year, but the upper chamber, under the name of Court of Assistants, had the privilege of meeting more frequently and transacting certain kinds of business alone.

This afternoon three Quakers were brought up to receive their final sentence—William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, and Mary Dyar. All looked weary and pale, but perfectly quiet. As Keith looked round the court he was especially struck with the change which had come over Endicott's appearance since he was in the meeting-house. He seemed faint, and pronounced his words with great difficulty, now and then pausing as if he had forgotten what he meant to say.

"What can be the matter with our Governor?" he asked of a man near him, the chief physician in Boston, Roger Harvey. "I never knew him stammer before."

"Did you observe his appearance in the meeting?" asked Harvey, whose eyes were fastened on Endicott.

"Yes, he looked as usual, and now he is like a man marked for death."

"His face always changes quickly," said Harvey, "and the air of the court is close. He will recover in a few moments. Hark! he is going to pronounce sentence. The examination finished yesterday, and only the final decision of the court is needed."

Endicott rose, and began to address the three prisoners.

"We have made many laws, and endeavoured by several ways to keep you from us, and neither whipping, nor imprisonment, nor cutting off ears, nor banishment on pain of death will keep you from among us. I desired not your deaths. Give ear and hearken to your sentence."

The attention of the whole assembly was fixed on the Governor as they waited for the next sentence, but, to their utter amazement,

at this point his voice, which had gradually become more and more faint, altogether ceased, and he leaned against the table for support. There were signs of alarm among his friends, and Bellingham, the Deputy-Governor, rose and went to his side, whilst John Endicott, who, like Keith, had come as a spectator, opened a window to admit more air. As he was doing this, Robinson asked the magistrates if he might be allowed to read a paper which he had written the previous day in prison. The request seemed to rouse Endicott's savage spirit. He shook off his exhaustion and turned fiercely upon the man who had dared to make it.

"Silence!" he said, in that deep voice which every one knew, sounding like the angry growl of a lion. "Does such a rogue as you presume to ask favours of this company?"

"Thou wilt do me a great kindness by allowing this paper to be read," said Robinson.

The familiar pronoun, never used in those days except to children and inferiors, or by members of the same family speaking with one another, was employed indiscriminately by the Quakers, who said they were ordered by God to treat all mankind alike, and give no titles of respect. When used by a prisoner in speaking to the judge who was passing sentence upon him, it became insolent to a degree which in the present time is hard to be realised, except by foreign nations who observe the same custom and have two distinct modes of address.

All the friends of the Quakers, and they were many, looked confounded, and John Endicott, hearing his father, as he thought, insulted in the open court, gave an exclamation of anger, as if his patience were coming to an end.

"What fools men are!" said Harvey; "the fellow's last chance is gone. Why should he wave his flag of rebellion in this absurd way? *Thou*, indeed! It is a word the Governor has not heard since he was a schoolboy."

"They are crazed," said Keith. "Do they think it is a sin to refrain from being rude? Endicott's blood is at fever-heat now, and we shall have some hot work to pay for it. See, the man lays his own paper on the table."

Robinson leaned forward and placed the document in front of Endicott, who took it up and read quietly to the last line. Then he turned his eyes on the author and finished the sentence which he had been in the act of pronouncing when the faintness overcame him. "You shall be had back to the place whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, to be hanged on the gallows till you are dead."

Robinson was now led away, and his friend, Marmaduke Stevenson, brought forward and asked if he had any reasons to give why judgment should not be passed upon him, but he refused to speak, and Endicott pronounced the same sentence.

"It is a pity, though," said Harvey; "this man is young, and looks less disciplined in the world's ways than his friend. He is of humble birth surely, and has been puffed up with the hope of praise."

"He is going to speak now," said Keith, "though he refused before. His voice rings loud and clear. These men know how to meet death; so much their fiercest enemy must say for them."

Stevenson, like Robinson, was young in years, but, as Harvey guessed, of humbler parentage. He was a farm-labourer in England when he said that the Lord called him to go on His work to foreign lands, and some of the solid determination of his class showed itself in his voice and gestures at this awful moment as he stood and addressed the court.

"Give ear, ye magistrates, and all who are guilty for this. The Lord hath said concerning you and will perform His word upon you. That the same day ye put His servants to death shall the day of your visitation pass over your heads, and you shall be cursed for evermore. The mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it. Therefore in love to you all, I exhort you to take warning before it be too late, that the curse may be removed. For assuredly if you put us to death, you will bring innocent blood upon your heads and swift destruction will come upon you."

Some faces among the magistrates looked more thoughtful as this warning came slowly from the lips of the condemned man, but Endicott was in no mood to be softened. He merely signed that Stevenson should be taken away and the last prisoner brought forward. As Mary Dyar stood alone before her judges a sensation passed through the court, and some muttered groans were heard, quickly silenced by the marshal.

She was very pale, but her eyes were as calm as usual, and there were no signs of hurry or confusion of mind to be seen in her appearance, which was orderly and neat as ever. In early life she must have been very beautiful, for at this time, after years of hard work, frequent imprisonments, and much sorrow, she was still in the opinion of historians a

Mary Dyar before her judges.

"comely woman, full of sweet dignity and graciousness." She stood in front of the magistrates, waiting peacefully for her sentence, her eyes raised a little, as if she were looking beyond and above them to another tribunal, and her mouth trembling—not from nervousness, but in a manner which was usual with her when anything happened to stir her emotions deeply.

There was something so sweet in her appearance, so gentle, matronly, and affectionate, that many hearts in the room were touched, even among those who had been her enemies. John Endicott covered his eyes with his hand. He said afterwards that he could not stare a woman out of countenance because she came before him, condemned to die. William Keith turned deadly pale and moved forward a few steps, then, as if uncertain what he was doing, moved back; while Harvey muttered some angry words in his beard, asking why, in the name of Heaven, a message had not been sent to her husband, that he might come and save her life.

Endicott delivered her sentence, going over the awful words for the third time, and then asked her if she had any reasons to give why it should not be carried out; but she merely replied, with another of those bright upward glances, "The will of the Lord be done."

Such calmness in the face of judgment had never been seen in the court before, and Endicott, who perhaps expected an outbreak of terror or feminine tears, was surprised, and for a moment disturbed in mind. His son, on the watch for the first symptom of relenting, noticed his change of countenance, and seized what he thought a good opportunity to intercede for her. "Should we not tell her husband what has happened?" he whispered. "The men will die in seven days, I suppose, but her punishment might be deferred until we have heard from Rhode Island."

His father turned upon him with angry sharpness, the more keen because he was already stung with remorse, and felt awful apprehensions lest he should be found to have sinned against God in ordering innocent blood to be shed. Pride forbade him to change his course, and he drowned the pangs of conscience by working himself into a fury.

"Do you teach me my duty?" he exclaimed. "The world is set upside down by these fanatics, and our places will soon be wrested from us by those whom we have taught to speak. Michaelson, take the woman away. Give her no more time to corrupt the minds of men by her deceitful glances."

The unseemly taunt conveyed in these words covered John Endicott's face with crimson, not on account of the rudeness to himself, but because of the insult it cast on Mary Dyar. Her countenance, however, remained as calm as before, and when the Governor repeated his order to the marshal, she replied, "Yea, joyfully shall I go," as she turned to follow him.

The business of the court was now ended and the assembly began to disperse. Keith stood for a moment outside the door, wondering how he should break the news to Kate, when John Endicott touched his sleeve.

"Where is Simon Mainwaring?" he asked.

"Out of sight somewhere, I hope."

"That girl he knew, Rose Halifax, is in the House of Correction with Mary Dyar," said Endicott. "I am afraid he will be desperate."

"I heard a rumour of this before," said Keith. "Rowley told me there was a Quaker girl his brother loved."

"She is worthy of love," said Endicott; "too gentle for this rough world. It always seemed strange that he should reverence her as he did. In some mysterious way she had power over his wild nature and bent it to her will; but her fate may be an awful one, and should it be, his revenge will prove yet more awful."

"Let us find him," said Keith; "he cannot be far away. Quick, before the news is carried."

The street was full of excited people, but the two men worked a way through the crowd and went in the direction of Warren's lodgings as rapidly as their fears dictated. When they reached them they found that Simon had never been there.

CHAPTER XIV.

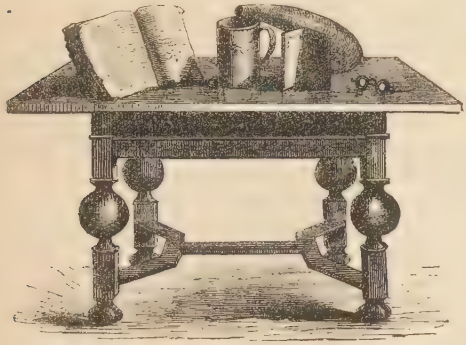
MARY DYAR and her friends had received their sentences on Thursday, and the following evening Governor Endicott entertained a number of magistrates and deputies in his own house to supper. They wished to consult privately about the best way of dealing with such strange fanatics as the Quakers, for there were signs that the people were growing angry at the severity of their treatment, and the position was critical. In order to cast a veil over the motive which had brought them together, William Keith and Roger Harvey, who were not members of the General Court, were asked to be present, and no one outside the circle of the initiated knew that public business would be discussed.

Many persons whose names are famous in the history of the colony were around the table on that eventful evening. Richard Bellingham, the Deputy-Governor, whose sister was burned as a witch; Wilson, the minister, who once said that he should like to take fire in one hand and faggots in the other to burn up the Quakers; Edward Rawson, the secretary of the court; and others of more or less note. The elder Dudley, who had contested the office of Governor with Endicott, was dead, and his son, who lived to take a distinguished place of his own in Massachusetts, was at this time a boy of thirteen, so that great family was not represented; but Warren was there and John Norton, while Keith came reluctantly because he was obliged, and Harvey because he felt curious to observe the Governor's changes of colour.

The hall in which they had their meal was large and handsome. The furniture was made of oak, and at one end of the room, behind Endicott's chair, stood two gigantic suits of armour, brought from his ancestral home in England, and valued even by this stern democrat as relics of the feudal dignity which had once belonged to his race. John

Endicott was not present; he had no claim to be there, as he was not a member of the council, and, since his intercession for Mary Dyar, it was rumoured that he had been under a cloud.

Their supper over, they were about to begin the business which had brought them together, when a servant came in to say that



some one wished to speak with the Governor on important matters: a stranger who would not be gainsayed.

"Bid him wait," said Endicott, who was in the worst of humours: "what does he want at such an hour as this?"

"He says that he has facts of deep interest to tell the magistrates," said the servant, hesitating. "We told him the Governor had friends, but he would not be driven away."

"Bid him wait," shouted Endicott again. "Do not stand there staring at me. Go."

The man hurried from the room; but, as he opened the door, a strange figure entered unbidden and walked up to the table. He was tall and thin, and wrapped from head to foot in a dark mantle, which was so large that he seemed completely swathed and hidden in its folds. His complexion was swarthy, and black hair hung loosely over his forehead, making a tangled mass, beneath which his eyes gleamed strangely out with a wild, uncertain glare, suggesting that their owner was insane. Some of the men present thought he looked like an Indian, but his skin was darker and his head more intellectual, also the hand which he stretched out towards Endicott was shapely and white, and not the hand of a savage.

"What does this intrusion mean?" asked the Governor, who was a little startled at the appearance of his unexpected guest. "You disturb our councils unseasonably."

"I came with a message," said the stranger, "to you, John Endicott, and to those others who yesterday defamed the colony of Massachusetts by bloody and cruel practices."

"He is a madman," whispered Harvey to William Keith: "some friend of the Quakers, whose mind has given way at the sight of their sufferings."

Keith replied by a gesture asking for silence, as he stood with his eyes fastened on the dark face of the unknown.

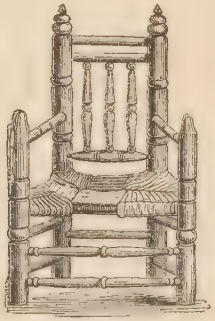
"I shall go," said the doctor, "and bring one or two of the servants to help me in case this fellow grows outrageous and needs to be carried off."

He went quietly away, while Endicott looked fiercely at the intruder.

"Whom does your message come from?" he asked scornfully. "Give us your credentials. We acknowledge no authority here but our own."

"You have spoken too truly," said the other. "The authority of God has been rejected among you, and henceforth you hope to obey your own murderous instincts of hatred and revenge. But the decree has gone forth. Unless you repent and release those whom wicked hands have imprisoned and cruel tongues have doomed to torture and to death, your city will be laid waste and your homes made desolate. The mouth of God has spoken it and his messenger is close at hand."

The voice of the stranger was so unusual, and his gestures so striking as he pointed with his finger straight at the heart of the Governor, that a great awe fell upon the assembly and no one durst reply. Warren was the first to recover himself, and he stepped



forward and asked, in a voice which his best efforts could not prevent from quivering, "Who are you, who have dared to arraign the Governor and magistrates of Massachusetts on such a charge as this? What is your name, and what sign do you give that your words are not a falsehood prompted by the devil?"

"Do not ask my name, Reginald Warren," said the unknown figure. "It would be no pleasure to you to hear it; and for a sign of my truthfulness I will show you a fiery banner, emblem of the destruction which is soon to fall on your accursed city."

At this moment the door of the room was flung back to its farthest extent, and then violently shut, though no one could see who had done it: a draught rushed in from some open window, and the candles on the table were blown out. A horror which they could scarcely control laid hold of every one present. Some shouted for lights, others tried to open the door, but found it locked on the outside; a few laid their hands on their swords, as if the touch of the familiar weapon would inspire them with courage against a spiritual foe. All were in confusion when a cry burst from the lips of two or three. There was a moment's pause and every man turned his face in the dark towards that part of the room from whence the cry came. Another short silence, and it was taken up and repeated by many voices: some in accents of terror, others of prayer. The likeness of a fiery banner could be distinctly seen on the wall opposite Endicott, and it moved as if stirred about by the wind.

One man only in the whole assembly retained his courage. His conscience was clear, and he might have said, like the knight in the poem we all know: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." While every one else gazed in awe-struck silence, as if turned to stone, William Keith tore open the curtains and admitted the light of the moon. It fell on a strange scene. All the men had gathered round the heavy table in the centre of the room, some blankly staring with terror in their faces, others turning for encouragement to their friends, while behind them tall figures which looked like warriors in armour were standing, plumes upon their helmets and iron gloves upon their hands, but stiff and cold and motionless, unmoved by mortal fears. As the moon shone down, the fiery banner began to grow pale, and at last it disappeared totally.

"Bring a light," said Endicott. "Will no one open the door?"

Very slowly and heavily, as if in obedience to his command, the door swung back on its hinges and the cold air rushed in from the passage. The lights were extinct there also, and far off could be heard the voices of terrified servants shrieking that a spirit in white was pursuing them wherever they went. Keith remembered that he had seen a flint and tinder-box on a window-seat in the entrance hall, and made his way there, helping himself by his touch in the dark. Mechanical contrivances in those days were rude, and the change from darkness to light could not be made so quickly as in later times, but he accomplished his work at last, and brought back a flaring torch to the banquet-room.

"Seize the fellow who came in," were Endicott's first words.

"He is gone," said Keith; "he must have escaped when the door opened."

"Shut the outside gates," shouted Endicott to the servants who now appeared; "make everything secure; hold him fast."

"No bolts or bars will hold him in," said John Norton; "he is an emissary of Satan."

"Nay," said Bellingham, "his words, though wild, had truth in them. The court needs to learn the uses of mercy."

"At the bidding of an evil spirit?" said the Governor, with a sullen look at his colleague.

"The minister's work yesterday was badly done," said Keith, in a whisper to the youngest of the magistrates: "he has twisted a coil which it will take months to unwind."

"Please God it may be done in the end," was the reply; "but if the Governor carries out his sentence, he must bear the guilt himself. I wash my hands from the blood of these people."

"The doctor is hurt," cried a voice in the passage. "Come quickly, some of you; Harvey is in a swoon."

Keith, who stood near the door, was the first to attend to this summons, and, hastening out, found the physician lying on the floor of an empty room quite free from bodily injury, but too faint either to speak or move. When by degrees his strength returned, he could only give an incoherent account of the adventure which had befallen him. He left the room, he said, to bring some of the servants, and suddenly, as he walked down the narrow passage leading to the kitchen, a figure in white swept past him. All at once, he could not tell how, the candle which he held was blown out, and a cold hand touched his, saying, "Follow, follow, follow." He leaned against the wall, determined at all hazards to stay where he was, but a door behind him suddenly opened, causing him to fall backwards. Some one then dragged him across the floor and he fainted from fear. This was the story.

Every man present was now anxious to get away from a house which held such mysterious visitants. There was no need for

Endicott to bid the company disperse. They scattered, each one to his home, without waiting to take leave, and the banquet-room was left in utter confusion, plates and goblets being strewn on the floor among cloaks and hats and articles of apparel, which their owners did not stay to collect.

Half an hour afterwards, when the street was quiet, two figures emerged from the shelter of a projecting doorway, and walked in the direction of the sea-shore. The tide had gone out, and with an old spade they dug a deep hole in the sands, where they buried a parcel which they had carried carefully between them.

"That is done," said Simon Mainwaring, who was the taller of the two figures. "They will be clever who search in *this* hiding-place. You are sure everything is there, Rowley?—the white sheet and the box, with all my belongings?"

"Perfectly sure," said Rowley. "Oh, what glorious fun it has been! The doctor will never forget this night as long as he lives."

"You did not hurt him?" said Simon.

"Hurt him! No, not a hair, but I frightened him out of his senses. Why did he come buzzing along the passage like a great bee, just when you had gone in, and I had all the work on my hands? I was forced to get rid of him somehow, or the game would have been spoilt, and the fun on their side, not on ours."

"Did you see John Endicott?" asked Simon.

"No, but I heard the servants speak of him while I was hiding below. They say the Governor is in a furious temper, and swears he shall not see his face until the Quakers have been hung, to reward him for his interference. No great loss in that! I could do without seeing him for six months, and never sleep a wink less peacefully. If I were his son I would tell him so."

"Hush!" said Simon, "people may hear you."

"No fear," said Rowley. "They are all indoors talking about the ghost. I wish we were going to do it over again to-morrow. It was so glorious! I ran into the kitchen just as the cook was putting a huge pan on the fire, and he screamed until I thought you would all hear him in the supper-room. Then another man came to help him, but I blew out his light and rushed past with my long white arms spread out wide. Oh! the shrieks and cries and clamourings! Any one might have supposed an army of living men had invaded them, instead of a single ghost."

"Did you see any women?" asked Simon.

"No, not one. Old Endicott despises the sex so much that I verily believe he thinks they are not worthy to cook his dinner or scrub his floor."

"Who brought them a torch?" asked Simon.

"I think it was Keith," said Rowley. "Some one about his height knocked up against me in the hall as I was coming back from the nether regions. I knew that the instant they got lights the game would be ended, so I made off with the speed of lightning. I believe it was Keith. I saw the corner of his black moustache in the moonbeams."

"You will spoil all if you laugh so loudly," said his brother. "Hush! we are getting near houses."

"Well, I shall keep quiet if it comforts you," said Rowley, slipping his arm through Simon's; "though you take life much too seriously. If we had been caught I meant to have pretended that I was a Royalist, come over from the old country. 'God bless King Charles' I should have shouted at the top of my voice, and seen Endicott grow blue with rage."

Rowley suited the action to the word, for he took off his cap and waved it over his brother's head, until Simon grasped his arm.

"You are out of your senses," he exclaimed; "we shall be found, and our secret discovered. Remember the prisoners. What is fun to you may be the destruction of the last hope to them. Do you think I did all this for the sake of a frolic?"

"It will be a good ending of the evening's work if they are set free," said Rowley. "I will be quiet, Simon, I promise you. See, I am as solemn as the judges themselves. Only tell me one thing. How do you make that fiery light?"

"It is no secret," said Simon, "except to fools and children. These cowards might have known if they had taken time to think, but they were all too much afraid."

"Then you will show me?" said Rowley.

"Some day—yes, when the Quakers are all free."

"I shall frighten every soul in Massachusetts," said Rowley, rubbing his hands.

"Your secret will soon be found out if you do," said Simon; "but I shall not care. When the prison doors are open, my need for it is gone."

CHAPTER XV.

For three days there was profound silence in the council on the subject of the persecuted Friends, a silence which resembled the deceitful calm that goes before a storm. Robinson and Stevenson had been taken to one prison, Mary Dyar and the women to another; but in spite of every means used to keep order, the people thronged round the windows, calling out questions and words of encouragement, and listening to the sounds which reached them in return. At last the jailer removed the men to a cellar beneath the ground, where no messages of sympathy could comfort them. The news of Mary Dyar's imprisonment and death-sentence had been taken to Rhode Island, and one of her sons was even now in Boston, using his influence to extort a promise of pardon from Endicott, but each day his hope of succeeding became more faint. Richard Bellingham had begun to waver, but the Governor and the rest of the magistrates held to their first intentions, in which they were supported by John Norton, Wilson, another minister of eminence, and a majority among the deputies. It was evident to all that the extraordinary episode on Monday night had only confirmed them in their severity, for after the shock was over they were ashamed of their terrors, and feared lest, if they retracted, their enemies should accuse them of cowardice.

Among all the distress which prevailed, it was a matter of rejoicing to Kate that Simon seemed coming to his senses. When called to account for his behaviour in the meeting, he said he was sorry that he had acted so rashly, and professed himself willing to make a public apology, only asking that it should not be required of him before next Sunday. Endicott agreed, on these conditions, to pass over his fault, and all danger of the pillory was at an end.

The string of beads had been given, but Simon was reasonable on this matter also. He said it related to a wager which he had with Spotted Tail about their fishing, and from the order of the beads, he perceived that he had lost. His silver medal must be given as a forfeit to the chief if he kept his word. Every one knew how much Simon valued his medal, and some of them thought he had not always set an equal value on his word, so it surprised them when he removed the ornament from the chain where it hung, and asked one of his uncle's servants to carry it to a particular place in the forest, and leave it inside a hollow tree, which he described carefully.

"Are you not sorry, Simon?" asked Kate. "It is such a pity to lose that beautiful medal which your mother gave you. You told me that she hung it round your neck when you were a little boy, just beginning to talk."

"Yes, I am very sorry," said Simon. "I would give my right hand not to feel obliged to send it."

"Such wagers are always foolish," said Warren, "and wrong besides; but if you passed your word, Simon, you do right to keep it. When a man swears to his own hurt and changes not, he brings down a blessing on his ways."

A sudden rush of colour into Simon's face at this word of commendation startled Kate, who guessed that there was more in the story than appeared; but she wisely held her peace, and the subject was changed.

On Tuesday afternoon the General Court again assembled, and some prisoners were brought before the Upper House on examination, but in order to pacify the people it was not generally known that any of these were to be Quakers. The first person led forward was a woman who had been accused of quarrelling and evil-speaking. She was sentenced to stand in the pillory for five hours with a gag in her mouth. The second was a bond-servant, who had broken his engagement to work for a term of years, and was ordered to receive twenty lashes and be sent back to his master. The third was Hope Clifton, Mary Dyar's friend, who was remanded for one week; and the fourth was a girl, who came quickly up the hall between two warders, and took her place before the magistrates unflinchingly.

The court was full of spectators at this stage in the proceedings. William Keith had come with Harvey, who was still a little the worse for his fright; Simon and Rowley were together in another part of the building, and several ministers and elders, John Norton being conspicuous among them, were also present. It was a singular spectacle they were beholding. The dark circle of magistrates, all of them elderly men, the sergeants holding halberds and forming a guard of honour, the curious upturned faces of the people, and before them, in the place kept for prisoners, a young and fair-haired girl, evidently far advanced in consumption.

"How frightfully ill she looks," said Keith; "surely she is wasting away, and every now and then comes that hard, dry cough."

"It is true," said Harvey, "disease has taken hold of her and death will do the work

of an executioner unless Endicott is in haste to be beforehand with him. Hear, the trial begins."

"What is your name?" asked Endicott.

"Rose Halifax."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"What brought you to Boston?"

"The will of God."

"What is His will?"

"That I should warn you against shedding more blood."

"Are you a friend of that evil woman Mary Dyar?"

"I am a friend of her whom the Lord has blessed."

"Are your parents living?"

Rose turned very pale and her eyes filled with tears. She had schooled herself to endure much, but for this question she was evidently unprepared.

"They are dead," she said after a pause, during which she struggled for self-control.

"In England! Then how came you here?"

"I followed my brother."

"What was he called?"

"Paul Halifax."

"An ill-omened name," said Endicott, aside to Bellingham. "I remember the fellow well."

"It was given him not only to suffer but to die for his Lord," said Rose gently, but with an undercurrent of enthusiasm in her voice.

"We did him a kindness then in killing him?" said Endicott brutally.

"You opened for him the gates of Paradise; that was all."

"Are you willing that they should open for you also?"

"Yea, verily, if the Lord be willing."

"Do you not see that it is right to obey authority and acknowledge those whose duty it is to guide you into truth?"

"I need no guide but the Holy Spirit."

"Will you have a minister pray for you before you die?"

"I have no need of any priest."

"Shall one of the elders pray for you?"

"I know never an elder here."

The magistrates were evidently puzzled how to act and for a few moments they whispered together, until Bellingham rose and came forward, speaking much more gently than Endicott.

"Will you repent of your sins and listen to the instructions of Master Wilson? It is your duty to give yourself up to receive teaching, that in time you may profess Christ openly and partake in the supper with His saints."

"Nay, on no account will I partake of it."

"Do you despise these remembrances of our Lord?"

"He is present with me. I need no remembrance."

"You are very young to be so obstinate. Strange and false prophets have deceived you by their words. Will you not be persuaded to give up these errors? Kneel down and say that you renounce them all."

"I have not come so far to turn back and lose my crown at last."

"Are you not afraid to go before God's judgment-seat with a lie in your mouth?"

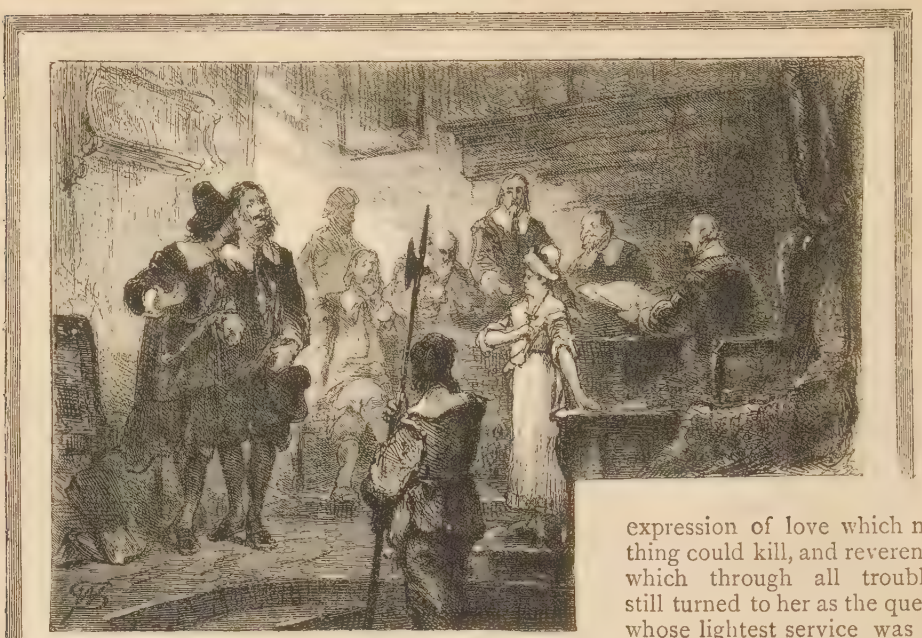
"I should be afraid. The faith for which you condemn me comes from Him: it is the truth and no lie."

Bellingham sat down again, his purpose frustrated and his face expressing deep concern. The magistrates began to consult for the second time; but they might have spared themselves the trouble, for Endicott's mind was fully made up. He saw in Rose an enemy even more dangerous than Mary Dyar, since the contagion of her enthusiasm would spread among a class where the influence of the elder woman had not reached. Some prompt measures must be taken to check the interest which was evidently felt in her, and he resolved to give a punishment that should unite shame with suffering and rob her of all womanly charm. When he rose to his feet again, the expression of his face told the court that his intentions were not those of mercy.

"Rose Halifax. We see that your obstinacy is greater than we at first supposed and that your errors spring from a deeper source, but on account of your solitary condition and frail person we still incline to be gentle with you. Hearken to your sentence. You shall be marked in each hand with the letter H, signifying heretic. You shall be further imprisoned at our charges for the space of one week, and at the end of that time you shall be sold into slavery."

Many faces in the court turned pale before the sentence was finished, and as the last words were uttered, a deep groan burst from among them. This form of punishment was never popular with the people of New England, and once the sailors of a ship refused to convey two Quaker children to Barbadoes, who had been the victims of such a penalty.

Rose had evidently not looked for this



Rose Halifax answering Bellingham.

sentence. Her hopes were fastened on the goal of all living, and at the sound of the last blighting word "slavery" a brilliant hectic colour rushed into her face, while she gave a wistful glance towards the people, as if imploring them for help and sympathy. Some, forgetting their own danger, waved their hands in token of friendship; one woman cried aloud, "God bless you," and was rudely silenced by the marshal; another burst into tears and sobbed bitterly; but Rose discerned none of these things. At that moment her eyes had met Simon's, and with a cry of pain she covered her face.

It seemed terrible to stand before her lover thus dishonoured and disgraced, stared at by a throng of strangers, doomed to receive a mark which would last for life, sold like an animal for money. She wished she could hide herself, but no escape was possible; no corner existed where she could shrink away from the gaze of those curious men, who in her fancy seemed to have become giants all pressing round her and calling her name. The sight of her burning blushes awoke more sympathy in the spectators than before, and Endicott ordered the warders to lead her away.

Had she ventured a second glance towards Simon, she might have read in his face the expression of love which nothing could kill, and reverence which through all troubles still turned to her as the queen whose lightest service was an honour. But she did not dare to look. Slowly, and with eyes cast down, she followed her jailers from that hall of misery, while the people dispersed to their various homes and the sitting of the court ended. Before night it was generally known that Captain Keith had sought an interview with Endicott and Bellingham, and had finally renounced his position among the soldiers of the colony. When he was next seen in public, the sword which usually hung at his side was missing; a sign that it would never more be unsheathed in the service of Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the evening of the day which witnessed the trial of Rose Halifax, Kate was sitting in the house where her father lodged, with no companion but Kezia. She knew that some very hot words had been exchanged by Warren and Keith on the subject of the Quakers' persecution, but no messenger had come from either of them, and the hours dragged wearily by while she listened, waited, and hoped.

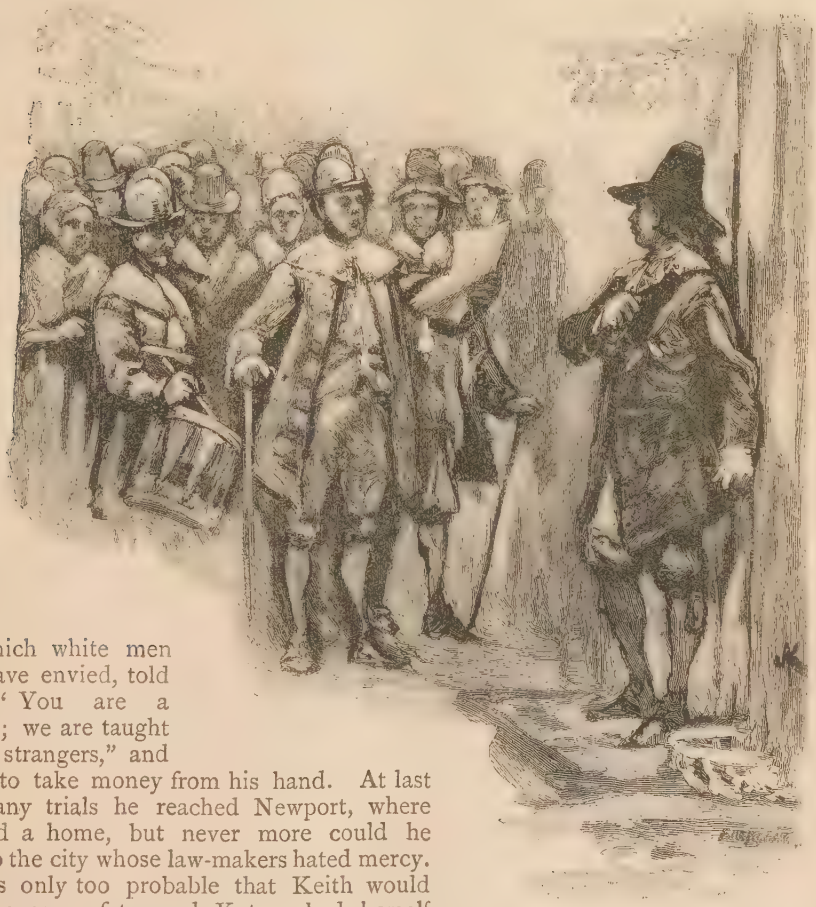
"What do you think they will do, Aunt Kezzy?" she asked. "Shall we all go back to Salem, as we intended?"

Kezia looked dubious and shook her head.

"Captain Keith has spoken too plainly," she said. "He will have to leave the colony. Remember the fate of Nicholas Upshall."

Kate did remember, and her eyes filled

with tears as she bent over the work she held on her knee. Some years before, when two Quaker women came to Boston, one of them being Mary Fisher, who had preached to the Sultan, the magistrates gave orders that none of the citizens were to harbour them, or even provide them with food. This law was proclaimed by beat of drum in the streets of Boston, but Nicholas Upshall, a man of good character and a strict Puritan, came to his door and openly protested against it, saying that he would be free from guilt in the matter, and would not join in fighting against God. Afterwards he sought out the jailer who had charge of the women, and gave him money for their necessities. He was an old man and delicate, but for this crime of helping the friendless he was driven out of Massachusetts and wandered in the forests, relieved by pitying Indians, who, with a Christ-like goodness which white men might have envied, told him, "You are a stranger; we are taught to love strangers," and refused to take money from his hand. At last after many trials he reached Newport, where he found a home, but never more could he return to the city whose law-makers hated mercy.



Nicholas Upshall at his door.

It was only too probable that Keith would share the same fate, and Kate asked herself whether in this case her duty lay with her father or with him—whether she should do wrong if she obeyed the desires of her heart, and followed her lover to a new country; but it was not for long that her thoughts rested on her own trials. Again and again she begged Kezia to go with her to the prison where Rose was waiting the execution of her sentence, and became almost impatient because each time her aunt shook her head and said, with tears in her eyes, that they had much better wait.

"I followed the jailer's wife," she said when Kate grew more urgent. "I know her; I have nursed her children, and she was willing to listen to me, and took away a basket with food and medicine, which I packed before I went to the court. You must remember it is a secret, Kate. If any one hears she will get into trouble on account of it; but, I think now we must trust the poor girl to her. Too many visitors only

raise a talk and bring the watchers down upon us."

Kate was forced to assent, and, in a short time, she yielded to Kezia's entreaties, and lay down upon her bed while that kind woman tried to raise her spirits by talking of a possible reprieve.

"I feel sure that God will help us," she said. "Did he not send an angel and stop the mouths of the lions when Daniel was thrown before them to be devoured? and when Peter was in prison the great gate opened of its own accord to let him out."

"But these were miracles," said Kate, "and there are no miracles now. We should never expect to see a messenger from heaven going into the prison to bring Rose away. It is impossible!"

"Is it impossible?" asked Kezia solemnly. "There is one Messenger whom neither bolts nor bars can shut out, who may set her free before the morning."

"I do not know what you mean," said Kate, only half perceiving the drift of her aunt's words. "And I am afraid of many things. I am afraid of what Simon may do. He will not wait for God to work in His own way; he is desperate, and says he shall ask the devil to help him. He says dreadful things, Aunt Kezzy; but there is no wonder, for all these sights bewilder the brain, and he loves poor Rose more than any one else in the world."

"Where is he?" asked Kezia. "Have you seen him since the trial?"

"Only for a moment, and I could not make him listen. He said he had work to do."

"I hope it is right work," said Kezia. "No good ever came of struggling with evil by adding fresh evil to the heap already there. I wish I could find him! I think I will go to the Governor's house, and see if John Endicott knows where he is: they are often together."

"Do you think he will try to shoot the Governor or the Marshal when he goes to the prison?" said Kate in a whisper.

"Heaven forbid!" said Kezia. "They are wicked men, and that I must say if I were to be brought up before the court the next minute; but we must leave their punishment to God."

"Do not go back to your own house," said Kate; "stay here all night with me."

"Yes, I will," said Kezia; "but as soon as the darkness has fairly set in I will go round to John Endicott, and ask him to keep a watch on Simon. I can come back to you afterwards. It is nearer than going home."

While this conversation was taking place in Warren's lodgings, Captain Keith was sitting in his own room in a street not far from that where the House of Correction stood, in which Rose Halifax had been immured. He was restless and miserable, wishing every moment that he could go and see Kate, but afraid that Warren would resent a visit from him, and make it a fresh ground of dissatisfaction. His only companion was Rowley, who seemed scarcely less unhappy than himself, and, instead of sitting still, kept moving about the room, and occasionally looking out of the window.

"Simon is so strange to-night," he said to Keith. "I wish I could have laid hold of him and seen what he was doing after we left the court."

"He looked quiet enough," said Keith.

"Quiet looks count for nothing with him," said Rowley, "except by the rule of contrary. If he is quiet and knits his brows he is on fire inside. When he begins to grow excited then the mood is passing off with him. Hark! did you hear a cry?"

"I heard nothing," said Keith.

"There it is again," said Rowley.

"The street is quiet, at all events," said Keith. "How peaceful those houses opposite look in the moonlight. I can read the motto painted over the door of one of them: 'Do good and spare not.' 'Time passeth and speaketh not.' 'Death cometh and tarrieth not.'"

"There it is!" cried Rowley. "Good God, I was not mistaken!"

A red glow was seen on the sky, and the sound which Rowley's quick ears had already heard faintly became each moment more distinct.

"Fire! fire!"

"It is in the House of Correction," said Keith.

"The prisoners will escape," said Rowley.

"Ay, but Boston may be burnt to the ground. Quick! run to the prison and help them. I will go to Warren's lodgings and see what they are doing."

"You need not," said Rowley. "The cries will reach their house as well as ours. I must find Simon. I cannot look for any one else."

He was down-stairs before the words were out of his mouth, and running towards the prison with the speed of a hare. He was correct in supposing that the alarm had already reached Warren's house. Kate was

tossing on her pillow when a cry from the street reached her ears. She sat up in bed and heard it again. "Fire! Fire!"

"Aunt Kezzy," she said, "do you hear?"

Kezia was preparing to go out, but when her niece called her she opened the window and saw the red glow in the sky.

"Get up, Kate," she said; "lose not a moment's time. Boston is in flames!"

Kate fortunately had not undressed. She rose and put on her cloak and hood, and while she was doing so a knock sounded at the door, which was repeated before she could answer the summons. William Keith looked in, his countenance full of alarm.

"Go to the beach, Kate," he said, "and stay in one of the boats. You will be safe there. I must help them at the prison. Go quickly, my dear one. I shall work harder when I know that you are out of danger."

"Where is the fire?" asked Kezia.

"In the House of Correction."

"God bless us!" she replied; "which way is the wind?"

"Towards the sea," was the answer, as he ran down-stairs.

"That is a mercy, anyway," said Kezia. "The sparks will be put out in the ocean. Quick, Kate, my dear, we have no time to lose."

In the street they met Giles, the servant, who led them safely through the crowd and brought them to the sea-shore. He did not know where his master was, but he said that Captain Keith had told him to wait on the beach until the fire was put out, when he would come back to them. There was more to hope than fear, for the prison was built of stone, not of wood, and the flames had been discovered on their first appearance.

On his way to the fatal spot Keith was overtaken by Warren, who asked if he had provided for Kate, and, receiving an answer in the affirmative, hastened with him to the prison. A great crowd had gathered there, and water was being poured on the flames. The people in the adjacent houses had deserted them in terror, for sparks were blowing in all directions, and they were made of wood and must catch fire quickly. Endicott was not to be seen, nor Michaelson, the marshal, though three messengers had been sent to summon them. Neither had any soldiers appeared to guard the prisoners, and the jailer told Warren he could not account for the delay, as he himself had dismissed a man to bring them directly the alarm of fire was given.

Every plan had been defeated, no one knew how, and the command was taken by Simon Mainwaring, who happened to be on the spot, and had come forward instantly, to all appearance the right man in the right place. The prison officials were too glad to obey him to question his authority, and he was busy now helping the unfortunate inmates to escape from the burning house and darting in among the flames as if he wore garments which fire could not touch.

No one knew how the calamity began, and as yet no one had leisure to ask, for the house next to the jail was soon caught by the flames, and shrieks of women and children mingled with the shouts of men, while, above all, the roaring sound of the fire could be heard as it seized on fresh food and devoured it like a famished tiger.

Rowley Mainwaring seemed overcome with grief and horror, much to the surprise of Keith, who, even in this time of confusion, noticed the change which had come over his features.

"Will you help me, Rowley?" he said; "one of the first guard lives in this corner house next the burning one. His wife is ill, and he has young children. I want to carry her to the hospital. Quick! Show your metal; there is not an instant to lose."

Rowley ran to his assistance, but a groan burst from his lips as he lifted one end of the mattress on which the woman was lying. Keith caught the children, young lisping things of two and three years, and put them beside their mother.

"Now to the hospital," he said; "steady—hold the mattress quite straight."

A piece of burning wood fell on the pillow, but quick as thought he seized it in his hand and stamped it to ashes with his boot.

"Keep up your courage, man," he said to Rowley. "You never turned so pale in the face of danger before. We are fighting for our homes and our best beloved. Do not lose heart now."

Rowley did his part in the work and then ran back from the hospital, already crowded, to the scene of the fire. His agony of mind could hardly be kept in restraint. For one moment a man stood near him whom he recognised, a scorched and blackened figure, his hair burnt away, his coat drenched with water, and a strange expression of eagerness in his face.

"Simon," cried his brother, "what have you done?"

"Nothing yet. They are all out, but I have not found her."

"Nothing! Is there only one being in

God's universe? What of the numbers you have made homeless, the weak ones you have destroyed?"

"Let their deaths be reckoned to the General Court," said Simon. And he was off once more in the midst of the flames.

No visions of a late remorse haunted him as he searched among the rooms of the burning prison. His mind was occupied with other thoughts, and while a crowd of sufferers surrounded him, he felt pity for only one. It seemed impossible that she should have escaped his notice, vigilant as he had been, but a horrible fear tormented him lest after all she had perished in the fire which his own hands had kindled to set her free.

He was searching in a narrow passage, nearly choked meanwhile by the smoke, when a door caught his attention which he had not seen before. The keys of the various cells were in his pocket. He had wrenched them from the jailer, who was glad enough to let them go and escape from the awful duty of treading those burning boards to give the prisoners liberty. The lock turned easily, and he went in, trembling from excitement and fear.

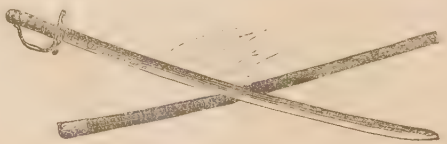
On the floor, with her head against the window, as if she had been gasping for more air, lay a white prostrate figure. Simon was just in time to save her from the flames, for they were bursting through the partition which divided this cell from the next. His heart beat fast with triumph at the perfect success of his schemes. Now he had only to lift that slender form in his arms, pillow the golden head gently against his shoulder, and carry her out. No one could observe their escape, and on the mainland the Indian chief whom he had called to his aid by the sign of the silver medal, was waiting to receive them. Safe among the forests Rose would quickly revive, and he felt sure she could not long withhold her love from him. He had read in her eyes how much the awful sentence frightened her. It was impossible that she should refuse the man who had saved her from being sold as a slave, especially since her work was done and she had openly testified to the truth of her convictions and shown her fidelity to the Lord.

"Rose," he said, coming nearer, "Rose, dearest Rose."

A cry from the street warned him that the roof would soon fall in. He heard it echoed by many voices, calling to those still in the house to come out quickly or they must be buried alive in the fire. The urgency of the moment overcame his fear of disturbing her too suddenly, the result of that reverence with which she had always inspired him. He bent down and touched her head very gently as she lay with her face partially hidden and her forehead on her arm.

"Rose, my darling," he repeated, "will you not speak to me?" No answer came, and, filled with terror, though even yet restrained by awe, he put his hand under her cheek and turned the face upwards. The lurid light of the flames showed him the lovely countenance which he had worshipped, lying silent in the sleep of death. A cry of exceeding agony burst from his lips. He hoped at first that he was mistaken, that fear had dazzled his perceptions, and with this idea he raised her in his arms, where she no longer refused to rest patiently, one powerless hand falling downwards until it touched his own, and that soft head with the rippling hair lying on his shoulder obedient to his will. She seemed to be smiling, but he knew this was the effect of extreme emaciation on features settled by death.

For a few short moments he stood still, enduring the anguish of a life-time; then the cries outside grew louder, and he heard his own name called. "*Mainwaring, where are you? Quick, if you want to be saved.*" He wished to die where he stood, but that beautiful dust would perish with him if he did, and his heart yearned after it. Not so soon could he give up the treasure whose slumbering eyes he had never ventured to kiss. "*Mainwaring, where are you?*" Once more came the cry, caught up and swelled by numbers of voices. He stepped out on a narrow ledge beneath the window, which immediately gave way under his weight; but, with a desperate effort, he sprang far off into the street, to be greeted, as he fell, with loud applause—the last man who left the burning walls, the hero of that awful night of flames.



RAMBLINGS AMONG OBSCURE CHARITIES.

By J. EWING RITCHIE.

II.—HOME FOR LOST DOGS.

THERE are many ways of doing good in this world, and some of them little known and appreciated. Real living Christianity finds expression as much in the common acts of life as when a man is called to renounce the world, or as when the tender and delicate maiden walks, with unfaltering step and a hope that is sure and certain, to the stake. For instance, some few years since a kind-hearted Christian lady saw one night a poor lost dog trembling and starving and seeking refuge from the pelting rain on a door-step in a street in Islington. The lady was touched with pity. It seemed to her inhuman and unchristian to allow that poor lost dog to perish, and she managed to provide it with a home, Mrs. Tealby, the lady in question, paying all expenses. From childhood we are most of us familiar with the fame of the man of whom Goldsmith wrote—

"A godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray,"

who was bitten by a mad dog, and who also dwelt in Islington. To an Islington lady we owe what has now come to be an extensive concern, the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs. Aroused by the incident referred to, Mrs. Tealby left no stone unturned to rescue these four-footed Arabs of the streets. She wrote to the papers, a public meeting was held, a committee formed, and a temporary Home, in 1860, was opened in Hollingsworth Street, Holloway. It consisted of what was originally a kind of builder's yard, including one or two cottages, and some stabling. Here the good work was carried on for ten years under great difficulties, and amidst much apprehension. For many years the dogs admitted were only such as were sent there by kindly disposed persons at their own expense. It was true that the committee had wisely established temporary receiving-houses, but somehow or other they did not answer. In 1867 the case was altered by Parliamentary and police interference. In that year 1,881 dogs were seized by the police, and Parliament passed an Act to clear the streets of this new danger, and Sir Richard Mayne, at that time the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, proposed that these stray dogs should be taken to the Home as a temporary depôt. This involved the removal of the Home from Holloway, where, as the surrounding population had increased, many complaints, and very naturally too, were made against the incessant barking of the abandoned and lost of the canine species. No doubt the Home was a bit of a nuisance, but, as the committee urged, the people had since gone to the place, which when they took it was as solitary and isolated as was possible under the circumstances. But there was no help for it. You cannot reason with the general public, and the Home in Holloway had to be given up. Fortunately an eligible site presented itself in Battersea Park Road, in a lone locality bounded by railways, the engines of which can be at times quite as noisy as any number of dogs. In that spot there is no chance of the site being required for genteel semi-detached villas. There the dogs now find a temporary home till the worthless and the diseased to whom life is a burden lay their burden down, or till friends—all the past having been forgotten and forgiven—welcome back the runaway or returning prodigal, or till ladies and gentlemen in want of a dog have been accommodated with exactly the kind of animal they require. In Easter, 1871, the present Home was opened. The cost of the freehold site and of the erection of the buildings which were absolutely necessary in connection with it, reached no less a sum than £4,000, a heavy tax upon the stinted resources of the society. Even then the requirements of the place were insufficiently met. It was found requisite to keep the big dogs apart from the little ones, who were much worried by the former; doubtless there are bullies amongst dogs as well as amongst men, and unnatural herding together, by the mere tyranny of distress, very much aggravates the evil. It was also essential to build corrugated iron sheds to shield the dumb animals from the snows of winter and the heat of summer. The extension of the premises of the society, and of its usefulness, as was to be expected, still further increased its expenditure. In 1877 the committee found that there was an inconvenient pressure, in other words that the funds ran short, when the number of animals amounted to 400 a week, the general average at that time. Even lost dogs have appetites to be met, and £50 a week had to be expended in dog

biscuits and other food. Even now the society has need of all the legacies and subscriptions and donations of its friends.

It is needless to say how great is the benefit of such an institution. A lost dog in the streets of London at any time is a sorry sight, and sometimes he can be very mischievous. I knew a little lad who, as he was carrying his father's dinner one day down Chancery Lane, was bitten by a dog lost in the street. The doctor was sent for and the usual remedies adopted, nevertheless in a week or two after that poor boy died of hydrophobia. In the Home itself the disease is unknown, and bitten repeatedly as some of the attendants have been, it does not seem that they have taken much harm. Outside the Home the public quietly assume that lost dogs are mad, and hence they are followed by a howling mob, with brickbats and stones, and are often really frightened out of their wits. Take an illustration with which most of us are familiar. A royal party is expected, and all London has turned out to do it honour. Flags are flying and church bells ringing; every window is alive with enthusiastic spectators, whilst the streets are lined with a crowd kept within bounds by the police, and through which it is impossible to penetrate. Omnibuses and cabs are not to be seen, or, as the newspaper reporters write, vehicular traffic is forbidden by the Lord Mayor. Suddenly there is a roar of many voices heard. As it comes nearer you instinctively turn your head in the direction whence it comes. What is it the mob are shouting at? King or queen, prince or princess, the first statesman of the hour, military hero, illustrious traveller, distinguished peer of the realm? Nothing of the kind; all that you see is a poor lost dog panting for breath, with his tongue hanging out and his tail between his legs, racing along in terror of his life. Come with me to Battersea Park. There is the same dog, and his master has found him. How beautiful is the recognition! how the whole body of the dog quivers with emotion as he sees the well-known form approach! How eager he is to be free to lick the well-known hand! It is true he cannot show his delight in words, but words are not needed. The love of the dog for his master or mistress is patent to all. The God who made you or me, who fashioned us in His own image, who implanted in us the breath of life, has given that dog in its way an instinct as wonderful as that intellect of ours of which we are so ready to boast and which so often leads us astray. There is something truly beautiful in the fact, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." But faithful friendship has few more strikingly beautiful examples than the Englishman finds in his dog. Surely the dog, more even than the ox or the ass, adds pathos to the complaint, "But Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

If you are on the platform of the Battersea Park Road Station, it is easy to realise the fact—if you look over it—that there, beneath your very eyes, is one of the most famous sights of London, the Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs. It is a triangular piece of ground laid out in dog kennels of a superior order, and in such a way as to contain the maximum of accommodation possible. At night the dogs are locked in, but in the daytime they are in small courts, some barking, some sleeping, some eating, some sad, some gay, some young, some old, some big, some small, and of all shades of brown, or black, or white. Where else can you see such a variety of—

> "Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
> And curs of low degree"?

If we descend and visit the place, we shall be struck with the care taken of the dogs and the admirable sanitary and other arrangements of the place. Visitors who have come to look for lost dogs, or to provide themselves with household pets and guardians of the canine species, are numerous. Though the dogs are loose there is no danger, as you walk between pens well fenced in, so that no outsider can be bitten. The dog when received is kept three days till he is claimed —or otherwise; and those three days are a kind of quarantine as well. Having served his probation, a collar with a number is placed round his neck and he is turned into a kennel with some thirty or forty others, and here he lives till he is reclaimed or sold. The number of dogs in the place varies, but it is always large. After all, you experience a feeling of sadness as you look at these dogs. The attendants are civil, the arrangements excellent, especially as regards cleanliness, and the living is one to which no reasonable dog could object, but hope deferred makes the heart sick as regards dogs as well as men. There they are evidently thinking of old times and hoping to see old faces. As a visitor approaches the dog evidently says to himself, "Here is my old master come to take me home," and he bounds forward to meet him, only to find he has made a mistake. There is no place like home, and

dogs feel that as well as men. There is not a kinder-looking man in London than the head keeper, yet it is clear to me, who can see through a brick wall or round a corner quite as well as my neighbours, that he has around him many a dog that longs—

> "For the touch of a vanished hand,
> Or the sound of a voice that is still."

In 1880, 5,249 dogs were restored to owners at the Home or sold to purchasers. During the same year the number of lost dogs brought to the Home was fewer by nearly five thousand than that of the previous year. The proportion of homes found for dogs to the number of animals brought into the institution was therefore much higher in 1880 than in 1879, which circumstance shows an increased usefulness in the operations of the society and a wider appreciation of its benefits. During the same time there were taken there twenty-seven dogs suspected of being afflicted with rabies. They were kept under surveillance and were separated from other dogs for periods of from seven to fourteen days. It is pleasing to record that in this particular year no cases of hydrophobia resulted from the bites referred to, and out of all the dogs found in the streets of London and conveyed to the Home, only in one animal were seen any symptoms of rabies, and in this instance no trace of the disease was discovered on post-mortem examination. The dogs thus collected together are never sold for purposes of vivisection. At one time there was a rumour to that effect, but it is not at all likely vivisectors will buy dogs when they can get them for almost nothing in the City, where we are sorry to find no provision is made for the collection of stray dogs, and where the police are at liberty to take them and do with them what they will. The fate of these latter I commend to the kind consideration of Miss Cobbe.

It is interesting to note the various subscriptions by which the funds of the society are enriched and the dogs maintained. Last year the expenses of the establishment were from all sources £3,175; of this sum in round numbers £1,840 were received from the sale of dogs, £240 from subscriptions, and £233 from donations. Legacies I need not assure the reader will be gratefully received. That dogs have endeared themselves to their owners is evident when we glance down the lists of donations or subscriptions: one 2s. 6d. is sent "In memory of dear Gippey;" "Two happy dogs in a happy home" are down for 10s. for their starving relatives; one lady contributes £5 "In memory of my darling Bijou;" while other dogs are commemorated by donations of smaller sums. One lady subscribes annually £2 "In memory of darling Finette;" another 5s., "In memory of faithful Spot." We have quite a host of subscriptions headed as follows: "In memory of dear Nellie"—there is no need to ask who dear Nellie was; "In memory of little Trot;" "In memory of little Rough;" "In memory of dear Puff;" "In loving memory of Smut," and so on. These dogs had their lives cast in pleasant places, they were not left to the rough mercies of a bitter and cruel world; around them were kind friends, and for them there had been happy homes; and their mortal race run, their little warfare over, their work, such as it was, accomplished, how better could their names and virtues be recorded than by putting them amongst the subscribers and donors to an institution which has already done so much for dogs, and which may be reasonably expected to do as much more? Already, the example set by London is followed in other cities. Foreigners have visited Battersea Park, and have gone home determined to establish a similar institution for the lost and perishing dogs of their own particular city. It was announced at a recent congress in Brussels, that a large sum of money had been given by a lady for a dogs' home in that ancient and illustrious capital, and my readers will be glad to hear that arrangements have been made for carrying out the benevolent donor's bequest. How true is it that there is no end to the beneficial influence of a good deed or a bright example! At first said the public, "How absurd to found a home for lost dogs! how much better to think of our poor lost fellow creatures! what claims have four-legged animals on us? If they were lost and came to a bad end, so much the worse for the dogs, that was all." Scoff and jeer were for awhile the only answers to the appeal of Mrs. Tealby, the foundress and unwearied benefactress of the Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs in Battersea Park Road, South Lambeth. Upheld by a brave heart, she kept on her way. Our streets were cleared of dangerous dogs, or of dogs that would have become such, and now her name is universally revered, and the work which she commenced in fear and doubt is recognised and continued by some of the most distinguished men and women of our day, and the Duke of Cambridge, as one of the patrons, lends it the sanction of a royal name.

HER DREAM.

"MOTHER, they tell me a dream is true
Whenever it comes when dawn is new,
For then, I have heard the gossips say,
The mists of the brain are swept away,
And clear the eyes of the soul can see
The secret things that are yet to be;
I dreamed a dream while the dawn was new—
Oh, mother, what if my dream is true?

"I saw in my dream a murky sky,
And crested billows were leaping high,
Leaping and dashing in stormy play
On a shattered wreck, their helpless prey;
Rolling and breaking in clouds of foam
On my love's good ship that sailed from home;
The sea-gulls screamed, and the wild wind blew—
Oh, mother, what if the dream is true?"

Autumn went by like a story told,
And the girlish cheek grew pale and cold;
When last year's leaves were faded and shed,
A snowdrop rose from its garden bed;
The hoar-frost silvered the cottage pane,
When the flower of hope bloomed out again,
But skies were bright with a wintry blue;—
Could earth rejoice if that dream were true?

Days went and came, and the air was sweet
In fresh spring fields where the young lambs bleat;
When catkins covered the willow-trees,
Glad tidings came from the far-off seas
Of brave lives won from the hungry waves,
By Love that watches, and guards, and saves.
"Oh, mother," she said, "God only knew
My lad was safe, though the dream was true!"

SARAH DOUDNEY.

Wood engraved by E. Evans & Son, Lombard Street, London.

BARNEY'S NEIGHBOUR.

By C. BIRLEY.

"Great gifts can be given by little hands,
Since of all gifts Love is still the best."
A New Mother.—Adelaide Anne Procter.

CHAPTER I.—CHILD'S PLAY.

"MY duty towards my neighbour is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would that they should do unto me."

So, for about the fifteenth time, murmured little Barney Fielding, as he sat upon the table in the schoolroom at Elmhurst Rectory, conning over a portion of the Catechism which his mother had given him to learn, while she and his father were away from home for a few days.

It was a wild March morning. Great gusts of wind blew up the dust in an unpleasant manner, which had helped their nurse Sarah to decide that none of her four charges should go out of doors; and Barney's two sisters were in the same room with him, pressing up against the window in a melancholy mood. Their parents had gone off to London directly after breakfast, and were not expected to return till Friday night; and the three elder children knew that the object of this journey was, that their father, who was a clergyman, and the Rector of Elmhurst, might see a clever doctor about the cough and weakness which had troubled him all winter, and which grew worse instead of better as the spring advanced. Daisy, and Barney, and Elly sometimes noticed for themselves how pale and thin he looked, and how the noise they made in playing seemed to weary him; though Elly thought it very odd that as jumping about and shouting did not tire her own sturdy little legs and piercing little voice, any one else could be fatigued by sitting still in an arm-chair like father, and just seeing and hearing other people do it. It was only Barney who almost always remembered to be quiet for his sake.

Daisy was the eldest of the Fielding children, a bright, strong girl of nine, rather short for her age, and with her bones well covered, though she was not such a round fat dumpling as the five-year-old Miss Elly, whose red cheeks, her father told her, were like two big rosy apples which the cook had forgotten to put inside. Both the sisters had fair hair, Elly's clustering in short curls about her head, while Daisy's hung in golden ripples down her back. She, Daisy, was a quick, imperious child, affectionate and eager, and a great favourite with her companions.

Still, Barney was the one to look to for good-humour. It overspread his countenance like sunshine, beamed out of his brilliant dark-brown eyes, and lurked in his two dimples; and Daisy, and Elly, and even the little brother Pascoe, who was only two years old, were not slow to take advantage of his sweetness, and coolly put aside his wishes whenever they happened to clash against their own.

"Oh! I want to go out," said Elly piteously, leaning her curly head against the window pane, and thus as far as possible defeating Sarah's purpose of guarding her from cold, by getting all the draught which came in through the badly fitting framework.

"And so do I!" said Daisy, from her heart. "But as we can't, I am wishing more than anything that we had some more toys."

And she stared dejectedly at the row of shelves on which the children were supposed to keep their playthings. Yes, they certainly were not so well filled as they might have been, if Mr. and Mrs. Fielding had had a little more money to spend upon their family's unnecessary wants.

"If only you didn't get tired of playing at *my* game," began Barney, shutting up his Prayer-book, and putting it carefully away; but of course no one listened to him, and he meekly gave place to the usual speaker.

"Yes, I do wish one of us could have a birthday, or be ill, or do anything that would get us something fresh to play with," proceeded Daisy, who was quite as ready to sacrifice her own health to the public good as that of her brothers and sister. "Let me see, yours is the next birthday, Barney:

'Barnaby bright, Barnaby bright,
The longest day and the shortest night;'

and that's such a very long way off. There is nobody with a loose tooth, is there?" she added, trying her own white rows with a thumb and finger, and looking greatly disappointed by the absence of result. "Mine are all quite firm, or else that would have been a penny. How are yours, Barney?"

"I think perhaps one of them is a *little* loose, if you pull it very hard," said Barney hopefully. "You try, Daisy; your fingers are the strongest, and I shan't mind if you hurt."

"No, it's no good! It's firmer than mine even! It wouldn't be fair," pronounced Daisy, after a test which brought the tears to Barney's eyes. The little Fieldings were given

a penny for each tooth of theirs which came out of their heads, but they were bound in honour never to give them the first shock, for the sake of getting the reward.

"Feel mine, Barney," said Elly, who did not like to be left out of anything in which her big brother and sister were concerned. "Not you, Daisy, you're so rough."

"What's the good?" said Daisy. "You're too little for it even to be worth while trying yours for another year."

But Barney seized on the suggestion.

"Yes, sit down in that chair, Elly, and put your feet upon a foot-stool, and pretend to be a lady coming to the dentist. I'll just get my case of instruments," and he reached down from his shelf an old box-lid on which were carefully arranged two magnets, a stiletto from which the point was gone, a carpet needle, a broken bodkin, and three large rusty nails. It was a formidable collection, even without some poisonous lead-paper which represented silver stopping; but Elly did not seem afraid, and opened her mouth with the composure of a model patient.

"That's so like you, Barney," said Daisy. "You're always wanting somebody or something to be ill, or hurt, or broken, that you may mend them up again. I think it's very unkind."

For a moment Barney looked staggered by this view of his amusement. "But I don't want them to *be* ill, only to pretend," he said, "and that can't do them any harm. And then, you know, I am the doctor who is kind to them and makes them better. Doctors are always kind," he added with conviction, "and that's the reason people are so glad to see them."

"Oh, are they?" said Daisy scornfully. "Then why did mother look so bothered when she told Cousin Annys the other day that Dr. Ashton was never out of the house now, and she was sure that he came oftener than he need."

"That was the money," said Barney sagely.

"Well, then," said Daisy, shifting her ground a little, "I don't think it is so very kind of people to do things just for money. No one calls it kind of father to preach sermons, because that's what he has got to do, or of Sarah to wash and dress us every morning, or of shop-keepers to let you have the things you pay for. And I don't see that it is a bit different with doctors. They make sick people better because that's their business, and if they didn't do it they couldn't get on. Kindness is the doing things for nothing."

"Oh, do stop talking, Daisy, and let Barney play with me," sighed poor little Elly. For her dentist, instead of attending to his appointment, was standing stock-still beside her chair, screwing up his eyes until they were almost lost to sight, in his difficulty to express his meaning; but, though words wouldn't come to him, he had his idea pretty clearly in his mind.

For within the childish form of Barney Fielding, lay the germs of one of those strong, great, and tender souls to which the fact of human suffering is like a cry for help; and going, as he did go, with his mother into cottages, and hearing upon all sides from the poor, of the gentleness, and cleverness, and patience of the good old parish doctor, it was no wonder that the little fellow learned to think such loving service was the noblest work which manhood had to offer, and that he already looked forward to the time when he too would be able to shower the gifts of healing on his kind. Ah, it was no hope of getting money which made his heart swell with the thought. How was it Daisy didn't understand?

"I wish I were a man," he began impatiently, but then he stopped, and smiled, and changed his sentence. "When I am a man, I will tell you what I mean, Daisy," he ended in his usually slow and placid way.

But Daisy wasn't listening. She was gazing through the window.

"Look!" she said, "here's Cousin Annys coming to the door, and she's got a great big parcel in her arms. Perhaps it's another present for you, Barney. She does give you things like the fairy godmothers in story-books, doesn't she? only they're mostly too useful to be nice; and she is like the pictures of them too."

This remark did credit to Daisy's powers of observation. When two minutes afterward Miss Annys Maynard came into the schoolroom, any one must have admitted that there was a resemblance to the ordinary design for beneficent fairies in her tiny figure, which even high-heeled boots hardly raised above five feet, and in her shrewd, clever little face with its big arched nose, bright eyes, and a pointed chin, which, in spite of the owner's youth, was already inclining to nutcrackeriness. She wore the appropriate costume of a short and brightly-coloured petticoat, long cloak, and stiff black beaver hat; and with her smiling, animated countenance, looked a very pleasant visitor to have on a dull day.

At the time of her godson Barney's birth, Annys Maynard was living near the Rectory, at Elmhurst Hall. Soon afterwards, however,

her father died, and she went away to a house called Methby Grove, in Surrey, and lived alone, coming only to Elmhurst Hall once or twice a year. Mr. Fielding, Barney's father, was her distant cousin, and Mrs. Fielding her great friend, while for her little godson she cherished a very deep affection, though, to tell the truth, when they were together she felt a little puzzled how to talk to him, and look at things from his childish point of view. If she might have him to herself at Methby she fancied they would get on better, but his father and mother had never yet been able to send him for a long-promised visit there. Daisy, Barney, and Elly clustered round her, holding up three chubby faces to be kissed.

"Well, children," she said cheerily, "what are you doing with yourselves this dismal day? Nothing, Daisy? That's not a very exciting occupation."

"I am a dentist, and these are my things," observed Barney, complacently putting his hand upon his treasures in the box-lid; and Cousin Annys examined them with interest.

"'Neither wise men nor fools
Can work without tools,'"

she repeated to him gravely. "But still, Barney, judging from the look of these, I should pronounce you pretty nearly independent of such helps. Now fetch Pascoe, Daisy, if he hasn't gone to bed yet; and you shall see what I have brought in this parcel to console you poor deserted chicks."

Daisy ran away, and soon came back again with her pretty little brother clinging to her hand, and roguishly pretending to be shy. *Real* shyness was not a failing of the Fielding family.

That was a delightful parcel. There was a soft fur-coated monkey in it for Pascoe, a doll for Elly, a set of quartette cards for Daisy, a box of dominoes for Barney, and a good supply of chocolate and barley-sugar and tiny story-books besides, to be shared among them all. Cousin Annys stood by the table, enjoying the children's pleasure, as she distributed her gifts in this properly lavish fairy style. "There, you needn't thank me any more," she said at last, hushing their eager gratitude. "Only, as my old nurse used to say to me when I was in the nursery, 'don't you ever say that I never gave you anything.'"

"There's one thing that I wish you hadn't given me," said Barney, looking up at her with twinkling eyes.

"What's that, Barney?"

"Such an ugly name as Barnabas," said the boy, repeating it in a disgusted tone. "When mother asks me in the Catechism, 'Who gave you that name?' she says of course I must say, 'My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism,' but really and truly my godfathers had nothing at all to do with it, and it was only *you*. Why did you choose it, please? And don't you wish now that you had thought of a nicer one?"

Cousin Annys shook her head. Her love, and prayers, and interest had been bespoken for this child at a time when the weight of coming sorrow was pressing heavily upon her, and she had begged to give him the name of the saint upon whose festival he came, as a token of the comfort that she trusted he would prove to her some day.

"No, Barney," she said, looking at him tenderly, "for I chose it for its meaning—the son of consolation. Have you any idea what consolation means?"

"I *know*," said Barney confidently. "Joe Dixon told me. It means something for somebody that hasn't got anything."

"Pretty nearly—sometimes," said Cousin Annys, smiling, and Daisy hastened to explain:

"He is thinking of the prize for the Consolation Race in the Athletic Sports at Joe's big school. Joe said it was only for the boys who hadn't won anything before."

Barney nodded, and then moved a little nearer to Miss Maynard. "Cousin Annys," he said, "what do you think the London doctor will say to father?"

"Ah, Barney, I wish I knew," she answered earnestly, struck by his wistful seriousness of manner: but again Daisy interposed.

"Oh, never mind him, Cousin Annys! Please come and play quartettes. Mother will tell him all about it when she comes home again, and he only wants to know that he may play at it with Elly!"

CHAPTER II.—CHILD'S EARNEST.

THE London doctor's prescription worked a greater change in the Rectory household than one written merely in mysterious symbols upon half a sheet of letter paper. He said that Mr. Fielding must go abroad to the south of France as soon as possible, and a clergyman had been found to come and take the duties at Elmhurst while its rector was away.

The doctor had, however, spoken so hopefully of the good effect which a warm climate was likely to have upon Mr. Fielding's health, that both he and his wife would have been quite glad to go, but for the

sad necessity of leaving three of their four children. It would be too great an expense to take the whole family, and soon it was decided that only little Pascoe should accompany his parents.

"And when will you and father come back again, mother?" Barney asked, when Mrs. Fielding told the children of these plans. "And are we to stay here with Sarah all alone?"

"No, dear," said Mrs. Fielding. "We can't tell yet how long we shall be away; and perhaps if your father likes France very much, he will try and get a chaplaincy out there, and send for you all to come and join us. But in the meantime, here is an invitation for you, Daisy and Elly, to stay in Devonshire with grandmamma and Aunt Margaret; and they are very sorry, Barney, that it is not possible to make room for you too in their tiny cottage. Who do you think wants you, my boy? I know you can guess if you try."

"Cousin Annys," said Barney, laying his soft cheek lovingly against his mother's as he stood with his arm about her neck. "Really, mother? Am I to live with her at Methby Grove?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Fielding; "you are to go back with her next Monday, and in another day or two, Sarah will take Daisy and Elly to Tor Cottage. You will all be very happy, I am sure."

"I wish we were all to be together, though," said Daisy. "Cousin Annys has been telling us about Methby, mother. It sounds such a queer place, made up, she says, of a lot of three-cornered bits of grass, just like each other, with flocks of geese and dirty children running about on them, and ever so many public-houses round. Oh dear, Barney! next Monday will be here rather soon!"

Mrs. Fielding sighed. Hard as it was for her to part from any of her children, she knew that Barney was the one she should miss most of all. Not that she really loved him better than the others, but because he was more gentle and affectionate and thoughtful in his ways. As she once said to Annys Maynard, "Half my troubles seem to vanish when Barney looks up with his understanding gaze, and slips his little hand in mine."

She was thinking very sadly of their approaching separation when, the day before he was to leave her, she and Barney were alone together in the drawing-room. It was the custom at Elmhurst Rectory for the children to repeat the Catechism to their father every Sunday afternoon, standing in a row before him, according to their ages, with their hands behind their backs. Even Pascoe had been taught already to stay quietly in his place by Elly, and answer the two questions, "What is your name?" and "Tell me how many commandments there be?" and the sight of her solemn little face was enough to keep his merriment in check. Mr. Fielding was always much displeased by the least sign of carelessness or inattention in this repetition, and so Barney, who was anxious to be perfect in his farewell lesson, had brought his Prayer-book to his mother directly after breakfast, asking her to hear if he could say "My duty towards my neighbour" without a single fault.

"'My duty towards my neighbour is to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would that they should do unto me,'" began the little fellow in a reverent voice, but then his thoughts went travelling in much the same direction as his mother's, and he looked at her, and said, with a quiver on his lip—

"I wonder what neighbours I shall have at Methby."

"I wonder, too," said his mother. "Come closer to me, Barney—yes, on my knee if you like—and let us talk a little. You remember how a certain lawyer came to Jesus, and when he was bidden to love God with all his heart and his neighbour as himself, he asked, 'Who is my neighbour?' And what was it Jesus said to him?"

"He told him about the poor man who fell among thieves," said Barney, "and about the good Samaritan who helped him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fielding. "By means of that beautiful parable our dear Lord taught not only him but His whole Church throughout all ages, that our neighbours are those who stand in need of us through trouble and sorrow and distress. Thus wherever you go, Barney, you will find no lack of them. There is always somebody in want of love and help and comfort, and even a child like you, if willing and unselfish, can in many ways show friendliness and kindness towards others not so favoured as himself! If at Methby you look out for little opportunities of being helpful, you will soon begin to feel at home among the neighbours there."

"And when I am a doctor," observed Barney, "what a lot of neighbours I shall have—all the people who come to be taken care of in my hospital. You know I mean to build one, mother? and Elly is to be a nurse and help me, and wear a pretty white cap upon her head. Daisy won't. She says she thinks that she shall marry some one."

(*To be continued.*)

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "What a strange and wondrous story." Lesson: Mark viii. 22—31. Concluding Hymn: "Now the day is over."

IN the outskirts of a city I well know lived, more than thirty years ago, a friend of mine whose name was Barbara. At the time I first met with her she was still a girl attending school. And I remember that she was small and slender in her form, and that she had dark hair and large kindling brown eyes. Everybody who knew her loved her. She was a kindly, eager, bright girl, a great reader, very fond of good books, but especially fond of books about missionaries. And among books of this kind there was one, much read in those days, which was her greatest favourite. This was the life of a brave young scholar called Henry Martyn, who gave up his English life and went to India to be a missionary there. Barbara used to say, "If I were a boy, and clever like Henry Martyn, I should do just as he did, and go to India too."

A few years after that Barbara was married, and in a home of her own. It was a very pleasant home to visit. Barbara was happy in her husband, and she and her husband happy in God. And by-and-by they were happier still, for God sent them a beautiful baby boy.

Barbara's heart overflowed with joy and with thankfulness to God. Every now and again, as she clasped her baby to her breast, she would burst forth into singing. A thought greater than she had yet courage to speak of was in her heart. Although she herself could not follow in the footsteps of Henry Martyn, her boy might live to do it. She went into God's presence every day and told this thought to Him in her prayers. Then she found courage to name it to her husband. And before many days were over her joy was complete, for her husband and she agreed together to give their boy to God, and to train him up to become a missionary, like Henry Martyn.

In this purpose Barbara, with her husband, rested, and had great joy of heart. When the baby was brought to the church to be baptized, the name given was Henry Martyn. And by-and-by it came to be known among their friends in the Church that Henry was to become a missionary. When we kissed the baby or took it into our arms to dandle it we called it "the little missionary." And the happy months of babyhood went on.

But when the months of babyhood were past, the friends who came to call on Barbara noticed a strange look about her face. The joy seemed to be going out of it, and they saw that she looked eagerly at the eyes of her visitors as they looked at her child. But she said nothing. The time had come when the little missionary should have been speaking his first word for God, when he should have been saying "mamma," and he had not said it, nor made any trial of saying it. He never said it. He was both deaf and dumb. He looked up into her face in the old way, the large brown eyes kindling with love; but that was all. She took him to the doctors in her own city; she went to Edinburgh and London to show him to more famous doctors there. They could do nothing. Henry Martyn, who had been given to God to be a missionary, remained deaf and dumb.

Barbara had other children, bright like herself, and happy and eager as she had been in her early days. And she bowed her spirit to the will of God with respect to Henry. Often, as the little group were sitting around the table, she would fix her eyes on Henry and wonder over the ways of God. But she never lost faith in God. She never fell into the evil thought that God was unkind to her. She held to this—that God, in His own good way, would bless him and keep him in His love.

It happened that Barbara's youngest brother was living in her home. Soon after Barbara was married her mother died, and the home of her childhood was broken up. On her death-bed her mother had said to her, "Barbara, watch over Reuben; the rest can take care for themselves." And Barbara had said, "Darling, I will be unto him even as a mother." And she was. She loved him with a love like the love she put forth on her children. But Reuben was a great care to her. He took no interest in the things of his soul. He never opened his Bible. He never entered a church. He was living like one who did not believe in God, or in Christ, or in a better world. And by-and-by he became friendly with a set of men, both young and old, who met together to study books that made a mock of the Bible and of the Church. Barbara pled with him; Barbara prayed for him; in secret Bar-

bara wept over him. And I really believe that this was as hard a trial to her as the dumbness of her firstborn.

From the first day Reuben came into the home the speechless Henry took to him as his friend. When Reuben came in to his meals, the little man ran forward to him with uplifted arms. When Reuben sat down, he climbed up on his knee. If he got a new toy or picture-book, Reuben was the first to see it. And of all in the house, when anything ailed him, only Reuben could hush him to sleep. Reuben loved the child as much as the child loved him.

When Reuben's ways had become so as I have described, little Henry was about twelve years old. He had never been strong. He had never been so strong that his parents could send him to a school for the deaf and the dumb. The only teaching he had was from his mother and Reuben. They had learned to speak with the fingers, and little by little Henry was brought to understand and to use his own. But in the midst of these lessons his health gave way. He had a serious illness. In this illness the little heart yearned more than ever it had done for Reuben. In the evenings, when Reuben came home from his work, the little arms were stretched out for his friend and he had to be taken out of bed and nestled on Reuben's knees.

And Reuben gave up all his outdoor friends that he might meet this love of the child. He told some of them that he felt Henry tugging at him, and saw him reaching out his arms to him all day long. He came straight home every night, and took up his place as Henry's nurse. And dumb though Henry was, he spoke for God to Reuben's heart. His love made a language of its own that it might appeal to that heart. And in strange ways which I cannot explain echoes of the love which God had for both the child and himself began to sound in his heart and escape by his lips in little snatches of remembered hymns. And, more wonderful still, he was led back by the child's need to prayer. Henry's sufferings were sometimes so great and so difficult to help that when the rest of the household had gone to their beds, and Reuben was alone with the sufferer, he would kneel beside the little crib and cry to God for help.

In the room where Reuben and the child slept there was a shelf filled with books. And among the books was one with pictures of the sufferings of Christ, by a great painter called Albert Dürer. In the long evenings when the child was propped up with pillows and Reuben had shown him every toy and curious thing in the room, he would next take down the picture-book and show him the pictures of the sufferings of Christ. There were pictures of all His sufferings. There was a picture of Christ weeping over Jerusalem, and one of His betrayal in the garden, and one of His scourging, and one of His fainting under the weight of the Cross, and one of Him when hanging on the Cross. But the picture which most moved little Henry was that in which the Lord is being nailed to the Cross. The Cross is lying on the ground; the Lord is stretched upon it. A man is driving a nail into the left hand; another man is boring a hole to make the place ready for the right hand; in front a soldier is waiting with the nail; behind, the mother of Christ is looking on with a face full of anguish, and behind her are the women of Jerusalem that wept for Jesus. It is one of the most awful pictures of the Lord's sufferings ever made by man. Henry asked to see it every evening. And by the finger-speech—as well as he could—the child was made to understand both who the sufferer was and why He was suffering. Tears would often come into Henry's eyes as he looked at this picture. And sometimes he would lift it to his lips and kiss it.

But now it was too plain that Henry's own sufferings were to end in death. His face was white and pinched; his brown eyes grew larger and larger and shone like lamps; his body was hot and spent. It was an autumn evening when the sufferings came to an end. He had been very restless during the day, but became quiet when Reuben came home and sat by his side with the little hand in his. There was a long glow of red and purple in the sky that evening, and the child was placed so that he could see it. About eight o'clock he motioned to Reuben for the picture-book and then for the picture which had touched him most. Then he took the book into his thin hands and pressed it open at that picture on his breast. And then, looking straight into his mother's eyes, he died.

So the gracious God did not put Barbara to shame, neither did He reject her gift. Little Henry lived to speak for Him and to save the soul of his uncle. Though dead he continued to speak in the home. Every other child in the family was drawn nearer to God by his death. The home itself in their esteem seemed to be lifted nearer to heaven. And heaven itself was more precious to them

than ever as they remembered that it was the land where the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

For many years Reuben was not able to speak about Henry without tears. But when those years had passed, he told me that at times he still felt the little sufferer tugging at his heart; and in the autumn evenings when a glow is on the sky he seems to hear a far-off voice calling to him, "Reuben, my own Reuben, come to me, to this happy land."

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Around the throne of God in Heaven." Lesson: Mark x. 1 and 13—16. Concluding Hymn: "Now the day is over."

I was staying one night with some companions at the house of a friend, and the lesson at evening prayer happened to be the chapter in Zechariah in which the words occur, "The city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets."

My friend who was reading said that it was the old City of Jerusalem that was meant; only a few years before no children could be seen in the streets. The city itself was in ruins, its walls were thrown down, its houses burnt, its streets deserted. Its people were slaves in Babylon. But that evil time was coming to an end. Builders were building up the broken walls, and Zechariah had been sent by God to cheer them at their work and to tell them of good times coming. There shall be happy homes once more in the old city, and the streets of it shall be full of boys and girls at their play.

And what is better still, said one of my companions, what the prophet said of the Old Jerusalem is true also of the Jerusalem which is to come down from God out of heaven. In the New Jerusalem as in the old, the streets shall be full of boys and girls at their play. And boys shall grow up to manhood and girls to womanhood in the service of its King, and in the joy of a dwelling-place which shall also be the dwelling-place of God.

But best of all, said another, this New Jerusalem which is described as coming down from God out of heaven is not some city in a far land which we cannot enter till we die. It is the city He brought down out of heaven when He Himself came; the city He tells of in the Sermon on the Mount which is to give light unto the world, and which He speaks of in the parables as the kingdom of heaven. It is on the earth now, it is in every home where Christ is loved; it is in every church and nation where God's will is done. The boys and girls are there also. You remember how Jesus says, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I did not intend to speak, but my friend turned to me as if he wanted me to say a word. I had just been reading the life of Martin Luther, and I told the company of a letter I saw there which Luther had sent to his little son John. In this letter he said: "I know a lovely and smiling garden, full of children dressed in robes of gold, who play under the trees with beautiful apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and prunes. They sing, they leap, they are all joyful. There are also beautiful ponies with bridles of gold and saddles of silver. In passing through the garden I asked a man what it meant, and who were the children. He replied: 'These are the children who love to pray and to learn, who are pious and good children.'" Then I said this will help us to see what the prophet meant when he said the boys and girls are to be playing in the city of God. Luther was writing to a very little child, and he had to speak to him in such a way as he could understand. But his meaning, no doubt, was that the boys and girls who belong to that city shall be as happy as it is possible for boys and girls to be. And that is what Zechariah means.

More was said that evening about the playing of the boys and girls in the streets of the City of God; but I will keep it till another time.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus, when He left the sky." Lesson: Luke vi. 27—36. Concluding Hymn: "Now the day is over."

"Rooted and grounded in love." These are words in a prayer which the Apostle Paul offered for the people he loved in the city of Ephesus. Now in praying for people he loved the apostle always asked the best things. And what he asked for his dear Ephesians was that they might be rooted and grounded in love. What, then, is this best thing which the apostle asked? What is it to be rooted and grounded in love?

This is what I am now to try to make plain to you. But it will be easier to do this if, first of all, I tell you what "rooted and grounded" means.

You have been at the seaside in summer. You have spent many a happy day on the sands. And no doubt you have built houses there, and planted gardens round about them, as we, who are grown up, also in our childhood did. It was perhaps you the

poet was looking at who wrote the pleasant verses I am about to repeat :—

"Once on a time some little hands
Planted a garden on the sands ;
And with a wish to keep it dry
They raised a wall five inches high.
Within the wall and round the walks
They made a slender fence of stalks.
And then they formed an arbour cool
And dug in front a tiny pool.
Their beds were oval, round, and square,
Thrown up and trimmed with decent care.
In these they planted laurel twigs,
And prickly holly, little sprigs
Of ash and poplar, and, for show,
Bright daffodils and heart's-ease low ;
With pink-eyed daisies by the score
And buttercups and many more.
One rose they found with great delight
And stuck it in with all their might.
This finished, then they went away
Resolved to come another day."

But when they came back they found that their labour was all in vain. The flowers were withered. The rose and the heart's-ease had died. In all their garden there was neither life nor growth. And this was the reason : not one of all the flowers they had planted had a root. And if every one had had a root, they could not have grown in the salt sand of the shore. A flower that is "rooted and grounded," therefore, is a flower that has a root and is planted in ground where the root can take hold and grow.

Now this will help you to understand what it is to be "rooted and grounded in love." When somebody loves you, and you lay hold on the love, you are rooted and grounded in it.

One day, on a lonely road that led down to the river Jordan, a mother and two daughters were walking. It was Naomi with Orpah and Ruth. The red mountains of Moab were behind them. Before them, above the steep sides of the Jordan valley, were the first glimpses of the green hills of Bethlehem. I am almost certain that Naomi had been weeping. At any rate, she had been thinking sad thoughts about the past ; and she had had a little battle of thoughts in her heart about the future.

It would be good for her if the two girls came all the way to Bethlehem with her. They would make the years that remained to her there less sad. They would love her. When she was old and helpless, they would work for her ; and neighbours would say, "Naomi is happy in her children." But would it be as good for them? They would be strangers in a strange land. They would have to live in a home that was poor and bare. And some day, returning wearied from the fields, and catching sight of the Moab mountains, their old home, they might regret the journey they were now taking.

So she stopped and said, "My daughters, you have been very kind to both mine and me. You loved my sons while they lived, and you do not despise their mother. You have comforted me in all my sorrow, and my heart cleaves to you this day. I love you with a mother's love. But to take you farther would not be love. To come with me will be to come into days and years of sorrow. Return to Moab and to the people among whom you have lived. You are young. God will bless you for your kindness to the dead. He will open up new homes for you ; and it may be that happy years are in store for you both."

The young women burst into tears ; here was a new proof of their mother's love. They said at once, "Mother, we will never leave you."

But Naomi told them all the thoughts of her heart. She told them of the hardships, the poverty, the strangeness, the loneliness of the life that awaited herself in Bethlehem. "Return," she said to them. "Why should your young lives abide in the shadow which must always darken over mine?" And she pressed them to return. Until at last one of the two said to herself, "What Naomi is saying is true. It will be better for me to return." So she blessed the old mother and turned and went back. It was Orpah who went back. But Ruth said, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee : for whither thou goest I will go ; and where thou lodgest I will lodge : thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." And Ruth came to Bethlehem with Naomi.

What was the difference between those two daughters? It was this, that Ruth was rooted and grounded in Naomi's love, and Orpah was not. Naomi had been to Ruth what the Bible and the Church are to you. She was light from God. She was also a guide to God. Ruth had never known days so happy as the days she passed in Naomi's home. She heard there the old stories about Israel, about the bondage in Egypt, and the ten plagues, and the Passover, and the coming out of Egypt, and the Red Sea, and the Ten Commandments, and the water from the rock, and the manna, and Moses, and Miriam, and Joshua. And her heart went out in love to the dear old mother that told the stories. She loved her with all her heart. And a blessing came up into her heart thereby. Ruth's life became holy, and loving, and beautiful from the day she was rooted and grounded in Naomi's love.

Now all this time I have been leading you to a love that is greater than Naomi's. What Naomi was to Ruth a far greater than Naomi

is to you. It is not the love of a mother in Israel which you have been brought near to, but the very love of God in the Saviour who died for you. He loved you and gave Himself for you. Is there any love like this? This is the love which has come down from heaven to you, to be a ground of love, on which your heart may take hold, and in which it may root itself for ever.

O blessed life of boy or girl, of man or woman, that is rooted and grounded in the love of Christ! The true glory of life begins when the heart strikes root in that love. It is the true beginning of prayer, of holiness, and of work. To love God who first loved us, that is better than the best thing for any of us that this world contains.

And sometimes in a life nothing is possible but this. You may be laid down by sickness, you may be smitten by pain, and you may find yourselves unable to sing, or pray, or speak. If such a time should ever come to you, and you are meanwhile rooted and grounded in the love of Christ, it will be a joy to you beyond all joys, that you can say in your heart, "Dear Saviour, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "There's a friend for little children." Lesson: John i. 43—51. Concluding Hymn: "Now the day is over."

What these verses teach is that God is everywhere. And surely that is a very wonderful fact. God everywhere! that means he is east, west, north, south; in heaven, on earth; on land and sea.

You could not travel or sail to a country in which He is not present. He is in all the kingdoms of the living; He is in the kingdoms of the dead. He is among the crowds on crowded streets; He is in the most lonely deserts. In homes, in schools, in work-places—wherever the night darkens, wherever the day brightens—God is there.

And, more wonderful still, He is in the secret places of the heart, both of grown-up people and of children. Away in, away down in the soul, where thoughts arise before they come up to be shaped into words in the mouth—even there, God is present.

But that is more than a wonderful fact. It is also a very solemn fact.

It is solemn to think that there is no place, seen or unseen, where evil-doers can do evil and not be seen by God. No darkness so dark, no shadow so deep, no distance so great where God is not, and in which God does not see what is done.

When Judas went out from the supper-chamber to sell his Lord, it was already dark. Would he have gone out into the darkness to do his evil deed if he had remembered and felt that the eyes of God were upon him? Those eyes beheld him leaving the room. Those eyes followed him along the dark streets. Those eyes saw him taking the thirty pieces of silver, and those eyes were full upon him afterwards when he came into the garden with the men who were sent to lay hold on Jesus, and pointed Him out by a traitor's kiss. But it is more than a wonderful or awful fact. It is also a very blessed and very helpful fact. It is a part of the glad tidings concerning God of which the Bible is full. What a happy thing it is to be living in a world where we cannot find a place where our best Friend is not present!

But this is one of the lessons which a child may learn in a wrong way, and I will tell you of a young American girl who learned it in this wrong way. She thought of God's being everywhere as a terror. She was filled with fear by it. If she went into a dark room, He was there; or along a dark road, He was there. She was afraid to be left alone in her bedroom at night, under the terror of the thought that He also was in the room. This was in the days of the good Dr. Nettleton, and it was the good hap of this little girl to be brought into friendly talk with him. He told her that God was a Father, the best Friend that a child could have; that He loved children, and that He had given a great proof of His love in sending His Son to die for them. And all the terror went out of the little heart, and joy and trust came into its place. She was no longer afraid to lie down at night or to be in a dark place alone. "My Father is here," she would say to herself, "and He is here and everywhere to bless and help His children."

And is not this a fact to be thankful for? Our Father, who loves us, everywhere! Our Father, who sent His Son to die for us, everywhere! Sometimes our families are broken up; sometimes one has to go in one direction and another in one quite apart. What a comfort to know that along whatever path our dear ones have to travel God is by their side, and into whatever far land they may have to travel, God is there.

The difficult thing is to believe that God is present where the sick and the wounded are lying in misery and crying out with pain?

I was reading a ballad yesterday about a children's hospital in which this very question was answered.

One day the kind old doctor of the hospital brought in a clever young doctor to see a little boy who had been crushed by the wheels in a mill. And this young doctor said, "He will never get better." The nurse said, "Oh, but we shall pray to the good Lord Jesus for him." At that the clever young doctor said, half to her and half to himself, "Praying to the good Lord Jesus cannot set a broken bone, and the good Lord Jesus has had His day." He meant that there was no good Lord Jesus in hospitals to help the sick and the wounded, or to hear prayer on their behalf. The only helper in hospitals, according to him, was the clever doctor. Now that was an evil thought to think and an evil word to say, and it was none the less evil that it was thought and said by a clever doctor. That vexed the nurse, who loved her little patients, and prayed for them to Christ.

There was at that time in the hospital a dear little girl called Emmie, and she was very ill indeed. But it was her good fortune to have this nurse, who prayed to Jesus for the little ones who were ill. By-and-by the time came when the old doctor must try whether little Emmie could be healed. There was only one chance. He must cut away something that was keeping her from being well. But as he looked at her on the little bed, so white, so thin, so wasted, he said to the nurse, thinking the child to be asleep, "I must try to do it, but I really do not think she will live through it."

Poor Emmie was not sleeping; and when nurse and the doctor left she told Annie, who was lying in the next bed, what the old doctor had said, and asked her what she should do. Annie said, "If I were you, dear Emmie,

> "I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus
> To help me, for, Emmie, you see
> It's all in the picture there:
> 'Little children should come unto me.'"

But Emmie said, "How is Jesus to know, there are so many beds in this ward?"

> "That was a puzzle for Annie;
> Again she considered and said,
> 'Emmie, you put out your arms
> And you leave them outside on the bed.
> The Lord has so much to see to;
> But, Emmie, you tell him it plain,
> It's the little girl with her arms
> Lying out on the counterpane.'"

So Emmie did that. She cried to Jesus to help her, and she kept her arms out on the counterpane. And the good nurse prayed and watched—watched so long and so many nights that she was nearly ill herself with watching. But at last the morning came when the old doctor was to apply his knife to the child. The nurse had been dreaming that morning:

> "Then in the grey of the morning,
> It seemed she stood by me and smiled;
> And the doctor came in at this hour
> And we went to see to the child.
> He had brought his ghastly tools;
> He believed her asleep again;
> Her dear, long, lean little arms
> Lying out on the counterpane.
> Say that Christ's day is done!
> Ah, why should we care what they say?
> The Lord of the children had heard her,
> And Emmie had passed away."

FIFTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night." Lesson: Luke xiii. 11—17. Concluding Hymn: "Now the day is over."

The lesson I am about to set before you this evening is a lesson for evil days. Days of that kind seem far from you just now. They will not always be far. In every life some days will be dark and dreary. Into every life, in one form or other, trouble will fall. When the evil days come to you may you be able to recall the lesson of this evening! It is this: that God is near to us in evil days; that He is in the deepest darkness into which we can be plunged; that there is no place or time, however dark, in which His ear is not open to our cry. If everything else that is gladsome should be taken out of your life, this can never be taken out of it. If one were to say, looking at his troubles, "Surely the darkness shall cover me," even the night shall be light for such an one.

But though I am saying this, I know that it is a lesson much easier to speak about than to let into the heart. Nobody in great trouble finds it easy at first. And I am sure there are times and places so dark that only God himself can help us to think of God.

That was what I felt one day when I was visiting the great round castle at Lancaster which was once the home of its mighty dukes. I saw one place in that castle which filled me with horror. It was the place in which the dukes had kept their prisoners.

It is a dungeon, deep down under the castle floor. It has neither window, nor fireplace, nor bench to sit on, nor bed. The walls, the roof, the floor are stone. And in the centre of the floor is a great ring of iron, to which the miserable prisoners were wont to be fastened with chains, as one would fasten a dog.

It went like ice through my blood, as I stood in that dismal place with only the light of a candle to show the gloom, to think of human beings, men or women, rich or poor, led down into that terrible room, chained to that ring of iron, and left there, as in a grave, without light of sun or star, without coal or candle, without the company of friends, without a single being to speak a kind word to them, without hope, except the sad hope of being taken out some morning to be put to death.

I said to myself: "Did ever prisoners shut up in this dungeon find comfort in thinking that God was present? Did the cry of the afflicted ever ascend from here? And did God answer that cry? Did He come near to the prisoners? Did He turn the darkness into light for any of them?"

I am sure He has done it for prisoners in dungeons as dark and terrible as the one in which I stood. Into a dungeon more terrible than that, fouler, more loathsome, and filled with crawling venomous creatures, the great prophet Jeremiah was once thrown by his enemies. There was not even a stone floor there. His enemies meant him to sink in that horrible pit and in the miry clay which was its floor. He sank. The foul waters rose up about him. He said to himself: It is the end of my life. I am cut off. But then he called upon the name of God; and he did not call in vain. Telling the story afterwards in thankfulness to God, he said: "I called upon Thy name, O Lord, out of the low dungeon. Thou didst hear my voice. Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee. Thou saidst, Fear not." And the prophet ceased to fear. By His presence God turned the very darkness of the dungeon into light.

About two hundred years ago, there was living in France a very holy lady whose name was Madame Guyon. She was a writer of religious books. In her books she taught that the way to know whether God loved us or not was to look into the heart. In that country and at that time this was thought to be a very wicked error. And she was taken from her family and shut up in the Bastille—the most terrible prison in all France.

But her cruel enemies could not shut her out from God—even in that terrible prison. She called upon God, and He came to her help. "O my God," she said to Him, "if Thou art pleased to make me a spectacle unto men and angels, Thy will be done. All that I ask is, that Thou wilt be with and save those who love Thee, so that neither life nor death, neither principalities nor powers, may ever separate them from Thy love which is in Christ Jesus. As for me, what matters it what men think of me, or what they make me suffer, since they cannot separate me from the Saviour, whose name is engraven in the very bottom of my heart?"

For four years, shut out from the sight of green fields and blue skies, this holy woman, for no evil she had ever done, but only for speaking and writing what she believed to be the truth of God, was kept in prison. But her spirit found its way by prayer and holy thought to God. And God was ever near to her. I will repeat some lines which try to tell us the very thoughts by which she was cheered:

"Strong are the walls around me
That hold me all the day,
But they who thus have bound me
Cannot keep God away.
My very dungeon walls are dear
Because the God I love is near.

"They know who thus oppress me
'Tis hard to be alone,
But know not, One can bless me
Who comes through bars and stone.
He makes my dungeon darkness bright
And fills my bosom with delight."

It is just twenty years since the comfort of God's presence in a deep pit and a terrible darkness was felt in other circumstances than those of a prison. In the first month of 1862 the heavy iron beam of an engine which was working above the mouth of a coal-pit at Hartley broke in two, and one half of it went crashing down the shaft. The shaft was six hundred feet in depth and lined with wood. As the heavy mass went down it tore the wood from the sides, and loosened the earth and the stone until the shaft was completely blocked up. More than two hundred colliers were in the pit, some of them fathers, some of them lads as young as some of you.

Did God fail His children in that terrible deep? Very soon they knew that every one of them had to die. They were six hundred feet down in the solid earth. The one way of escape was blocked up. Around them was darkness. Before them the deeper darkness of death.

Actually they did die. But when at last the place in which they died was reached, it was found that they had had prayer meetings, that they had spoken to each other of God and of a better world. One had written on the lid of a box to his wife, "Farewell, Sarah; the Lord bless you!" Another had taken his son into his arms and lay down with him that they might die together. The dead lay in rows together, as if they had gone quietly to sleep; brothers beside brothers, sons beside fathers. They had said one to another no doubt in their first agony, "Surely the darkness will cover us." But it turned out, through the mercy of God, and the vision of His presence which He gave them, that the very darkness became light about them, until they learned that neither height nor depth was able to separate them from the love of God that is in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Now that is the lesson I wish to leave with you. In the deepest darkness, in the worst of evil days, God will be near to His children and will hear their cry.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE QUEEN AND THE NATION.

HER MAJESTY'S escape from the late attempt upon her life has called forth a spontaneous and universal demonstration of loyal enthusiasm in all parts of the empire. In the United States of America, where the Queen's sympathy with the national sorrow touched a chord of deep emotion, the feeling of thankfulness for her preservation from the danger was hardly less intense than among her own subjects. Once more her Majesty has shown her characteristic composure and fearlessness in personal peril; her first thought was for the safety of her companions—for the Princess Beatrice especially. Her well-known love of others has received striking illustration, for she appears to have shown less agitation at the attack on herself than at the accident which recently occurred to one of her outriders. Abroad, as it has been remarked, regicide has too often been attempted by men of high intellectual power, prompted by unselfish though misguided motives. Here in England, on the contrary, it seems only from the insane and imbecile that danger comes. One of the many pleasing facts brought to light by the melancholy event is the feeling of the leaders of some of our fellow-subjects in Ireland. It is pleasant to record that the Irish Nationalist papers are vehement in denouncing the crime. Whilst against English supremacy they contend, for the Sovereign of the empire they have no feeling but affection. All her Majesty's subjects will unite in the wish that the weeks of seclusion and rest which the Queen will spend at Mentone may restore to her the health and strength which have in some degree been impaired by labour and anxiety. The Crown, we are too apt to forget, is no sinecure: administrations succeed one another, and statesmen have alternations of rest and toil. For the Queen, year after year prolongs the strain and increases the burden which rests upon her. That her Majesty may travel in safety and return with renewed energy to "Long live" amongst us will be the heartfelt prayer of the whole land.

THANKSGIVING FUNDS.

The purse is not always the surest index of the life of the Churches, but generous munificence commonly appears in close union with spiritual vitality. That the Wesleyan Methodists are not flagging in devotion to their principles is proved by the fact that their Thanksgiving Fund has now reached a total of £263,000, while an additional sum of £40,000 has been promised, but not yet paid. Of this amount the great towns and their surrounding districts in the northern counties contribute nearly £180,000, Liverpool standing at the head of the list. The Jubilee Fund in connection with the Congregational Union, though it has not attained proportions such as these, is also considerable. Promises to the extent of £120,000 have already been received, and there can be no doubt but that the fund will still be largely augmented during the early months of this year. One of the most noteworthy characteristics of this movement is the generosity of the Welsh Churches in the Rhondda Valley, which, in spite of their terrible sufferings from colliery accidents, have pledged themselves to raise £40,000 during the next eight years to pay off the debt at present lying upon the Churches of the district. If a comparatively poor society can engage to undertake so great a work, what must be the resources of this great country! When once English hearts are widely touched with religious fervour, the treasuries of the Church will be incredible.

OUR CATHEDRAL SYSTEM.

No one can look upon our grand English Cathedrals without feeling to what noble national service such buildings might be put to which they are only partially consecrated to-day; on this point the Cathedrals Commission have published a report in which important modifications of legal and religious organization are suggested. The services of public worship, it is there pointed out, fail in flexibility and variety, and should be so arranged as to attract instead of repelling congregations. Stress is also laid on the importance of securing the aid of eminent preachers, to save the service from degenerating into a mere artistic performance: men come to church to be strengthened and ennobled by more than mere musical enjoyment. It is proposed to make the cathedral the true centre of diocesan work, as a seat of theological instruction for the clergy of the diocese. It is also suggested that an order of preachers should be revived in a modified form, and that to the cathedral men should be attached who might be called upon to undertake work of this kind in the surrounding country.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN PUBLIC HALLS.

How is it that in the recent discussion of the causes which lead so large a proportion of our fellow countrymen to absent themselves from public worship, not a single complaint of inability to secure an audience has been made on the part of those who conduct religious services in the public halls and theatres of our large towns? While in what are called "places of worship" the gospel is often preached to handfuls, these men speak to hundreds, or even thousands, and to an audience, moreover, which shows only too clearly that to it worship is a novel experience. The difference is not one of men alone; for a clergyman or minister may fail in the one place and succeed in the other. Indeed, a change from pulpit to platform rarely fails to react upon the preacher. He is brought face to face with the very men he wishes to reach; he is driven back upon his own methods, and ventures to speak simply and naturally the very feelings of his heart. He discards stereotyped phrase and formula, conscious only of the deep human pity which fills his heart. Here he understands the mission of Christ's

servants—to seek and to save "that which was lost;" and one who goes into work of this kind with any of the Spirit of Christ in him comes out of it with experience enriched and sympathy deepened. But this is not all. The poor will go in crowds to the theatre or the hall, but will not cross the threshold of church or chapel. Whether it is the pride of poverty, or an unwillingness to compromise themselves with their neighbours as "religious" people, that produces this spirit, we cannot tell. The only certain fact is that they will not come to the churches, and the churches therefore must go to them. The Rev. T. C. Udall, in a paper read before the National Club, has stated the whole case boldly and clearly. Eleven great buildings have been utilised for this work during the past winter in London, besides many smaller mission-halls; and experience has shown "that popular places of resort on week days become the most popular preaching places on Sundays, and that the people gathered there on the Lord's day at such services are the people frequenting these places on other days." After a man has been touched by these services he will unite himself in fellowship with the Church of Christ readily enough, but until he has learned to believe in the love of man—the faint symbol, but surest pledge, of the love of God—he either feels himself a stranger and an outcast from the religious communities, or is completely indifferent, perhaps apparently alien, to the revelation of divine truth.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Whilst English people are essentially a music-loving people, a serious obstacle to the genuine success of musical science in England has always consisted in the unsystematic and inadequate character of our musical education. Many unsatisfactory attempts to supply the deficiency have been made, but if it were not early to prophesy, a greater measure of prosperity promises to attend the scheme for the establishment of a new College for Music which has recently been inaugurated by the Prince of Wales at one of the most representative meetings ever assembled in the land. The College will in organization follow the system prevailing in the universities and most of the public schools of the kingdom. One portion of the students will be on the Foundation, enjoying special privileges and emoluments; the rest will be in the position of the "Commoners" of Eton or the "Pensioners" of Oxford, attending the same classes as their fellow-students, but defraying the expenses of their tuition and maintenance. It is proposed to start with one hundred scholarships, one half being £80 in value, the remainder £40. The total cost is estimated at £12,000 a year, but a large amount of support is already promised in subscriptions, and if the public interest in the experiment continues, on the pecuniary side the difficulties will be slight. The Prince of Wales is not a composer such as his father, the Prince Consort, but if he succeeds in carrying through the scheme to a successful issue, English musicians will owe him a permanent debt of gratitude for his energy and devotion in the cause of their art.

JUMBO.

A record of the events of the month can hardly let pass, without allusion, an incident which has secured so large a share of public attention. The great elephant at the Zoological Gardens is less distinguished in title than "His Serene Grandeur the Court and Body Elephant" of the King of Siam, who has just died, but in fame and affection he certainly holds the higher place. The demonstration of feeling aroused by his consignment to Barnum's Exhibition may be only a whim and freak of fashion, but one would hope that it really proceeds in some measure from a genuine fondness for the wise and docile creature which has been gentle with children when he was thought dangerous by his keepers. If the same enthusiasm can turn itself into other channels, it may do noble work in diminishing the cruelty and neglect from which too many animals, and even household pets, too often suffer.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

The past month has been one of continued uneasiness, though, happily, no disastrous consequences have as yet ensued. The Egyptian difficulty still causes considerable anxiety, as one nation after another becomes involved in the dispute. But the greatest excitement was aroused by a few injudicious words of the Russian General Skobeleff to a deputation of Servian students in Paris: the place and the political situation immensely increased the importance of utterances which in themselves were sufficient to set Europe in a blaze. The speaker described Germany as the foe and oppressor of Russians and Sclavs, denounced its incessant encroachments, and promised that if conflict should arise, the States of Montenegro and Servia should not be left to fight alone. The General has since been recalled, and, it is said, censured by the authorities at home, but his speech, though disclaimed, will not be forgotten. For the moment, however, the storm has subsided. Meanwhile the principality of Servia has transformed itself into a kingdom, while Austria, busy with the revolt in her southern provinces, has now the credit of having prompted a change which she formerly deprecated and opposed. As long as nations are in the hands of a few men who are ever ready to resort to a fight to settle a dispute, there will be little chance of peace and good-will among men. Nations may love peace whilst their leaders are for war.

INTOLERANCE IN SPAIN.

It is strange to see the lengths to which religious intolerance and sectarian animosity can drive fanatics and devotees. At Santander the Roman Catholic ladies are reported to have established a league to cope with the teaching of the Protestant Church. The Protestant places of worship are watched; those who enter are dissuaded, and even threatened. Landlords are induced to eject tenants, employers to

discharge servants, and traders to withhold patronage. It would be a grievous pity should this treatment induce Protestants to retaliate. Spain has ever been a nation of persecutors, but a spirit of this kind cannot survive for ever, though it may make a hard fight at the last.

INDIAN BURDENS.

The Indian Financial Statement for the current year has just been laid before the Legislative Council by Major Baring, and certainly can claim some attention from Christian people interested in the welfare of our great Eastern dependency. The financial policy now adopted is a curious mixture of good and evil; it lifts a considerable burden from the poorer classes in India, and relieves English trade from some vexatious imposts, but maintains in an aggravated form one of the worst characteristics of the existing system. Every right-thinking person will welcome the diminution of the salt duty, which has been the cause of untold misery and suffering among the more destitute portion of the native population; the reduction amounts to about 30 per cent. in Bengal and to about 20 per cent. elsewhere, removing the present inequalities of local taxation and fixing the duty at a uniform rate. While the natives of India are thus relieved at the cost of a little under a million and a half, such custom duties as still remain are to be taken off all commodities except wines and spirits, opium and salt, arms and ammunition; this abolition will diminish the revenue by about a million. So far the policy seems wise; it is the opium revenue which we have still to deplore. The Indian authorities, so we are told by a leading paper, rightly consider opium as "the keystone of Indian finance," and are not prepared to surrender to clamour on account of its abuse "by a few well-to-do Chinese." The opium traffic is maintained, and the income derived from that source is estimated at a higher amount than has been customary. The iniquity of this traffic is, we are certain, the admitted judgment of the English people; but the power of its continuance rests with one or two officials who do not agree, so it is to continue. One good thing is becoming clear, authorities are beginning to agree that the finances of India have a far greater degree of elasticity than has been commonly supposed, and though seven millions are an enormous sum—one seventh in fact of the gross annual revenue—there is no sufficient reason to suppose that with care and patience a deficiency caused by the total abolition of the opium revenue might not be more than supplied in humane and Christian ways.

THE THUGS OF INDIA.

Those who have read Colonel Meadows Taylor's brilliant "Confessions of a Thug," will be relieved to know that this terrible class of criminals is rapidly dying out. The Thugs, who regarded themselves as the servants of their goddess Kali, were formerly united in a most systematic organization which extended all over India. They attached themselves to solitary travellers, or to parties conveying or escorting treasure. Waiting their opportunity, they strangled their victims with the utmost dexterity, using a handkerchief for the crime; their bodies they buried with marvellous secrecy. In January, 1881, the total number of these professional Phanzigars existing throughout India was under 300; and all these were registered before the year 1852 for crimes previously committed. They are kept under the most vigilant surveillance, though their special crime is now a thing of the past; and in the year 1880 only twenty-one cases of professional poisoning were reported. Although there is much that our system of Government has failed to secure, it has succeeded in putting an end to one of the most terrible scourges of Indian society in former times.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The Rev. George Weavind and his comrades of the Wesleyan Missionary Society have been doing excellent work in a very important field. Before the Society had made its way into the Transvaal from Natal, a native had set himself to work at Potschefstroom, and when Mr. Blencowe, one of their missionaries, arrived there about thirteen years ago, he found a mission already existing. The enterprise was taken up, and Mr. Weavind and Mr. Blencowe established themselves among a population of nearly a million people. The natives of the Transvaal are a race much inferior to the Zulus, without idea of a God or form of worship, but with a superstitious horror of death; not hostile, but indifferent to the gospel. Among these people Mr. Weavind worked at Pretoria, gaining their affection, and, nobly supported by a native Christian who won over some of his tribesmen, built a small church and school, and made himself a true pioneer of the faith. When the recent troubles came the missionaries had so established themselves in the confidence of all, that when the news of an armistice reached the beleaguered garrison at Pretoria Mr. Weavind was chosen by the authorities to open communications with the Boers. An additional proof of the position which they have won is that the King of Swaziland, a country without a single missionary, which is most jealous of all intrusion from outside, expresses his willingness to allow the Wesleyans to enter the country and preach among his people.

BRITISH GUIANA.

In the March number of the *Church of Scotland Missionary Record* the Rev. William Harper gives a most interesting summary of the history and present position of Christian enterprise in British Guiana. The settlement is comparatively unknown, and the experience of the Mission has been devoid of exciting incident; so that the work among the native population has failed to secure due attention. British Guiana, with an area equal to that of Great Britain, has a population only amounting to 250,000, unequally distributed over the country. Proceeding

inwards from the sea, the traveller would pass through four tracts of country parallel to the coast and to one another: the sugar land, the timber tract, the forest, and the great savannah of the interior. The Indians mainly reside in the timber country and on the inland plain, which is "dotted by their haystack-like huts." Those in the interior are almost inaccessible, for through the vast forest which stretches over the larger part of the country there is no access save by the rivers, and these are barred by rapids and cataracts, down which it is impossible even to float the heavy timber: it is among the natives of the coast and of the adjoining tracts, therefore, that the most important mission work has been carried on. The Moravians appear to have made the first start at Berbice in 1738, but after less than thirty years the enterprise came to a disastrous close. Other attempts to retrieve the cause were made, but little progress was achieved till 1829, when the Church Missionary Society opened a station on the river Essequibo. Other stations have since been established, generally under the care of teachers or catechists who are responsible to the clergy of the mission. The Independents and the Church of Scotland followed. By this time a considerable number of Indians, including many of the nomadic Accawoi tribe, are under instruction, and are developing in intelligence and industry and steady growth in Christian life.

IN THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

Random critics who are fond of depicting the easy and quiet life of the modern missionary will be put to the blush, if it be possible, by the work of the Rev. James Chalmers, who for six years has been living a life of unselfish and isolated work in the Magdalen Islands, at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the Atlantic. For six months in the year, Dr. Forbes tells us, these islands are "cut off from all communication with the main land by an impenetrable barrier of pack-ice."

"Situated from ten to twenty miles apart, the scattered flock of some four or five hundred Protestants with their three churches can only be reached by the sea in summer and by the ice in winter. The missionary needs to be one of a thousand, a man who can handle a boat and go to windward in a bad sea, who can plunge into an opening between two fields of running ice and swim across as best he can. He should be able to face the snowstorm and freezing blast. He should have some medical knowledge, for there is no doctor on the islands. He should be content to be cut off from all the amenities of social life, for there are scarcely any above the fishermen class."

To crown all these hardships, Mr. Chalmers has also suffered all the discomfort of a damp and desolate house. Work of this kind must be its own reward, and the humble character of the sacrifice makes it all the nobler. A man might readily give up ease and life itself for a nation, where success or failure would be almost equally glorious, but few would have the true-heartedness to live and labour almost unknown under inclement skies far away from their country and their friends, their sole joy that they are serving Christ.

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

SIR CHARLES WYVILLE THOMSON.

In the late Sir Wyville Thomson, Physical Science has lost one of its most devoted students, and, indeed, the researches which secured him the greater part of his fame are credited, not without considerable reason, with his permanent ill-health and premature death. It was in the Bay of Biscay, in the surveying ship *Porcupine*, nearly fifteen years ago, that he first set himself to examine the sub-marine life brought up by the dredges from the depths of the sea, and when the *Challenger* expedition was subsequently organized he accepted a position of honour and responsibility. This work brought his name into public notice, and the fascinating volumes in which he recorded the results of "The Voyage of the *Challenger*" and depicted from his own personal researches "The Depths of the Sea," insured popularity as well as fame. This summary, however, by no means embraces the whole of Sir Wyville Thomson's work, for as professor at Cork, Belfast, and Edinburgh, he showed himself no less competent as a teacher than as an explorer. He resigned his chair last year, and gave all his time and strength to the work of publishing the scientific results of the *Challenger* expedition, a task which still remains incomplete. But even in a lifetime comparatively short he was able to achieve more than enough to save his name from the oblivion which settles down on too many a contemporary reputation.

DR. JOHN MUIR.

Dr. Muir's name is one more familiar to the scholar and the specialist than to the public at large, but even those who are themselves totally ignorant of the language and literature of ancient India can appreciate in some degree the value of his life-work. For five-and-twenty years he was engaged in active service under the East India Company, and during his residence in India he acquired a minute knowledge of the language, the literature, and the religion of the East. During this part of his life he occupied himself in work subsidiary to missionary enterprise, publishing an account of "St. Paul's Life" and an "Examination of Religions" in Sanscrit verse, intended as an exposition and illustration of Christian faith and life for the educated classes of Hindoo society. After his return to England, his chief work lay in organizing and promoting the study of Sanscrit, and especially of the Vedas, in this country. Besides publishing an important work on the original Sanscrit texts himself, he devoted labour and wealth to the assistance of those who in this and foreign countries were engaged in his favourite studies. At the University of Edinburgh, he founded and endowed a Chair of Sanscrit and Comparative Philology, and by personal care and supervision insured that its first occupants should be scholars of the highest rank. Dr. Muir and his fellow-labourers have shown us, though we are only on the threshold of our explorations as yet, what treasures of thought and faith lie buried in the records of the past.

From a photograph] [by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

Yours very truly
L. T. Meade.

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—LIGHT AND SHADE.

LIGHT and shade, sunshine and shadow pursue each other over the moral as over the material world. Every soul has a landscape that changes with the wind that sweeps its sky, and with the clouds that return after its rain.

It was now the month of March. The middle day of it had been dreary all over England, dreariest of all, perhaps, in London. Great blasts had gone careering under a sky whose miles-thick vault of clouds they never touched, but instead hunted and drove and dashed earth-clouds of dust into all unwelcoming places, throats and eyes included. Now and then a few drops would fall on the stones as if the day's fierce misery were about to yield to sadness; but it did not so yield; up rose again a great blundering gust, and repentance was lost in rage. The sun went down on its wrath, and its night was tempestuous.

But the next morning rose bright and glad, looking as if it would make up for its father's wildness by a gentler treatment of the world. The wind was still high, but the hate seemed to have gone out of it, and given place to a laborious jollity. It swept huge clouds over the sky, granting never a pause, never a respite of motion; but the sky was blue and the clouds were white, and the dungeon-vault of the world was broken up and being carted away.

Everything in the room where the Raymounts were one by one assembling to break their fast, was discoloured and dark, whether with age or smoke it would have needed more than a glance to say. The reds had grown brown, and the blues a dirty slate-colour, while an impression of drab was prevalent. But the fire was burning as if it had been at it all night and was glorying in having at length routed the darkness; and in the middle of the table on the white cloth stood a shallow piece of red pottery full of crocuses, the earnest of the spring. People think these creatures come out of the earth, but there are a few in every place, and in this house Mark was one of such, who are aware that they come out of the world of thought, the spirit-land, in order to manifest themselves to those that are of that land.

Mr. Raymount was very silent, seemed almost a little gloomy, and the face of his wife was a shade less peaceful in consequence. There was nothing the matter, only he had not yet learned to radiate. It is hard for some natures to let their light shine. Mr. Raymount had some light: he let it shine mostly in reviews, not much in the house. He did not lift up the light of his countenance on any.

The children were rosy, fresh from their baths, and ready to eat like breakfast-loving English. Cornelius was half his breakfast ahead of the rest, for he had daily to endure the hardship of being at the bank by nine o'clock, and made the best of it by claiming in consequence an utter immunity from the *petite morale* of the breakfast-table. Never did he lose a moment in helping anybody. Even the little Saffy he allowed with perfect frigidity to stretch out a very long arm after the butter—except indeed it happened to cross his plate, when he would sharply rebuke her breach of manners. It would have been all the same if he had not been going till noon, but now he had hurry and business to rampart his laziness and selfishness withal. Mark would sooner have gone without salt to his egg than ask Corney to pass it.

This morning the pale boy sat staring at the crocuses—things like them peeping out of the spring mould of his spirit to greet them.

"Why don't you eat your breakfast, Mark, dear?" said his mother.

"I'm not hungry, mamma," he answered.

The mother looked at him a little anxiously. He was not a very vigorous boy in corporeal matters; but, unlike his father's, his light was almost always shining, and making the faces about him shine.

After a few minutes, he said, as if unconsciously, his eyes fixed on the crocuses,

"I can't think how they come!"

"They grow!" said Saffy.

Said her father, willing to set them thinking,

"Didn't you see Hester make the paper flowers for her party?"

"Yes," replied Saffy, "but it would take such a time to make all the flowers in the world that way!"

"So it would; but if a great many angels took it in hand, I suppose they could do it."

"That can't be how!" said Saffy, laughing; "for you know they come up out of the

earth, and there ain't room to cut them out there!"

"I think they must be cut out and put together before they are made!" said Mark, very slowly and thoughtfully.

The supposition was greeted with a great burst of laughter from Cornelius. In the midst of a refined family he was the one vulgar, and behaved as the blind and stupid generally behave to those who see what they cannot see. Mockery is the share they choose in the motions of the life eternal!

"Stop, stop, Cornelius!" said his father. "I suspect we have a young philosopher where you see only a silly little brother. He has, I fancy, got a glimpse of something he does not yet know how to say."

"In that case, don't you think, sir," said Cornelius, "he had better hold his tongue till he does know how to say it?"

It was not often he dared speak so to his father, but he was growing less afraid of him, though not through increase of love.

His father looked at him a moment ere he replied, and his mother looked anxiously at her husband.

"It *would* be better," he answered quietly, "were he not among *friends*."

The emphasis with which he spoke was lost on Cornelius.

"They take everything for clever the little idiot says!" he remarked to himself. "Nobody made anything of *me* when *I* was his age!"

The letters were brought in. Amongst them was one for Mr. Raymount with a broad black border. He looked at the postmark.

"This must be the announcement of cousin Strafford's death!" he said. "Some one told me she was not expected to live. I wonder how she has left the property!"

"You did not tell me she was ill!" said his wife.

"It went out of my head. It is so many years since I had any communication with her, or heard anything of her! She was a strange old soul!"

"You used to be intimate with her—did you not, papa?" said Hester.

"Yes, at one time. But we differed so entirely it was impossible it should last. She would take up the oddest notions as to what I thought, and meant, and wanted to do, and then fall out upon me as advocating things I hated quite as much as she did. But that is much the way generally. People seldom know what they mean themselves, and can hardly be expected to know what other people mean. Only the amount of mental and moral force wasted on hating and talking down the non-existent is a pity."

"I can't understand why people should quarrel so about their opinions," said Mrs. Raymount.

"A great part of it comes of indignation at not being understood and another great part from despair of being understood—and that while all the time the person thus indignant and despairing takes not the smallest pains to understand the neighbour whose misunderstanding of himself makes him so sick and sore."

"What is to be done then?" asked Hester.

"Nothing," answered her father with something of a cynical smile, born of this same frustrated anxiety to impress his opinions on others.

He took up his letter, slowly broke the large black seal which adorned it, and began to read it. His wife sat looking at him, and waiting, in expectation sufficiently mild, to hear its contents.

He had scarcely read half the first page when she saw his countenance change a little, then flush a little, then grow a little fixed, and quite inscrutable. He folded the letter, laid it down by the side of his plate, and began to eat again.

"Well, dear?" said his wife.

"It is not quite what I thought," he answered, with a curious smile, and said nothing more, but ate his toast in a brooding silence. Never in the habit of *making* secrets, like his puny son, he had a strong dislike to showing his feelings, and from his wife even was inclined to veil them. He was besides too proud to manifest his interest in the special contents of this letter.

The poor, but, because of its hopelessness, hardly indulged ambition of Mr. Raymount's life, was to possess a portion, however small, of the earth's surface—if only an acre or two. He came of families both possessing such property, but none of it had come near him except that belonging to the cousin mentioned. He was her nearest relation, but had never had much hope of inheriting from her, and after a final quarrel put an end to their quarrelling, had had none. Even for Mammon's sake Mr. Raymount was not the man to hide or mask his opinions. He worshipped his opinions indeed as most men do Mammon. For many years in consequence there had not been the slightest communication between the cousins. But in the course of those years all the other relatives of the

old lady had died, and, as the letter he now held informed him, he was after all heir to her property, a small estate in a lovely spot among the roots of the Cumberland hills. It was attended by not a few thousands in government-securities.

But while Mr. Raymount was not a money-lover in any notable sense—the men are rare indeed of whom it might be said absolutely they do not love money—his delight in having land of his own was almost beyond utterance. This delight had nothing to do with the money-value of the property; he scarcely thought of that; it came in large part of a new sense of room and freedom; the estate was an extension of his body and limbs—and such an extension as any lover of the picturesque would have delighted in. It made him so glad he could hardly get his toast down.

Mrs. Raymount was by this time tolerably familiar with her husband's moods, but she had never before seen him look just so, and was puzzled. The fact was he had never before had such a pleasant surprise, and sat absorbed in a foretaste of bliss, of which the ray of March sun that lighted up the delicate transparencies of the veined crocuses purple and golden, might seem the announcing angel.

Presently he rose and left the room. His wife followed him. The moment she entered his study behind him he turned and took her in his arms.

"Here's news, wifie!" he said. "You'll be just as glad of it as I am. Yrndale is ours after all!—at least so my old friend Heron says, and he ought to know! Cousin Strafford left no will. He is certain there is none. She persistently put off making one, with the full intention, he believes, that the property should come to me, her heir-at-law and next-of-kin. He thinks she had not the heart to leave it away from her old friend. Thank God! It is a lovely place. Nothing could have happened to give me more pleasure."

"I am indeed glad, Raymount," said his wife—who called him by his family name on important occasions. "You always had a fancy for playing the squire, you know."

"A great fancy for a little room, rather," replied her husband, "—not much, I fear, for the duties of a squire. I know little of them; and happily we shall not be dependent on the result of my management. There is money as well, I am glad to say—enough to keep the place up anyhow."

"It would be a poor property," replied his wife with a smile, "that could not keep itself up. I have no doubt you will develop into a model farmer and landlord."

"You must take the business part—at least till Corney is fit to look after it," he returned.

But his wife's main thought was what influence would the change have on the prospects of Hester. In her heart she abjured the notion of property having anything to do with marriage—yet this was almost her first thought! Inside us are played more fantastic tricks than any we play in the face of the world.

"Are the children to be told?" she asked.

"I suppose so. It would be a shame not to let them share in our gladness. And yet one hates to think of their talking about it as children will."

"I am not afraid of the children," returned his wife. "I have but to tell them not. I am as sure of Mark as if he were fifty. Saffy might forget, but Mark will keep her in mind."

When she returned to the dining-room Cornelius was gone, but the rest were still at the table. She told them that God had given them a beautiful house in the country, with hills and woods and a swift-flowing river. Saffy clapped her hands, cried, "Oh, mam*mah!*" and could hardly sit on her chair till she had done speaking. Mark was perfectly still, his eyes looking like ears. The moment her mother ceased, Saffy jumped down and made a rush for the door.

"Saffy, Saffy, where are you going?" cried her mother.

"To tell Sarah," answered Saffy.

"Come back, my child."

"Oh, do let me run and tell Sarah! I will come back *instantly*."

"Come here," insisted the mother. "Your papa and I wish you to say nothing whatever about it to *any* one."

"O-oh!" returned Saffy; and both her look and her tone said, "Where is the good of it then?" as she stood by her mother's side in momentary check.

Not a word did Mark utter, but his face shone as if it had been heaven he was going to. No colour, only light came to the surface of it, and broke in the loveliest smile. When Mark smiled, his whole body and being smiled. He turned and kissed Saffy, but still said nothing.

Hester's face flushed a "celestial rosy red." Her first thought was of the lovely things of the country and the joy of them. Like Moses on mount Pisgah, she looked back on

the desert of a London winter, and forth from the heart of a blustering spring into a land of promise. Her next thought was of her poor: "Now I shall be able to do something for them!" Alas! too swiftly followed the conviction that now she would be able to do less than ever for them. Yrndale was far from London! They could not come to her, and she could not go to them, except for an occasional visit, perhaps too short even to see them all. If only her father and mother would let her stay behind! but that she dared hardly hope—ought not perhaps to wish! It might be God's will to remove her because she was doing more harm than good! She had never been allowed to succeed in anything! And now her endeavour would be at an end! So her pleasure was speedily damped. The celestial red yielded to earthly pale, and the tears came in her eyes.

"You don't like the thought of leaving London, Hester!" said her mother with concern: she thought it was because of Vavasor.

"I am very glad for you and papa, mother dear," answered Hester. "I was thinking of my poor people, and what they would do without me."

"Wait, my child," returned her mother. "I have sometimes found the very things I dreaded most serve me best. I don't mean because I got used to them, or because they did me good. I mean they furthered what I thought they would ruin."

"Thank you, dear mother; you can always comfort me," rejoined Hester. "For myself I could not imagine anything more pleasant. If only it were near London!—or," she added, smiling through her tears, "if one hadn't a troublesome heart and conscience playing into each other's hands!"

She was still thinking of her poor, but her mother was in doubt.

"I suppose, father," said Cornelius, "there will be no occasion for me to go to the bank any more?"

"There will be more occasion than ever," answered his father: "will there not be the more to look after when I am gone? What do you imagine you could employ yourself with down there? You have never taken to study, else, as you know, I would have sent you to Oxford. When you leave the bank it will be to learn farming and the management of an estate—after which you will be welcome to Yrndale."

Cornelius made no reply. His father's words deeply offended him. He was hardly good at anything except taking offence, and he looked on the estate as his nearly as much as his father's. True, the father had not spoken so kindly as he might, but had he known his son, he would often have spoken severely. From the habit of seeking clear and forcible expression in writing, he had got into a way of using stronger vocal utterance than was necessary and what would have been but a blow from another, was a stab from him. But the feelings of Cornelius in no case *deserved* consideration—they were so selfish. And now he considered that mighty self of his insulted as well as wronged. What right had his father to keep from him—from him alone, who had the first right—a share in the good fortunes of the family? He left the study almost hating his father because of what he counted his injustice; and, notwithstanding his request that he would say nothing of the matter until things were riper, made not even an effort to obey him, but, too sore for silence, and filled with what seemed to him righteous indignation, took the first opportunity of pouring out everything to Vavasor, in a torrent of complaint against the fresh wrong. His friend responded to the communication very sensibly, trying, without exactly saying it, and without a shadow of success, to make him see what a fool he was, and congratulating him all the more warmly on his good fortune that a vague hope went up in him of a share in the same. For Cornelius had not failed to use large words in making mention of the estate and the fortune accompanying it; and in the higher position, as Vavasor considered it, which Mr. Raymount would henceforth occupy as one of the proprietors of England, therefore as a man of influence in his county and its politics, he saw something like an approximative movement in the edges of the gulf that divided him from Hester: she would, not unlikely, come in for a personal share in this large fortune; and if he could but see a possibility of existence without his aunt's money, he would, he *almost* said to himself, marry Hester, and take the risk of his aunt's displeasure. At the same time she would doubtless now look with more favour on his preference—he must not yet say *choice!* There could be nothing insuperably offensive to her pride at least in his proposing to marry the daughter of a country squire. If she were the heiress of a rich brewer, that is, of a brewer rich enough, his aunt would, like the rest of them, get over it fast enough! In the meantime he would, as Cornelius, after the first burst of his rage was over, had begged him, be careful to make no allusion to the matter!

Mr. Raymount went to look at his property, and returned more delighted with house, land, and landscape, than he had expected. He seldom spoke of his good fortune, however, except to his wife, or betrayed his pleasure except by a glistening of the eyes. As soon as the warm weather came they would migrate, and immediately began their preparations—the young ones by packing and unpacking several times a day a most heterogeneous assemblage of things. The house was to be left in charge of old Sarah, who would also wait on Cornelius.

CHAPTER XX.—THE JOURNEY.

It was a lovely morning when they left London. The trains did not then travel so fast as now, and it was late in the afternoon when they reached the station at which they must leave the railway for the road. Before that the weather had changed, or they had changed their weather, for the sky was one mass of cloud, and rain was falling persistently. They had been for some time in the abode of the hills, but those they were passing through, though not without wonder and strange interest, were but an inferior clan, neither lofty nor lovely. Through the rain and the mist they looked lost and drear. They were mostly bare, save of a little grass, and broken with huge brown and yellow gulleys—worn by such little torrents as were now rushing along them straight from the clouded heavens. It was a vague sorrowful region of tears, whence the streams in the valleys below were for ever fed.

This last part of the journey Saffy had been sound asleep, but Mark had been standing at the window of the railway-carriage, gazing out on an awful world. What would he do, he thought, if he were lost there? Would he be able to sit still all night without being frightened, waiting for God to come and take him? As they rushed along, it was not through the brain alone of the child the panorama flitted, but through his mind and heart as well, and there, like a glacier it scored its passage. Or rather, it left its ghosts behind it, ever shifting forms and shadows, each atmosphered in its own ethereal mood. Hardly thoughts were they, but strange other consciousnesses of life and being. Hills and woods and valleys and plains and rivers and seas, entering by the gates of sight into the live mirror of the human, are transformed to another nature, to a living wonder, a joy, a pain, a breathless marvel as they pass. Nothing can receive another thing, not even a glass can take into its depth a face, without altering it. In the mirror of man, things become thoughts, feelings life, and send their streams down the cheeks, or their sunshine over the countenance.

Before Mark reached the end of that journey, there was gathered in the bottom of his heart a great mass of fuel, there stored for the future consumption of thinking, and for reproduction in forms of power. He knew nothing of it. He took nothing consciously. The things kept sinking into him. The sole sign of his reception was an occasional sigh—of which he could not have told either the cause or the meaning.

They got into their own carriage at the station. The drive was a long and a tedious one, for the roads were rough and muddy and often steep, and Mr. Raymount repeatedly expressed his dissatisfaction that they had not put four horses to. For some time they drove along the side of a hill, and could see next to nothing except in one direction; and when at length the road ran down into a valley, and along the course of a swollen river, it was getting so dark, and the rain was coming down so fast, that they could see next to nothing at all. Long before they reached their new home, Saffy and Mark were sound asleep, Hester was sunk in her own thoughts, and the father and mother sat in unbroken silence, hand in hand. It was pitch-dark ere they arrived; and save what she learned from the thousand musics of the swollen river along which they had been driving for the last hour, Hester knew nothing of the country for which she had left the man-swarming city. Ah, that city! so full of fellow-creatures! so many of them her friends! and struggling in the toils of so many foes! Many sorrows had entered in at Hester's ears; tongues that had never known how to give trouble shape, had grown eloquent in pouring the tale—of oppression oftener than want, into the bosom of her sympathy. I do not say many tongues—only many sorrows; she knew from the spray that reached her on its borders, how that human sea tossed and raged afar. Reading and interpreting the looks of faces and the meanings of actions around her by what she had heard, she could not doubt she had received but a too true sample of experiences innumerable. One result was, that, young as was Hester she no longer shrank from the thought of that invisible, intangible solvent in which the generations of men vanish from the eyes of their fellows. She said to herself what a blessed thing was death for countless human myriads—yea doubtless for the

whole race! It looked sad enough for an end; but then it was not the end; while but for the thought of the change to some other mode of life, the idea of this world would have been unendurable to her. "Surely they are now receiving their evil things!" she said. Alas, but even now she felt as if the gulf of death separated her from those to whom it had been her painful delight to minister! The weeping wind and the moaning rush of the river, through which they were slowly moving towards their earthly paradise, were an orchestral part as of hautboys in the wailing harmony of her mood.

They turned and went through a gate, then passed through trees and trees that made yet darker pieces of the night. By and by appeared the faint lights of the house, with blotchy pallors thinning the mist and darkness. Presently the carriage stopped.

Both the children continued dead asleep, and were carried off to bed. The father and mother knew the house of old time, and revived for each other old memories. But to Hester all was strange, and what with the long journey, the weariness, the sadness, and the strangeness, it was as if walking in a dream that she entered the old hall. It had a quiet, dull, dignified look, as if it expected nobody; as if it was here itself because it could not help it, and would rather not be here; as if it had seen so many generations come and go that it had ceased to care much about new faces. Everything in the house looked sombre and solemn, as if it had not forgotten its old mistress, who had been so many years in it, and was such a little while gone out of it. They had supper in a long, low room, with furniture almost black, against whose windows heavy roses every now and then softly patted, caught in the fringes of the rain-gusts. The dusky room, the perfect stillness within, the low mingled sounds of swaying trees and pattering rain without, the sense of the great darkness folding in its bosom the beauty so near, and the moaning city miles upon miles away—all grew together into one possessing mood, which rose and sank, like the water in a sea-cave, in the mind of Hester. But who by words can fix the mood that comes and goes unbidden, like a ghost whose acquaintance is lost with his vanishing, whom we know not when we do not see? A single happy phrase, the sound of a wind, the odour of the mere earth may avail to send us into some lonely, dusky realm of being; but how shall we take our brother with us, or send him thither when we would? I doubt if even the poet ever works just what he means on the mind of his fellow. Sisters, brothers, we cannot meet save in God.

But the nearest mediator of feeling, the most potent, the most delicate, the most general, the least articulate, the farthest from thought, yet perhaps the likest to the breath moving upon the face of the waters of chaos, is music. It rose like a soft irrepressible tide in the heart of Hester; it mingled and became one with her mood; together swelling they beat at the gates of silence; for life's sake they must rush embodied and born in sound, into the outer world where utterance meets utterance! She looked around her for such an instrument as hitherto had been always within her reach—rose and walked round the shadowy room searching. But there was no creature amongst the aged furniture—nothing with a brain to it which her soul might briefly inhabit. She returned and sat again at the table, and the mood vanished in weariness.

But they did not linger there long. Fatigue made the ladies glad to be shown to the rooms prepared for them. The housekeeper, the ancient authority of the place, in every motion and tone expressing herself wronged by their intrusion, conducted them. Every spot they passed was plainly far more hers than theirs; only law was a tyrant, and she dared not assert her rights! But she had allotted their rooms well, and they approved her judgment.

Weary as she was, Hester was charmed with hers, and the more charmed the more she surveyed it. I will not spend time or space in describing it, but remember how wearisome and useless descriptions often are. I will but say it was old-fashioned to her heart's content; that it seemed full of shadowy histories, as if each succeeding occupant had left behind an ethereal phantasmic record, a memorial imprint of presence on walls and furniture—to which she now was to add hers. But the old sleep must have the precedence of all the new things. In weary haste she undressed, and ascending with some difficulty the high four-post bed which stood waiting for her like an altar of sleep for its sacrifice, was presently as still and straight and white as alabaster lady lying upon ancient tomb.

CHAPTER XXI.—MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

When she woke it was to a blaze of sunlight, but caught in the net of her closed curtains. The night had passed and carried the tears of the day with it. Ah, how much

is done in the night when we sleep and know nothing! Things never stop. The sun was shining as if he too had wept and repented. All the earth beneath him was like the face of a child who has ceased to weep and begun to smile, but has not yet wiped away his tears.

Raindrops everywhere! millions upon millions of them! every one of them with a sun in it! For Hester had sprung from her bed, and opened the eyes of her room. How different was the sight from what she saw when she looked out in Addison square! If heaven be as different from this earth, and as much better than it, we shall be happy children—except indeed we be but fit to stand in a corner, with our backs to the blessedness. On each side she saw green, undulating lawn, with trees and meadows beyond; but just in front the ground sloped rapidly, still in grass, grew steep, and fell into the swift river—which, swollen almost to unwieldiness, went rolling and sliding brown and heavy towards the far off sea: when its swelling and tumult were over it would sing; now it tumbled along with a roaring muffled in sullenness. Beyond the river the bank rose into a wooded hill. She could see walks winding through the wood, here appearing, there vanishing, and, a little way up the valley, the rails of a rustic bridge that led to them. It was a paradise! For the roar of London along Oxford street, there was the sound of the river; for the cries of rough human voices, the soprano of birds, and the soft mellow bass of the cattle in the meadows. The only harsh sound in this new world was the cry of the peacock, but that had somehow got the colour of his tail in it, and was not unpleasant. The sky was a shining blue. Not a cloud was to be seen upon it. Quietly it looked down, as if saying to the world over which it stood vaulted, "Yes, you are welcome to it all!"

She thanked God for the country, but soon was praying to him for the town. The neighbourly offer of the country to console her for the loss of the town she received with alarm, hastening to bethink herself that God cared more for one miserable, selfish, wife-and-donkey-beating costermonger of unsavory Shoreditch, than for all the hills and dales of Cumberland, yea and all the starry things of his heavens. She would care as God cared, and from beauty gather strength to give to sorrow.

She dressed quickly, and went to her mother's room. Her father was already out of doors, but her mother was having breakfast in bed. They greeted each other with such smiles as made words almost unnecessary.

"What a *lovely* place it is, mamma! You did not say half enough about it," exclaimed Hester.

"Wasn't it better to let you discover for yourself, my child?" answered her mother. "You were so sorry to leave London, that I would not praise Yrndale for fear of prejudicing you against it."

"Mother," said Hester, with something in her throat, "I did not want to change; I was content, and had my work to do! I never was one to turn easily to new things. And perhaps I need hardly tell you that the conviction has been growing upon me for years and years that my calling is among my fellow-creatures in London!"

She had never yet, even to her mother, spoken out plainly concerning the things most occupying her heart and mind. Every one of the family, except Saffy, found it difficult to communicate—and perhaps to Saffy it might become so as she grew. Hester trembled as if confessing a fault. What if to her mother the mere idea of having a calling should seem a presumption!

"Two things must go, I think, to make up a call," said her mother, greatly to Hester's relief. "You must not imagine, my child, that because you have never opened your mind to me, I have not known what you were thinking, or have left you to think alone about it. Mother and daughter are too near not to hear each other without words. There is between you and me a constant undercurrent of communion, and occasionally a passing of almost definite thought, I believe. We may not be aware of it at the time, but none the less it has its result."

"Oh, mother!" cried Hester, overjoyed to find she thought them thus near to each other, "I am *so* glad! Please tell me the two things you mean."

"To make up a *call*, I think both impulse and possibility are wanted," replied Mrs. Raymount. "The first you know well; but have you sufficiently considered the second? One whose impulse or desire was continually thwarted could scarcely go on believing herself called. The half that lies in an open door is wanting. If a call come to a man in prison it will be by an angel who can let him out. Neither does inclination always determine fitness. When your father was an editor, he was astonished at the bad verse he received from some who had a genuine delight in good verse."

"I can't believe, mamma," returned Hester, "that God gives any special gift, particularly when accompanied by a special desire to use it, and that for a special purpose, without intending it should be so used. That would be to mock his creature in the very act of making her."

"You must allow there are some who never find a use for their special gifts."

"Yes; but may not that be that they have not sufficiently cultivated their gifts, or that they have not done their best to bring them into use? Or may they not have wanted to use them for ends of their own and not of God's? I feel as if I must stand up against every difficulty lest God should be disappointed in me. Surely any frustration of the ends to which their very being points must be the persons' own fault? May it not be because they have not yielded to the calling voice that they are all their life a prey to unsatisfied longings? They may have gone picking and choosing, instead of obeying."

"There must be truth in what you say, Hester, but I am pretty sure it does not reach every case. At what point would you pronounce a calling frustrated? You think yours is to help your poor friends: you are not with them now: is your calling frustrated? Surely there may be delay without frustration! Or is it for you to say when you are *ready?* Willingness is not everything. Might not one fancy her hour come when it was not come? May not part of the preparation for work be the mental discipline of imagined postponements?—And then, Hester—now I think I have found my answer—you do not surely imagine such a breach in the continuity of our existence, that our gifts and training here have nothing to do with our life beyond the grave. All good old people will tell you they feel this life but a beginning. Cultivating your gift, and waiting the indubitable call, you may be in active preparation for the work in the coming life for which God intended you when he made you."

Hester gave a great sigh. Postponement indefinite is terrible to the young and eager.

"That is a dreary thought, mother," she said.

"Is it, my child?" returned her mother. "Painful the will of God may be—that I well know, as who that cares anything about it does not! but *dreary*, no! Have patience, my love. Your heart's deepest desire must be the will of God, for he cannot have made you so that your heart should run counter to his will; let him but have his own way with you, and your desire he will give you. To that goes his path. He delights in his children; so soon as they can be indulged without ruin, he will heap upon them their desires; they are his too."

I confess I have, chiefly by compression, put the utterance both of mother and of daughter into rather better logical form than they gave it; but the substance of it is thus only the more correctly rendered. Hester was astonished at the grasp and power of her mother. The child may for many years have but little idea of the thought and life within the form and face he knows and loves better than any; but at last the predestined moment arrives, the two minds meet, and the child understands the parent. Hester threw herself on her knees, and buried her face in her mother's lap. The same moment she began to discover that she had been proud, imagining herself more awake to duty than the rest around her. She began, too, to understand that if God has called, he will also open the door. She kissed her mother as she had never kissed her before, and went to her own room.

CHAPTER XXII.—GLADNESS.

Scarcely had she reached it, however, when the voices of the children came shouting along some corridor, on their way to find their breakfast: she must go and minister, postponing meditation on the large and distant for action in the small and present. But the sight of the exuberance, the foaming overflow of life and gladness in Saffy, and of the quieter, deeper joy of Mark, were an immediate reward. They could hardly be prevented from bolting their breakfast like puppies, in their eagerness to rush into the new creation, the garden of Eden around them. But Hester thought of the river flowing turbid and swift at the foot of the lawn: she must not let them go loose! She told them they must not go without her. Their faces fell, and even Mark began a gentle expostulation.

A conscientious elder sister has to bear a good many hard thoughts from the younger ones, on whom, without a parent's authority and reverence, she has to exercise a parent's restraint. Well for her if she come out of the trial without having gathered some needless severity, some seeming hardness, some tendency to peevishness! These weak evils are so apt to gather around a sense at once of the need and of the lack of power!

"No, Mark," she said, "I cannot let you go alone. You are like two kittens, and might be in mischief or danger before you knew. But I won't keep you waiting. I will get my parasol at once."

"He went to the piano and Amy stood by him."

I will attempt no description of the beauties that met them at every turn. But the joy of those three may well have a word or two. I doubt if some of the children in heaven are always happier than Saffy and Mark were that day. Hester had thoughts which kept her from being so happy as they, but she was more blessed. Glorious as is the child's delight, the child-heart in the grown woman is capable of tenfold the bliss. Saffy pounced on a flower like a wild beast on its prey; she never stood and gazed at one, like Mark. Hester would gaze till the tears came in her eyes. There are consciousnesses of lack which carry more bliss than any possession.

Mark was in many things an exception—a

curious mixture of child and youth. He had never been strong, and had always been thoughtful. When very small he used to have a sacred rite of his own—I would not have called it a rite but that he made a temple for it. Many children like to play at church, but I doubt if that be good: Mark's rite was neither play nor church. He would set two chairs in the recess of a window,—"one for Mark and one for God,"—then draw the window-curtains around, and sit in silence for a space.

When a little child sets a chair for God, does God take the chair or does he not? God is the God of little children, and is at home with them.

For Saffy, she was a thing of smiles and tears just as they chose to come. She had not a suspicion yet that the exercise of any operative power on herself was possible to her—not to say required of her. Many men and women are in the same condition who have grown cold and hard in it; she was soft and warm, on the way to awake and distinguish and act. Even now when a good thought came she would give it a stranger's welcome; but the first appeal to her senses would drive it out of doors again.

Before their ramble was over, what with the sweet twilight gladness of Mark, the merry noonday brightness of Saffy, and the loveliness all around, the heart of Hester was quiet and hopeful as a still mere that waits in the blue night the rising of the moon. She had some things to trouble her, but none of them had touched the quick of her being. Thoughtful, therefore in a measure troubled by nature, she did not know what heart-sickness was. Nor would she ever know it as many must, for her heart went up to the heart of her heart, and there unconsciously laid up store against the evil hours that might be on their way to her. And this day her thoughts kept rising to him whose thought was the meaning of all she saw, the centre and citadel of their loveliness.

For if once the suspicion wake that God never meant the things that go to and fro in us as we gaze on the world, that moment is the universe worthless as a doll to a childless mother. If God be not, then steam-engine and flower are in the same category. No; the steam-engine is the better thing, for it has the soul of a man in it, and the flower has no soul at all. It cannot mean if it is not meant. It is God that means everything as we read it, however poor or mingled with mistake our reading may be. And the soothing of his presence in what we call nature, was beginning to work on Hester, helping her towards that quietness of spirit without which the will of God can scarce be perceived.

CHAPTER XXIII.—DOWN THE HILL.

When Franks, the acrobat, and his family left Mrs. Baldwin's garret to go to another yet poorer lodging, it was with heavy hearts: they crept silent away, to go down yet a step of the world's stair. I have read somewhere in Jean Paul of a curiously contrived stair, on which while you thought you were going down you were really ascending. I think it was so with the Frankses and the stair they were upon. But to many the world is but a tread-mill, on which while they seem to be going up and up, they are only serving to keep things going round and round.

I think God has more to do with the fortunes of the poor a thousandfold than with those of the rich. In the fortunes of the poor there are many more changes and they are of greater import as coming closer to the heart of their condition. To careless and purblind eyes these fortunes appear but an almost dead level of toil and privation; but they have more variations of weather, more chequers of sunshine and shade, more storms and calms, than lives passed on airier slopes. Who could think of God as a God like Christ—and other than such he were not God—and imagine he would not care as much for the family of John Franks as for the family of Gerald Raymount? It is impossible to believe that he loves such as Cornelius or Vavasor as he loves a Christopher. There must be a difference! The God of truth cannot love the unlovely in the same way as he loves the lovely. The one he loves for what he is and what he has begun to be; the other he loves because he sorely needs love—as sorely as the other, and must begin to grow lovely one day. Nor dare we forget that the essential human thing is in itself lovely as made by God, and pitiably lovely as spoiled by man. That is the Christ-thing which is the root of every man, created in his image—that which, when he enters the man, he possesses. The true earthly father must always love those children more who are obedient and loving—but he will not neglect one bad one for twenty good ones. "The Father himself loveth you because ye have loved me;" but "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine that need no repentance." The great joy is the first rush of love

in the new-opened channel for its issue and entrance.

The Frankses were on the down-going side of the hill Difficulty, and down they must go, unable to help themselves. They had found a cheaper lodging, but entered it with misgiving: their gains had been very moderate since their arrival in London, and their expenses greater than in the country. Also Franks was beginning to feel or to fancy his strength and elasticity not quite what they had been. The first suspicion of the approach of old age and the beginning of that weakness whose end is sure, may well be a startling one. The man has begun to be a nobody in the world's race—is henceforth himself but the course of the race between age and death—a race in which the victor is known ere the start. Life with its self-discipline withdraws itself thenceforth more to the inside and goes on with greater vigour. The man has now to trust and yield constantly. He is coming to know the fact that he was never his own strength, had never the smallest power in himself at his strongest. But he is learning also that he is as safe as ever in the time when he gloried in his might—yea, as safe as then he imagined himself on his false foundation. He lays hold of the true strength, makes it his by laying hold of it. He trusts in the unchangeable thing at the root of all his strength, which gave it all the truth it had—a truth far deeper than he knew, a reality unfathomable, though not of the nature he then fancied. Strength has ever to be made perfect in weakness, and old age is one of the weaknesses in which it is perfected.

Poor Franks had not got so far yet as to see this, and the feeling of the approach of old age helped to relax the springs of his hopefulness. Also his wife had not yet got over her last confinement. The baby, too, was sickly. And there was not much popular receptivity for acrobatics in the streets; coppers came in slowly; the outlay was heavy; and the outlook altogether was of the gray without the gold. But his wife's words were always cheerful, though the tone of them had not a little of the mournful. Their tone came of temperament, the words themselves of love and its courage. The daughter of a gamekeeper, the neighbours regarded her as throwing herself away when she married Franks; but she had got an honest and brave husband, and never when life was hardest repented giving herself to him.

For a few weeks they did pretty well in their new lodging. They managed to pay their way, and had food enough—though not quite so good as husband and wife wished each for the other, and both for their children. The boys had a good enough time of it. They had not yet in London exhausted their own wonder. The constant changes around made of their lives a continuous novel—nay, a romance; and being happy they could eat anything and thrive on it.

The lives of the father and mother overvault the lives of the children, shutting out all care if not all sorrow, and every change is welcomed as a new delight. Their parents, where positive cruelty has not installed fear and cast out love, are the divinities of even the most neglected. They feel towards them much the same, I fancy, as the children of ordinary parents in the middle class—love them more than children given over to nurses and governesses love theirs. Nor do I feel certain that the position of the children of the poor, in all its oppression, is not more favourable to the development of the higher qualities of the human mind, such as make the least show, than many of those more pleasant places for which some religious moralists would have us give the thanks of the specially favoured. I suspect, for instance, that imagination, fancy, perception, insight into character, the faculty of fitting means to ends, the sense of adventure, and many other powers and feelings are more likely to be active in the children of the poor, to the greater joy of their existence, than in others. These Frankses, too, had a strict rule over them, and that increases much the capacity for enjoyment. The father, according to his lights, was, as we have seen, a careful and conscientious parent, and his boys were strongly attached to him, never thought of shirking their work, and endured a good deal of hardness and fatigue without grumbling: their mother had opened their eyes to the fact that their father took his full share in all he required of them, and did his best for them. They were greatly proud of their father, one and all believing him not only the first man in his profession, but the best man that ever was in the world; and to believe so of one's parent is a stronger aid to righteousness than all things else whatever, until the day-star of the knowledge of the great Father goes up in the heart, to know whom, in like but better fashion, as the best more than man and the perfect Father of men, is the only thing to redeem us from misery and wrong, and lift us into the glorious liberty of the sons and daughters of God.

They were now reduced to one room, and the boys slept on the floor. This was no hardship, now that summer was nigh, only the parents found it interfere a little with their freedom of speech. Nor did it mend the matter to send them early to bed, for the earlier they went the longer were they in going to sleep. At the same time they had few things to talk of which they minded their hearing, and to the mother at least it was a pleasure to have all her chickens in the nest with her.

One evening after the boys were in bed, the father and mother sat talking. They had a pint of beer on the table between them, of which the woman tasted now and then that the man might imagine himself sharing it with her. Silence had lasted for some time. The mother was busy rough-patching a garment of Moxy's. The man's work for the day was over, but not the woman's!

"Well, I dunnow!" he said at last, and there ceased.

"What don ye know, John?" asked his wife, in a tone she would have tried to make cheerful had she but suspected it half as mournful as it was.

"There's that Mr. Christopher as was such a friend!" he said: "—you don't disremember what he used to say about the Almighty and that? You remember as how he used to say a man could no more get out o' the sight o' them eyes o' hisn than a child could get out o' sight o' the eyes on his mother as was a watchin' of him!"

"Yes, John, I do remember all that very well, and a great comfort it was to me at the time to hear him say so, an' has been many's the time since, when I had no other—leastways none but you an' the childern. I often think over what he said to you an' me then when I was down, an' not able to hold my head up, nor feelin' as if I should ever lift it no more!"

"Well, I dunnow!" said Franks, and paused again. But this time he resumed. "What troubles me is this:—if that there mother as was a lookin' arter her child, was to see him doin' no better 'n you an' me, an' day by day gettin' furder on the wrong way, I should say she warn't much of a mother to let us go on in that 'ere way as I speak on."

"She might ha' got her reasons for it, John," returned his wife, in some fear lest the hope she cherished was going to give way in her husband. "P'r'aps she might see, you know, that the child might go a little farther and fare none the worse. When the childern want their dinner very bad, I ha' heerd you say to them sometimes, 'Now kids, ha' patience. Patience is a fine thing. What if ye do be hungry, you ain't a dyin' o' hunger. You'll wear a bit longer yet!' 'Ain't I heerd you say that, John—more 'n once, or twice, or thrice?"

"There ain't no need to put me to my oath like that, old woman! I ain't a goin' for to deny it! You needn't go to put it to me as if I was the pris'ner at the bar, or a witness as wanted to speak up for him!—But you must allow this is a drivin' of it jest a *leetle* too far! Here we be come up to Lon'on a thinkin' to better ourselves—not wantin' no great things—sich we don't look for to get—but jest thinkin' as how it wur time—as th' parson is allus a tellin' his prishioners, to lay by a shillin' or two to keep us out o' th' workus, when 't come on to rain, an' let us die i' the open like, where a poor body can breathe!—that's all as we was after; an' here, sin' ever we come, fust one shillin' goes, an' then another shillin' goes as we brought with us, till we 'ain't got one, as I may almost say, left! An' there ain't no luck! I'stead o' gettin' more we get less, an' that wi' harder work, as is a wearin' out me an' the b'ys; an'——"

Here he was interrupted by a cry from the bed. It was the voice of little Moxy, the Sarpint o' the Prairies.

"I ain't wore out, father! I'm good for another go."

"I ain't neither, gov'nor. I got a lot more work in me!"

"No, nor me," cried the third. "I likes London. I can stand on my head twice as long as Tommy Blake, an' he's a year older 'n I am."

"Hold your tongues, you rascals, an' go to sleep," growled the father, pretending to be angry with them. "What right have you to be awake at this time o' the night—an' i' Lon'on too? It's not like the country, as you very well know. I' the country you can do much as you like, but not in the town! There's police, an' them's there for boys to mind what they're about. You've no call to be awake when your father an' mother want to be by theirselves—a listenin' to what they got to say to one another! Us two was man an' wife afore you was born!"

"We wasn't a listenin', father. We was only hearin' 'cause we wasn't asleep. An' you didn't speak down as if it was secrets!"

"Well, you know, b'ys, there's things as fathers and mothers can understand an' talk about, as no b'y 's fit to see to the end on, an'

so they better go to sleep, an' wait till their turn comes to be fathers an' mothers theirselves.—Go to sleep direc'ly, or I'll break every bone in your bodies!"

"Yes, father, yes!" they answered together, nowise terrified by the awful threat—which was not a little weakened by the fact that they had heard it every day of their lives, and not yet known it carried into execution.

But having been thus advised that his children were awake, the father, without the least hypocrisy, conscious or unconscious, changed his tone: in the presence of his children, he preferred looking at the other side of the argument. After a few moments' silence he began again thus:—

"Yes, as you was sayin', wife, an' I knows as you're always in the right, if the right be anyhows to be got at—as you was sayin', I say, there's no sayin' when that same as we was a speakin' of—the Almighty is the man I mean—no sayin', I say, when he may come to see as we have, as I may say, had enough on it, an' turn an' let us have a taste o' luck again! Luck's sweet; an' some likes, an' it may be as he likes to give his childer a taste o' sweets now an' again, jest as you an' me, that is when we can afford it, an' that's not often, likes to give ourn a bull's-eye or a suck of toffy. I don't doubt *he* likes to see us enj'yin' of ourselves jest as well as we like to see our little uns enj'yin' o' *theirselves!*—It stands to reason, wife—don't it?"

"So it do seem to me, John!" answered the mother.

"Well," said Franks, apparently, now that he had taken up the defence of the ways of the Supreme with men, warming to his subject, "I dessay he do the best he can, an' give us as much luck as is good for us. Leastways that's how the rest of us do, wife! We can't allus do as well as we would like for to do for our little uns, but we always, in general, does the best we can. It may take time—it may take time even with all the infl'ence *he* has, to get the better o' things as stands in *his* way! We'll suppose yet a while, anyhow, as how he's a lookin' arter us. It can't be for nothink as he counts the hairs on our heads—as the sayin' is!—though for my part I never could see what good there was in it. But if it ain't for somethink, why it's no more good than the census, which is a countin' o' the heads theirselves."

There are, or there used to be when I was a boy, who, in their reverence for the name of the Most High, would have shown horror at the idea that he could not do anything or everything in a moment as it pleased him, but would not have been shocked at all at the idea that he might not please to give this or that man any help. In their eyes power was a grander thing than love, though it is nowhere said in the Book that God is omnipotence. Such, because they are told that he is omnipotent, call him Omnipotence; when told that he is Love, do not care to argue that he must then be loving! But as to doing what he wills with a word—see what it cost him to redeem the world! He did not find that easy, or to be done in a moment without pain or toil. Yea, awfully omnipotent is God. For he wills, effects, and perfects the thing which, because of the bad in us, he has to carry out in suffering and sorrow, his own and his Son's. Evil is a hard thing for God himself to overcome. Yet thoroughly and altogether and triumphantly will he overcome it; and that not by crushing it under foot—any god of man's idea could do that!—but by conquest of heart over heart, of life in life, of life over death. Nothing shall be too hard for the God that fears not pain, but will deliver and make true and blessed at his own severest cost.

For a time, then, the Frankses went on, with food to eat and money to pay their way, but going slowly down the hill, and finding it harder and harder to keep their footing. By and by the baby grew worse, pining visibly. They sought help at the hospital, but saw no Mr. Christopher, and the baby did not improve. Still they kept on, and every day the husband brought home a little money. Several times they seemed on the point of an engagement, but as often something came between, until at length Franks almost ceased to hope, and grew more and more silent, until at last he might well have appeared morose. The wonder to me is that any such as do not hope in a Power loving to perfection, should escape moroseness. Under the poisonous influences of anxiety, a loving man may become unkind, even cruel to the very persons for whose sake he is anxious. In good sooth what we too often count righteous care, but our Lord calls the care of the world, consumes the life of the heart as surely as the love of money. At the root they are the same. Yet evil thing as anxiety is, it were a more evil thing to be delivered from it by anything but the faith of the Son of God—that is, faith in his Father and our Father; it would be but another and worse, because more comfortable form of the same slavery.

Poor Franks, however, with but a little philosophy, had much affection, which is indeed the present God in a man—and so did

not go far in the evil direction. The worst sign of his degenerating temper was the more frequently muttered oath of impatience with his boys—never with his wife; and not one of them was a moment uneasy in consequence—only when the *gov'nor* wasn't jolly, neither were they.

The mind of Franks, as it appears to me, was mainly a slow sullen stream of sub-thought, a something neither thought nor feeling but partaking of the character of both, a something more than either, namely, the substance of which both are formed—the undeveloped elemental life, risen a little way, and but a little way, towards consciousness. The swifter flow of this stream is passion, the gleams of it where it ripples into the light, are thoughts. This sort of nature can endure much without being unhappy. What would crush a swift-thinking man is upborne by the denser tide. Its conditions are gloomier, and it consorts more easily with gloom. But light and motion and a grand future are waiting for such as he. All their sluggish half-slumberous being will be roused and wrought into conscious life—nor the unconscious whence it arises be therein exhausted, for that will be ever supplied and upheld by the indwelling Deity. In his own way Franks was in conflict with the problems of life; neither was he very able to encounter them; but on the other hand he was one to whom wonders might safely be shown, for he would use them not speculatively but practically. "Nothing almost sees miracles but misery," perhaps because to misery alone, save it be to the great unselfish joy, is it safe to show miracles. Those who must see ere they will believe, may have to be brought to the verge of the infinite grave that a condition fit for seeing may be effected in them. "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."

CHAPTER XXIV.—OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN.

THERE is another person in my narrative whom the tide of her destiny seemed now to have caught and to be bearing more swiftly somewhither. Unable, as she concluded, any longer to endure a life bounded by the espionage, distrust, and ill-tempered rebuke of the two wretched dragons whose misery was their best friend—saving them from foreboded want by killing them while yet they had something to live upon—Amy Amber did at last as she had threatened, and one morning when, in amazement that she was so late, they called her, they received no answer, neither could find her in or out of the house. She had applied to a friend in London, and following her advice, had taken the cheap train overnight, and gone to her. She met her, took her home, and helped her in seeking a situation—with the result that, before many days were over, her appearance and manners being altogether in her favour, she obtained her desire—a place behind a counter in one of those huge shops where almost everything is sold. Then she was kept hard at work, and the hours of business were long; but the labour was by no means too much for the fine health and spirits which now blossomed in her threefold.

Her aunts raised an outcry, of horror and dismay first, then of reprobation, accusing her of many things, and amongst the rest of those faults of which they were in reality themselves guilty towards her; for as to the gratitude and affection we are so ready to claim and so slow to pay, the debt was great on their part, and very small indeed on hers. They wrote to her guardians of course to acquaint them with the shocking fact of her flight, but dwelt far more upon the badness of her behaviour to them from the first, the rapidity with which she had deteriorated, and the ghastliness of their convictions as to the depth of the degradation she had preferred to the shelter of their—very moth-eaten—wings.

The younger of the two guardians was a man of business, and at once took proper measures for discovering her. It was not, however, before the lapse of several months that he succeeded. By that time her employers were so well satisfied with her, that after an interview with them, followed by one with the girl herself, he was convinced that she was much better where she was than with her aunts, whose dispositions were not unknown to him. So he left her in peace.

Knowing nothing of London, interested in all she saw, and much occupied with her new way of life, Amy did not at once go to find her friend Miss Raymount. She often recalled her kindness, often dreamed of the beautiful lady who had let her brush her hair, and always intended to seek her as soon as she could feel at some leisure. But the time wore away, and still she had not gone.

She continued a well-behaved girl, went regularly to church on Sundays, had many friends but few intimates, and lived with the girl who had been her friend before her mother's death. Her new way of life was, no doubt, from its lack of home-ties, and the restraining, if not always elevating influences

of older people, dangerous: no kite can soar without the pull of the string; but danger is less often ruin than some people think; and the propt house is not the safest in the row. He who can walk without falling, will learn to walk the better that his road is not always of the smoothest; and, as Sir Philip Sidney says, "The journey of high honour lies not in plain ways."

Such were the respective conditions of Amy Amber and the Frankses, when the Raymounts left London. The shades were gathering around the family; the girl had passed from the shadow into the shine. Hester knew nothing of the state of either, nor had they ever belonged to her flock. It was not at all for them she was troubled in the midst of the peace and rest of her new life when she felt like a shepherd compelled to leave his sheep in the wilderness. Amid the sweet delights of sunshine, room, air, grass, trees, flowers, music, and the precious stores of an old library, every now and then she would imagine herself a herald all at once that had turned aside into the garden of the enchantress. Were not her poor friends the more sorely tried that she was dwelling at ease? Could it be right? Yet for the present she could see no way of reaching them. All she could do for them was to cultivate her gifts, in the hope of one day returning to them the more valuable for the separation.

One good thing that came of the change was that she and her father were drawn in the quiet of this country life closer together. When Mr. Raymount's hours of writing were over, he missed the more busy life into which he had been able to turn at will, and needed a companion. His wife not being able to go with him, he naturally turned to his daughter, and they often took their walks abroad together. In these walks Hester learned much. Her father was not chiefly occupied with the best things, but he was both of a learning and a teaching nature. There are few that in any true sense can be said to be alive: of Mr. Raymount it might be said that he was coming alive; and it was no small consolation to Hester to get thus nearer to him. Like the rest of his children she had been a little afraid of him, and fear, though it may dig deeper the foundations of love, chokes its passages: she was astonished to find, before a month was over, how much of companions as well as friends they had become to each other.

Most fathers know little of their sons, and less of their daughters. Because familiar with every feature of their faces, every movement of their bodies, and the character of their every habitual pose, they take it for granted they know them! Doubtless knowledge of the person does through the body pass into the beholder, but there are few parents who might not make discoveries in their children which would surprise them. Some such discoveries Mr. Raymount began to make in Hester.

She kept up a steady correspondence with Miss Dasomma, and that also was a great help to her. She had a note now and then from Mr. Vavasor, and that was no help. A little present of music was generally its pretext. He dared not trust himself to write to her about anything else — not from the fear of saying more than was prudent, but because, not even yet feeling to know what she would think about this or that, he was afraid of encountering her disapprobation. In music he thought he did understand her, but was in truth far from understanding her. For to understand a person in any one thing, we must at least be capable of understanding him in everything. Even the bits of news he ventured to send her, all concerned the musical world—except when he referred now and then to Cornelius: he never omitted to mention his having been to his aunt's. Hester was always glad when she saw his writing, and always disappointed with the letter—she could hardly have said why, for she never expected it to go beyond the surfaces of things: he was not yet sufficiently at home with her, she thought, to lay open the stores of his heart and mind—as he would doubtless have been able to do more readily had he had a sister to draw him out!

Vavasor found himself in her absence haunted with her face, her form, her voice, her song, her music—sometimes with the peace and power of her presence, and the uplifting influence she exercised upon him. It is possible for a man to fall in love with a woman he is centuries from being able to understand. But how the form of such a woman must be dwarfed in the camera of such a man's mind! It is the falsehood of the silliest poetry to say he deifies the image of his beloved. He is but a telescope turned wrong end upon her. If such a man could see such a woman after her true proportions, and not as the puppet he imagines her, he would not be able to love her at all. To see how he sees her—to get a glimpse of the small creature he has to make of her ere, through his proud door, he can get her into the straitened cellar of his poor, pinched

heart, would be enough to secure any such woman from the possibility of falling in love with such a man. Hester knew that in some directions he was much undeveloped; but she thought she could help him; and had he thoroughly believed in and loved her, she could have helped him. But a vision of the kind of creature he was capable of loving—therefore the kind of creature he imagined her in loving her, would have been—to use a low but expressive phrase—*a sickener to her.*

At length, in one of his brief communications, he mentioned that his yearly resurrection was at hand—his butterfly-month he called it—when he ceased for the time to be a caterpillar, and became a creature of the upper world, revelling in the light and air of summer. He must go northward, he said; he wanted not a little bracing for the heats of the autumnal city. The memories of Burcliff drew him potently thither, but would be too sadly met by its realities. He had an invitation to the opposite coast which he thought he would accept. He did not know exactly where Paradise lay, but if he found it within accessible distance, he hoped her parents would allow him to call some morning and be happy for an hour or two.

Hester answered that her father and mother would be glad to see him, and if he were inclined to spend a day or two, there was a beautiful country to show him. If his holiday happened again to coincide with Corney's, perhaps they would come down together. If he cared for sketching, there was no end of picturesque spots as well as fine landscapes.

Of music or singing she said not a word.

By return of post came a grateful acceptance. About a week after, they heard from Cornelius that his holiday was not to make its appearance before vile November. He did not inform them that he had sought an exchange with a clerk whose holiday fell in the said undesirable month.

CHAPTER XXV.—WAS IT INTO THE FIRE?

One lovely afternoon in the hot July, when the shops had closed early, Amy Amber thought with herself she would at last make an effort to find Miss Raymount. In the hurry of escaping from Burcliff she left her address behind, but had long since learned it from a directory, and was now sufficiently acquainted with London to know how to reach Addison square. Having dressed herself therefore in becoming style, for dress was one of the instincts of the girl—an unacquirable gift, not necessarily associated with anything noble—in the daintiest, brightest little bonnet, a well-made, rather gay print, boots just a little too *auffallend*, and gloves that clung closer to the small short hand than they ever did to the bodies of the rodents from which they came, she set out for her visit.

In every motion and feeling, Amy Amber was a little lady. She had not much experience. She could not fail to show ignorance of some of the small ways and customs of the next higher of the social strata. But such knowledge is not essential to ladyhood, though half ladies think themselves whole ladies because they have it. To become ladies indeed they have to learn what those things and the knowledge of them are really worth. And there was another thing in which Amy was unlike many who would on the ground of mere social position have counted themselves immeasurably her superiors: she was incapable of being disagreeable, and from the thing in itself ill-bred recoiled instinctively. Without knowing it, she held the main secret of all good manners: she was simple. Many a one imitates simplicity, but Amy was simple—*one-fold.* She never put anything on, never wished to appear anything, never tried to look pleasant. When cross, which she was sometimes, though very rarely, she tried to *be* pleasant. If I could convey the idea of her, with her peaceful temperament, and her sunshiny summer-atmosphere, most of my readers would allow she must have been an engaging and lovable little lady.

She got into an omnibus, and all the way distinguished herself by readiness to make room. Can it be that the rarity of this virtue in England has to do with our living in a straitened island? It *ought* to work in the contrary direction! The British lady, the British gentleman too, seems to cultivate a natural repellence. Amy's hospitable nature welcomed a fellow-creature even into an omnibus.

She found Addison square, and the house she sought. It looked dingy and dull, for many of its shutters were closed, and there was an indescribable air of departure about it. She knocked nevertheless, and the door was opened. She asked if Miss Raymount was at home.

Now Sarah, with most of the good qualities of an old trustworthy family-servant, had all the faults as well, and one or two besides. She had not been to Burcliff, consequently did not know Amy, else certainly she would not have behaved to her as she ought. Many

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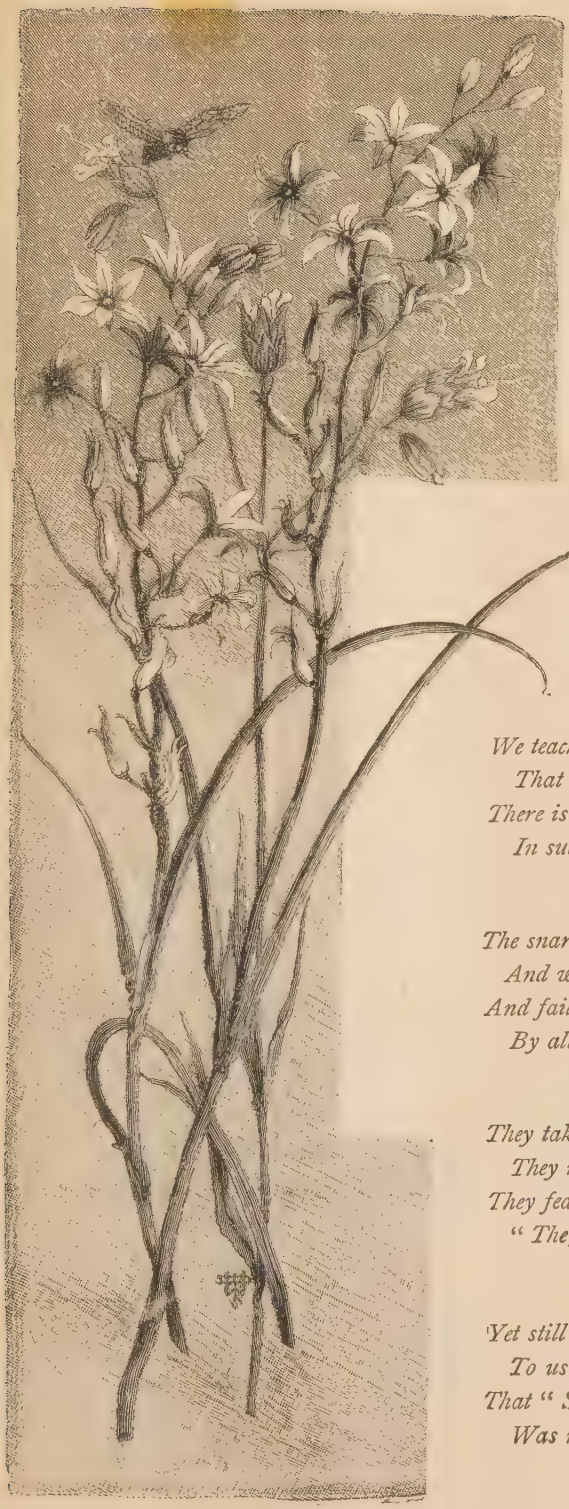


TO-DAY.

WHY do we tune our hearts to sorrow
When all around is bright and gay,
And let the gloom of some to-morrow
Eclipse the gladness of to-day?

When summer's sun is on us shining,
And flooding all the land with light,
Why do we waste our time repining,
That near and nearer creeps the night?

We teach ourselves with scornful sadness
That it is vain to seek for bliss—
There is no time for glee and gladness
In such a weary world as this.

The snare of doubting thoughts has caught us,
And we to grim forebodings yield,
And fail to learn the lesson taught us
By all the "lilies of the field."

They take no thought for each to-morrow,
They never dream of doubt or sin,
They fear no dim forthcoming sorrow,
"They toil not, neither do they spin."

Yet still they tell the same old story
To us who crave in vain for ease,
That "Solomon in all his glory
Was not arrayed like one of these."

E. T. F.

householders have not an idea how abominably the servants they count patterns of excellence comport themselves to those even to whom special attention is owing.

"They are all out of town, miss," replied Sarah, "—except Mr. Cornelius, of course."

At the moment Mr. Cornelius, on his way to go out, stepped on the landing of the stair, and stood for an instant looking down into the hall, wondering who it might be at the door. From his position he could not see Amy's face, and had he seen it, I doubt if he would have recognized her, but the moment he heard her voice he knew it, and hurried down, his face in a glow of pleasure. But as he drew near the change in her seemed to him so great that he could hardly believe with his eyes what his ears had told him.

From the first, Corney, like every one else of the family, was taken with Amy, and Amy was not less than a little taken with him. The former fact is not wonderful, the latter not altogether inexplicable. No man needs flatter his *vanity* much on the ground of being liked by women, for there never yet was man but some woman was pleased with him. Corney was good-looking, and, except with his own people, ready enough to make himself agreeable. Troubled with no modesty and very little false shame, and having a perfect persuasion of the power of his intellect and the felicity of his utterance, he never lost the chance of saying a good thing from the fear of saying a foolish one; neither, having said a foolish one, did he ever perceive that such it was. With a few of his own kind he had the repute of one who said very good things. Amy, on her side, was ready to be pleased with whatever could be regarded as pleasant—most of all with things intended to please, and was prejudiced in Corney's favour through knowing less of him and more of his family. Her face beamed with pleasure at sight of him, and almost involuntarily she stepped within the door to meet him.

"Amy! Who would have thought of seeing you here? When did you come to town?" he said, and shook hands with her.

"I have been in London a long time," she answered.

Corney thought she looked as if she had. "How pretty she is!" he said to himself. "Quite lady-like, by Jove!"

"Come up stairs," he said, "and tell me all about it."

He turned and led the way. Without a second thought, Amy followed him. Sarah stood for a moment with a stare, wondering who the young lady could be: Mr. Cornelius was so much at home with her! and she had never been to the house before! "A cousin from Australia," she concluded: they had cousins there.

Cornelius went into the drawing-room, Amy after him, and opened the shutters of a window, congratulating himself on his good luck. Not often did anything so pleasant enter the stupid old place! He made her sit on the sofa in the half-dark, sat down beside her, and in a few minutes had all her story. Moved by her sweet bright face and pretty manners, pleased with the deference, amounting to respect, which she showed him, he began to think her the nicest girl he had ever known. For her behaviour made him feel a large person with power over her, in which power she seemed pleased to find herself. After a conversation of about half an hour, she rose.

"What!" said Corney, "you're not going already, Amy?"

"Yes, sir," replied Amy, "I think I had better go. I am so sorry not to see Miss Raymount! She was very kind to me!"

"You mustn't go yet," said Corney. "Sit down and rest a little.—Come—you used to like music: I will sing to you, and you shall tell me whether I have improved since you heard me last."

He went to the piano, and Amy stood by him. He sang with his usual inferiority—which was not so inferior that he failed of pleasing simple Amy. She expressed herself delighted. He sang half a dozen songs, then showed her a book of photographs, chiefly portraits of the more famous actresses of the day, and told her about them. With one thing and another he kept her—until Sarah grew fidgety, and was on the point of stalking up from the kitchen to the drawing-room, when she heard them coming down. Cornelius took his hat and stick, and said he would walk with her. Amy made no objection; she was pleased to have his company; he went with her all the way to the lodging she shared with her friend in a quiet little street in Kensington. Before they parted, her manner and behaviour, her sweetness, and the prettiness which would have been beauty had it been on a larger scale, had begun to fill what little there was of Corney's imagination; and he left her with the feeling that he knew where a treasure lay. He walked with an enlargement of strut as he went home through the park, and swung his cane with the air of a man who had made a conquest of which he had reason to be proud.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

By HENRY C. EWART.

IT is only conventionally that we can speak of the *loss* of a poet whose works have found an echo in the hearts of his contemporaries. Within the favoured circle where he is known as a father, brother, or friend, there indeed the loss is sad and bitter. Between spoken words and written there is almost as much difference as between a dew-besprinkled bud opening on its stem and the mature flower pressed and dried. But the public at large feel no loss while they can turn to the favourite page, and call up again at will the thoughts and images that have stimulated or delighted them. It is melancholy indeed to know that the old tree has produced its last fruit; but when a man has done his work what more could we have of him? It is not so much then with a sense of loss that we here refer to the memory of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, but rather for the purpose of reminding ourselves and our readers of the profit all English-speaking people have gained from the works of the departed poet.

We are not sure that the nature of this gain is always rightly estimated. On the one hand there are those whose critical temper notes mainly differences in perfection of form, range of thought, and originality of idea, which distinguish the American poet, not always favourably, from the riper genius of the old world. On the other hand, young people and immature minds of every age are so taken by some of Longfellow's conceits—such for instance as the emblematic poem "Excelsior"—that nothing will satisfy them but a judgment assigning to their favourite one of the highest places in literature. But it strikes us that both these classes miss the true secret of Longfellow's power, and his real claim upon the gratitude of the age. It is not so much as an original poet, but rather as a kindly prophet of humanity, putting into melodious words truths of the heart and life, that Longfellow has done his work for mankind. Emotion, rather than knowledge, is the immediate spring of conduct. As a man feels, so he is, and so he acts. It is of no use to say that feeling is a flimsy sort of thing to depend on. So is water a flimsy sort of thing if you try to walk on it. Yet the stalwart frame of the strongest man, and the big body of the celebrated Jumbo, bones and all, are made up of water in the proportion of about ninety parts out of one hundred. So does feeling, combined with a mere fraction of solid knowledge, make the body of our life. However we may talk about the uncertainty of sentiment, which is a disrespectful word for feeling, it is the men who stir sentiment that shake the world. Hence he was a wise man who said: "Let me make the ballads of the nation, and then let any one who pleases make its laws." The poet who touches the heart goes everywhere, and rules everywhere.

Now we shall not maintain that Longfellow very profoundly touches the heart, except in an instance or two to which we shall refer. But it is not always the profoundest touches that mould humanity. The power of putting common emotions into rhythmical language, so that they ring in the ears and in the heart, is a certain passport to world-wide influence; and this power Longfellow undoubtedly possessed. It was this that gave him his popularity and his name. How many people have read "The Spanish Student?" But "The Village Blacksmith" and "Excelsior," and "The Slave's Dream," and "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and "The Children's Hour," are known and loved wherever English is spoken. We are not going to attempt an essay on Longfellow's place in literature. We only wish to point out what appears to us to have been his most precious gift, and to show where he has come closest to the heart of humanity. But let us first briefly note the facts of his life.

He was born in 1807, in the New England State of Maine, the son of the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, a gentleman eminent in the law, who desired his son to follow his own profession. But in the course of his career at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, where he graduated with high honours in 1825, the young Henry showed a strong inclination to poetry, and broke out every now and then into what Tennyson has called "short swallow flights of song." His father, with more sense than is often possessed by men who think they have made an opening in life for their sons, allowed him to follow his bent for literature, and he became a professor in the college where he was educated. Before entering upon his duties he travelled for three years and a half, principally in Europe. His experiences were described in an early publication of the prose work called "Outre Mer, or

a Pilgrimage beyond Seas." From 1829 to 1835 he was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Bowdoin College. In that year he accepted the same chair at Harvard, and again spent some time in Germany and the North of Europe. He kept this post for nearly twenty years, resigning it in 1854, since which time he has been free to follow the Muses alone. From this outline it will be gathered that his life was not very eventful, and that he was considerably influenced in his tastes and ideas by the continental life and literature of Europe. But pleasing as were his German fancies, it was his clear, manly, and sunny utterances of common moral truths, that endeared him most to the Anglo-American race.

Some of his poems which made the earliest and most lasting impression are those that deal with family affections. The picture of the Village Blacksmith stands out clear, solid, and real, though marked only by a few masterly touches. "The muscles of his brawny arms," his hair "crisp and black and long," his face "like the tan," his brow "wet with honest sweat," make a very tangible figure. But what interested every English and American family in him was his Sunday experiences.

"He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

"It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes."

And towards the end of the poet's long life his verses on "The Children's Hour" showed that the domestic affections had, if possible, a more powerful sway over his heart than ever.

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

"I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

* * * * *

"They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

"Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

"I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart

"And there I will keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away."

"*And there I will keep you for ever!*" the words have a sad sound now, as we think of the grave. But it was this assurance of love's triumph over the grave which was one of the secrets of Longfellow's power.

Though the poet's own life was, as we have said, uneventful, he lived through a great period of history, and saw the solution, through anguish and bloodshed, of the most terrible problem ever forced upon any nation. It need scarcely be said that Longfellow was an ardent anti-slavery man. If he had not been so, we should not be considering his poems in these pages. We venture to think that the impulse of indignation against the frightful wrongs of slavery carried his genius to one at least of its supreme achievements. We do not refer to the "Slave's Dream." That is graphic, and we do not wonder that it has been a favourite. Nor do we refer to the "Slave Singing at Midnight," though this well describes the heroic joy given by religion even to the oppressed. "The Witnesses" again is a poem that almost makes one's flesh creep with the horrors to which it points. But the poem that we must quote completely, and which we should like to see inscribed in every memory, and inspiring every heart, is "The Good Part that shall not be taken away."

"She dwells by great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

"Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

"And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

"She reads to them at eventide
Of one who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave;

"And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

"And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

"For she was rich and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And laboured in her lands.

"Long since beyond the southern sea,
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

"It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face."

We do not hesitate to say that this is one of the most perfect poems in all literature. It is musical, clear, admirably expressed. It is stamped by a unity, consisting in one beautiful thought; that thought is an act of utter self-sacrifice at the call of duty. Such an act is not only heroic; it is also blessed; it carries Heaven with it whithersoever it leads the doer. One almost hopes that the story was true in fact, for the woman who did this deed and lived this life must have been, at least after her great act of sacrifice, one of the happiest creatures that God ever made and redeemed. Look at that last verse again, and you must acknowledge that in compressed holy passion and exquisite expression it has few equals. Not the least part of the excellence of this poem is the simplicity and self-control that characterizes it; indeed, in this respect it reminds us of the narratives of St. John's Gospel.

The poet is seen in a different mood in the "Quadroon Girl." Here it is undisguised indignation that speaks, and yet pity for the hell wrought by sin breaks out.

"His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins."

In another class of poems Longfellow deals with the significance, the responsibilities, the joys and fears of human life. To this class belong two which have been, perhaps, more quoted than anything else he wrote. We mean the "Psalm of Life" and "Excelsior." It is impossible to speak of these poems in anything like the terms that we have felt justified in using about "The Good Part." They are not so beautiful considered as poetry, nor is the moral ideal they figure forth so clear and lofty. But in the "Psalm of Life" there is a commonplace robustness of feeling adapted to the generality of moral aspirants, and especially to ordinary run of young men. Out of any hundred middle-aged men who now make any figure in the ranks of philanthropy or religion, probably at least ninety during their youth carried the "Psalm of Life" in their hearts, as the perpetual echo of a spiritual trumpet calling to battle. The very fact that the images are ordinary and the music somewhat jingling, gave the words a readier access to the appreciation of the rank and file,

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life."

The young man who was continually exhorting himself not to be "like dumb driven cattle," felt a keen pleasure in contrasting his heroic impulse with the unreasoning prejudices and blind self-indulgence of the world around him. The image of the "footprints on the sands of time" had a suggestiveness to young and moody dreamers, which in their half-cultivated state was not marred by the somewhat ludicrous incongruity of the figure, making time a sand-bank and life a "solemn main." The poem gave rhythmical expression to honest emotion, very creditable to the young, and hence its usefulness and success. "Excelsior" again, considered as a literary production, is even inferior to the "Psalm of Life." For except in an excited state of mind it is impossible to think, without a smile, of a young man insisting upon carrying a flag to the top, say of the Matterhorn, and of perishing there. Still the words gave rhythmical expression to the desire, happily more commonplace in this age of the world than in any previous one, to be ever moving upward and onward.

Of the more ambitious works of the departed poet we cannot pretend to speak. They belong to the domain of pure literature, upon which we cannot enter. It is not so much as a literary man, but rather as a kindly counsellor, whose rhythmic words have inspired many a living soul with its noblest impressions, that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow will survive in the memory of mankind.

"The children knows."

AN HOUR WITH THE SALVATION ARMY.

By W. C. PROCTER.

A RELIGIOUS movement which in its fourth year of operations claims some of the largest congregations to be found in most of our great towns must surely be worthy of attention. When it is added that these congregations are mainly drawn from that "non-worshipping" population over which clergymen, moralists, and philanthropists are accustomed to wail in despair, the movement becomes interesting beyond all proportion to the mere numbers it may affect.

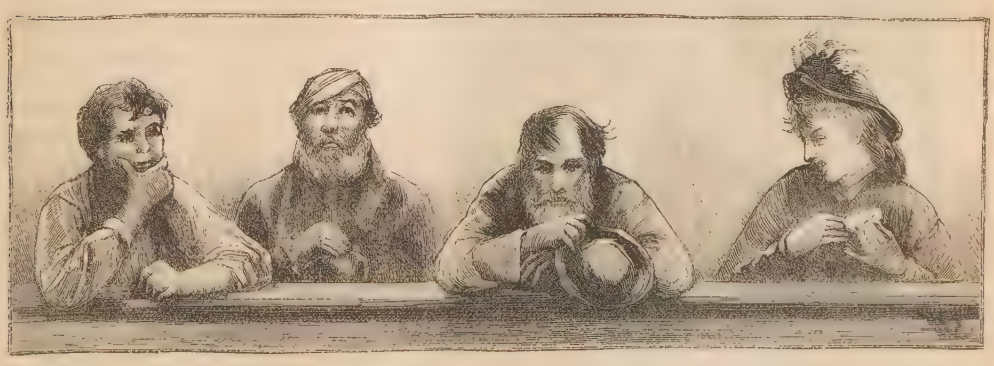
Statistics might be given to justify these remarks, but they are needless. Concurrent testimony, confirmed by our own observations in London, shows that this movement affects poor abandoned souls whom almost every device of preaching or ritual has hitherto failed to bring within the sound of the gospel. Let all have their due, even if we feel constrained to protest against practices which we deprecate. When we think of the raving, riotous, profane rabble fairly dragged at the tail of the Army in its marches through the streets, and almost forced to confront the tremendous alternative of heaven or hell, we find a new light on the words of the Gospel, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

The Lord of peace and truth did not speak of Himself, in these words. The stupendous power of His divine life, by which He drew men to Himself, was quiet as the might of

gravitation. The sun makes no noise in swaying the planetary worlds. The supremacy of Christ's love was not that of the storm, but of sunshine which no frosts can resist, and beneath which no seeds of life can long sulk in darkness. "It is enough for the servant that he be as his Master." Alas, if he only could! It is hard for a puny asteroid to imitate the sun. Its nearest attempt is a petty volcanic explosion of pent-up forces. It should be content to reflect the sun. But those rough Galileans whose speech bewrayed them in priestly, rabbinical Jerusalem, did not, it would appear, always content themselves with the "still small voice." They carried their habitual violence into religion; and they "took the kingdom of heaven by force." This is what the Salvation Army do likewise. It may be impossible to help wishing that they were milder-mannered. But if they really do drag captives with them as they scale the walls of heaven, who would not wish them God-speed?

And they do! There can be no doubt about that. Inconsistent converts, backsliders, mercenary pretenders there may be amongst their recruits; but that they have been the means of making many drunkards sober, and of taming many a lawless ruffian, and rousing thousands of careless souls to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" is too notorious to be denied. Let us tell our own experience of one of their meetings, held at the head-quarters of the "First Whitechapel Corps," as it is called. There is a special interest attaching to this place of meeting, for it was here that the movement originated. The "East London Mission" had used the hall for many years, when Mr. Booth, a little more than three years ago, conceived the idea of organizing the Salvation Army. With that organization, its affectation of military titles, and its uniform, we need not now concern ourselves. "Men are but children of a larger growth." And the "Army," equally with the "Good Templars" and the Ritualists, have found, we may suppose, some advantage in appealing to the childishness that survives in grown-up people. But this is not of the essence of the movement: let us go into their hall, and try if we can find out what is.

In a wide thoroughfare, almost as crowded and bustling on Sunday evening as on Saturday, we see a dense throng round a wide gateway, and, were it not for the fact that public-houses are the only places of ordinary resort privileged to be open on this day, we might suppose we were approaching the entrance of a penny theatre. The dress and language of the jesting throng suggest that, and nothing else. The same idea is favoured by the brightly lighted vestibule, at the end of which are doors opening into the hall. We pass in, and find some six or seven hundred people already assembled. It is nearly seven o'clock; but the "Whitechapel First Corps" has not yet arrived. It is marching through the streets singing hymns of triumph, and striving, by the aid of brazen instruments, to overbear the clamour of an opposition force now regularly marshalled to shout it down; or, in the absence of the police, to adopt



A bit of the gallery.

more summary methods. A glance at the audience convinces us at once that it is one of a very unusual character. The proportion of the male sex is certainly larger than ordinary, and they are nearly all youthful. Amongst the women there are many of middle

age, worn and weary-looking. But amongst the men nearly all are young; in fact, a large number of them are mere lads, and precisely the sort of lads who appear, as though by magic, in scores whenever there is the chance of a fight or other entertainment in the streets. A balcony runs round three sides of the hall, while at the end a platform rises in several steps, like an infant-school gallery. On the wall above this platform are some startling appeals in big letters—"Will you go to heaven or hell?" "Let God have His own way," and others more familiar.

We have hardly time to look round when the sound of singing, half-drowned in riotous cries and jeers, reaches us from the streets, and the "corps" marches in, followed by a tumultuous crowd that surges up into the balcony, or subsides into the vacant seats below. The band with their brazen instruments take their places prominently on the gallery in front of us, and we note with some alarm a portentous ophicleide, almost big enough to blow the roof off. The army knows no distinction of sex in the holy war. There are women taking their places as lieutenants and captains of the force, and in some of their faces it is impossible to mistake the saintly look of pure self-forgetful devotion which we mark in pictured saints whose eyes gaze into eternity. Amongst the recruiting band, who take their seats fronting us, is a youth by no means of prepossessing countenance, who, we learn, was the originator and organizer of the "Opposition Army," but who now, in token of his new allegiance, has a symbolic helmet sewn on his coat; and we fervently hope it truly represents the helmet of salvation.

"Hallelujah! that's me!"

Without ceremony, without announcement, some voice, we know not where, strikes up a lively hymn, beginning, "I'm a pilgrim for glory," and running continually into a refrain of question and answer—

"Are you ready? Yes, I'm ready,
Only waiting till the Master comes."

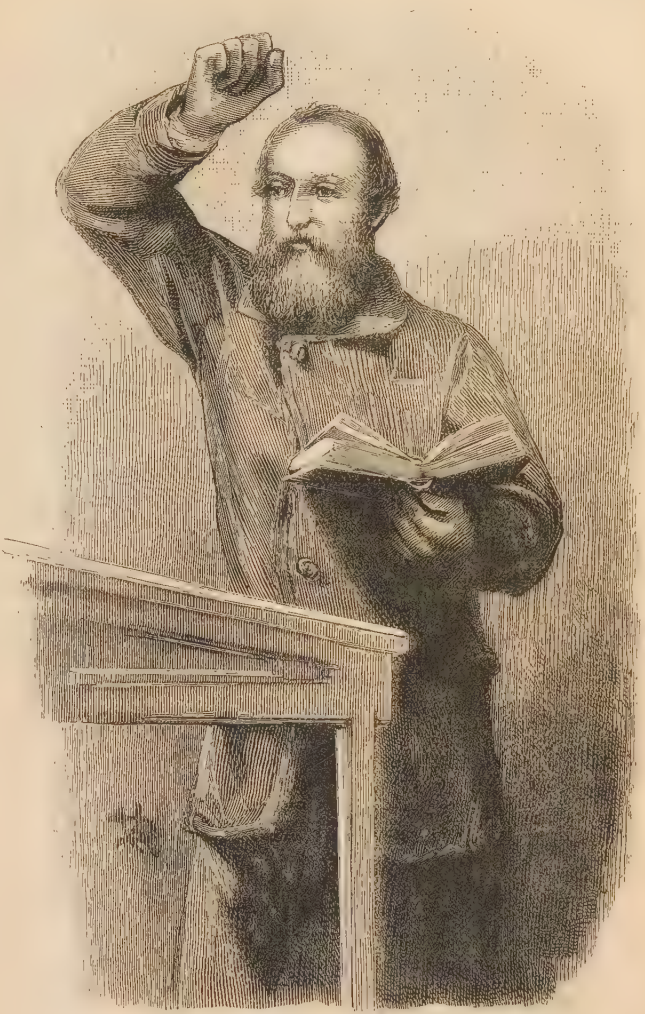
The lively energy with which this is everywhere caught up shows that the majority are habitual attendants. Then a brother in a uniform, a sort of cross between that of a policeman and a rifleman, gives out a hymn from a book, and the ophicleide betrays ominous tokens of activity. The cornets take up the strain, and the multitude join in heartily again. If they could only drown the ophicleide all would be well, but it is a tremendous instrument, much too strong even for the whole force of the army, and as it rarely ever hits the right note, our hypercritical ears undergo some torture. But, bless the man, his heart is in it! He blows as if he were standing before the walls of Jericho, and their fall depended on his lungs. The discord does not in the slightest degree disturb the singers. Indeed, they enjoy their efforts so much that at the close of the hymn they are loath to leave off, and sing the last two lines over and over again.

When at last they cease, the

young man with the symbolic helmet at once leads off in prayer. Only a month ago his Sunday evening's amusement was to throw brickbats at the army. Now, with a fervour that struggles vainly against poverty of language, he beseeches a blessing on the work. It is noticeable that he does not speak in the plural, but in the singular, as though he were praying alone. "Oh, my God!" he cries, "bless this meeting. Let souls be converted this night. Oh, my God! bless us now." It is impossible to repress a doubt as to the wisdom of allowing such recent converts to appear so prominently. But all is so strange to us here that our ideas are somewhat topsy-turvy, and we forbear criticism. At any rate, there is no possibility of doubting the lad's earnestness now. We are told he has to bear a good deal of persecution; and as he is the son of a publican whose house is much frequented by the Opposition Army, we can well believe it. We earnestly hope he may endure to the end.

After two more prayers, another hymn is raised, happily this time without the ophicleide. Everything in the service is so spontaneous that several times hymns are raised without announcement. Some voice leads off in well-known words—this time it is "My Jesus, I love thee; I know thou art mine"—and instantly several hundred voices join in, the people all retaining their seats. On these occasions the brass band is taken unawares and is left behind, but each man fingers his instrument as though determined to come in somewhere; and they generally succeed, regardless of pitch, before the end of the hymn.

The reading of Scripture is not followed with much attention. In fact, fidgeting and whispered conversations are general. The preaching, which consists not of one discourse, but of several brief exhortations, is—at least on this occasion—more remarkable for energy of delivery than for pathos or striking illustration. Still there are points that tell on the audience. One of the preachers, it seems, had a shopmate who is an admirer of Mr. Bradlaugh. Said he—"One of Mr. Bradlaugh's friends—God bless and save the man; I don't want to speak of him with any disrespect—but one of his friends told me the other day at the bench, he didn't believe this and he didn't believe the other. Come now, I says to him, what *do* you believe? 'Oh,' said he, 'I've never thought about that.'" It will easily be understood what use is made of this. Referring



"I used to serve Satan!"

to the moral indolence which will not face responsibility, the same preacher remarks: "They say, if God wants to save me, why don't He save me? But they won't let Him." Meantime, with all the elements of a dangerous riot at the back of the meeting, the leader shows admirable tact and coolness. When a preacher somewhat ludicrously cracks his voice and has to pause for breath, this leader, without moving from his seat, instantly raises a hymn and gives the orator time to recover. When jeers and mimicry from the roughs become annoying, he says quietly, "Now then, aisle-keepers, look after them chaps. There's a lot of fellows come in here just to help the devil by upsetting our meeting. Keep an eye on them." And the proceedings go on again as though nothing had happened.

One thing that touches us deeply is the impassioned devotion again and again manifested to the Friend of Sinners. It was said of old, "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow." And here not only knees, but hearts are bowed by that name. "He left the glorious heaven, and came down amongst sin and suffering for you—for you!" "Ay, for me, bless Him; hallelujah!" cries a poor, toil-worn woman near us. "There's one verse of a hymn tells my experience," says a young man, suddenly rising on the platform, "and I want you to sing it. It's this: 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.'" Instantly the old tune of Miles' Lane is raised; but when they come to "crown Him Lord of all," the repetition provided in that tune is not enough for them. They have got an addition to it, which goes on quavering and twirling on the word "crown" for several moments, and it is an unmistakable happiness to the army and their converts thus to celebrate the Captain of their salvation. Now what cathedral-music can, in genuine pathos, equal this? From foul alleys, from reeking gin-shops, from drunken fights, and brutal excesses, these people have been dragged into a light amazing to them as the vision Paul saw at mid-day. Selfishness, greed, passion, they could understand before, but the love that knows no aim other than the salvation of the lost, is a revelation that overwhelms them with incredible yet resistless beauty. And they have believed it. Pierced by its tender reproach—"*Thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee*"—wooed by its pleading, they have yielded to its inspiration; and now old things have passed away, all things are become new. Instead of drink and filthy jesting, they find delight in praise and work for God. Instead of the triumph of selfish violence, they have the unutterable peace of a complete surrender to God's will. Comparing their present with their former lives, they feel themselves already on the threshold of heaven. And should they not love Him who, at such a tremendous cost, wrought this deliverance for them? Well may they sing with heart and voice! There is a music in such gratitude which even an ophicleide out of tune cannot mar. Yes; we have been in many stately cathedrals, but we avow, never in them did we seem to catch so clear an echo of the anthem of the redeemed. The theme is the same above and below—ay, and the feeling is one: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!"

The preacher to his shopmate.

"And why not me?"

"Sudden conversions" cease to be incredible to us. A poor wretch who has been assaulting his wife and starving his children, while he has drunk himself to the borders of the grave, comes in here, and the first word he hears is that "the devil is a hard master." Well, that is a self-evident proposition to him. It never occurred to him just in that way before, but now he becomes suddenly aware that he is carrying a real hell within him. The preacher tells a story of a man who found a wonderfully good master, and goes on: "Now *I* have found a good master. I used to serve Satan; but I heard of a master who paid better wages, and I turned out on strike. My new master promised me good work, with peace of conscience here and rest afterwards. He's paid me regular so far, and I know he will to the end, and my children knows it, and my missis knows it too." "Hallelujah! that's me," responded a glad woman in the gallery. "There's lots of people here serving a bad master. He has given them many a aching head and many a aching heart. And the little uns gets it, and the poor wife gets it, and it's all bad to everybody. The devil never did any one a good turn. He never lifted up a man in his life. If he did, it was only to knock him farther down." The poor wretch who listens feels how true this is, and begins to wonder if there is any chance for him to "strike" too. His life becomes darker and more dreadful with every word he hears, and if he does not utter the words, the thought is in his heart, "What must I do to be saved?" And then he is told how there is a way of escape, how "God so loved the world," how Jesus went about doing good to just such miserable souls as he is, and how the same Jesus carried their burden of sin and sorrow up to the bitter death of Calvary.

"There's one verse of a hymn . . . ."

Nay, he hears that the spirit of this Jesus is actually in the assembly, and that all who yield to him are now saved from their sins, and may hope for strength to lead a pure and happy life. The zeal, the conviction, the moral excitement around him are contagious. He falls into an agony and a trance. He is struggling between death and life. People come to him and pray over him. Hundreds of voices are singing, "I will believe, I do believe that Jesus died for me." And why not for him too? Yes, glory to God, he *must* believe. Christ is his Saviour too. It is surely the spirit of Christ that works in him such hatred of sin, such longing to do better. And if Christ be for him, who can be against him? He is a saved man. A strange, joyful assurance of a better future for him takes possession of his heart. The bondage of corruption is broken. He is, at last, entering the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Let us go. We have seen some things that a little startle, perhaps almost shock us. And we hear of many doings in this army which we must distinctly reprobate, especially in its unwise dealing with children. But if the power of God to heal sin-stricken souls was not present to-night, we hardly know what signs would prove it. As we walk away through the gloomy streets simmering with fretful humanity, eloquent of profound spiritual needs, there runs in our head, we hardly know why, the scornful indignation of Blake:

"Mock on, mock on! Voltaire, Rousseau!
Mock on, mock on,—'tis all in vain.
You throw but sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again!"

PHASES OF FRONTIER LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Jottings from a Lady's Note-book.

I.

SEVERAL years ago, my husband's official duties took us to a frontier district in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, where we resided till the close of the first of the series of Sir Bartle Frere's (as we at least think) unjust and unnecessary South African wars. The district was inhabited by about ten thousand natives, chiefly Fingoes, but with a sprinkling of Kaffirs and Hottentots; the Europeans barely numbered six hundred, of whom about half lived at the seat of magistracy, to which I will give the name of Qamile (fruitful)—the *town* of Qamile, as it was called, although from its size and appearance it would in England have been classed as a mere village. Nevertheless it boasted of no less than seven churches, English, Scotch, Baptist, Dutch, Wesleyan, Roman Catholic, and native. This last belonged to the Free Church of Scotland, which had a very large educational and industrial missionary establishment about a mile from the town, that went by the name of the Institution.

Lofty mountains, covered with grass, and after rain glistening with waterfalls, surrounded us on all sides, chain behind chain, looking most lovely either in sunshine or shade. Qamile itself was built on an undulating grassy plain, dotted with mimosa bush, through which flowed two rivers, nearly dry in times of drought, but foaming torrents in wet seasons, affording fine bathing, and even an apology for fishing to the lovers of angling. The inhabitants of the town, with the exception of the officials, the ministers of the different churches, and the doctor (when we had one, which was not always the case), were almost all shopkeepers and artisans, but the American feeling of "one man being as good as another and better too" prevailed to a large extent, and when we first arrived we duly received visits from the butcher, the baker, and their wives, and in fact from nearly all the good folks of the place. These first visits we scrupulously returned, but did not deem it incumbent on us to keep up a visiting acquaintance, though of course we were very civil whenever we met. One of the difficulties of being anything like sociable, even with the better-educated portion of our neighbours, was that they *could* not or *would* not distinguish between my husband in his official and in his private capacity, and if in the course of his duty he had to give judgment in court against a man with whom he was on friendly terms, the individual would exclaim in a surprised and injured tone, "Well! I did not think the magistrate would have treated me so; he was out at my farm the other day, and was most kind-like;" or, "It's very hard the magistrate should listen to that nigger; he might have believed *me*, he always deals at my store, and we never had any words," &c., &c. Whenever the magistrate decided a case in favour of a black man against a white, however plainly justice had been consulted, a general feeling of indignation pervaded the community. In fact, there was always a strong feeling on the part of the majority of the European inhabitants, whether farmers, tradespeople, or artisans, that the native was created to be a "servant of servants," a machine for work, and nothing more. Any attempt on his part either to pass his time in the state of idleness in which the ordinary native delights, or to raise himself in the social scale by taking advantage of the education offered by the Institution, was equally resented by most of the colonists as something too unnatural and improper to be tolerated.

Our house was about half-a-mile out of the village, and stood, together with several outbuildings, in a large gravelled yard. We had a splendid garden, which in the season produced apples, pears, four kinds of figs, as many varieties of peaches, apricots, nectarines, and an abundant supply of vegetables. When we first went to Qamile mutton was 4d. per lb., and butter 6d., but before we left the former had risen to 7d., and the latter was hardly obtainable at 2s. 6d.; and at one time, for many months, during the continuance of a terrible drought, we never tasted either milk, butter, eggs, or green vegetables, while a leg of mutton hardly weighed more than 4 lbs. During our many years of residence in Qamile we had little or no society. We did not, however, suffer from dulness. My husband was occupied most part of the day with his official duties; while a family of small children, with but indifferent servants, kept me too busy ever to feel the day too long. There were lovely walks round about; we had a supply of books; and we were able to find plenty of interest and amusement in the curious incidents of our daily life, and the odd people we encountered. We both kept journals, and the following are a

few cullings from these, which may illustrate slightly some of the queer phases of frontier life in South Africa.

II.

Nov. 6, 187–.—We had a visit this morning at 7 A.M. from the Fingo chief Matomela, and one of his councillors. My husband remembers the former twenty-two years ago, in war time, when he and his tribe did the Colonists good service against their common enemy the Kaffirs. At that time Matomela was a heathen, and adhered to the native costume, or rather lack of costume; but he has since become a convert, and we believe a sincere one, and with the white man's religion has also adopted his clothing. He looked this morning like an elderly gentleman of somewhat limited means, while the councillor, an older and smaller man, resembled an amiable baboon, and reminded us of a picture we had seen of the "old man of the sea." When these worthies arrived we had hardly finished our morning toilettes, so they were shown into the drawing-room for a while. When I came in they both stood up and made polite bows, and I requested them, by signs, to adjourn to the dining-room, which they accordingly did, Mr. Councillor carrying his chair with him. As *they* spoke nothing but Kaffir, and *we* little but English, the interview was not enlivened with much conversation, though we had our native cook and groom in alternately to act as interpreters, and we made ourselves as pleasant as we could to each other with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." Our native friends knelt down during family prayers, and gave very hearty Amens at the end of each. Then followed breakfast, with Mary, our Fingo cook, as waitress upon her countrymen, and most amusing she was in her attentions to them. Matomela evidently understood the etiquette of the table, and behaved like a gentleman, but the other old fellow, in spite of Mary's efforts to make him use a fork, preferred to take up his chops in his fingers, having first sprinkled them with salt in the same primitive manner, and occasionally his knife might be seen flourished in the air preparatory to entering his mouth. Such conduct scandalized and distressed poor Mary, but she tried in vain to teach him manners. She treated Matomela with great deference, addressing him constantly as "Inkose," ("Chief,") but she waited upon him and his friend as a nurse would upon young children, stirred their tea, and when one of them found it too hot, poured it into the saucer, buttered the bread, and finally, seeing Mr. Councillor wiping his mouth, first upon the back and then upon the palm of his hand, she fetched a duster, and made him tidy with it. He, poor man, had been greatly perplexed by the cuff of his coat persisting in getting into his coffee, and more than once during breakfast, I am sorry to say, he, for some mysterious reason, spat into his hand. On our leaving the room, our guest again carried off his chair, being under the impression, I suppose, that we were short of these articles. Then we four sat and looked at each other for half an hour, and we began to fear that the good folks intended to spend the day with us; but they rose at last, made a speech, which being interpreted meant that they were very pleased with and grateful for their reception, had some tobacco given them, shook hands, and made their exit, not in a very dignified manner, as the two seemed to become entangled in the doorway, and Mr. Councillor, this time without the chair, went out before the chief, which I fancy was not etiquette.

N.B.—Both our guests were barefoot. On our mentioning to some of our acquaintance afterwards that we had entertained Matomela and his friend, more than one uttered his surprise and disgust in some such words as these: "Oh! you don't mean to say that you had those niggers at the table with you?" On one occasion our district surgeon, who had exercised similar hospitality towards a well-educated and most respectable Fingo, was given to understand that if he did so again his professional services would be dispensed with at certain houses. I am glad to be able to add that he was too independent and conscientious to allow such a threat to deter him from doing what he thought right in the matter, and as there was no other doctor within fifteen miles, even the aggrieved parties were obliged to pocket their prejudices when next they wanted medical attendance.

III.

We have had a wedding in the family. Our Fingo cook Mary, aged forty-five, was married to-day to a Basuto more than twenty-two years her junior. We suspect that sundry cows and goats possessed by the lady have proved at least as attractive as her mature charms, and unkind persons prophesy that within a year the bridegroom will drive off the stock and leave the bride lamenting. Yesterday she was very doleful; first, because it threatened rain, and she complained: "I have been married twice" (rumour says three times),

"and I never *can* get a fine day, oh! oh! oh!" Then the bride's-maid broke faith, and Mary had to look for another, and provide her with a suitable costume. Next, the girl who was to have taken her place *pro tem.* in the kitchen, did not come, and on the eve of the important day the poor bride elect came sobbing to me with—"It's very heavy for me, Missus, to have to do the work; I sha'n't have time to wash myself or anything." I was obliged to be stern, and answer, "It would be much heavier for me, Mary, to have to cook the early dinner. After seeing to that you may go." This trouble was terminated, however, by the arrival of the substitute, and having ascertained that she wanted no help with her bridal attire, I let Mary go about her own devices. All the morning a friend of hers had been busy cooking the wedding breakfast, which took place in an outside room, and to which we contributed a leg of mutton, two bottles of wine, two tables, a table-cloth, plates, dishes, cups, knives, &c., while Annie, the Irish nurse, and my small boys decorated a chair for the bride, with leaves and flowers, forming a sort of canopy. About three o'clock the bridal party returned from chapel, in two carts, the first containing the happy pair, the second the bride's-maid and the best man. The bride was attired in a white muslin dress, trimmed with green and blue quilling, white collar and cuffs, and brown thread gloves, a very tiny straw hat with feather and spray of real orange blossom, and high-heeled kid boots. In spite of all this she really looked very nice, having a tall, slight figure and pleasant face, and a great contrast she was in her cleanness and tidiness to the Cinderella I have had to scold so often for being dirty and ragged in the kitchen, where she would also have been slip-shod, except that she never wore boots and stockings but on state occasions. The fact is, she has never chosen to wear her own clothes (of which she has plenty) in my service, declaring that I must give her some to work in, and as this was not in our bargain I held out against the encroachment as long as possible. But really, when one's cook and parlour-maid enters the dining-room with a shining brown shoulder appearing through a large rent in her one garment, what is to be done but rummage in the boxes, which have to do duty for chests of drawers and wardrobes in this part of the world, for a more decent dress for the cunning delinquent? *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* The only noticeable thing about the bridegroom was the bright green veil he wore round his hat. The best man wore a white suit, and on getting out of the cart, stuck out his elbow as far as he could, and offered his arm to Mary, who duly accepted it, and walked on at as great a distance from him as possible. Very ludicrous they looked to us, but evidently they were entirely satisfied with themselves, and felt most important and happy.

After promenading for a while, they got into the carts again, and drove into town to exhibit themselves, but, cruel to relate, the owner of one of the vehicles declared that this drive was not in the contract (he was a white man, I need hardly say), and turned the bride's-maid and groom's-man out to find their way back on foot. Fortunately the proprietor of the other cart was not so hard-hearted, and let poor Mary show herself off.

Then came the breakfast—mutton in various joints, a plum pudding, potatoes, bread, coffee, wine, and a wedding cake, iced, which had been ordered from a town fourteen miles off. I don't know how many guests there were; some were uninvited ones, and most of them squatted on the floor. The bride sat in the decorated chair, looking very shy, and as the canopy was too low, I fear she was not over comfortable. The viands quickly disappeared; as did also two shawls, I regret to say, the latter being *non est* when the owners came to look for them. Thus passed the day. While I write, 9 P.M., the bridal party are drinking coffee and eating dry bread, having finished everything else; they are all very quiet and orderly. Poor old Mary! I hope she will be satisfied with her third matrimonial venture; but this first day has had its trials. The rapid disappearance of the food was a source of anxiety to her; she kept saying she did not know what had become of the "Master's" leg of mutton (perhaps it went with the shawls), and she gave one of the guests half-a-crown to buy more meat. As he did not return as soon as he might have done, she thought he had felonious intentions, and talked of having him put into jail. Happily this was not necessary, as he reappeared at last with the mutton. And now the party has broken up; the bride, Annie tells me, still attired in hat and gloves, which she has not removed all day, is seated by her husband's side in their private room, while the mother-in-law of the latter is giving them a lecture on marital duties. This old lady generally dresses in a red blanket only, but in honour of her daughter's wedding has donned European garments. So many things have been begged from me for this fête, that on a fresh demand

being made for candles, I said: "Yes, take them, but I hope Mary won't want to be married again very soon," whereupon my little son S. asked me gravely: "What does she do with her husbands, mother? Do they all die?"

IV.

August.—About three weeks ago my husband received intimation that a Kaffir had been shot by a farmer, a short distance from Qamile, so he, accompanied by a surgeon, Unchallo the interpreter, and a body of the F. A. M. police, rode out to the scene of the murder, and after investigation ascertained the following facts. The farm, Honey Dale, is inhabited by a father and two sons of the name of Humphries, and is in the immediate neighbourhood of a kraal of eight hundred red Kaffirs, under a petty chief called Squire. Sheep-stealing on a large scale had been going on for some time, and at last the farmers determined to keep watch with loaded guns, warning Squire and his people of their intention to shoot any man they caught in the act of stealing. On the night in question, E. Humphries, a lad of seventeen, had been on the watch since midnight; about 4 A.M. he saw a Kaffir enter the enclosure and feel about amongst the goats; he fired, saw the man leap the fence, and concluded therefore that he had not done him much harm; so he returned to his house, and saying, "I shot at a fellow, who ran off," retired to bed. When the farmers entered their sheep kraal some hours afterwards, they found there a blanket, a kerie (a stick with a head formed of a large round knob), and a great deal of blood. They sent immediately to Squire, who, with his men, took up the trail—*spoor*, it is called in the Cape—and one hundred and twenty yards off found the unfortunate thief, quite dead. Medical evidence showed that his thigh was broken, and that death had resulted from loss of blood. The wonder was that with the limb fractured so frightfully the poor creature had been able to bound over the enclosure and run such a distance before he fell. The chief acknowledged that due warning had been given by the Humphries, and said that he himself had cautioned the man who was shot to beware of entering the kraal. It was proved also that it was not poverty or hunger which induced him to steal. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, after a legal examination next day, my husband thought that he was justified in releasing young Humphries on bail, but the Solicitor-General, to whom the case was sent for review, took another view of the matter, had him indicted for murder, and he was accordingly committed to jail. After remaining there two days, another order came from Justice Dwyer that he was to be let out on bail, which was accordingly done. Public feeling in our district and the neighbourhood was much excited when it was known that the lad had been put into prison, loud was the indignation against the Solicitor-General, and a subscription was got up to defray the expenses of the defence. The prisoner was, however, sure to be acquitted. Eastern Province juries never bring in a verdict of guilty against a white man for protecting his property from the natives, even when there are none of the extenuating circumstances which there were in this case. A curious request was made to my husband while young Humphries was in prison. The ladies of the croquet club requested permission to take balls, hoops, and mallets into the jail yard, and there play with the prisoner. Of course there could be no answer to this petition but a negative. Oddly enough, however, a few hours afterwards the order came for his release; none of his friends happened to be with him at the time, and my husband said jokingly to the young fellow, "I could not give the ladies leave to play croquet in the jail, but you can go now and join them," which he accordingly did, saying the magistrate had sent him, and as neither he nor his friends understood at first that he had been legally released, they were astonished at the seeming inconsistency of the magistrate's behaviour. As a companion picture to the "ladies' request," I may cite the case of a Dutchman awaiting trial in the R—— prison for a capital offence. He, with the other prisoners, was drawn up for inspection in the jail yard, and when the magistrate appeared, this fellow actually stepped forward and offered to shake hands with him! More than once have natives claimed acquaintance with my husband in the most friendly manner, saying: "Master knows me, he gave me three months for taking a sheep;" or, "Does not the boss remember me? I was up before him for biting Klaa's nose off." And on one occasion a fellow asked for half-a-crown because he "had worked for the government" (that is, undergone penal servitude) "for three years!"

W. M. J. C.

Illustration of Psalm CIV. verse 14.—"*He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle.*"

EBENEZER.

By ALEXANDER McLAREN, D.D.

"Now Israel went out against the Philistines to battle, and pitched beside Eben-ezer, ... and Israel was smitten before the Philistines."—1 SAMUEL iv. 1, 2.

"And the men of Israel . . . . pursued the Philistines, and smote them. Then Samuel took a stone, and called the name of it Eben-ezer."—1 SAMUEL vii. 11, 12.

II.

A SECOND point the text suggests is, *the temper that leads to defeat or to victory.*

At the time of the earlier fight at Eben-ezer, Israel was full of idolatry and immorality. Their preparation for the battle was bringing the ark into the camp, as if its mere presence would insure victory. It was a fetish to them. They had no thought that cleanness of heart and hand was needed in the bearers of the vessels of the Lord, but, in the spirit of the purest heathenism, expected to be saved out of the hands of their enemies by magic, while they continued in their sins. They were idolaters in their worship of Jehovah, as much as if they had been bowing down to Baal. So no wonder they were put to flight.

A like temper is in plenty of people who call themselves Christians. They think that there is some power to help in an outward connection with Christian churches, or rites or acts of worship. They are as pure idolaters, relying on these, as if they worshipped Baal or Siva. Not the name of the Deity, but the spirit in which His altar is approached, makes heathenism. There are hosts of pure Pagans in our congregations, and many an Englishman relies on his baptism, on his church or chapel-going, in precisely the same fashion in which an "idolater" trusts in the image he worships, and in the offerings he brings.

How different was the spirit of the second battle of Ebenezer! The people prepared themselves, first of all by a solemn and thorough-going forsaking of idolatry, and serving the Lord only. If we are to have His strength infused into us for our victory in the struggle with evil, we must cast away our idols, and come to Him alone with all our hearts. The hands that are to clasp His, and be upheld by the clasp, must be emptied of the trifles that men pick up by the wayside here. To wait on God, and yield ourselves wholly to Him, is the only way to be filled with His strength. We must "dwell in the secret place of the Most High," making Him our constant companion, and holding deep communion with Him, if we are to "abide under the shadow of the Almighty," and realise His mighty presence as security and peace. You must purge yourselves from your idols, if God's ark coming into your camp is to be anything but a curse.

Side by side with this forsaking of idols, there must be salutary dread of the enemy's strength, and clear consciousness of our own weakness. These successful rebels in our second incident are described as trembling when they heard that the Philistines were marching upon them. Twenty years of slavery had bred in them a deep dread, no doubt; but out of the very extremity of their fear, a certain courage would spring up. Their terror does not make them think of surrender, but drives them with increased fervour to implore Samuel's prayers, and to make themselves right with their helper, God.

So for us, the past failures should be remembered, not to depress, nor to weaken, nor to lead to even one passing thought of surrender, but to make us careful and humble. The enemy is strong, and no fault is more fatal than an under-estimate of his power. If we go into battle singing, we may expect to come out of it weeping. If we begin bragging, we shall end bleeding. It is only he who looks on the embattled foe, and feels "They are too strong for me," who will come out of the fight with the song on his lips, "He delivered me from my strong enemy." Think much of your foes, and little of yourselves. Cultivate a modest, wise self-distrust. Set very clearly before yourselves your own weakness. Such temper will lead to wholesome caution, to a patient watchfulness, to a wise suspicion, to an honest effort after the fullest exercise of all our powers, seeing that all is so little; and above all, it will send us to our knees to plead with the great Captain and Intercessor, who surveys and directs the fight from the sacred height where He stands pleading in heaven for each of us.

And in the preparation of our hearts for the conflict, lowly confession must not be forgotten. "They fasted on that day, and said there, We have sinned against the Lord." The surest way of overcoming our sins is con-

fessing them to God. When once we have been able to see any sin in its true character clearly enough to speak about it to Him, we have so far emancipated ourselves from its dominion, and have quickened our consciences into complete intolerance of its ugliness. It is more difficult to embrace again an evil of which we have once seen in some measure the loathliness in contrast with His serene beauty. Confession breaks the entail of sin, and substitutes for the dreary expectation of its continuance the glad conviction of forgiveness and cleansing. Confession to God is blowing the trumpet of revolt. It does not make a stiff fight unnecessary, for stable freedom from sin is not the easy prize of confession, but the hard-won issue of sturdy effort in God's strength, but it gives the signal for strife and is itself the beginning of the conflict. The night before the battle should be spent not in feasting but in prayer, and lowly shriving of our souls to the great Confessor. The best war-cry next to the name of the Lord, is, "I have sinned."

And, of course, the temper which ensures victory is that devout looking to God for victory, to which confession and self-distrust and a salutary dread of our foe alike lead. "By strength shall no man prevail." By faith shall any man prevail. Nay more, the very act of devout reliance on God alone not merely leads to victory, but is itself the victory. For the sin of sins, the one loathsome parent of all evil, is the unbelief which leans not on God, and all the effort of the world, the flesh, and the devil is to draw us to trust in them, or in our own might. On the other hand, the one fountain and germ of all goodness is self-distrustful reliance on God manifested in Christ. Whosoever has that in his heart has the guarantee, because he has the producer, of full victory over sin. The actual conquest will no doubt need a real conflict, and a long one, but it is a battle settled as soon as it is begun. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith;" and whosoever goes into the daily conflict with the world within and without in the strength of that faith, will assuredly scatter the foes who beat him when he fought them in his own strength, and, however long may have been his servitude to his hard taskmasters, may break their bands asunder, and build a trophy of victory on the scene of his most disastrous defeats.

III. Let us *learn the highest use of memory*. The first act of the conquerors is to rear the grey stone that commemorates their victory. They write no name of leader or champion on it. Neither Samuel's intercession nor any soldier's valour is graven there, one name only is associated with it. "The Lord hath helped us."

That is the highest use we can make of memory. Many and blessed are its offices, in teaching wisdom, in enriching experience, in bringing sweet odours from the far-off fields of the past, and preserving for ever as in a finer spirit joys that in coarser outward form were evanescent. But there are many of us who use memory as godlessly and as foolishly as we do many other faculties. Some of us deface and pollute it, by keeping in it as in the grating of a drain whatever larger masses of foulness the fluid years have carried through our lives. Some of us look back only to learn the lessons of a crafty, vulpine experience which we call knowledge of the world. Some of us remember, to feel a sentimental melancholy, or a more active murmuring, at the loss of departed joys. Some of us live in a bright past in order to nourish our own self-complacency, or in order to embitter the paler radiance of a twilight present, on which the evening shadows are beginning to fall.

But better than all such uses of memory is it, when it is chiefly occupied with marking more plainly than could be seen at the moment, the manifest Divine help which has filled our lives. Like some track on a mountain-side it is scarcely discernible to us as we grope for it, but when we are some distance away, it shows out plain and unmistakable. Many parts of our lives that seemed unmarked by any conspicuous Divine help while passing, flash up into clearness when seen through the revealing light of memory, and gleam in purple in the sunset, though they seemed but grey bare rock while we stumbled among them. The stone that we rear should bear no name but one, "Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, to Him be glory." That is the main lesson which we should bring from the past.

And, thank God, we may write Eben-ezer on our sorrows and disasters no less than on our victories and joys. He was helping these Israelites when He let them be defeated; for sorrow guided them back to God. He helps us by griefs and losses, by disappointments and defeats, for whatever brings us closer to His heart and makes us feel more that all our well-being and bliss lie in knowing and loving Him, is helpful beyond all other joy, and strength-giving above all other gifts.

And such remembrance and voice of

praise has in it a half-uttered prayer and hope for the future. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped" means more than it says. It looks forward as well as backward, seeing the future in the past. So memory passes into hope, and the radiance in the sky behind us throws brightness on to the path in front. "Hitherto" in regard of God carries "for the future" wrapped up in it. His past reveals His to come. He *has* helped, therefore He *will* help—such is the argument of that faith which must needs ask for more as long as God can give, or man can need. The Christian's "gratitude" ought to be "a lively sense of favours to come," and we should never doubt but that, as good John Newton puts it, in words immortal as the grey stone itself—

> "Each sweet Ebenezer,
> I have in review,
> Confirms His good pleasure
> To help me quite through."

We may write that on every field of our life's conflicts, and let it be carved on our gravestones where we rest in hope, "Ebenezer." "Thou hast been my help. Leave me not, neither forsake me."

CORRECTION.

"Correction means, a tending, through pain and evil, to good and love—just what this state is."
JAMES HINTON.

THOUGH the little fingers—learning how to write,
Trying to be steady, grasp the pen too tight,
Making crooked letter—causes many a tear,
Yet in time they master—writing bold and clear.

Who would think blameworthy every stroke not good?
"Only keep on trying" is your cheering word.
"You are sure to conquer, doing still your best"—
Not success, but trying—that's the teacher's test.

Little feet too, stumble, falling on the floor,
For to walking bravely, tumbling is the door.
"Babies mustn't tumble," would be nonsense quite;
They must learn by falling how to walk upright.

Life is full of lessons, just for every day,
God has set for practice in the selfsame way.
We, too, learn by grasping earthly things too tight,
Holding far more loosely when we see aright.

We must slip and stumble in our upward way,
Till we learn to journey onward to the Day.
Let us, then, be patient with each other's faults;
They're but crooked "pothooks," as our progress halts.

Like the elder children, patient with the rest,
We will still with kindness help them "do their best."
God, with utmost patience, waits for greater skill,
Giving by the practice, power to do His Will.

Striving to do better, not content to blot,
We shall *live* "epistles," fair, without a spot;
And attain to walking—as God's children dear,
Through mistakes still growing to His image here!

L. HINTON DOTHIE.

WORMS AND THEIR WORK.

IT is a happy thought that the earth which fills our lap with beautiful things and things for life is a servant sent of God to dispose of His bounty, that all its gifts are fresh with the glow and warmth of His presence. All things gain singular beauty and joy when the truth of the Good Giver of them all enters into them and us. What charm is it to know that our flowers are as it were roses growing over the wall of heaven; the lark's trilling rapid song, dizzy with exquisite delight, is but drifted music through the gates of the palace above; the smiles which, rippling up out of the hearts of friends, break in the light which never shone on brightest sea or transfigured land, are the caught and mirrored rays of the Uncreated Loveliness? By such truths nature gains here colour and is glorified. We do not doubt that she has beauty apart from all such thoughts. Roses and songs and smiles are ever lovely. But there is one glory of the terrestrial and another glory of the celestial; there is the glory of the earth without the feeling of a beautiful bountiful God, and without the strong transcendent hope the sight of Him and His fair ways inspires; and there is the glory of the earth with Him and His hope colouring and illuminating it all.

Let us summarise the principal facts given by Mr. Darwin, in his recent book on "Vegetable Mould and Earth Worms." He tells us that earth worms are found throughout the world. There are but few varieties of them, and these closely resemble one another. The vast majority of them bring up earth to the surface in the form of little spiral castings. These are found in many different stations: on chalk downs, in boggy peat, in country meadows, London parks, and court-yards of houses; but wherever they are found there are invariably a layer of fine earth and moisture, both of which seem necessary to a worm's existence.

Worms are too wise to go where they cannot live. Even where the surface of the ground would meet the conditions of their life in summer, they do not settle unless it would also meet them in the depth of winter. Where suitable soil covers rock into which, of course, they could not burrow to escape the dangers of frost, they are never found.

They carry on their work at night, and seldom entirely leave their holes. They reach out for objects which surround their burrows by stretching the body to its full length, keeping the tail still inserted in the burrow. They live chiefly in the fine mould which they have made and brought to the surface, which varies in thickness from an inch or two at its least to about half a yard at its most. Their burrow runs down into the earth to a much greater depth than this. But their home, their dwelling, and resting-place, is the upper story, where they prefer to lie just inside, with their head near the level of the ground. This they do probably for warmth, for which reason, too, they line these quarters with leaves. They do not appear to object to cold, damp earth while at work, but they avoid contact with it when at rest. Except when sick and at pairing time they always pass the day in their burrows. Occasionally by night they leave their burrows "on voyages of discovery," and in these cases they never attempt to return to the home they have left.

The body of a large worm consists of from one hundred to two hundred almost cylindrical rings, which act as a sort of "flexible telescope," and each ring is furnished with minute bristles. By the use of these rings worms can go backwards or forwards. They have a mouth which serves to swallow food and to lift objects by suction. Behind the mouth is a pharynx; behind that is an œsophagus (or gullet), and in this, dividing it into two parts, are calciferous glands, which Mr. Darwin says are "highly remarkable, for nothing like them is known in any other animal." These organs are followed by a crop which leads into a gizzard, and this, again, is followed by an inner and an outer set of intestines.

Worms have neither jaws nor teeth of any kind. They swallow small stones, by which their food is triturated as the miller by his larger stones triturates his corn. Some kinds of worms live in mud and water, and though they feed on vegetable matter as earth worms do, they have no duties to discharge towards the soil. These have no gizzards, and do not swallow small stones. The virgin particles of soil swallowed by the earth worm are ground down between the stones, moved about by the tough lining membrane of the gizzard, and, mixed with the fertilising secretions of the worm, they are passed out again.

Worms breathe through their skin. They are blind, and have no kind of eyes. But their mouth-end is sensitive to light. When

artificial light is suddenly thrown upon them as they lie in the darkness near the tops of their burrows, they will generally retreat down into them. They do not all act alike, —some, seeming more timid and nervous than others, "scamper off" at once; some remain a moment, then quietly withdraw; while others raise their heads (if we may be allowed to call the place where some kind of cerebral ganglia exists, a head) from the ground, peer about as if, like startled blind people, they were trying to understand the situation. Though without eyes, they distinguish day and night. There are clear signs, too, that they possess some sort of mind. When busy, their attention is not easily attracted. They are preoccupied, a fact which Mr. Darwin says relates them to "the higher animals." They have no sense of hearing, but they are extremely sensitive to vibration, and are still more sensitive to contact. They shrink from being handled as much as a sensitive person shrinks from handling them. They have a limited sense of smell, which is also very feeble, by which they discover their savoury dishes. They are decidedly possessed of a sense of taste. And when feeding they prefer the textures which are most palatable and tender. They are eager for certain kinds of food, and appear to enjoy the pleasure of eating. This point please bear well in mind for use a little farther on. They have their social pleasures and family life. Their parental relations are peculiar. Each worm is both father and mother; father to its neighbour's children, and mother to its own.

In the winter, when their season is over, they plug up their burrows, plunge deep enough down into the earth to be beyond the reach of frost, have little meetings, roll themselves together into balls, and await the time of spring. More than a passing word must be given on the intelligence of worms. When engaged they neglect impressions to which, when not engaged, they attend, and absorption, says Mr. Darwin, clearly indicates the presence of mind. But worms also exercise judgment. It is their habit to seize leaves and other objects, not to serve as food only, but for plugging up the mouths of their burrows. This action they perform instinctively, that is, all the individuals, including the younger, perform it in the same manner. They seize the leaf with their mouth, drag it a little way into the burrow, which is cylindrical, by which process it is crumpled and rolled up a little. The first leaf is the centre one and the next is drawn into its place outside of it, and so on till sufficient leaves have been arranged, when the whole are drawn deeper down into the burrow and become closely forced and packed together. The submerged end is then covered with moist earth and the burrow is securely plugged against cold and rain. Failing to obtain leaves or sticks for this purpose, they often make a covering of a little pile of stones. The intelligence of the worm is, however, not shown in the ordinary practice of this habit, but in its practice under strange and difficult conditions. These are Mr. Darwin's words on this point.

"If a man had to plug up a small cylindrical hole with such objects as leaves, footstalks of leaves, or twigs, he would drag or push them in by their pointed ends; but if these objects were very thin relatively to the size of the hole, he would probably insert some by their thicker or broader ends. The guide in this case would be intelligence. It seemed, therefore, worth while to observe carefully how worms dragged leaves into their burrows; whether by their tip, or base, or middle parts. It seemed more especially desirable to do this in the case of plants not natives to our own country; for although the habit of dragging leaves into their burrows is undoubtedly instinctive with worms, yet instinct could not tell them how to act in the case of leaves about which their progenitors knew nothing. If, moreover, worms acted solely through instinct or an unvarying inherited impulse, they would draw all kinds of leaves into their burrows in the same manner." Then Mr. Darwin proceeds to give the results of patient experiments and observations which he made with worms, which show far more than a blind following of instinct, viz. a sensible and purposeful adaptation to novel and varying circumstances, a decided disposition to experiment, and a profiting by the lessons of experience; all of which shows that although standing low in the scale of organization, worms possess some degree of intelligence; a result which, Mr. Darwin says, has surprised him more than anything else in his study of worms.

A curious fact incidental to the work of worms is their preservation of ancient relics and buildings. By bringing up soil to the surface of the ground they have slowly covered, and by excavating soil from underneath they have slowly sunk down into secret places much which, being discovered, is precious to antiquarians and historians.

The active life of the worm is divided into two distinct parts, its activities when feeding

and its activities when working. For though the worm, like most of ourselves, works to live, it also lives to work, and this fact opens up to Christian believers in God all the pleasures of new delight. Side by side with the glorified instincts of prophets of Israel, heathen sages, and Christian poets, the very *mould* joins to praise the foreknowledge of an Almighty Benevolence.

Here, then, is a summary of Mr. Darwin's facts—for my *conclusions* from them Mr. Darwin is in no way responsible.

1. The worm, as I have said, works to live. It seeks nourishment; has a hearty relish for certain foods; shows evident signs of pleasure in palatable things.

2. The worm also lives to work. Nourishment is not the end of its existence, but labour. It feeds to get strength, it gets strength to transform useless into useful soil. Its food lies near the surface of the soil, but instinct compels it at certain times to leave the surface and all that it enjoys there, and plunge, like a collier after his morning meal, down into the bowels of the earth, to dig out and to bring up to the surface what is needed there. On the surface of the earth there is already what suits the worm: there its home is and there is its food; but what suits the cultivator is not there. It plunges down, therefore, into the raw soil below, bores its way, filling itself with it, sifting the finer from the coarser particles, mingling it with vegetable débris, finely grinding it between stones taken into the gizzard for the purpose, and saturating it with intestinal secretions. Then crawling upwards, it casts out upon the surface a little pile of earth transformed into fine vegetable mould. The plant-nourishing matter the worm has left above is, from a cultivator's standpoint, a totally different substance from the raw, chiefly mineral, material out of which it has been made. Thus the worm is a miner to excavate, a miller to grind, a chemist to change the substance.

Mr. Darwin finds that on an average each English worm plays these parts to about 20 ounces of matter in the course of one year. He further estimates that each suitable acre of land in England contains from 20 to 30,000 worms, and that there are 32,000,000 of such acres. Now at the rate of each worm 20 ounces, each acre annually receives on its surface from below 10 tons yearly, which gives 320,000,000 tons of worm-soil made in England alone. With these figures before our minds, let us conceive, if we can, the results of worm-labour throughout the world. What would they be for one year?

Now to my point. Here are animals endowed with instincts which compel them to transform the useless into useful, to grind and mix with secretions peculiarly their own, for the secretion of which they are endowed with glands expressly peculiar to themselves. And this not for their own use. Some authorities have doubted whether the worm derives any nourishment whatever from the raw materials which it thus transforms; but Mr. Darwin is of opinion that it does derive some, but it seems that this is only in the way of accident, as a cook may pick a currant while making her mistress a cake, or as the ox may snap a stray ear of corn while treading the mill-round of the threshing-floor. But when it swallows mere mineral earth, it is not for purposes of nourishment or of the palate. At the surface, nourishing vegetable fare is near at hand; fare which is rich and palatable, for which, be it remembered, it has a relish and evident enjoyment, yet this it deliberately leaves behind, and works for something outside of itself—for the soil, for the fruits of the earth, and for man! The whole of what is known as vegetable mould of the surface of the earth has passed and will repass, Mr. Darwin says, through the bodies of worms every few years through the world's history. Nay, more, long before history, before even man appeared on the earth, says Mr. Darwin, "the land was, in fact, regularly ploughed, and still continues to be ploughed, by earth-worms. It may be doubted," he continues, "whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly-organized creatures."

What thoughts and feelings should such facts stir! Long before the appearance of man upon the earth, the earth-worm was patiently and skilfully preparing the soil in which man's lilies and roses were to bloom, the herbs were to grow for his camels and sheep, and corn and wine, to make glad man's heart. If born of these facts there does not succeed to the first sense of wonder at the forethought and goodness of the great Father a sense of gratitude, overwhelmed by a sad, almost tearful, sense of unworthiness, we must indeed be "past feeling." Whenever we look at the earth-worm and the little spiral coil of mould it erects upon the ground, our feeling should be one of reverent love to the Eternal Glory from whom, by these unsuspecting means, such good gifts descend.

B. W.

JUSTICE WARREN'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of New England.

By OLIVE M. BIRRELL.

CHAPTER XVII.

LATE on Wednesday afternoon Kate sat beside the open window in Kezia's little parlour and looked out into the garden where, only a few short days before, she had walked with William Keith. She had been busy until now in the hospital, helping to nurse those who were suffering from the effects of shock and exposure; and her aunt was still there, having sent her home to rest and allow others to take their turn in watching. No lives had been actually lost in the fire, but many persons were dangerously ill, and the three houses which adjoined the prison had all been burnt to the ground. It was considered very wonderful that the whole town was not in the same condition, and every one praised Simon, who had been the first to raise the alarm.

He paid slight attention to such praises. All day long he had wandered in and out of Kezia's house, where in an upper room lay a white, cold figure, the hands folded on the breast, and the lips still gently smiling. Kate gathered fresh flowers and spread them everywhere, and when Kezia, strict in her Puritan discipline, complained that they looked like the decorations of Roman Catholics, she still persisted in having her way, only lamenting that the year was advanced and the blossoms were few. She unfastened those golden waves of hair too, and removed the white cap with which her aunt had covered them, so when Simon came he felt no shock in seeing his beloved one. He was evidently in such extreme agony of mind that Kate longed to comfort him, but he declined all sympathy, and moreover she was busy with those in pain of another sort.

Towards evening as she sat in the dusk he came into the house again and went up-stairs, and ten minutes after Warren appeared also. He had been with the other magistrates, making inquiries as to the cause of the fire and the delay of the messengers who had been sent to summon Endicott and the soldiers of the guard. Some of the prisoners had escaped in the absence of a competent force, but Mary Dyar, Hope Clifton, and the other Quakers had stayed quietly where they were placed, making no resistance when the jailers took them to the larger prison.

Kate thought that her father looked pale and disturbed, but so did every one in these terrible times, and she was not alarmed. He merely asked her, as he passed through the room, whether Simon had been there lately, and when she said her cousin was up-stairs, he followed him without another word. The door of that upper room was open and Simon stood leaning against the chimney-piece, his head resting on his arm. When he heard footsteps he looked up for a moment, then quickly hid his face again. The marks of suffering were so deeply engraven there that any one but Warren would have hesitated before accosting him; but he felt no such scruples.

"Simon," he said in his peremptory tones, "turn round and attend to me."

Simon raised his head and looked round, opening his eyes wider than usual, with a dim, confused stare, as if he saw indistinctly. The two men were brought into strange contrast. Warren's strong features and hard mouth, working with fierce though restrained indignation, and opposite to him that pale, beautiful face, usually so well controlled, but now quivering in the grasp of a new sorrow.

"I have come to ask you a question," said Warren.

"Ah," said Simon, with a tone of quiet expectancy.

"Yes—from Endicott."

He nodded, as if to say, "I know what your question will be."

"You can give me relief," said Warren, his voice growing more agitated. "Say that the charge is false. Quick, answer me."

"Is it worth denying?" said Simon. "Why should I disown my act? No, it is true."

Warren fell back from him with horror. "You did it then, endangered the lives of numbers of innocent persons—old people, sick people, women, children, all to work your own revenge?"

"No, but to save one more innocent than any of these."

"Good God!" cried Warren, "have you no moral sense? Do you not see what a fiend's part you acted? But for the mercy of Providence Boston must have been burnt down."

"I did my best to prevent such a misfortune," said Simon coolly.

"This is madness," said Warren, "a disease of the brain and conscience, unless some evil spirit has made his home within you, stirring you up to hideous deeds. For Heaven's sake, tell me that you repent, that it is not a monster I have been nurturing all these years, believing him to have a human heart."

"Let Endicott and the rest of you bear the blame," said Simon. "You are the evil spirits who inspired me with a motive for what I did. Here is one who can witness to it."

He went to Rose and lifted her hands gently, first one, then the other, with as much care as if she could feel the touch, and kissed the centre of the palms where the scorching iron must have burnt the flesh.

"To-day," he said, "they meant to torture you. My poor child, you have escaped in time. Was it not well to risk the lives of a whole city for your sake?"

Until this moment Warren had not perceived that the room held any other occupant, and when he did, his feelings received a deep shock, though not one which disposed him to mercy. He saw in his nephew's behaviour only a proof of idolatrous creature-worship, and instead of melting him to pity, it stirred him to deeper wrath. Had he turned to Simon with sympathy and kindness, forbearing to reproach him at that moment for his sins while he grieved over his suffering and loss, the whole course of their lives after might have been changed. A few words of affection and that icy despair must have given way and the miserable tale of sin and sorrow have been poured out to one who had experience to direct; but it was to happen far otherwise. For some moments the tramp of many feet walking in exact time had been heard in the distance, and they halted now beneath the window.

"You are a prisoner in the name of the General Court," said Warren, putting his hand on Simon's shoulder. "I hoped to have been able to dismiss these men, but I see I have another duty."

"They may shoot me if they like," said Simon, "I am quite willing; only let it be done quickly."

The door now opened and Keith came in aghast at the news which had met him below. If he had any questions to put, the sight of the white figure, whose hand Simon was still holding, conveyed their perfect answer.

"Simon," he said, going up to him, "my poor fellow!"

There was a volume of sympathy in each word, and still more in the grasp of his fingers, very unlike Warren's touch a few moments before. Simon distinguished the difference, for his face changed and softened.

"It is too late," he said; "leave me, Keith; you cannot prevent what must come."

"What shall we do?" asked Keith, looking at Warren.

"Our duty," he answered. "I have made him prisoner in the name of the Governor. The guard are waiting beneath."

Simon took a pistol from his side and began to examine it, but Warren saw his intention and wrested it from his hand.

"You shall not escape from us in that way," he said; "do not add self-murder to the list of your crimes."

By one of those quick movements which were natural to him, Simon eluded his uncle's grasp and darted from the room to a small wooden balcony, where on many summer mornings Kezia had sat and worked. The soldiers were on the other side of the little house, and nothing intervened between him and the mainland with its forests but a stretch of soft green turf. Keith read despair in his countenance, and felt sure that he had no wish to escape from death; but he saw also the pride which would not allow him to fall without a struggle into his enemies' power. In one moment, and before Warren could intercept him, he had leaped over the balcony and was running towards the forests with the speed, as it seemed, of a hunted deer.

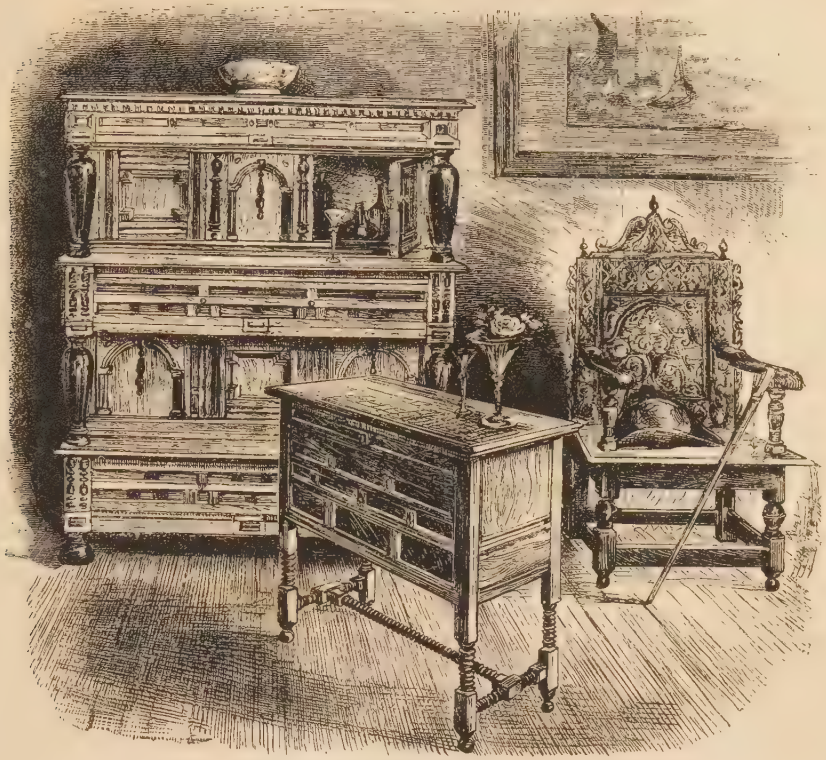
Warren pointed the pistol which he still held and fired, but Keith struck the muzzle upwards and its contents were discharged in the air. The sound of the report alarmed the soldiers, who came running round the house, while Kate, more terrified than they, rushed up the little stairs; but Simon was already out of sight, and the room held no one but Warren, Keith, and the dead.

"Thank God he has escaped," said Keith, throwing his arm round Kate, as she looked at her father with eyes dilated with horror.

"He has gone to the Indians," said Warren; "if one day the colony suffers from this escape of his, remember that the responsibility rests with you."

"I am willing to bear the blame," said Keith, "and perhaps you may live to thank me that I saved you from shedding his blood."

"I acted as a minister of God's vengeance,"



In Warren's Room.

said Warren, laying down the pistol he still held, with an expression which betrayed the nature of the struggle which was raging beneath his hard exterior.

The culprit he had come to arrest had escaped with his life, and his duty to the colony remained undone; but Arbella's son was safe among the forests, and stern as his creed was, many chords in his heart responded to Keith's words of thankfulness.

"What has happened?" asked Kate, when her father had gone to the soldiers and she was left alone with Keith.

"Simon sprang from the window," he answered. "How quick his movements are! He was out of sight, as it seemed, a moment after his feet touched the ground."

"But who fired a gun?" asked Kate.

"It went off in the air," said Keith, turning away and biting his lips. He hoped to conceal what had happened, but Kate's perceptions were too quick to allow her to remain long in ignorance.

"Oh, this is horrible!" she cried. "Every day things grow worse. What had he done? Why have these men come to take him?"

"They think he set fire to the prison," said Keith, seeing that evasion was hopeless.

Kate stood silent for a long time, looking with dim eyes towards the forest where her cousin's figure had disappeared.

"He will come back," said the hopeful Keith. "Some day in the wilderness God will find him. He is better where he is just now, than in the hands of Boston rulers."

"I wish we could go away ourselves," said Kate—"somewhere far off into places that no one has visited; we should leave all these quarrels and miseries behind, and have only such troubles as God sent us."

"Perhaps we may," said Keith; "it is not an impossible fancy. Picture a cottage in a clearing, where we shall live and entertain no guests but the squirrels and birds, who will come to look in and see our housekeeping, except Simon. He must be one of

the settlement. We shall need his clever head to make suggestions, and Rowley to keep us in good-humour with his pranks, and Aunt Kezzie to nurse us when we are ill, and Winnie, unless she marries some one in Salem."

"You leave my father out," said Kate reproachfully.

"By no means," said Keith, smiling. "A justice of the peace will not be necessary, since we mean to have no thieves and lawbreakers; but he can lay out the land and give advice about the best place for building cottages."

"This is a dream," said Kate; "a mirage in the desert!"

"No, it is not a dream," said Keith; "it is a prophecy."

He tried to speak brightly, in order to direct her thoughts from what had taken place, even while the nervous grasp in which he held her fingers showed how violent was the shock he had sustained himself. They were standing on the balcony, and he purposely raised his voice in order to drown the deep tones of Warren, who was addressing the soldiers below, and prevent Kate from hearing what was said. New life and strength always seemed to emanate from Keith, and for a few moments she looked comforted; but when they stepped back into the room the shadow returned to her face again.

"Wherever we go," she said, "we shall know that things which were very dear to some of us have been left behind in Boston. Love and joy and a light heart—Simon has said farewell to each of them."

This time Keith attempted no consolation, and the hand with which he touched the flowers on the bed shook until it could hardly perform its office. His cheerful manner had only been assumed, for as they went down the little stair together his expression became more and more abstracted and melancholy, and continued so after he had parted from Kate, and was walking in the direction of the shore.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Kezia returned from the hospital and heard what had happened, her indignation knew no limit. Simon was a favourite of hers, because she once nursed him after a severe fall from a tree, and her patients always had a warm corner in her heart for the rest of their natural lives. She used to say that no one but herself "understood that boy," and often remarked that the Shenstone family would have made better work of his training.

"It is too melancholy to think of, Kate," she said when her niece urged her to take a hopeful view of the calamity. "He will never come back; he will live and die among savages. There was always something peculiar in his nature, which he got from your father's family; but he had a loving heart, let who will say to the contrary, and so patient he was under pain. I never nursed any one who made less complaint, even among women."

"Yes, that is true," said Kate, thinking of the silent mouth, which for weeks past had betrayed its owner's suffering only by a tighter compression.

"He treasured up the least morsel of kindness as if it had been pure gold," said Kezia, her voice trembling; "he never in his life forgot a benefit."

"No, nor an injury either," said Kate. "This frightens me more than anything else, for I am sure he will always hate Boston. If he were only like Rowley, he would get over it, and come to us again. I wish he were!"

"That is like one of your wishes," said Kezia, "for ever wanting to improve on God's works. One man cannot be made into another, any more than a rose into a blackberry-bush. What we have to do is to help each one to be the best of his kind, not to change him into somebody else. If our magistrates only understood that, there would be fewer hangings and burnings."

"Yes, it is true," said Kate again.

"I am getting weary of Boston, and the turmoil they keep up about heretics and false opinions," said Kezia. "They do with truth as that old giant we used to hear of did with his guests. If it is too short, they stretch it out; if it is too long, they cut it off; only, at all costs, they make it fit their creeds. Where is your father? I must speak to him about Simon."

"He went away, after he dismissed the soldiers," said Kate. "He has gone to the Governor, and said he would sleep at his lodgings; so I shall go there too."

"You must not," said Kezia; "you look as white as an almond after it is skinned, and he does not need you."

"He looked so unhappy," said Kate wistfully.

"And are *you* not unhappy?" said Kezia. "You have come through a sea of trouble ever since the Lord sent that poor creature Rose Halifax to your house to be nursed.

Even working for others must have an end some time. Stay here and rest. In my little place no anxiety will be so heavy as in those empty rooms alone. You will lose your senses."

"But I mean to go, Aunt Kezzy," said Kate; "and if my senses are so unkind as to leave me, I must make up my mind to endure the parting."

"Well, have it your own way," said Kezia; "you may be right. I shall not take it upon myself to say you are not. It is a miserable state of things, whichever light you look through. If your grandfather Shenstone had been alive, he would have known how to advise us."

When Aunt Kezzy got upon the subject of the virtues and wisdom of the Shenstones it usually lasted until she received her next summons to be useful; but happily for the patience of her audience these were never far distant from one another, and even while she spoke a knock sounded at the door.

"Mistress Shenstone is needed at the hospital," said a boy, looking in.

"Why, I left three women there, besides the one always in charge!" cried Kezia. "What has come to them?"

"Mistress Kent has gone home to see to her bleaching," said the messenger, "and Mistress Seymour to cook her husband's supper, because yesterday was a fast day."

"Did you ever in your life hear the like?" said Kezia, turning to her niece. "If the world were all under water men would still make a fuss about food and drink. Yesterday a fast, forsooth! And he cannot dine on vegetables two days running! So his wife must leave the hospital and the sick people who need her (for she has a cool touch), to go and cook for him, who is old enough to know better. It takes my patience away to hear of such folly."

"Then I had better stay here?" said Kate.

"No, no; go to your father," said Kezia. "Janet will do all that is needed. But come back to-morrow, in time for that poor child's last earthly journey. Do not forget the hour."

Kate felt certain there was no likelihood that she should forget, as she walked through the darkening street to her father's door. Whichever way she turned her eyes, that lovely sleeping face seemed to rise before them, and she wondered whether in the forest Simon were thinking of it too.

The woman who lived in Warren's house and took care of his rooms told her, when she arrived there, that he had not yet come in, so, faint and tired, she sat down near a window, and rested her head upon the sill. In a few minutes her father's footsteps were heard outside, not quick and clear as usual, but heavy and dragging, as if he carried a ponderous weight, and in a moment more the window was tapped by his hand.

"Open, Kate," he said. "I have not knocked at the door."

Kate went out and let him in, wondering for an instant why he should be unwilling to summon the servant; but her wonder ceased as soon as she saw his face. It seemed hardly possible that only two hours had passed since they separated, for his whole appearance was changed, and he looked like a man who had been struck by a mortal illness: his eyes sunken, his colour grey, and his lips pressed tightly together. They went into the sitting-room, where he shut the door and drew a bolt against it; then tried to pull off his wet cloak, exclaiming angrily because the clasp would not obey his touch and open as quickly as usual. Kate came near to help him, but he refused with a shake of the head, working with his fingers, until he had done what he wanted, when he threw the cumbersome garment on the floor, and fell backwards in his chair with a heavy groan.

For a few minutes there was perfect silence in the room, until Wolf, the large dog, perceiving that in some mysterious way things had gone wrong, came anxiously up and thrust his cold nose into his master's hand, but Warren pushed him back impatiently Then the next moment, as if ashamed of his petulance, he called the animal to return, and stroked his rough, kind face. "Poor brute," he said, "thou art a fool to stay with me: it were better to go with the rest. None are blamed who desert a sinking ship." Kate did not know what these melancholy words might mean, and looked at him with deep anxiety, though without venturing to speak, until he turned his eyes towards her, observing her face wistfully.

"I have just parted from Keith," he said in a low voice, and pausing between each of his words. "We walked from the market-place together. He is busy with that young man, William Dyar."

"Have they got a reprieve?" asked Kate eagerly.

"No; not yet."

"Then there is no hope?"

"None whatever."

Kate gave a heavy sigh, which told of a heart as much oppressed as her father's, but answered nothing.

"Keith will not come with me to Salem," said Warren, "he is going away; he has not yet told me where, but no doubt he thinks of finding a home remote from Massachusetts. Here, indeed, he is in hourly danger, and the sooner he leaves the happier for all of us. I told him he must bear the punishment of his own folly. This liberty of conscience he prates about means the murder of souls. Truly, in my judgment, it were best to kill the bodies of men and save their immortal part, but in these days each one sets himself up to preach a new doctrine."

"But the new doctrine may be better than the old," said Kate. "In that case it is their duty to defend it."

"Ah! you take his part," said Warren; "it is natural that you should, but you understand very little of what you say. Those who have fallen into error have done so through their own sin, and should be dealt with accordingly."

"Yes, but not by their fellow-creatures," said Kate earnestly. "There is guilt in error, I make no doubt. If our hearts were single we should see the truth, but what measure of guilt or to which of us it belongs, only He who reads the heart can tell. Therefore with Him must rest the sentence."

"Is that your judgment?" said her father, looking at her sadly. "*You* also have turned down the new paths, and forsaken those which are marked with the footprints of saints and heroes. Keith has taught you his lesson well."

"It was not from him I learned it," said Kate in a low voice.

"He has more to teach you yet," said Warren. "You say that truth might be found by each of us alike if our hearts were single, but he has cast aside that doctrine with all the rest. He speaks of truth as limitless: talks some folly about our finite natures which will permit each person to perceive but a fragment of the wonderful whole, and just now he declared to me that the doctrines of the Quakers are false only when we view them apart from the others, as an object seen by itself may appear monstrous, until the whole scene rises before us, when it falls into its right place. But I do wrong to repeat his moonshine, these are the vagaries of an excited brain."

"There must be right and wrong somewhere," said Kate, looking confused. "The Quakers say that we ought not to partake in the Supper; that is either true or false."

"He weaves a romance to meet that difficulty also," said Warren. "We have leaned on ordinances until we are in danger of losing our souls by a dead faith, and the Quakers, in their revolt against our sins, have gone too far on the other side. With such arguments as these he would bind our hands from inflicting punishment! He actually dared to tell Endicott that the barren formalism of many ministers in Massachusetts must first be changed to living faith if we desire the sect of Quakers to be converted from the error of their ways."

Kate sat in silence, feeling that the present moment was not favourable for argument, and after a short pause, her father said in an altered voice—

"Let us leave this weary subject: our time together is short, and there are many things to say before we part."

"Before we part?" repeated Kate. "Are we not going home in company?"

"Did you really think we were?" asked Warren, fixing his eyes on her with a grave look of inquiry. "Tell me, my child, do your thoughts still turn to Salem when you speak of 'going home' so hopefully?"

"I have known no other home," said Kate; but she felt immediately that the words sounded cold, and her father's face, which had brightened for a moment, became once more full of despondency. Before he had time to reply, some one knocked at the door and Kate went to open it, a faint hope crossing her mind as she did so, that the new-comer would prove to be Simon. Perhaps Warren shared the same feeling, for he rose in his chair and looked eagerly towards the door, falling back the next instant with a sigh of disappointment as Rowley came in. He had evidently expected to find Kate by herself, and when he caught sight of his uncle an expression of dislike, almost of repugnance, passed over his face, usually so bright and good-natured, while he stopped suddenly in the middle of the floor, as if uncertain whether to go forward or back.

"I meant to take leave," he said. "I am not coming to Salem."

"Will you not sleep here this evening?" said Kate; "your room is prepared for you."

The words had hardly passed her lips before she regretted having uttered them, because in the same moment she caught sight of her cousin's face, and knew instinctively that he had heard of the scene in the cottage, and shrank with horror from her father's company.

"No, I cannot," he said in a low voice. "I shall leave Boston early to-morrow."

"Where are you bound for?" asked Warren.

"To the woods first with my gun, afterwards to join Keith."

"You will need money; shall I give you some?"

"No, I have all I want."

"You had better put a few more gold pieces in your purse," said Warren; "money is useful everywhere."

"I have enough," repeated Rowley; and again that look could be seen.

Kate came near, as if she meant to say good-bye, but whispered instead: "Take my father's hand before you go; do not leave us in this way; he is suffering torments."

Rowley could not resist this appeal, but, unlike Simon, he possessed very little power of hiding his real feelings, and though he approached his uncle, the shivering reluctance with which he did so was plainly visible. Warren knew that he appeared to the young man in the light of a murderer, and awfully as the knowledge pained him, he was too proud to let his agony betray itself in words.

"Take back your hand," he said; "never greet me again in this world unless the time should come when you can do it with sincerity. Farewell, and the blessing of God go with you."

Kate hoped that her cousin would relent on hearing these words, spoken by one to whom he owed everything he possessed; but his feelings had been too deeply outraged. He came to her and kissed her cheek more than once, as if he were trying by the warmth of his leave-taking to atone for the pain he had caused; then, without looking again at Warren, hastened down-stairs into the street. A long silence followed his departure, until Kate ventured to come near her father and put her hand gently on his shoulder. The touch seemed to rouse him from a gloomy fit of abstraction, for he gave a startled look upwards, scarcely remembering that he was not alone.

"Art thou here still, Kate?" he said. "I fancied all had left me."

"I have not left," said Kate. "I shall never go while you wish to keep me."

"That is a rash promise," said her father, "for I shall always wish to keep thee; but it cannot be. Thy lot is with the man thou hast chosen for a husband. He is brave and honest, though for the moment his head swarms with vain imaginings. He will be good to thee, Kate, else had I not yielded what seems mine rather than his. Thou, at least, canst not blame me, nor call me to account for having caused thy sorrows."

"But if I go you will be alone," said Kate, more frightened than soothed by the unwonted gentleness of his manner and the affectionate mode of address, not often used between them.

He did not answer, except by a movement of his lips, which resulted in no sound.

"How can I go away unless you come with me?" said Kate, rising and taking his hand, which felt damp and cold. "I do not understand. How is it all to be?"

"I did not think there was so much need of explanation," said Warren, forcing himself to speak. "I thought Keith had been before me and told you all. It is briefly this. He wishes to take you with him, and I have given my consent that he should. You shall never live to tell me that I have ruined your life by selfish grasping; and, after all, what should I gain by refusal? I cannot clear your mind of these delusions nor cause you to love him less by keeping you apart. So you are free to go from me, Kate. I never change my word nor take back what I have given; but remember, both of you, that I cut the roots from my own tree of life when I said, Farewell! Remember it, Kate, and think tenderly of the past."

His eyes were still fastened on hers, as if he were trying to see the thoughts of her heart; and his fingers played with her wrist, unwilling to loose their hold.

"But what if I will not go?" she answered. "You cannot send me away if I choose to stay."

"Keith will not be satisfied," said her father. "He asks no more than his right. To-morrow you will see him and be persuaded."

"No, I shall not," said Kate. "My mind is made up; I shall stay with you."

Warren's face, which had been deathly pale and drawn into hard lines, now suddenly flushed and softened, but it was only a passing gleam like the first, and changed as that had done into a look of deeper dejection.

"Do not let us give each other more pain," he whispered. "It is over now, dear child. See, I have renounced my claim—given thee up, and made Keith rich and myself desolate. It is my own free gift. No one has compelled me to it."

"But I also am in earnest," said Kate. "I will not be given away. I do not choose to go. He will understand: he will think I have chosen rightly. We can wait and trust one another until things change—till he comes back, or you go to him. Only I can-

not leave you now, while you are unhappy and need me. I should be wretched. I *must* stay. There is no use even trying to think differently."

"Wait a while," said Warren. "Consider before such a promise is made. The sacrifice may be harder than thou canst bear. I am old and my strength is fast leaving me. I shall soon be dreary company."

The tones of his voice as he said this went to his daughter's heart, and her eyes filled with tears. She could not doubt by whom her help was most urgently needed. Keith was young and had a light conscience and cheerful nature. Her father was advanced in years, and carried a burden much heavier than it was possible for any one with life still half-untrodden fully to understand. Kate did not quite understand it, but love came to the help of her experience, and made her tender and wise. She felt sure that left to himself he would sink into utter despondency, and wear out the measure of his days in fruitless remorse and regrettings. It is true that the complete meaning of the sacrifice flashed upon her as she remembered that her lover might think her cold, but to forsake her father at that crisis of his life seemed as cruel as to desert a wounded man lying crushed in the *mêlée* on a battlefield.

"I will not go," she repeated. "We must wait and hope. While you need me I am here."

Warren's hands unloosed their clasp. He had nerved himself to make a great sacrifice by renouncing his last treasure in life, but this sudden change was too much and vanquished his strength. No words seemed forthcoming, and he fell back in his chair utterly exhausted, while Kate leaned against his shoulder and caressed him, as she used to do when she was a child. He was conscious of a strange bewilderment of ideas, as if, after all these years, his wife had returned and taken her place at his side just when his need was the sorest. In the dim light he could almost have persuaded himself to believe that it was really she who stood beside him with her dark eyes and hair, and the long white hand, whose shape he knew, stroking some of those heavy lines from his forehead. It was an undeserved blessing that Kate should cleave to him and refuse to be parted; and he felt there were depths in God's mercy which as yet he had never fathomed.

"It will not be long that I shall need thee," he said; "only a little while, and Keith may have what he is waiting for. But for that little while thou wilt stay beside me, Kate; thou wilt not weary and count the hours till they are past?"

"No, truly," said Kate, smiling as she held back some tears. "Before very long we shall all be together."

But after they had parted, and she was in her room alone, a terrible feeling of desolation came over her. Was this to be the end of her dreams and hopes—a long separation and an awful blank of silence, instead of the life they had planned, where every trouble was to be shared and every joy made greater by dividing? She never regretted what she had promised to do. Until the last hour of her life, that evening remained with her as a blessed recollection; it might have been one of poignant heart-searching remorse, but the sacrifice cost her an agony of suffering, and was harder by far than any of those self-inflicted ones which God has not required.

Long after the street was quiet she sat by her window, looking at the familiar objects, dimly seen by the light of a faint moon, and wondering meanwhile how her days would pass when Keith was no longer with her; whether she should have strength to meet her duties with a brave heart, and go through the dreary hours from sunrise to sunset without breaking down or revealing the weight of her sorrow. There were many other wakeful eyes besides her own that night in Boston. Keith and several of his friends had met together under cover of darkness to discuss plans for the liberation of Mary Dyar. Some workmen were busy on the Common putting up a scaffold, which must be ready for Thursday, choosing the night to labour in, because they feared interruption from the people. Those whom the fire had injured were tossing on beds of pain, and in their dungeons the imprisoned Friends were looking for the first grey streaks of dawn, and praying that they might be faithful to the end.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE fatal morning dawned bright and fair. It was the 27th of October, which this year fell upon Thursday, and the usual weekly lecture must be attended before the execution of the Friends could take place. Kate shut the door and window of her room and tried, poor girl, to shut her ears to sounds and her heart to thoughts of sorrow, but the attempt was very fruitless. William Keith did not come to see her as she hoped. He was still trying to get a reprieve for Mary

Dyar, but as each hour went by without bringing news, she began to fear that his efforts were unsuccessful.

Rowley's bright face and good-humoured chatter would have been welcome in such forlorn circumstances as these, but his wish to leave Boston was too strong to allow of delay. He had whistled to his dog and gone in the direction of the forest at a very early hour that morning, and Kezia saw him pass her window, looking drooping and downcast, while she was at her early meal. She called to him to come and share it, but he only shook his head and walked on faster. His love for Simon, in spite of many quarrels in the days of boyhood, had been very great, and he felt utterly forlorn without him and bewildered in mind, like a man who has lost his leader.

The sermon which the magistrates heard in the meeting-house was very dull and discursive, no allusion being made in it to recent events—which was well, since Warren was present; he sat with his arms folded and his head sunk upon his breast, apparently an attentive listener, but in reality paying no heed to a word which was spoken. He was chiefly conscious that at the same hour last Thursday Simon had been sitting on his left hand, after he called him to receive a message, and he remembered that several times he had felt him tremble and make a movement as if to spring on his feet. It would have been easy to devise an excuse for sending him away before the effort to restrain himself became too severe, but Warren had never been in the habit of considering the feelings of others on points like these. He was more disposed to blame them for having such feelings, and to think that it would be better if they resembled himself, who never gave way nor let his emotions conquer his reason. This had been his state of mind last Thursday, but a few hours can work a great change, and in the new light which had flashed upon him, his want of sympathy was seen for the first time as a sin.

It was intended that the execution should take place on Boston Common, and a band of two hundred soldiers was drawn out to escort the prisoners and guard against a popular outbreak. Colours were flying and music playing as the procession set off for the place of doom. In the centre walked the three condemned ones, whose sand of life was running fast to its conclusion. William Robinson looked tranquil as ever, though a slight nervous twitching of the eyelids showed that he was putting force upon himself, and fully understood the solemnity of this last act in his earthly existence.

Stevenson was also composed and quiet, but the attention of the shouting multitude was chiefly bestowed on the majestic figure which walked between him and his friend. Mary Dyar placed one hand in his and one in William Robinson's, as if she felt that her courage was needed to sustain theirs, and as they both were young, regarded them as sons in the faith. Her noble features and warm expressive smile never looked more beautiful than on this day of tumult, as she walked through the town which condemned her, followed by the people whose souls she loved.

For a few moments, on approaching the Common, she glanced wistfully around, hoping to see the man for whose salvation she had prayed with strong crying and tears, but he was not there. The murmurs of the mob had already been loudly uttered because their Governor was absent from the sight he had prepared for his people. Michaelson, the marshal, saw this earnest look and made it the occasion for a cruel taunt. He hated her because she always seemed to elude his vengeance. He could order chains to be fastened on her hands, he could imprison her body in the lowest dungeon, but that calm spirit no human power could bind, and his gross nature made him consider that her wonderful tranquillity was an insult offered to himself.

It was not many years after this that another prisoner for conscience' sake, a Quietist, whose enthusiasm equalled Mary Dyar's, wrote from her cell—

> "My very dungeon walls are dear
> Because the God I love is here.
> They know who thus oppress me,
> 'Tis hard to be alone,
> But know not One can bless me,
> Who comes through bars and stone."

The liberty which only God can give came to the French prison and cheered the heart of Madame Guyon with the same wonderful power which was sustaining the courage of the suffering Friends in New England now. Is it wonderful that their persecutors became enraged, feeling that they might heat the furnace seven times hotter than it was before, but the bodies of those they wished to torture showed neither burn nor scar, because Another walked with them, whose form was like the Son of God?

"Are you not ashamed," said Michaelson, "to go hand in hand with two young men, stared at by a whole city-full?"

Mary Dyar looked him full in the face, but no blush came into her cheek.

"Nay," she replied, "this is to me an hour of the greatest joy I ever lived in this world. No ear can hear, no tongue can tell, and no heart can understand the sweet incomes and refreshings of the Lord which I now feel."

Michaelson's face flushed with anger, and it seemed as if the colour which his insult had no power to bring into her cheek, had dyed his own with scarlet.

"Move on," he said. "Sound the bugles! Quick to the Common! Are we going to spend the whole day in the journey?"

The music struck up, and Robinson, who tried to speak, found his voice completely drowned. "This is your hour and the power of darkness," was all that could be heard, though his lips moved and he seemed to plead earnestly with the people. Wilson, the minister, was walking with the marshal, and he drew near the prisoners to speak to them, while they were waiting for the gallows to be prepared. Robinson and Stevenson, faithful to the opinions which they held, had kept their heads covered during each interview which was granted them with Endicott, except when he ordered their hats to be removed by force, and on this occasion they obeyed the same rule.

"Are you not ashamed," said Wilson, "such jacks as you,* to come before magistrates with your heads covered?" He asked the question in a loud voice and then glanced to the people who stood near him for approval; some were silent, others burst into an uproarious laugh, but one man cried, "Shame, forbear!" Stevenson seemed to be pained by this act of unkindness, coming at a time when the worst criminal expects to be treated with courtesy, but Robinson answered bravely, throwing a touch of sarcasm into his words, "Mind you, it is for wearing hats we are condemned to die."

He was the first to suffer. Before he died he wished once more to defend his faith to the people, and said earnestly, "We perish, not as evil-doers, but as those who have manifested the truth," but Wilson cut him short, crying roughly, "Hold thy peace; art thou going to die with a lie in thy mouth?" The last words from his lips which reached the listeners were these, "I suffer for Christ, in whom I live and for whom I die." Stevenson followed the next; his pale countenance and broad strong-chested frame coming into marked contrast as he stood on the ladder, facing the crowd of spectators. Like his friend he declared his innocence of any crime save obedience to Christ's law, and his soul passed away, while his last utterance still thrilled the hearts of those who heard it, "This day shall we be at rest with the Lord."

Mary Dyar stood patiently waiting for her turn to come, her eyes closed and her lips moving, as if she were engaged in prayer, until the executioner signified that he was ready to perform his task, when she looked up and with a smile answered that she was fully as prepared as he. A mob of Roman Catholics would have passed the time in prayer, and the familiar sounds of "Jesus, have mercy! Blessed Mary, receive their souls!" might have reached the ears of those condemned to die, but these people were of another mould. They neither prayed audibly nor uttered oaths, such as disgraced an English crowd under like conditions, but stood grimly silent or muttering words of doubtful import to one another.

For one moment there was a pause. A covering for her eyes was needed, and some in the throng, eager for delay, hoped there would be difficulty in procuring it, but Wilson was ready with his help. He took a white handkerchief from his pocket and gave it to the executioner. The handkerchief was adjusted; then all knew that the last anguish was at hand, and looked more earnestly at the serene womanly figure, standing on a ladder exposed to the gaze of a multitude, but preserving her magnificent calm unbroken, the most peaceful soul at that moment in the town of Boston. Many covered their eyes and sobbed, others looked at her and took courage.

Suddenly a cry was heard, far off at first, but coming nearer and nearer. The executioner stopped in his dreadful work; the guard of soldiers set up an answering shout. A man riding a grey horse was seen on the edge of the Common, and when the eyes of the multitude were directed to him, he raised himself in his stirrups and waved a white handkerchief over his head. Every one knew what the signal meant, and from hundreds of voices burst the cry, "*Stop, stop! she is reprieved!*"

The rider came nearer and they saw his horse's flanks all splashed with mud and foam, and his own figure half clothed, for he had thrown off cloak, boots, and sword-belt, to lighten his weight and bring him on the spot in time. In another moment his face

* This term of contempt "jack" corresponds with the slang word "cad" more nearly than any other.

Mary Dyar led back to Prison.

was visible, pale and damp, with open lips and dim straining eyes, which scarcely seemed to see where he was going; but the people raised another cry, a shout of praise and welcome, as they recognised William Keith. He rode up to the officer in command of the guard and gave him a paper on which these words had been written in haste, "Mary Dyar reprieved, forty-eight hours only. John Endicott."

The prisoner was immediately unbound, and looked about as if daylight were bewildering and painful to her. She had renounced all earthly hopes and passions, had prepared her soul to die, and already tasted the joys of Paradise in communion with her Lord. It seemed dreary to return to the chances and changes of this mortal life when the gates of that blessed one were opening to receive her. Like another martyr who said, when they took him from the flames, "Did you envy me my happiness?" she longed to be set free, and in the silence which followed the first rapturous outbreak of applause, her voice might have been heard entreating those around her to finish their task. "Unless the court will promise that no more blood shall be shed of my people, it were best for me to suffer here. My work is not accomplished; the end for which I laboured is still far off."

But Endicott's will must be obeyed, alike in mercy and in judgment. Slowly she was led down the steps in tears, which she had climbed with joy, hoping to be in Heaven before another hour had passed, and taken back, this time companionless, to her desolate prison.

"THE VOICE OF A GREAT CRY."

I.

(*Man's cry to his God.*)

"GIVE us the living Christ!" How oft this cry,
Though seldom bursting forth in eager speech,
Yet, through the lonely chambers of the heart,
Breaks out in hungry, pitiful entreaty,
Involuntary and unconscious prayer.
The cruel, mocking echoes take it up,
Whilst on and on it rushes, as though fain—
Yea, *desperate*—within to find an answer.
And, as amidst cathedral's vaulted domes
Higher and higher swells disturbing sound,
Hollow dismay surges across their span,
And longer time is needed for the hush
That follows the disturbance, than in hovels
Where low and stifling stretches the dark roof-tree,
So, in the noblest hearts, the din is greater
Than in the souls which only live *one* life—
The outer life—and maim God's thought for man.

II.

(*Man's cry to his brother man who preaches the good tidings.*)

"Give us the *living* Christ!" We want no marble
In cold, inanimate calm to rise above us,
Wreathed with a smile impassible, eternal,
But with no ear to hearken to our cry,
And with no eye that glows with living fire,
No lip to move with message of good cheer,
No heart to palpitate beneath that bosom
With joy or sorrow, and no hand to help us
Stretched out to ours, no quick, electric grasp—
The silent speech of love—to greet and lead us,
No *soul* to shadow o'er with power *our* soul.
Nay, chisel ne'er so boldly, all is vain!
There *was*, perchance, a time when art so bound us
In shining meshes that we should have fallen
Into ecstatic trance over this form,
As slaves obedient to their master's word;
But that has passed away. *Art* is not *life*,
And cannot give it: 'tis not *felt* by all;
Only the few thrill to its magic touch.
We want the original to stand amongst us,
To melt and move with living eloquence,
Like furnace fires, whilst cold and stony hearts
Shall glow red-hot. Christ, to explain Himself!

III.

(*The Poet to the Preacher.*)

Oh, hearken to this sob, this shriek, this wail,
All ye who lift the Saviour to the world!
Listen, and meet the longing!—say, "Thank God!

He does not leave these echoes to ring on,
Dying down slowly, fainting in despair.
Oh, hush, void heart! God give thee whom thou askest!
Henceforth He is beside thee, 'with thee alway.'
Nearer! He'll dwell within thee, to go out
No more for ever! And those chambers now
Will fill with song, which only heard a wail;
Will open wide their windows to the sun,
Whose beams shall seek each desolate recess—
Neglected long, to honour with His smile,
And kiss into observance some sweet fret-work,
And bring to light all beauteous things unknown,
And let in the fresh breeze, with song of bird
And scent of flowers. Believe! unbar the door!"
Say, "Hearken, while I tell you of His life;
Weep and rejoice whilst of His death I tell you,
And you shall hear His lips endorse the whole
—Will you but listen—individual meaning
Give to each written word and deed ye con;
Explain them, comment on them, till ye feel
That He it is who makes the 'old, old story
A new life-power by His voice and presence."

IV.

(*The Preacher's Soliloquy.*)

Then let me seek the simplest, purest words
For this my Pentecostal sermon, using
Such oratory as the *heart* pours forth;
The mind must lend but tributary aid.
Thus will I strive to show the risen Saviour,
The ever-present Friend of all, till He,
Like to an eagle watching the weak flight
Of her young brood, who takes them on her wings
And bears them far away, shall take e'en me
And my weak words upon His wings of power;
And every heart shall bow to His strong presence,
And feel those tender, searching eyes bent on them.
Infinite love, with boundless power blent,
Let *me* be lost in that sublimest presence,
As morning star, the herald of the sun,
Is lost amid the splendours of His rise.

V.

(*The Voiceless ones.*)

And for those souls that steel them 'gainst the spell,
And trample on the heart that beats for them,
God's ways are not as man's ways are; for *man*
Unveils *his* sculptured ideal in a moment,
Whilst *God* illumes the mist that hides Christ from us,
Till, by degrees, it lifts, consumed and vanished
In His good Spirit's beams. We hear Christ's voice
Before we see His face. Let us not haste,
But *hope*. That work which He for us is doing
Trust Him to do for them; leave them with Him.

MARY M. HAYWARD.

Fig. 1.

HOMES UNDER THE SEA.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable both small and great."

STARFISHES.—II.

THE real mode by which the Starfish attacks, opens, and devours the oyster is as follows:—

First, the Starfish clasps its arms round the oyster, so as to bring its mouth against the edges of the shells. It is able to hold itself firmly in its place by means of the ambulacra, each of which is a separate sucker.

Then from the mouth it protrudes a series of vesicles, one corresponding to each ray. These vesicles are never equal in size, some being as large as grapes, while the others scarcely equal peas in dimensions.

Each vesicle is attached to the animal by a footstalk. It is filled with a transparent fluid, and at its end is an aperture through which this fluid can be expressed.

Whatever may be the nature of the contents of the vesicles, it seems to have the power of penetrating between the shells and paralyzing the adductor muscles. The shells are thus forced to open, and the Starfish then pushes the vesicles between them, and absorbs into its own digestive system the whole of the oyster except the adductor muscle.

It is not always the case that each oyster or other bivalve is attacked by a single Starfish. A French naturalist, who was watching the ebbing tide, observed a number of odd-looking, ruddy balls rolling along as the water receded.

On approaching them, he found that each ball was composed of five or six Five-finger Starfishes, all with their rays interlaced. On opening the balls he found that within each of them was a Trough-shell (*Mactra stultorum*), and that the Starfishes were ranged round it so that their mouths came in contact with the edges of the shells. In every case the shells were slightly open.

I mentioned at the beginning of this article that dissection gives no clue to this method of killing and eating prey. It might be thought that by dissection a keen observer might have detected the deadly vesicles; but no sooner is the Starfish detached from its prey than the vesicles collapse, and, large as they were when dilated, leave not the slightest trace of their existence.

We may now ask ourselves a few natural questions. What are the Starfishes? What is their place in zoology, and what is their life history?

In the first place they form one of the two sections of a great and important group of animals which are scientifically termed Echinodérmata, *i.e.* Hedgehog-skinned, and which comprise the Starfishes and Sea Urchins.

This group appears at first sight to be completely isolated, and to have no relationship to beings of evidently lower organization on the one side, and of higher organization on the other. Yet, when closely examined, there is perhaps no group which shows more clearly its mutual relations with lower and higher beings, or which is more important in systematic zoology.

The Echinodérmata, then, form a connected series of links between the Polyps on the one side and the Worm tribe on the other. In the present paper we shall only be able to trace the links backwards towards the Polyps, leaving those which connect the Starfish with the Worms to another opportunity.

Fig. 2.

The "constant reader" of this Magazine may remember that the corals were described in a former article, and that in it were given several figures illustrating the structure of the Polyps that deposit the various corals and madrepores. These Polyps are composed of a stem and stalk, surmounted by a crown of radiating tentacles like the petals of a dahlia.

Now, supposing we have the footstalk greatly elongated, and that the earthy particles, instead of being placed outside the animal, as with the corals and madrepores, are deposited within its tissues, we shall have an approach to a skeleton. Even if the animal were to die and decay, the earthy particles would still remain, and would, under some circumstances, retain the general form of the animal in which they were deposited.

We should then have a stony footstalk surmounted by crown of stony tentacles.

Let us now take another step.

It is evident that such a creature would be unable to live, as it would be without flexibility, and would be snapped asunder by any movement of the water in which it lived. But, supposing that the earthy particles were deposited in a series of solid pieces, and each piece connected with the others by the soft parts, we should have a creature which was mostly composed of stony matter, and yet was perfectly flexible.

Such a structure is to be found in the remarkable beings called Encrinites.

In the former ages of the earth, Encrinites existed in the greatest profusion, and their fossil remains are so plentiful that they are known by the popular name of Lily-Stones, and indeed were long thought to be petrified lilies. The word Encrinite has a similar signification. The variegated marble which is so much used for mantelpieces is composed almost entirely of Encrinites, and the loose joints of the stem are well known as Saint Cuthbert's beads.

Fig. 1.

At the present age of the earth, the Encrinites, having done the work for which they were made, have become almost extinct. It is interesting, however, to remark that one species has been discovered in a living state on our coasts. It is called *Pentacrinus Europæus*, and a magnified portrait of it is given. It is a very little creature, not much more than half an inch in length; but in science mere size is of very trifling consideration. The word Pentacrinus signifies five-sided Encrinite, and is given to it because its coronet is composed of five double rays. (Fig. 1.)

Each of these flowers is capable of extending or contracting its petal-like rays, and sweeping food into the central mouth.

Now, supposing that the flower could be detached from the stem, and instead of

merely waving backwards and forwards, should be able to creep at liberty, we should find a sort of Starfish.

Such a Starfish exists plentifully, and is well known under the name of *Comátula*, or Feather Star.

These creatures, of which there are many species, are evidently the lowest of their group. The structure is almost exactly like that of the *Encrinus*, *i.e.* a number of stony pieces deposited within the soft tissues, and connected by them so as to possess flexibility. (Fig. 2.)

By far the greater bulk of the creature is composed of these earthy pieces, and, as is the case with the Encrinite, from each of the principal rays project a series of secondary rays, each being formed of a number of joints capable of movement. These secondary rays seem to subserve the same purpose as the ambulacra of the higher Starfishes, and to act as means of locomotion.

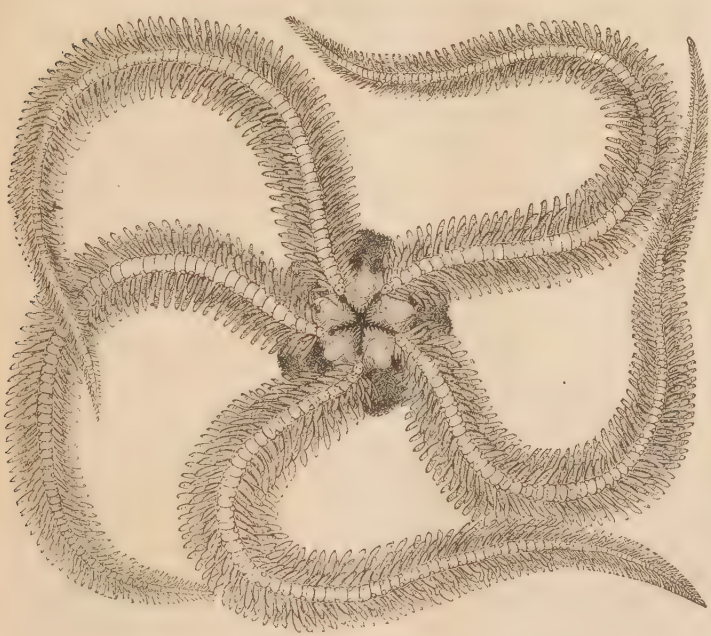


Fig. 4.

Next we come to a remarkable creature, popularly called the Sea Basket, and scientifically known as *Gorgonocéphalus*, or Gorgon's Head.

In this animal we have a decided advance, the various parts being connected, not by a mere semi-glutinous tissue, but by a tough skin. (Fig. 3.)

Each of the five rays of this creature subdivides close to the body into two, each of these into two more, and so on. The subdivided rays become smaller and smaller in proportion to their number, until we find more than eighty thousand delicate fibres at their tips.

The Gorgonocéphalus crawls by means of these tendril-like extremities of the arms, just as does the Comatula with its secondary rays. When it feeds, it envelops its prey within its multitudinous arms, and so conveys the food to its mouth.

The next advance is to be found in the creatures called Brittle Stars, or Snake-Tailed Starfishes. Their scientific name is *Ophiócoma*, *i.e.* Snake-haired, or *Ophiúrus*, *i.e.* Snake-tail. (Fig. 4.)

They derive their name of Brittle Stars from the fact that, like many of the higher creatures, when they are alarmed they can break themselves into several pieces. The blindworm, for example, can throw off its tail, and the lobster can shake off any of its limbs. But the Brittle Stars can simply shatter themselves to pieces, leaving nothing but the small central disk. Consequently it is no easy matter to obtain a perfect specimen. Professor Forbes tells a ludicrous story of his discomfiture by a Brittle Star, which rapidly dissolved itself into fragments, and winked derisively at him with the eye-like mouth in the centre of the disk.

The Brittle Stars are mostly found on sandy shores, with their long and flexible rays twined round seaweeds.

OUR LATTER DAYS.

A CLOUDY morning, and a golden eve
Warm with the glow that never lingers long;
Such is our life; and who would pause to grieve
Over a tearful day that ends in song?

The dawn was grey, and dim with mist and rain;
There was no sweetness in the chilly blast;
Dead leaves were strewn along the dusky lane
That led us to the sunset light at last.

'Tis an old tale, belovèd; we may find
Heart-stories all around us just the same.
Speak to the sad, and tell them God is kind;
Do they not tread the path through which *we* came?

Our youth went by in recklessness and haste,
And precious things were lost as soon as gained;
Yet patiently our Father saw the waste,
And gathered up the fragments that remained.

Taught by His love, we learnt to love aright;
Led by His hand, we passed through dreary ways;
And now how lovely is the mellow light
That shines so calmly on our latter days!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

THE words came strangely from her lips,
When thus she questioned, "What is prayer?"
For I, who knew her heart so well,
Could look and find the answer there.

Her life's a prayer, and she, like John,
Leans trusting on her Saviour's breast;
There e'en a whisper will suffice,
And in that whisper there is rest:

Rest from the care of self, and rest
From all the daily fret of life.
Where could she better work and help
Those who are lonely in the strife?

Ah, *she* could tell *us* what is prayer—
From that her early-chosen home,
A lifting of the eye to Him
Who ever gently whispers, "Come!"

H.

The dusky lane.

BARNEY'S NEIGHBOUR.

By C. BIRLEY.

"Great gifts can be given by little hands,
Since of all gifts Love is still the best."
A New Mother.—Adelaide Anne Procter.

CHAPTER III.—MRS. LAURENCE.

THERE is no need to dwell upon the sad parting between Barney and his father and mother and brother and sisters on that Monday morning when he and his Cousin Annys set off together in the railway train. He did his best to be brave about it, however, and it was not until the village of Elmhurst and the last glimpse of the Rectory chimneys were out of sight that, in spite of his pretence at still looking through the window, Cousin Annys saw large tears gathering in his eyes, and slowly rolling down his dear fat rosy cheeks. She guessed that he would rather that she took no notice of his crying, and in a little while his fists went up to his face for rubbing and drying purposes, and he turned to her with an April sort of smile.

"What shall we do to amuse ourselves?" he said; "shall we play at animals?"

"Oh! yes, certainly," said Cousin Annys, glad of anything to cheer him. "Only as I do not know the game, you will have to show me how to play. What am I to be? a roaring lion? a laughing hyena? or

'This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
And wakened the priest all shaven and shorn?'

If we are to make a noise about it, it is as well that we have the compartment to ourselves."

"But we needn't make a noise," said Barney, laughing. "The game is not a bit like that. I will sit on the other side and look out of that window, and you must look out of this one; and we each count all the animals we see. And the one wins who gets up to five hundred first."

"Very well," said Cousin Annys, as Barney settled himself in a business-like manner in his corner; but presently he turned round with a start.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, as if the omission were important, "that a wheelbarrow counts *two*."

"But wheelbarrows aren't animals," objected Cousin Annys.

"They are in *this* game," said Barney with dignity and decision. "Not always, I dare say."

The two travellers arrived at Methby Grove too late in the evening for Barney to make acquaintance with the garden before dark; but the next morning, directly after breakfast, his godmother took him out upon the lawn. There was a flood of April sunshine over it, making everything look bright.

In the centre of the grass-plot, surrounded by a tangle of flowering plants and shrubs—white roses and the like, of course not now in blossom—was an artesian well. Here, in summer, yellow water-lilies bloomed, and their broad green glossy leaves formed little islands for the frogs, which occasionally hopped on to them, placidly surveying from those vantage grounds the shining gold-fish that floated up in quest of food. A great mulberry-tree, in solitary glory, stood farther down the lawn, which, at the lower end, was shut in by evergreens from the rest of the premises. There was, however, one narrow little opening in the middle, giving the vista of a rose-tree-covered archway and a short gravel path proceeding towards a quaint little wooden building, originally intended to combine the uses of a tool-house and an apple-store. There were two stories in it, a rickety outside staircase leading to the upper one.

"Now, Barney," said Cousin Annys, at this stage of their inspection of the grounds of Methby Grove, "go through this gap between the trees, and take a peep down the long avenue. Queen Elizabeth's avenue, we sometimes call it; for there is a dim tradition that she once walked there, when she came to Methby on a visit."

This avenue of elm and ash and poplar, and perhaps other kinds of trees, gave delicious shade in sultry weather, but was besides of little use. A large meadow which lay behind that little building of which mention has been made, bounded it upon the right; and on the other side, and on a slightly lower level, were the back gardens of an ugly and commonplace set of villas. As Barney saw it, the walk stopped abruptly at a dark-green paling and somewhat shabby garden seat, but in reality there was a little gate at the corner which took one through the field, and out at a door there, and was the quickest way to get to Methby Lower Green.

Barney glanced down the long avenue, and went back to his cousin. It looked dull and cheerless.

"The lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole"

might be "in tiny leaf," and there were some drooping catkins and a few stray tufts of golden daffodil or primrose, to relieve the general bareness; but nevertheless his first

impression of the place which he was hereafter to associate with one of his very dearest interests, was simply of two dingy, straight, brown rows of trunks of trees, to the farther end of which he had no present wish to penetrate.

Yet as he crept back again, a sudden thought occurred. "Cousin Annys," he said gravely, pointing with his hand in the direction of the villas, "is it there that the neighbours live?"

"Well, I suppose so," she answered, smiling, "though I don't know that there are many children there that I can let you play with. They are rather a rough set, I am afraid."

The little apple-hut had taken hold of Barney's fancy, and perceiving how he seemed inclined to linger by it, Cousin Annys said—

"As you seem to like this funny little house so much, my boy, I think it must be given up to you to make a play-room. We will go presently and look for William—the gardener, you know—and ask him to clear it out for you as soon as he has time."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" said Barney, his cheeks crimson with delight. And after running up the stairs, and taking a good critical look round his future premises, he came out again with an air of great satisfaction, and stood upon the topmost step.

"Thank you again very much, Cousin Annys," he said to his godmother, who was waiting for him on the path below. "It is a perfect doctor's shop."

"Where did you get hold of *that* expression, Barney?"

"It's what Sarah said when she was clearing out the cupboard where she keeps the medicine bottles, in the nursery at home," explained Barney. "Just before I came away, it was, you know. When this house is my own, I shall make-believe it *is* a doctor's shop, and I shall be the doctor. Do you think, please, there are any old empty bottles I could have to put upon the shelves? And may I look in the rag-bag for some long bits of calico for bandages?"

"If you like," said Cousin Annys. "At least you can ask Jane. And see, Barney, you shall have this bit of border here as a garden for your drugs. Methby used to be quite celebrated for them long ago—camomile, rhubarb, liquorice, aniseed—all sorts of medicinal plants; and William must try and find you some to stock your doctor's shop. But first, my dear boy, give me your solemn promise that you will never either taste yourself, or let other people taste, one single drop of your decoctions. No, not even though, as you say, you would do like real doctors and put red labels on the poisons. The medicines might get mixed, you see; and I really daren't take the responsibility of trusting you to judge between them."

"When I'm big, then I may," said Barney cheerfully. "Cousin Annys, when you take me to the cottages, as you said you would, to see the people who are ill, I shall pretend they are my patients, and that I am 'on my rounds.' Dr. Ashton tells father that he just looks in upon him when he happens to be passing 'on his rounds.'"

So Barney, who from his cradle had borne a nursery reputation of being "a very good child at amusing himself," established himself in his mimic surgery; and gave so little trouble in the household that the servants—Jane the housemaid, Dinah the parlourmaid, and the Cook—were all loud in his praise. When his lessons were over, Cousin Annys, sitting at her writing-table in the drawing-room, used to have stray glimpses of his happy little figure flitting in and out among the bushes in search of flowers or leaves to colour the water in his physic bottles, or else working busily in his little plot of ground; and even when he was a long while out of sight, she never guessed that he could be engaged in any other way.

And she quite forgot a little conversation she had had with him, on the third day after he had come to Methby Grove.

"Cousin Annys, what is 'as mad as a hatter,' if you please? I mean, what does it mean?"

"Well, it means quite mad, *very* mad, generally," she answered. "Why do you want to know?"

"Because I heard Cook telling Dinah that Mrs. Laurence was 'as mad as a hatter,'" said Barney. "Who is Mrs. Laurence?"

"Oh, that woman who has just come to live at one of the end villas," said Cousin Annys carelessly. "Yes, poor creature, I believe she really is insane. Only, Barney," she added, for she had a great dislike to gossip, "don't get into the habit of repeating to me whatever you chance to overhear the servants say. They wouldn't like it; and any way, it isn't a very gentlemanly thing to do."

Thus Cousin Annys heard no more of Mrs. Laurence, while Barney, whose curiosity had been roused respecting his new neighbour, set himself to work to get more information from the maids. As they, on their side, spared no pains in gathering up fresh details with regard to her in their fragmentary chats with "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," and representatives of other equally well-known and useful trades,

he soon learnt, through these sources, the brief outline of her history. Heavy domestic trials, loss of husband and children, had brought on a terrible illness, and although she recovered her bodily health and strength, the balance of her mind was overthrown. She was mad.

There is—perhaps you know, children—great difference in madness. Mrs. Laurence's was of a kind which not only made her very queer and eccentric and unlike other people in her habits, but rendered her a prey to horrible delusions and suspicions concerning nearly every one about her. That is to say, she fancied that her friends and relations, and perfect strangers even, had evil designs upon her, and were wanting to kill her and rob her and injure her in all possible ways. So she had left her former home and every one she knew, to come to this little villa which her dead husband had happened to possess on a long lease. And the only person whom she really liked and trusted in her madness, or who had any influence over her, had come with her—Esther, her old faithful servant, who looked after her affairs and housekeeping, and did her utmost to control her poor mistress's wayward moods. Often, however, even she was powerless; and Mrs. Laurence would take to pacing up and down in the back garden, muttering to herself, and strangely and very scantily attired.

Barney was not long in making personal acquaintance.

Methby was so near to London that Miss Maynard often went up for the day; and on one of these occasions Barney, finding that the maids were too busy with spring-cleaning to care for his society, strolled slowly down the avenue, wistfully regarding some boys and girls who were playing in the villa gardens. How he longed for Daisy and Elly and Pascoe! Somehow to-day he had an unusual hankering for companionship, but knowing that his Cousin Annys would not like him to join these villa children in their games, he only ventured upon giving them a shy uncertain sort of smile. They took no notice of him, and he walked on.

Perhaps he should see Mrs. Laurence, and get a clearer notion of what madness was! People always spoke of it in such mysterious whispers, or else softly and gravely as if it were something for which to be very very sorry. Should he know her when he saw her? He was not quite sure which of the three end houses was the one in which she lived. His heart beat quickly with excitement when, in one of the narrow strips of ground belonging to them, he noticed a strange figure—a woman no longer young, but who still would have looked handsome, but for the wild expression of her eyes, and the grotesque disorder of her dress and hair. Her white crumpled cap was scarcely paler than her face, but the wanness was relieved by a bright-hued shawl thrown crookedly about her shoulders, and over her night-gown she had slipped a linsey skirt. She was holding up a parasol in an affected way, and talking rapidly and indistinctly to herself. Yes—no doubt of it! this *must* be Mrs. Laurence.

Barney's heart went out to her in that first moment. Here was a neighbour to be kind to and to love! He was not afraid. His nerves were strong by nature, and had never been shaken by any special fright: but he felt thrilled and fascinated by this, his earliest insight into madness, and realised at once what an awful and piteous thing it is. He placed himself behind a tree, fancying that there she could not see him and think him rude for watching her; but when presently she turned abruptly in her walk, and he perceived from the direction of her eyes that she had spied him in his hiding-place, the little fellow, with instinctive courtesy, began to gather a few sprays of the small-leaved ivy which was twining up the trunk, as if they, and they alone, had been the object of his coming to the avenue.

But Mrs. Laurence was in a mood for conversation.

"Boy," she said in a deep startling voice, "boy, is it *you* who puts the poison berries in my coffee?"

Now Barney had grown so accustomed lately to being told by William and Cook and Jane and Dinah that he was certain to kill somebody with those nasty messes that he played with in his doctor's shop, that this suspicion did not seem quite so strange and monstrous to him as it would otherwise have done. All the same he felt anxious to clear himself from such an imputation, and there was a very serious look upon his little face as he stepped forward, and stood close up to the fence which divided him from her.

"Oh no!" he said, "indeed I haven't. I wouldn't think of such a thing. Cousin Annys let me gather leaves and flowers and things to play with, and put into bottles in my doctor's shop over there behind the trees, but she says I mustn't drink a drop myself, or give anybody else a drop, of any of the medicines even that I *know* aren't poison. And however much I had wanted to, I couldn't have put berries in your coffee, for there

aren't any berries ripe yet, and besides, I have never been inside your house at all."

Mrs. Laurence looked him well over before she answered him, and on the whole seemed satisfied that he was speaking truth.

"No," she said, "I don't think it is you. But," and she lowered her voice to a tragic whisper, "how would you like to have people about you who are always trying to poison you, or shoot you, or strangle you? I dare not go to sleep sometimes for fear of them; and Esther won't tell me who they are."

She paused for some remark from Barney, who feeling that it wouldn't be good manners to tell her that he didn't quite believe in this sad state of affairs, was a little puzzled what to say.

"Perhaps Esther doesn't know," he hazarded.

For one moment Mrs. Laurence seemed to catch at the suggestion; but that passing gleam of brightness quickly faded from her face.

"She ought to know," she muttered gloomily. "Esther hasn't been ill like me, and got a weight up here." Then as she put her hand up to her head, the touch of her nightcap suddenly turned her thought into another channel. "How do you like my nightcap, boy?" she said.

"It is very pretty—for a nightcap," answered Barney, whose feelings of propriety were, however, somewhat outraged by its substitution for a bonnet. "And please, if you don't mind, will you call me Barney instead of boy? My name is Barney Fielding."

The sound of an approaching footstep made Mrs. Laurence move uneasily, and hold up her hand with a gesture of secrecy.

"Hush!" she said. "There's Esther coming, and she won't always let me talk to people. But, boy, be sure you come back here again another day, and you shall help me to find out those wicked wretches that want to murder me. And then," she added cheerfully, "we'll buy up the *Great Eastern*" —the name of a big steam-ship—"and send them out to sea in it, and sink and drown them all. Don't you tell any one, but come."

She turned and looked away from him with a prompt assumption of indifference as a tall, strongly-made woman came up to her in a respectful manner; and Barney could hardly believe his eyes and ears when his companion, who had lately been so friendly, began to point at him with a well-feigned expression of dislike.

"Who's that nasty boy there, Esther? And what does he mean by coming to spy on us like this?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know," said Esther in her quiet, soothing voice. "But if you'll just walk on into the house, ma'am, perhaps I may be able to find out."

And as Mrs. Laurence assented, and walked on, Esther was free to linger for a word with Barney. She was neatly dressed in a simple, old-fashioned style, and she had a very grave and kindly face.

"Little master," she said anxiously, "I hope my mistress hasn't frightened you. She is a bit strange in her talk and ways now; though there's not a better, kinder lady in the land than she was when she was herself. And, please God, we shall see her that again one of these days."

CHAPTER IV.—IN THE AVENUE.

"The work of help which was his life."
Aurora Leigh.—E. B. Browning

"I never saw in any one such strong feelings of compassion. In most people that virtue does not appear to exceed the limits of a sentiment; in 'him' pity became a passion."

These words were not written about him, but such, too, was the case with Barney Fielding. And this exceeding pity and sympathy with distress and suffering, left no room for the repugnance and disgust and horror which seems to be the natural attribute of the human mind towards madness, and which, alas! has caused much cruelty and neglect of its victims in uncivilised and un-Christian ages. Barney did not speak of his new friendship. Children are rarely confidential; and he felt instinctively that no one would quite understand why, day by day, he found himself so powerfully attracted towards the villa gardens, that at length his intercourse with Mrs. Laurence became the reigning interest of his life. Perhaps, too, he had a lurking dread that, if he spoke about them, a stop might be put to his excursions down the avenue. Cousin Annys, who never gave a thought to the mad neighbour, had luckily not forbidden him to go; but then she was unaware of any motive that was at all likely to take him to the farther end. Early in May some savage cattle had been put in the big field, and the household at Methby Grove were warned, in consequence, not to use their ordinary short cut through that pasture to the Lower Green.

Happily for Barney, his strange affection was returned. Changeable and uncertain as her moods were apt to be, Mrs. Laurence

never varied in her liking for the gentle, patient little fellow who cared so much for her; and nothing pleased her more than to meet him at the fence, and pour out to him long histories of her imaginary wrongs. Barney used to listen with surprising tact, never contradicting her or seeming conscious that many of her grievances were utterly impossible and absurd. On some points, however, she was not only rational, but even clever and acute, and talked often in a sensible and pleasant way.

Esther, too, gained the habit of coming out to speak to Barney, and of confiding some of her anxieties to him. She was very strict with the young servant under her, and would allow no gossip with the villa neighbours about their poor mistress's affairs; but even Esther saw no harm in being a little less reserved with Barney. She told him once that if anything were to happen to her, she couldn't think what in the world would become of Mrs. Laurence. There was just no one who would be really good to her.

"But, perhaps, I shall be a man by then, Esther," said Barney earnestly; "and then I could take care of her, you know."

"You would if you could, Master Barney, I believe," said Esther.

Poor Esther knew full well what a difficult task this care-taking was. Only a day or two before Mrs. Laurence had cunningly managed to elude her vigilance, and in the early dawn had gone out for a stroll on Methby Common, clad only in her night attire. Luckily the morning was warm and fine; and as Esther had soon afterwards awakened and missed her, and gone out in search, no harm came of the adventure; but this necessity of constant watchfulness, and the sense of having the whole responsibility on her own shoulders, was a terrible strain on Esther's nerves and health.

It was not that Mrs. Laurence had no relations living, but they were avaricious, grasping people, and would not interfere with her, for this reason. Mrs. Laurence was a very rich woman, and so long as there was the slightest chance of her recovering her senses and becoming sane enough to make her will, they did not choose to risk offending her. She had a great fear and dread of being carried off and shut up in an asylum, which would really have been the best thing that could happen to her; and her relations, one and all, believed that whoever had a hand in thus placing her under medical restraint, would assuredly never touch a farthing of her money. That was, of course, if she herself had the disposal of it.

Under these circumstances, then, it can readily be imagined that her frequent chats with little Barney made a pleasant variety in this poor woman's dreary life; and, with very few exceptions, he found daily opportunities of meeting her throughout the months of May, June, and July.

All this time the accounts of Mr. Fielding were very satisfactory. The climate of the south of France was doing all the good to him that had been hoped, and he and Mrs. Fielding and Pascoe were evidently enjoying themselves and getting on most happily. Only great care still was needful, and, for the present, he must not think of undertaking any settled work, or of tying himself down to live in a fixed place.

"And, therefore," as Barney's mother wrote to Cousin Annys, "much as we both miss and want our dear children, we can see no immediate prospect of having them to join us. How good of you to say that you are willing to keep Barney until we are able to come back again to England! It is the greatest comfort to think how happy he is with you at Methby Grove, and really Daisy and Elly seem to be little less so at Tor Cottage."

Barney listened rather gravely to this letter when his godmother read it out to him, but his round face grew radiant as, a minute or two later, she drew him close to her, and said cheerfully, "Well, Barney, though your father is getting so much better, you see there is no talk of his coming home just yet, nor of you children going out to join him; but Daisy and Elly must be longing to see you, and a little change of air and scene will be a good thing for us all. So I have been thinking that you and I will go to Dawlish, a very nice seaside place in Devonshire, where Daisy and Elly can easily come to us from Tor Cottage, and we will spend the whole month of August together there. Ah, I thought that idea would please you, Barney! Dinah shall go too, to help me to look after such a party."

It would take too long to tell about that month at the seaside, and how very, very happy the little brother and sisters were to be once more together. Daisy was deeply interested to hear of Mrs. Laurence, and was favoured by the repetition of some of her most startling remarks.

"You see, one never knows what she'll say next," said Barney, as, with Daisy's arm about his neck, they wandered on the Dawlish sands, while Elly, under Dinah's supervision, was pouring out sand-puddings from her bucket,

in preparation for a sumptuous dinner for them on their return. "And that makes it as odd as a fairy tale sometimes; and I always pretend to believe her, and agree, because —don't you remember—when old Mrs. Triggs was rambling, mother told me that I wasn't to contradict her, no matter what she said; for if *she* thought *I* thought she was talking nonsense, it would excite her. And Esther says that Mrs. Laurence mustn't be excited, so it is about the same, only that madness lasts much longer than just being ill like Mrs. Triggs. I think they will be glad to see me home again. They didn't seem to like me coming away."

"Home, Barney? Methby isn't home," said Daisy.

But indeed the thought of Mrs. Laurence did really make the going back to Methby appear home-like to the boy, and when the time came, helped him to bear the parting from his sisters. And the very night of his return he heard news of her without the asking, for Cook and Jane happened to tell Dinah in his presence that Mrs. Laurence was more mad than ever, and had, in consequence of her increasing fear that people meant to murder her, managed to possess herself of an old revolver of her husband's.

"She's had it two days now," said Jane. "She durstn't load it for herself; but that's no safeguard, for there's a boy she has enticed in for the purpose, and he charges it for her, and fires it in the air too, to frighten people, when she bids him."

"That maid of hers has been so ill with rheumatism that she can hardly stir a foot," explained Cook, "or else things couldn't have come to such a pass. But any way, say I, it's a sin and a shame to let the poor creature go about with a loaded gun, when she'll be doing herself or other people a mischief with it, as sure as I'm alive. Some one *ought* to take it off her!"

"Who ought, Cook?" said Barney.

"Oh, I don't know, Master Barney. Any one as can. But them fire-arms is nasty things!"

Any one as can! Cook little thought of the sphere of usefulness which she was thus pointing out to Barney. No amount of modesty on his part could disguise the fact that Mrs. Laurence was very fond of him, and that at any rate next after Esther, he was the most likely person to be able to induce her to give up the gun. He lay awake in bed, longing for morning that he might begin to try his powers of persuasion; and though he was afraid it wouldn't seem very civil to have to coax her into making him a present, he was too anxious for her safety to shrink greatly from the necessary unpleasantness. What a proud moment it would be when he could carry the gun in triumph to Dinah, Jane, and Cook! and to-morrow would be such a splendid opportunity for getting it, for he would have a holiday, because his Cousin Annys was going up to town.

"And you don't seem very sorry to part with me," she said next morning, as Barney helped her to get ready, without as usual expressing his regrets that she would be away all day; and he answered, with the colour rising in his cheeks—

"No. But I expect I shall be very glad to see you back again."

Then directly she was gone, he set off to Queen Elizabeth's avenue, which was now looking very beautiful in its summer robe of green. There was, at first, no sign of any one in Mrs. Laurence's domain, so Barney, according to custom, climbed up into the lower boughs of a tree which commanded a good view of it, ready to wait patiently until she should appear. She wouldn't be many minutes, he felt sure, for she was so fond of fresh air that, even in stormy weather, it was a difficulty to keep her in the house.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. R. H. SMITH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "A little child may know." Lesson: Luke viii. 41, 42, 49—56. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, meek and gentle."

"OUR Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name." We all know the Lord's prayer, or, at any rate, we know the words. Even the youngest child would be able, perhaps, to say it through from the beginning to the end, for it is one of the first prayers that children learn. And yet, not the oldest amongst us knows the Lord's prayer, and some of the very oldest would tell us that they know they do not know it—that they are still trying to learn it—and that if

there is one thing more than any other which they want to know it is the Lord's prayer.

It is easy to learn anything by rote, and say it off word by word; but it is not quite so easy to understand the meaning of what we have learnt. Learning lessons without knowing their meaning is very common, but it is of very little, if of any use. We are only exercising our memory, and are only learning words. You may say lessons you have learnt in this way, and say them without missing a word, but you would know nothing of what you had been saying. So you may learn prayers. So you may say prayers. But it is one thing to say prayers, and it is quite another thing—to pray.

If you will look at the verse from which we have quoted our text, you will not find that our Lord tells us to *say* the Lord's prayer. He tells us to *pray* the Lord's prayer. Ay, there is the difference—there is the difficulty: to pray after this manner so that we shall be thinking and feeling all the time we are using the words, and knowing a little of what the words mean. Now I want to say something to you which will show you that we have all of us, in the Lord's prayer, something given us which it will take all of us our whole lives to learn. I want you to see that you and I and every one of us, if we want to pray, must all of us, at all times, pray alike. I want you to begin to pray the Lord's prayer as if it were so simple that a child can understand some of its meaning, and yet a prayer which you will find grow in meaning as you grow in years and knowledge.

Let us look at the first part of the prayer, which contains the name of God, and the first petition we have to make to Him. There is nothing difficult in the meaning of the name of God, for we all of us know the meaning of the name of "Father." God has given us all fathers, and so we can all think of our fathers, and our Lord tells us that as we think of our fathers so we may think of God. Just as it is very plain and certain that every one who is born has a father, so our Lord tells us that just as plainly and as certainly every one who comes into the world may look up to God as their Father. But God is the Father in heaven. All other fathers are fathers on earth, and are of the earth, earthly. For instance they die, and leave their children orphans. And some fathers are poor, and while they would supply their children's wants they are unable to do so. And some fathers are idle and cruel, and neglect their children. Most fathers, however, love their children, and work and care for them. But however loving and good fathers may be, they are after all only earthly. The best of fathers is only a picture of what a father might be. Your own father could tell you what he would be, and what he would do, if he could be a father to you in deed and in truth. Now this that your father would be to you, God is. And God has given to your father this dream and vision of fatherhood, that he may know that he has such a Father in God, and that out of the abundance of his heart he may speak to you, that you may know that you have such a Father in heaven. God is really a Father. God only is a true Father. There is no other Father but God. He is therefore called "*The* Father." He only answers to the name. In His case the name is the reality, and the first petition, to hallow the name of "*The* Father," is nothing more and nothing less than to take the name just as it is. If we could take it in this way and pray to God as our Father in heaven, we should hallow His name, set it apart from every other name, and should worship Him in spirit and in truth. But if this be to hallow the name of the Father, then we do not yet hallow it, and for this then we have still to pray, and shall have to continue to pray without ceasing, "*Hallowed be Thy name.*"

And that we are not hallowing the name of God is seen from the way we pray to God. We pray about *ourselves*, about *our* sins, *our* sorrows, *our* wants, *our* people; we do not pray to God as if He cared for, and was related to others, to the whole world. In fact we pray to God as if we were praying to an earthly father, as if He cared, as our earthly fathers do, more about us than about others. Now our Lord tells us whenever we pray, to pray after this manner, — to pray as if God cared for all, and was the Father of all; to hallow his name as "*Our* Father who art in heaven."

And then again we do not hallow the name of God as "our Father who art in heaven," for look at the prayers we offer about ourselves, and look at the thoughts we must have in offering these prayers. Why, we should be ashamed to ask our earthly fathers for things in the same way that we pray to God. If you have done wrong by breaking one of your father's laws, and then were sorry and went to your father and confessed your fault and asked his forgiveness, you know well enough how the tear would come in his eye, and how readily and freely he would forgive you. And yet you do not pray to

God and confess your sins as if it were true that "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those who fear Him."

You are at home now, in your father's house, and so you have nothing to be anxious about; but the time will come when, as people tell you, you will have to be alone and to make your own way in the world. And people who talk to you in this way do not hallow the name of God, and if you have any apprehension and nervousness, which will be very likely if you listen to what they say, then you may pray to God, but it will not be as Christ tells us to pray, for young or old, living at home or getting our own living, we are to hallow the name of God, ever thinking of Him, and ever praying to Him as "Our Father who art in heaven."

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Children of Jerusalem." Lesson: Luke vii. 36—47. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, meek and gentle."

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." The two next petitions speak of the Father's rule and the Father's will. Having heard that God is our Father, we are not surprised to hear of His *rule*, and that He makes His will the law of His children. Children obey, for children feel that it is right to obey. Take yourselves, you know well enough that you must not do what you like. There are indeed times when you go up into the nursery, or out into the garden, and play and amuse yourselves, but even at these times when you are so free and are left to yourselves, you have to keep yourselves and your play within certain bounds. There are things that you are not allowed to do, and if these things are done some one will come and tell you, you are doing wrong. There are times to play, and you find that times and places are found for you to play in. But you have other things to do, and whether you like it or not, when the time comes you will have to do them. You are living, I dare say, in a good home. By a good home I mean a home that is a good home for children. A home where you have not only all the rooms you need, but also all the rules, and laws, and order that make children's lives so perfect and so happy. You have your schoolroom and the fixed times for lessons. You have the room where you take your meals, and you find you are under laws at meals just as you are under laws at lessons and at play. Well, you are accustomed to these things, and you may be surprised that I am talking so much about them, but I want you to understand that as your father has got such a home for you, and is taking such pains to have everything in the home orderly and under law, so our Father in heaven has placed all of us under law. We know how happy children are who are under good management, and what a good thing it is for them that they are not left to do what they like; and so it is a good thing for all of us that we are not left to ourselves, but that we have to obey our Father in heaven—and in all things, and at all times, to do His will. We pity, and rightly pity, those poor children who are left to run about the streets and to do just what they like. And we, too, would have to be pitied if we had been left to go about the world, without any control or any training; but we learn from our Lord that we have all of us a Father in heaven, and that we have ever to remember this: and that our Father has a will, and that we have ever to pray that His will may be done: for when it is done, earth will be as heaven.

Our Lord as He teaches us to pray wishes us to think about *heaven*. Our Father is in heaven, and those in heaven, a multitude that none can number, of every nation, people, and tongue, are doing His will, and we learn from the song they sing that they are rejoicing in the will of God being done; for we read in the Revelation, "There were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever." You see then that we have to begin to pray—to pray as children—and to continue all our lives to pray just for that very blessing that will make us happy for ever, and not us only, but multitudes of people. Now this surely is a reason why we should pray this prayer without ceasing, night and morning, and again and again, as we think of our Father in heaven, as we think of ourselves, and as we think of all the people around us. And if we thought about and felt what we are praying for, we should be full of joy as we prayed, "Our Father who art in heaven, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

There are those who have lived in good homes, and you will find they are never tired of talking about their old home, and telling what they owe to their father and mother. They did not think as they do now when they were children. But they have lived to learn what a good thing it was for them not to have their own way, but to be trained to

obey their parents. They will tell you that they used to feel the rules of the home to be sometimes very strict, and that it was very hard often to submit to the will of their parents, but now they see it was all right, for it was all necessary. So it seems the children of the Father in heaven feel. And so some day you will talk of your home and of those who made it a good home to you. And so let us hope and pray that you and I, and a multitude of others, may one day find ourselves praising our Father in heaven because we were taught to pray that His will might be done, and because He inclined our hearts to do His will.

But we have not to wait for the future to find the comfort and blessing of the prayer "Thy will be done." The very fact that God has been thinking about us, and has planned for us our life, and has given us every day some daily duty, must fill the hearts that think of these things with a fulness of peace and joy. You have only to look at the home you live in and to remember that all its order and happiness you owe to your parents, to find yourself, if you are a good child, only too thankful that you are under authority, and have not been left to do what you like. These thoughts will always stir your mind by way of remembrance, when you are tempted to be careless or disobedient. And it is as we remember all life long, that our Father in heaven has fixed our day's duty, and that whoever we are, or whatever we do, we have to do His will, that we are not only kept from weariness in well-doing, but are sometimes filled with enthusiasm, and run in the way of His commandments.

Neither you nor I know what is before us. It may be that we shall have to live what people call hard lives. But lives will not be hard to us if we think of God as our Father in heaven, and if we pray, day by day, "Thy will be done." We know, too, that there are those whose lives are full of suffering, and there may come a time when, night or day, we shall never be free from pain. Well, let us hope and pray that if such days and nights are appointed us, we may be like those whom we have seen and known, who in their patience possess their souls, having learnt how to pray the prayer, *Thy will be done.*

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "I love to hear the story." Lesson: John vi. 1—13. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, meek and gentle."

"Give us this day our daily bread." The first thing we need every day is something to eat. And the first prayer our Lord teaches us to pray, as we begin to pray about ourselves, is a prayer about our daily bread. In the Lord's prayer there are three petitions which refer to God, and three petitions which refer to ourselves. Now I want you to notice how our Lord recognises our necessities. You have all heard the baby crying in the morning for its food, and the first thing that you want after you have come down-stairs, is your breakfast. This is necessary and natural, and this daily want of bread will remain the same as long as we live. Now our Lord shows us that God knows what is necessary and natural to us, and recognises our want. So we, and every one else, are taught that God cares for the body, for we are told to begin to pray to Him, as we pray for ourselves, by asking for our daily bread. God has made us and all, and He has made us and all dependent upon Him, and He is good to all, for He opens His hand and supplies the want of every living thing. Now, you live in your father's home, and day by day you find your table spread for you, and so you have no anxiety about food, or where you will get the food that you want. But you will not always live at home; nay, most of you will have to leave your father's home, and go out into the world to get your bread. You will not, however, go out into the world without having been taught your dependence upon God, and without having learnt that God recognises all your need. The first place you have to begin to live in is your father's home, and that is the place prepared for you by God. But when you have to go out into the world, you will find that you can live there, for it also is a place prepared for you by God. Our Lord, for instance, tells us that, go where we will, we shall have birds flying about us, and that we shall see that our heavenly Father feedeth them. So that instead of the table that used to be spread for us in our old home, we shall have the table spread throughout the whole world, and seeing that, we shall be saved from anxiety, and may go on, as we have begun, by praying day by day, "Give us our daily bread."

But there is something more. If God remembers the birds of the air, and finds them food, He is not likely to forget us. For we are His children, and He is our Father. And if He makes it possible for birds to live as birds, He will make it possible for us to live, and to live as if we were His children. And these are just the very things that our Lord pointed out to us, and

told us to consider, lest we should get anxious and troubled about what we should have to eat, or to drink, or to put on. We think, and our thoughts will be likely to trouble us; and so day by day our Lord, who knows what we are, tells us we are to think of God, and to think of God as our Father in Heaven, and to remember that it is His will that we should need bread day by day, and day by day to be quiet and trustful, praying to Him, "Give us this day our daily bread."

And yet there is something more. We live not only under the necessity of food, but also under the necessity of work. If we would live we must eat, and if we would eat we must work. We may look at the birds again, and learn something more from them. We are apt to think they are living idle lives, merely flying about and enjoying themselves. Were we to watch them, we should find that we are mistaken. They have to build their own nests, and to get their own living, and some of them have to travel for their lives and their livelihood, even unto the very ends of the earth. They are not left to do these things by themselves, any more than we are. God helps them to build their nests, but they themselves must find, and fetch, and carry every twig. God provides them food, but they have to seek for it, before they find it. Many of them have to journey over the great and wide sea, and they have to face the dangers and to suffer the toil of their long journeys. And so each and all of us are not only under the same law of dependence, but under the same law of work. And our work is to be like our life; we are of more value than any birds, and our work is to be more valuable than theirs.

And now we have got a little nearer to the end of life, and to the reason of work. Our Father worketh—our Father in Heaven; and we, as His children, have to work, so that we may be perfect even as He is perfect. It is our Father's will that we shall be like Him, and that, being like Him, we shall be not only in name but in reality His children. It was for this our Saviour came, that we might become the sons of God. It is for this that the world is what it is, a world of work. It is for this work is what it is, not merely a means of getting a living, but something else and something better. We can get a livelihood by working for it, but something else may be added to it. Working, getting a living is God's will, and God's way of training and educating us in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness. There is no severer temptation than going out into the world, and keeping yourself unspotted from the world. There is nothing more difficult than to be honest in business. Nothing harder than to keep your hands clean, and your heart like the heart of a little child. But with God even all these things are possible, and so with God we may eat and drink, and work for what we eat and drink, doing these things and doing whatever we do to the glory of God. But who is sufficient for these things? And what can you, or I, or any one else do? Well, without Christ we can do nothing. And without Christ we were never intended to do anything, any more than we were intended to live without eating, or to eat without working, or to work without praying day by day, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread."

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "There's not a tint that paints the rose." Lesson: Matthew xviii. 21—35. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, meek and gentle."

"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." I suppose that we all feel, that is, if we have any feeling, that we owe much to our parents. They have done for us so much that we feel we can never repay them. But these debts do not trouble us. They do not fill us with sorrow and shame. They fill us rather with gratitude and love, and the remembrance of them is now, and will ever be to our dying-day, a source of constant and unceasing pride and rejoicing. For the glory of children is their parents. But there are debts we owe to them which we ought never to have incurred. And these debts, as they come into our memory, fill us with shame and sorrow. We look back to our childhood and see now how wilful and wayward we were, and how impossible it was for our parents to do for us all that was in their hearts, because we were so careless and inattentive to their commands, and so sullen and ill-tempered at their rebukes. Mothers now, thank God, are what mothers ever have been, ever living for their children, ever desirous to nourish and cherish in them everything that is good, and ever anxious to shelter them from all evil. But mothers, alas! still find that they cannot do for their children what they would, for their children will not let them. How often would they gather their children together, and shelter them with their love, their prayers, their

advice, their example, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings; but the children do not know, the children will not consider.

Now we have acted towards God in the same way as we have acted towards our parents. And if we feel that we have done wrong in acting as we have done towards our parents, because they are our parents, we shall feel, if we have any feeling, that we have done wrong towards God, because He is our Father, and our Father in heaven. And the grievousness of our sin is the same. For it is sin against love. We have not loved, and so we have not kept commandments. We have been careless and thoughtless, but carelessness and thoughtlessness, instead of being excuses for wrong-doing, are themselves sin, for sin is a want of love. If our parents had not loved us, we had not had sin, but now we have no cloak for our sin. If God did not love us, and was not wishing to do us good by planning our lives, and giving us His law, and making known to us His will, we had not had sin; but God is our Father, and because we have forgotten this, and have been careless and thoughtless about what He would have us to be, and what He would have us to do, we have to pray, and to pray after this manner: "Our Father who art in heaven, forgive us our debts."

Perhaps some will say, but why think of these debts? Why not think of the love and goodness of God to you, rather than your forgetfulness of Him, and your sins against Him? Well, we would answer, it is just because we think of the love and goodness of God to us, that we must think of our debts to Him. God knows all about them, and we know that He knows. And God knows we shall never be happy till we are forgiven. And so He has sent His Son, our Saviour, to bring us to Him, and to teach us to come to Him and ask for His pardon. If we forget our conduct towards our parents, we must forget our parents, and their memory is too precious to be lost. And if we did not think about our debts to God, we must never think of God; and this would be impossible, for though we have sinned against God, God is still our Father, and you cannot expect children to forget a father, especially such a father as "Our Father who is in heaven."

No. Children know when they have done wrong. And children are sorry for what they have done, and they sorrow as children, for they feel they have sinned against love. And so children can never be happy till they have confessed their sins and have been forgiven.

And God is our Father, our Father in heaven; and because He is a Father, He is just and faithful to forgive us our sins, and as our earthly father used to take us aside and talk to us, when we came to him to ask his forgiveness, so our heavenly Father calls us to Him, saying: "Come now, and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

And this is the kingdom of God, a kingdom of love and mercy, a kingdom where there is full and free forgiveness for all those who sorrow for sin, because sin is doing wrong to a father; and so it is a kingdom that cannot be entered but by children, and so it is that being children, we can and do enter therein.

"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." We not only do wrong, but we suffer wrong. You find your brother, or sister, or school-fellow sins against you, that is, does you some injury, or acts unkindly towards you. Well, what have you to do? Nothing else, nothing less, than what your Father does. He has forgiven you as you have sinned against Him, and you have to forgive others as they sin against you. Recollect you pray, "Thy will be done," and God's will is a will to forgive. You pray, "Thy kingdom come," and the kingdom of God is a kingdom of forgiveness. It is a kingdom of a Father and His children, a kingdom where the children are the children of their Father, ever ready to have mercy and to forgive.

And this kingdom will come, and it will come when the will of God is done on earth as it is in heaven. You believe in the forgiveness of sins, for God, in Christ, has forgiven you, and that sense of forgiveness has restored you as a happy child to the bosom of your Father, deepened your hatred of sin, and inspired you with an enthusiasm to do His will. And each of us, having received mercy, has to show mercy. For it is through mercy, and through mercy alone, that others will cease to do evil and learn to do well. And so it is that children have to be about their Father's business; and so it is that children, children though they be, can be workers together with God. It is through the forgiveness of God that you have turned from the error of your way; it may be through your forgiveness of your brother or sister, or school-fellow, that they will turn from the error of their way.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE DUKE OF ALBANY'S MARRIAGE.

THERE is but one feeling in the British nation towards the youngest son of the Crown, and we are sure that every heart is just now full of good wishes for the happiness of himself and his bride. At the present time, more than ever before, the members of the royal family are proving that they understand the true title to kingship, which lies not in mere hereditary honour, but in the services which they are able to render to the people. Ill-health has in some measure prevented Prince Leopold from taking so prominent a part in public life as his marked ability would warrant; but if he has less strength than his brothers, his readiness for service is not less than theirs. His bride, the Princess Helena of Waldeck-Pyrmont, comes from a quiet and secluded home, Arolsen, the tiny capital of the Duchy, being little more than a large village. If she and her husband can use their influence to restore refinement and simplicity of life among those who lead the fashion in high places, they will have earned a substantial claim to public gratitude—their own life will be all the happier, and they might do much to save the nation from the luxury and ostentation which every year seems to increase. All will join in wishing the royal pair a long and a noble union.

MR. SAMUEL BOWLY.

It is well that we do not always wait till a good man's life has reached its close before expressing our gratitude and admiration for the work which he has done; when strength and vigour decline, it must be a consolation to know that the labour of years has not been spent in vain, and that the world confesses itself the better for true-hearted self-denial and sacrifice. And so every one will rejoice that Mr. Samuel Bowly's devotion to the great cause of Temperance has received a well-merited tribute of honour. Mr. Bowly is the President of the National Temperance League, and for forty-six years he has devoted all his powers of thought and eloquence to that special work; even now, when he has reached his eightieth year, he has not withdrawn from all service and responsibility. At a meeting, over which the Bishop of the diocese presided, five thousand working men in his native town of Gloucester have recently presented Mr. Bowly and his wife with two arm-chairs; and in London a meeting of congratulation has been held, at which the great Temperance Societies of the country were well represented. Mr. Bowly's reply to the address was one of singular force and beauty; and in one of his sentences is contained the secret of his success—and, in fact, of all success in the endeavour to reach those who are sinning and suffering. Not by denunciation, satire, or scorn has Mr. Bowly done his work: that is not the way to appeal to the hearts of men. "I do believe," he says, "that the great principle, love, is the highest means of reaching every heart. It was by love that Christ sought to win us when He laid down His precious life for us, and it must be by the exercise of that love which flows from Christ that we are enabled to love one another and to seek their welfare." While Mr. Bowly has always loved his principles well, he has still more deeply loved his fellow men, and this has been the secret of his long, wide, and ennobling power.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE NORTH BORNEO COMPANY.

The irrepressible enterprise of British subjects has once more led us to incur responsibilities which all admit to be serious, while some consider them formidable and even dangerous. We have not, it is true, annexed new territory; but we have done what comes to much the same thing: allowed a private company to acquire it, and then formally recognised and confirmed its rights. The story is short and simple. A few years ago Mr. Dent and an Austrian, Baron Overbeck, acquired the rights over part of North-East Borneo delegated to an American company, and also bought up the sovereign rights of the Sultans of Brunei and Sulu. A small company was then formed, to which the original promoters transferred their powers. This company now owns a territory extending over an area of 18,000 square miles, with 500 miles of sea-coast, and a population of 150,000. Within these limits it exercises sovereign rights, holding power of life and death, the authority to raise military and naval forces, to levy taxes and to coin money; to exercise in fact all the functions of a lawful government. Under these circumstances, the company comes to the Crown, asking for a Charter of Incorporation, partly no doubt to secure additional prestige for its operations, and partly with the knowledge that such an authorisation would greatly facilitate the success of its financial schemes. The charter has been granted; the company is secured in its rights; and the only conditions imposed are that the system of slavery at present existing in the island shall in course of time be abolished, and that the company in its dealings with foreign powers shall be subject to the control of the Foreign Office. It is impossible to contemplate the action of the Government with any degree of satisfaction. Experience in the cases of the Darien and the East India Companies has taught us the inexpediency of intrusting such enormous powers to private corporations formed with purely commercial motives. Furthermore, there is always the danger that the company, in spite of all restriction, may embroil us with foreign powers, who will be irritated by our latest act of aggression; while a struggle with the chiefs of the interior, who naturally care little for the authority of Sultans who sell their country for money and to strangers, seems inevitable. And thus the country may be dragged into mean and

despicable wars—wars which, seeing the character of our own and native weapons, are almost massacres.

THE PROTECTION OF INDIAN COOLIES.

Christian teaching has laid upon our nation responsibilities towards the native population of our great dependencies which cannot be ignored, to which the immigration of the Indian coolies who cultivate the sugar and coffee plantations in French colonies, such as Reunion, Cayenne, and Guadeloupe, has recently made serious and pressing appeal. Since the abolition of slavery, the labourers in these settlements, and in our own colonies, Mauritius and Demerara, have been almost entirely Indian coolies, who in many respects have been in a condition little better than actual slavery. It is not alleged that the Indians have suffered like the Chinese coolies in the islands of Peru, where, out of four thousand shipped there between 1844 and 1860, not one survived, some dying through weariness and the rest by suicide; but nevertheless there was sufficient cause to make it essential to protect these helpless and ignorant people by stringent regulations. Even in British possessions the avarice of the planters was hard to cope with, and in the case of foreign colonies the difficulties were immeasurably increased. The law requires that coolies shall be recruited by authorised agents; that they shall pass a medical examination before leaving India; that the ships which carry them shall be inspected; that the men shall contract for five years' service only at a fixed wage, and that they shall have a free passage home when they have served their time. The regulations look well on paper, but are unfortunately inefficient in practice. Once on the plantations, the labourers are absolutely in the power of their employer or owner—for the terms are really synonymous. We are glad, therefore, to find that our English Government has very wisely suspended coolie immigration to that island until more satisfactory arrangement can be made.

THE GAMING TABLES OF MONACO.

At last, and none too soon, public opinion in France and Italy is declaring for the suppression of the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo, which for the last fifteen years, and especially since play was prohibited at Homburg and Wiesbaden, have been the scandal of Southern Europe. Under the auspices of M. Blanc, the founder of Homburg, Monaco has undergone a marvellous transformation. From a quiet and secluded spot it has become one of the most notorious resorts of fashion and vice. In the year 1880 nearly three hundred and fifty thousand visitors came there during the season—concerts, plays, and entertainments of all kinds being provided for their attraction at an enormous cost. Hotels and houses of course rise in numbers; landlords are jubilant; the proprietor of the tables becomes rich and illustrious. And meanwhile not a day passes during the season without witnessing scenes of untold misery and terrible dishonour: men risking and losing the savings of years, very often the money intrusted by others to their charge; women throwing away their own fortun and those of their children, careless of virtue, reput tion, and honour, so long as this wild fever possess them. Nor does the curse stop here. Not a wee goes by without one suicide, committed in the despa of ruin; and within the last month three such deat occurred within five days. Even if our own countr men were not affected by this pernicious institutio for the sake of other victims we should do well to b angry. But sadly enough, it too often happens tha mere boys, fresh from school and ignorant of th world, let loose to roam Europe as they please, g there from curiosity, and remain to their utter un doing; restrictions upon age are so easily evaded, ever if they were sincere. It is alleged by the supporter of this system—and evil is never at a loss for argument—that we do not suppress gambling if we close public tables and leave private ones open; and further, that so long as the Prince of Monaco gives his sanction to the institution, the protest of foreigners is an intrusion upon his authority. The reply is as ready as the objections. Private tables have to be sought out; they do not flaunt themselves before the world; do not draw a swarm of victims to corrupt and ruin them; do not surround themselves with the attractions of scenery and art; and are not open to every chance comer. And as to the second point: Monaco, as Dr. Prompt has recently proved, is a state independent only in name; while even if it held rank as one of the genuine European communities, an institution so scandalous and immoral, maintained to swell the revenues of an impecunious princeling and to satisfy the ambition of a speculator, must bring any state to the bar of public opinion. Silence is an impossibility now, and cannot be purchased at any price: the end can be delayed only for a little while, and will be sure when it does come.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

A CHRISTIAN MELA IN INDIA.

Most people have heard or read some account of the *Melas*, the great religious fairs of India. Like the Mecca and Medinah pilgrimages, these festivals gather together enormous crowds, three millions having visited Allahabad and bathed in the Ganges this year. Though the state of affairs is not so bad in India as at Mecca and Jeddah, where the pilgrims during last season were dying at the rate of three hundred a day, so vast an assembly cannot fail to create an unusual amount of sickness and disease for which no remedy or check can be found; indeed, the only resource would be to prohibit such meetings altogether—a course which would infuriate the masses of the heathen population under British rule. These great gatherings have often been turned to good account by Christian missionaries, who have preached the gospel of Christ among the crowds assembled for business or pleasure, which are always combined with the religious elements of the gathering, and very many converts have been made on occasions of this kind. Lately, however, Christian *Melas*, on the same

model, though of smaller proportions, have been organized, to which friends in England have sent various contributions. In February last one of these fairs was held in Jessore by the representatives of the Baptist Missionary Society. The following is a literal translation of the Bengal proclamation of the *Mela* :—

MELA ! MELA ! MELA !

Advertisement.

Christian Mela ! By this all persons informed are, that 1882 years 28 February, Bengali 1228 years 17 Falgoon, Tuesday from seven days until, Barisa Zillah's in Gornodee police section, Rajapur, Baptist Mission place in, Christian Mela will be. To shop-keepers shop houses will be given. Publicans will get not, and no kind of bad games, as cards, dice, this mela to play can. Religious instruction and Christian singing will be. Besides this, English various kinds wonderful things shown will be.

Managers,

MR. T. R. EDWARDS,
MR. ROBERT SPURGEON.

4th February, 1882. Barisal.

This is the true way to win the hearts and minds of the nations of India ; nothing can be done by attempting to graft European institutions and methods upon a civilisation essentially different from our own. But the faith which we carry with us is marvellously flexible, and can adapt itself to the needs of every race ; it includes the whole world in its embrace, and our plain duty in our attempt to spread the knowledge of Christ and His teaching among the heathen, is to let the new minds and the new churches shape themselves in the way best suited to their character and circumstances : only when they are in clear conflict with the true spirit of Christianity is interference justified.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY IN WESTERN SIBERIA.

The account recently published by the Bible Society of the work which their agent, E. S. Gagarin, is carrying on in the remote districts of Western Siberia, illustrates both the importance of Bible distribution in such districts and the obstacles and perils which the enterprise must encounter. In towns and villages, on troop-ships and in prisons, copies of the Scriptures have been sold and given away, Gagarin travelling 12,000 miles in five months and disposing of 5,500 books. Last December was a month of even greater success, for 2,500 copies are reported to have been distributed. Public feeling on the matter varies strangely; in some places the priests help on the work, in others their hostility is vehement and intense. Official restrictions imposed to suppress the sale of "revolutionary literature" are often found to hinder the work of the agent, but the provincial authorities, when appealed to, seem willing to do all in their power to remove difficulties. The people are in most places eager to get copies of the Holy Scriptures, and one touching story is told of the anxiety even of the oldest to avail themselves of the opportunity now offered to them :—

"During Gagarin's sojourn in Tobolsk, a man a hundred years old addressed him and begged for a New Testament on the ground of his poverty. 'I myself can read very little,' he said, 'but I have a young son (of seventy-five years) who reads more than I do.' It appeared that he had walked about five miles from the hamlet of Mudanky on business, and that only that summer had he ceased to till the soil. The New Testament was given him."

Many parts of the country in which this work is carried on are most perilous for the traveller; robbers abound, and the carriers insist upon their passengers being armed with revolvers. The *Kirchiz*, who are the terror of the district, carry a club more than three feet in length, with a chain and iron ball attached to it—a deadly weapon in an expert hand. On one occasion Gagarin was attacked in the middle of the night, and wounded severely by a party of these marauders; though he succeeded in disabling enough of his assailants to deter the others from further violence. During the last few months another agent, an officer of gendarmerie on furlough, has been appointed by the Society; and it is evident that work of the kind needs men not only brave but shrewd and sagacious, if it is to be done with safety and success.

THE BISHOP OF RANGOON.

The appointment of the Rev. J. M. Strachan, D.D., to the Bishopric of Rangoon seems to have given universal satisfaction. Though the brutality of the present King of Burmah has put an end to mission work at Mandalay for the time, affairs are prospering in the diocese of Rangoon. Twenty clergymen, as Government chaplains or in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, are engaged in missionary enterprise. St. John's College, at Rangoon, has nearly six hundred pupils, and there is also a large school for Burmese girls. Dr. Strachan can hardly fail to carry on successfully the work which others have begun. In Madras for many years the new bishop did noble service as preacher and physician. More recently he has acted as Diocesan Secretary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and in that capacity travelled widely in Asia and North America. Now he returns to special work in the mission field, which will require all his gifts of organization, instruction, and healing. We heartily pray that he may have in Burmah success as great as that which he can look back to at his former station in Madras.

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Mr. Longfellow's death will be mourned as deeply in England as in America. On the other side of the Atlantic, we are told, "a stranger might easily receive the impression that some one was lying dead in every house," and in this country the thousands to whom his gentle words have brought comfort in sorrow and solace in pain will feel with a pathetic longing that

the world is the poorer by one true and tender soul. He was the poet of the English-speaking world, above all his compeers. His ancestry went back to a sound Yorkshire stock; his culture was deepened and enriched by all that was strongest and best in the thought and literature of Europe; his own sympathies were universal rather than national. We need not dwell upon his career, as student and lecturer at Bodowin College, as a Harvard Professor, and as a master-artist in prose and verse; upon his wide and varied learning, and his genuine literary genius. The seventy-five years of his life have all been set to one melody rich "In faith, and hope, and charity." In another part of the magazine we have spoken of his claims to rank as a great poet; but this much is certain, that no man of his age, having given to the world so much, has less cause to regret a single line he ever wrote. His poems are full of tenderness for mankind, and of reverence for God; free from mean motive, ennobled by aspiration after all that is high, and grand, and true. Above all others, too, he is the poet of purity; of pure affection and undefiled. Sorrow met him early in life, when he lost his young wife; and it met him again in old age, but could not embitter that loving heart; and so no other genius of our days has been so dear to those who suffer and to those who weep, and he has often given light and peace to hearts blind and deaf to the glory and the melody of his greater brethren. "His most sacred office," says one of his countrymen, "has been that of the world's consoler. No man has wiped away so many cruel tears; no one has made so many sweet tears to flow; no other light has shone in so many darkened hearts." This is the poet's truest glory; his true memorial "is his own song, 'In the heart of a friend.'" Though we can receive no more gifts from his graceful fancy and his genial wisdom, those which he has given abide with us still; and of one whose poetry supplies us with comfort and courage alike what can be truer than his own lines? When the star is quenched its light still shines on our world for ages, and

> "So when a *good* man dies,
> For years beyond our ken,
> The light he leaves behind him lies
> Upon the paths of men."

DORA GREENWELL.

Though less widely known than the American poet whose death we have just recorded, Dora Greenwell will be sincerely mourned by a devoted band of friends, who have long felt the spell of her devout, almost transfigured, mind. Leaders of religious thought, especially preachers and pastors, have often been themselves solemnly led into the secret place of the Most High by the sweet charm of her thoughts. Her most gifted works are known and loved most amongst those to whom serene peaceful joy in God is the highest bliss of life. Intensely practical minds might turn away from her "Patience of Hope," "A Present Heaven," "Two Friends," "Colloquia Crucis," "Liber Humanitatis," but meditative minds will revel in them, and here and there put down the book for very joy. In virtue of a pure heart, she saw much of the beauty of the ways and character of God. Her deep love saw deeply, and her gifted pen told her vision in words of rare grace. Perhaps, too, her delicate frame, like some thinner veil, let more of the sweet lights of the unseen world glimmer through; for flesh and blood do not seem to aid the acquisition of the kingdom of heaven. At length the veil is rent, and the glad spirit has gone to the God it so well loved. Miss Greenwell was the daughter of W. T. Greenwell, J.P., D.L., &c. of Greenwell Ford, Durham. In addition to her "Poems," and the works already mentioned, she published sympathetic memoirs of "Lacordaire" and of "John Woolman." For many years she was a regular contributor to our pages, but more recently ill health restrained the work of her pen, and her last published writing of any importance was a little volume issued in 1877 entitled "A Basket of Summer Fruit." She died at Clifton, on the 29th of March, in the house of her younger brother.

PROFESSOR T. H. GREEN.

By the death of Thomas Hill Green, Oxford has lost one of its brightest and most beautiful spirits. Though comparatively unknown to the great majority of his fellow countrymen, in the university and in the town of Oxford the late professor exercised a most unique and important influence. He was a brilliant and enthusiastic student of morals and philosophy, with an intellectual sympathy of marvellous range, embracing Hume at one extreme and Hegel at the other. He was no less distinguished as a teacher than as a scholar, and above all others among his contemporaries maintained and developed a true philosophical devotion among the undergraduate students of his college and university. At the same time no man had less of the theorist in his nature. He realised to the full his duties as a citizen, and gave a large share of time and thought to political, social and educational questions. He was a member of the Oxford School Board and of the City Corporation: he may be said to have founded the Oxford High School for Boys, and took a deep interest in similar institutions elsewhere. As a politician his supreme anxiety was to lift political controversy above the faction and corruption by which at present it is too often degraded. Beneath all otner interests and activities lay a deep religious earnestness of a pure and lofty type, which affected all those who came in contact with it. This premature close of a noble and useful life will be a serious blow both for the University and town of Oxford, and many will now realise in all its fulness the magnitude of the debt which they owed to Professor Green, not only for the actual service which he rendered them, but for the pure and lofty ideal of life of which he himself was the example and illustration: to reverence nothing and to admire nobody is a young man's most perilous vice: to know Professor Green was enough to cure the worst. He was in deed and in truth a Christian *man*.

Illustration of Psalm CIV. verse 19.—"*He appointed the moon for seasons.*"

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE hot dreamy days rose and sank in Yrndale. Hester would wake in the morning oppressed with the feeling that there was something she ought to have begun long ago, and must positively set about this new day. Then as her inner day cleared, she would afresh recognize her duty as that of those who stand and wait. She had no great work to do—only the common family duties of the day, and her own education for what might be the will of Him who, having made her for something, would see that the possibility of that something should not be wanting. In the heat of the day she would seek a shady spot with a book for her companion—generally some favourite book, for she was not one of those who say of one book as of another—"Oh, I've read that!" It was some time before she came to like any particular spot: so many drew her, and the spirit of exploration in that which was her own was strong in her. Under the shadow of some rock, the tent-roof of some umbrageous beech, or the solemn gloom of some pine-grove, the brooding spirit of the summer would day after day find her when the sun was on the height of his great bridge, and fill her with the sense of that repose in which alone she herself can work. Then would such a quiescence pervade Hester's spirit, such a sweet spiritual sleep creep over her, that nothing seemed required of her but to live; mere existence was conscious well-being. But the feeling never lasted long. All at once would start awake in her the dread that she was forsaking the way, inasmuch as she was more willing to be idle, and rest in inaction. Then would faith rouse herself and say: "But God will take care of you in this thing too. You have not to watch lest He should forget, but to be ready when He gives you the lightest call. You have to keep listening." And the ever returning corrective to such mood came with the evening; for, regularly as she went to bed at night and left it in the morning, she went from the tea-table in the afternoon to her piano, and there, through all the sweet evening movements and atmospheric changes of the brain—for the brain has its morning and evening, its summer and winter as well as the day and the year—would meditate aloud, or brood aloud over the musical meditations of some master in harmony. And oftener than she knew, especially in the twilight, when the days had grown shorter, and his mother feared for him the falling dew, would Mark be somewhere in the dusk listening to her, a lurking cherub, feeding on her music—sometimes ascending on its upward torrent to a solitude where only God could find him.

At such time the thought of Vavasor would come, and for a while remain; but it was chiefly as one who would be a welcome helper in her work. When for the time she had had enough of music, softly as she would have covered a child, she would close her piano, then glide like a bat into the night, and wander hither and thither through the gloom without conscious choice. Then most would she think what it would be to have a man for a friend, one who would strengthen her heart and make her bold to do what was needful and right; and if then the thoughts of the maiden would fall to the natural architecture of maidens, and build one or two of the airy castles into which no man has looked or can look, and if through them went flitting the form of Vavasor, who will wonder! It is not the building of castles in the steepest heights of air that is to be blamed, but the building of such as inspector conscience is not invited to enter. To cherish the ideal of a man with whom to walk on her way through the world, is as right for a woman as it was for God to make them male and female; and to the wise virgin it will ever be a solemn thought, lovelily dwelt upon, and never mockingly, when most playfully handled. For there is a play even with most serious things that has in it no offence. Humour has its share even in religion—but oh, how few seem to understand its laws! I confess to a kind of foreboding shudder when even a clergyman begins to jest upon the borders of sacred things. It is not humour that is irreverent, but the mind that gives it the wrong turn. As we may be angry and not sin, so may we jest and not sin. But there is a poor ambition to be married which is, I fear, the thought most present with too many young women. They feel as if their worth remained unacknowledged, as if there were for them no place they could call their own in society, until they find a man to take them under his wing. She degrades womanhood who thinks thus of herself. It says ill for the relation of father and mother if the young women of a family recoil from the thought of being married, but it says

ill for the relation of parents and children if they are longing to be married.

One evening towards the end of July, when the summer is at its heat, and makes the world feel as if there never had been, and never ought to be anything but summer; and when the wind of its nights comes to us from the land where the sun is not, to tell human souls that, dear as is the sunlight to their eyes, there are sweeter things far with which the sun has little to do—Hester was sitting under a fir-tree on the gathered leaves of numberless years, pine-odours filling the air around her, as if they, too, stole out with the things of the night when the sun was gone. It happened that a man came late in the day to tune her piano, and she had left him at his work, and wandered up the hill in the last of the sunlight. All at once the wind awoke, and began to sing the strange, thin, monotonous Elysian ghost-song of the pine-wood—for she sat in a little grove of pines, and they were all around her. The sweet melancholy of the hour moved her spirit. So close was her heart to that of nature that, when alone with it, she seldom or never longed for her piano; she *had* the music, and did not need to hear it. When we are very near to God, we do not desire the Bible. When we feel far from him, we may well make haste to it. Most people, I fear, wait till they are inclined to seek him. They do not stir themselves up to lay hold on God; they breathe the dank airs of the tomb till the morning break, instead of rising at once and setting out on their journey to meet it.

As she sat in music-haunted reverie, she heard a slight rustle on the dry carpet around her feet, and the next moment saw dark in the gloom the form of a man. She was startled, but he spoke instantly: it was Vavasor. She was still, and could not answer for a moment.

"I am so sorry I frightened you!" he said.

"It is nothing," she returned. "Why can't one help being silly? I don't see why ladies should ever be frightened more than gentlemen."

"Men are quite as easily startled as ladies," he answered, "though perhaps they come to themselves a little quicker. Nothing is more startling than to find some one near when you thought you were alone."

"Except," said Hester, "finding yourself alone when you thought some one was near. But how did you find me?"

"They told me at the house you were somewhere in this direction. Mark had followed you apparently some distance. So I ventured to come and look for you, and—and something led me right. But all the time I seem going to lose myself instead of finding you."

"It might be both," returned Hester; "for I don't at all know my way with certainty, especially in the dusk. We are on the shady side of the hill, you see."

"I cannot have lost myself if I have found you," rejoined Vavasor, but did not venture to carry the speech farther.

"It is time we were moving," said Hester, "seeing we are both so uncertain of the way. Who knows when we may reach the house!"

"Do let us risk it a few minutes longer," said Vavasor. "This is delicious. Just think a moment: this is my first burst from the dungeon-land of London for a whole year! This is paradise! I could fancy I was dreaming of fairyland! But it is such an age since you left London, that I fear you must be getting used to it, and will scarcely understand my delight!"

"It is only the false fairyland of mechanical inventors," replied Hester, "that children ever get tired of.—And yet I don't know," she added, correcting herself: "it is true the things that delight Saffy are a contempt to Mark; but I am sorry to say the things Mark delights in, Saffy says are so dull; there is hardly a giant in them!"

As they talked Vavasor had seated himself on the fir-spoil beside her. She asked him about his journey, and about Cornelius; then told him how she came to be there instead of at her piano.

"The tuner must have finished by this time!" she said; "let us go and try his work!"

So saying she rose, and was on her feet before Vavasor. The way seemed to reveal itself to her as they went, and they were soon at home.

The next fortnight Vavasor spent at Yrndale. In those days Nature had the best chance with him she had yet had since first he came into her dominions.

For a man is a man, however he may have been "dragged up," and however much injured he may be by the dragging. Society may have sought to substitute herself for both God and Nature, and may have had a horrible amount of success: the rout of Comus see no beast-faces among them. Yet, I repeat, man is potentially a man, however far he may be from actual manhood. What one man has, every man has, however hidden and unrecognizable. Who knows what may not sometimes be awakened in him! The

most heartless scoffer may be suddenly surprised by emotion in a way to him unaccountable; of all its approaches and all the preparation for it he has been profoundly unaware. During that fortnight, Vavasor developed not merely elements of which he had had no previous consciousness, but elements in whose existence he could not be said to have really believed. He believed in them the less in fact that he had affected their existence in himself, and thought he possessed what there was of them to be possessed. The most remarkable event at once of his inner and outer history, and the only one that must have seemed almost incredible to those who knew him best, was, that one morning he got up in time to see, and *for the purpose of seeing* the sun rise. I hardly expect to be believed when I tell the fact! I am not so much surprised that he formed the resolution the night before. Something Hester said is enough to account for that. But that a man like him should already have got on so far as, in the sleepiness of the morning, to keep the resolve he had come to in the wakefulness of the preceding night, fills me with astonishment. It was a great stride forward. Nor was this all: he really enjoyed it! I do not merely mean that, as a victorious man, he enjoyed the conquest of himself when the struggle was over, attributing to it more heroism than it could rightly claim; nor yet that, as any young human animal may, he enjoyed the clear invigorating clean air that filled his lungs like a new gift of life and strength. He had poetry enough to feel something of the indwelling greatness that belonged to the vision itself—for a vision and a prophesy it is, as much as when first it rose on the wondering gaze of human spirit, to every soul that through its eyes can see what those eyes cannot see. He felt a power of some kind present to his soul in the sight—though he but set it down to poetic feeling, which he never imagined to have anything to do with fact. It was in the so-called Christian the mere rudiment of that worship of the truth which in the old Guebers was developed into adoration of it in its symbol. It was the drawing of the eternal Nature in him towards the naturing Eternal, whom he was made to understand, but of whom he knew so little.

When the evening came, after almost a surfeit of music, if one dare, un-self-accused, employ such a word concerning a holy thing, they went out to wander a little about the house in the twilight.

"In such a still soft negative of life," he said, "as such an evening gives us, one could almost doubt whether there was indeed such a constantly recurring phenomenon in nature as I saw this morning!"

"What did you see this morning," asked Hester, wondering.

"I saw the sun rise," he answered.

"Did you really? I'm so glad! That is a sight rarely seen in London—at least if I may judge by my own experience."

"One goes to bed so late and so tired!" he replied simply.

"True! and even if one be up in time, where could you see it from?"

"I *have* seen it rise coming home from a dance; but then somehow you don't seem to have anything to do with it. I have, however, often smelt the hay in the streets in the morning."

Hester was checked by this mention of the hay—as if the sun was something that belonged to the country, like the grass he withered; but ere she had time to explain to herself what she felt, the next thing he said got her over it.

"I assure you I felt as if I had never seen the sun before. His way of getting up was a new thing to me altogether. He seemed to mean shining—and somehow I felt that he did. In London he always looks indifferent—just as if he had got it to do, and couldn't help it, like everybody else in the horrible place. Who is it that says—'God made the country, and man made the town?'"

"I think it was Cowper, but I'm not sure," answered Hester. "It can't be quite true though. I suspect man has more to do with the unmaking than the making of either. We have reason to be glad he has not come near enough to us yet to destroy either our river or our atmosphere."

"He is creeping on though. The quarries are not very far from you even now."

"The quarries do little or no harm. There are a great many things man may do that only make nature show her beauty the more. I have been thinking a good deal about it lately: it is the rubbish that makes all the difficulty—the refuse of the mills and the pits and the iron-works and the potteries that does all the mischief."

"So it is! and worst of all the human rubbish—especially that which gathers in our great cities, and gives so much labour in vain to clergyman and philanthropist!"

Hester smiled—not that she was pleased with the way Vavasor spoke, for she could not but believe he would in his *rubbish* include many of her dear people, but that she was amused at his sympathetic tone towards the

clergy as generally concerned in the matter. For she had had a little experience, and had listened to much testimony from such as knew, and firmly believed that the clergy were very near the root of the evil; and that not with the hoe and weeder, but with the watering pot and artificial manure, helping largely to convert the poor—into beggars, and the lawless into hypocrites, heaping cairn upon cairn on the grave of their poor prostrate buried souls. But thank God, it was by the few, but fast increasing exceptions, that she knew what the rest were doing!

But perhaps he meant only the wicked when he used the word.

"What do you mean by the human rubbish, Mr. Vavasor?" she asked.

He saw he must be careful, and would fence a little.

"Don't you think," he said slowly, and measuring his words, "that in the body politic there is something analogous to the waste in matter?"

"Certainly," she answered. "Only we might differ as to the persons who were to be classed in it. I think we should be careful of our judgment as to when that state has been reached. I fancy that is just the one thing the human faculty is least able to cope with. None but God can read in a man what he really is. It can't be a safe thing to call human beings, our own kith and kin, born into the same world with us, and under the same laws of existence, *rubbish*."

"I see what you mean," said Vavasor to Hester. But to himself said, "Good heavens!"

"You see," Hester went on—they were walking in the dark dusk, she before him in a narrow path among the trees, whence she was able both to think and speak more freely than if they had been looking in each other's face in the broad daylight—"you see, rubbish with life in it is an awkward thing to deal with. Rubbish proper is that out of which the life, so far at least as we can see, is gone; and this loss of life has rendered it useless, so that it cannot even help the growth of life in other things. But suppose, on the one hand, this rubbish, say that which lies about the mouth of a coal-pit, could be by some process made to produce the most lovely flowers, or that, on the other hand, if neglected, it would bring out the most horrible weeds of poison, infecting the air, or say, horrible creeping things, then the word *rubbish* would mean either too much or too little; for it means what can be put to no use, and what is noxious by its mere presence, its ugliness, and immediate defilement. You see, Mr. Vavasor, I have been thinking a great deal about all this kind of thing. It is my business in a way."

"But would you not allow that the time comes when nothing can be done with them?"

"I will not allow it of any I have to do with, at least before I can say with confidence I have done all I can. After that another may be able to do more. And who shall say when God can do no more—God who takes no care of himself, and is laboriously working to get his children home."

"I confess," said Vavasor, "the condition of our poor in our large towns is the great question of the day."

"—which every one is waking up to *talk* about," said Hester, and said no more.

For, as one who tried to *do* something, she did not like to go on and say that if all who found the question interesting, would instead of talking about it do what they could, not to its solution but to its removal, they would at least make their mark on the *rubbish*-heap, of which not all the wind of words would in ten thousand years blow away a spadeful. And yet is talk a less evil than the mischief of mere experimenters. It is well there is the talk to keep many from doing positive harm. It is not those who, regarding the horrors around them as a nuisance, are bent upon their destruction, who will work any salvation in the earth, but those who see the wrongs of the poor, and strive to give them their own. Not those who desire a good report among men, nor those who seek an antidote against the tedium of a selfish existence, but those who, loving their own flesh and blood, and willing not merely to spend but to be spent for them, draw nigh them, being to being, will cause the light to rise upon such as now sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Love, and love alone, as from the first it is the source of all life, love alone, wise at once and foolish as a child, can work redemption. It is life drawing nigh to life, person to person, the human to the human, that conquers death. This—therefore urges people to combine, seeking the strength of men, not the strength of God. The result is as he would have it—inevitable quarrelling. The unfit brought in for strength are weakness and destruction. They want their own poor way, and destroy the work of their hands by the sound of their tongues. Combinations should be for passing necessities, and only between those who can each do good work alone, and will do it with or without com-

bination. Whoever depends on combination is a weakness to any association, society, or Church to which he may imagine himself to belong. The more easily any such can be dissolved the better. It is always by single individual communication that the truth has passed in power from soul to soul. Love alone, and the obligation thereto between the members of Christ's body, is the one eternal unbreakable bond. It is only where love is not that law must go. Law is indeed necessary, but woe to the community where love does not cast out—where at least love is not casting out law. Not all the laws in the universe can save a man from poverty, not to say from sin, not to say from conscious misery. Work on, ye who cannot see this. Do your best. You will be rewarded according to your honesty. You will be saved by the fire that will destroy your work, and will one day come to see that Christ's way, and no other whatever, can either redeem your own life, or render the condition of the poorest or the richest wretch such as would justify his creation. If by the passing of this or that more or less wise law, you could, in the person of his descendant of the third or fourth generation, make a *well-to-do* man of him, he would probably be a good deal farther from the kingdom of heaven than the beggar or the thief over whom you now lament. The criminal classes, to use your phrase, are not made up of quite the same persons in the eyes of the Supreme as in yours.

Vavasor began to think that if ever the day came when he might approach Hester "as a suitor for her hand," he must be very careful over what he called her philanthropic craze. But if ever he should in earnest set about winning her, he had full confidence in the artillery he could bring to the siege: he had not yet made any real effort to gain her affections. Neither had he a doubt that, having succeeded, all would be easy, and he could do with her much as he pleased. He had no anxiety concerning the philanthropic craze thereafter. His wife, once introduced to such society as would then be her right, would speedily be cured of any such extravagance or enthusiasm as gave it the character of folly.

Under the influence of the lovely place, of the lovely weather, and of his admiration for Hester, the latent poetry of his nature awoke with increasing rapidity; and, this reacting on its partial occasion, he was growing more and more in love with Hester. He was now, to use the phrase with which he confessed the fact to himself, "over head and ears in love with her," and notwithstanding the difficulties in his way, it was a pleasant experience to him: like most who have gone through the same, he was at this time nearer knowing what bliss may be than he had ever been before. Most men have the gates thus once opened to them a little way, that they may have what poor suggestion may be given them, by their closing again, of how far off they are from them. Very hard! Is it? Then why, in the name of God, will you not go up to them and enter? You do not like the conditions? But the conditions are the only natural possibilities of entrance. Enter as you are and you would but see the desert you think to leave behind you, not a glimpse of a promised land. The false cannot inherit the true nor the unclean the lovely.

And it began to grow plain to him that now his aunt could no longer look upon the idea of such an alliance, as she must *naturally* have regarded it before. It was a very different thing to see her in the midst of such grounds and in such a house, with all the old fashioned comforts and luxuries of an ancient and prosperous family around her, and in that of a toiling *littérateur* in the dingy region of Bloomsbury, where everything was—of course respectable in a way, but that way a very inferior and—well snuffy kind of way—where indeed you could not dissociate the idea of smoke and brokers' shops from the newest bonnet on Hester's queenly head! If he could get his aunt to see her in the midst of these surroundings, then her beauty would have a chance of working its natural effect upon her, tuned here to its "right praise and true perfection." She was not a jealous woman, and was ready to admire where she could, but not the less would keep even beauty at arm's length when prudence recommended: here, thought Vavasor, prudence would hold her peace. He would at least himself stand amidst no small amount of justification.

By degrees, and without any transition marked of Hester, emboldened mainly by the influences of the soft dusky twilight, he came to speak with more warmth and nearer approach. His heart was tuned above its ordinary pitch, and he was borne a captive slave in the triumph of Nature's hour.

"How strangely this loveliness seems to sink into the soul," he said one evening, when the bats were coming and going like thoughts that refuse to take shape and be shared, and when with intensest listening you could not be sure whether it was a general murmur of nature you heard, low in

her sleep, or only the strained nerves of your own being imitating that which was not.

"For the moment," he went on, "you seem to be the soul of that which is around you, yet oppressed with the weight of its vastness, and unable to account for what is going on in it."

"I think I understand you," returned Hester. "It is strange to feel at once so large and so small; but I presume that is how all true feeling seems to itself."

"You are right," responded Vavasor; "for when one loves, how it exalts his whole being, yet in the presence of the woman he worships, how small he feels, and how unworthy!"

In the human being humility and greatness are not only corelative, but are one and the same condition. But this was beyond Vavasor.

For the first time in her life Hester felt, nor knew what it was, a vague pang of jealousy. Whatever certain others may think, there are women who, having had their minds constantly filled with true and earnest things, have come for years to woman's full dignity, without having even speculated on what it may be to be in love. Such therefore are somewhat in the dark when first it begins to show itself within themselves: that it should be within them, they having never invited its presence, adds to their perplexity. She was silent, and Vavasor, whose experience was scarcely so valuable as her ignorance, judged he might venture a little farther. But with all his experience in the manufacture of compliments and in high-flown poetry, he was now at a loss; he had no fine theories of love to talk from! Love was with him, *at its best*, the something that preceded marriage—after which, whatever boys and girls might think, and although, of course, to a beautiful wife like Hester he could never imagine himself false, it must take its chance. But as he sat beside God's loveliest idea, exposed to the mightiest enchantment of life, little imagining it an essential heavenly decree for the redemption of the souls of men, he saw, for broken moments, and with half-dazed glimpses, into the eternal, and spoke as one in a gracious dream:

"If one might sit for ever thus!" he said, almost in a whisper,—"for ever and ever, needing nothing, desiring nothing! lost in perfect, in absolute bliss! so peacefully glad that you do not want to know what other joy lies behind! so content, that, if you were told there was no other bliss, you would but say, 'I am the more glad; I want no other! I refuse all else! let the universe hear, and trouble me with none! This and nought else ought ever to be—on and on! to the far-away end. The very soul of me is music, and needs not the softest sound of earth to keep it alive.'"

At that moment came a sigh of the night-wind, and bore to their ears the whispered moan of the stream away in the hollow, as it broke its being into voice over the pebbly troubles of its course. It came with a swell, and a faint sigh through the pines, and they woke and answered it with yet more ethereal voice.

"Still! still!" said Vavasor, apostrophizing the river as if it were a live thing and understood him; "do not speak to me. I cannot attend even to your watery murmur. A sweeter music, born of the motions of my own spirit, fills my whole hearing. Be content with thy flowing, as I am content with my being. Would that God in the mercy of a God would make this moment eternal!"

He ceased, and was silent.

Hester could not help being thrilled by the rhythm, moved by the poetic phrase, and penetrated by the air of poetic thought that pervaded the utterance—which would doubtless indeed have entranced many a smaller woman than herself, yet was not altogether pleased. Never yet had she reached anything like a moment concerning which even in transient mood she could pray, "Let it last for ever!" Nor was the present within sight of any reason why she should not wish it to make way for a better behind it. But the show of such feeling in Vavasor, was at least the unveiling of a soul of song in him, of such a nature, such a relation to upper things that he must one day come to feel the highest, and know a bliss beyond all feeble delights of the mere human imagination. She must not be captious and contrary with the poor fellow, she thought—that would be as bad as to throw aside her poor people: he was afflicted with the same poverty that gave all the sting to theirs! To be a true woman she must help all she could help—rich or poor, nor show favour. "Thou shalt not countenance a poor man in his cause."

"I do not *quite* understand you," she said. "I can scarcely imagine the time should ever come when I should wish it, or even be content that it should last for ever."

"Have you had so little happiness?" he asked sympathetically.

"I do not mean that," she replied. "Indeed I have had a great deal—more than all but a very few, I should imagine. But I do not

think much of happiness. Perhaps that is a sign—I daresay it is—that I have not had much of what is not happiness. But no amount of happiness that I have known yet would make me wish the time to stand still. I want to be always growing—and while one is growing Time cannot stand if he would: you drag him on with you! I want, if you would like it better put in that way, to be always becoming more and more capable of happiness. Whether I have it or not, I must be and ought to be capable of it."

"Ah!" returned Vavasor, "you are as usual out of sight beyond me. You must take pity on me and carry me with you, else you will leave me miles behind, and I shall never look on you again; and what eternity would be to me without your face to look at, God only knows. There will be no punishment necessary for me but to know that there is a gulf I cannot pass between us."

"But why should it be so?" answered Hester almost tenderly. "Our fate is in our own hands. It is ours to determine the direction in which we shall go. I don't want to preach to you, dear Mr. Vavasor, but so much surely one friend may say to another! Why should not every one be reasonable enough to seek the one best thing, and then there would be no parting; whereas all the love and friendship in the world would not suffice to keep people together if they were inwardly parted by such difference as you imply."

Vavasor's heart was touched in two ways by this simple speech—first, in the best way in which it was at the moment capable of being touched; for he could not help thinking for a moment what a blessed thing it must be to feel good and have no weight upon you—as this lovely girl plainly did, and live like her in perfect fearlessness of whatever might be going to happen to you. Religion would be better than endurable in the company of such an embodiment of it! He might even qualify for some distinction in it with such a teacher!—Second, in the way of self-satisfaction; for clearly she was not disinclined to be on terms of closer intimacy with him. And as she made the advance why should he not accept, if not the help, yet the offer of the help she had *almost* made? That would and could bind him to nothing. He understood her well enough to have no slightest suspicion of any coquetry such as a fool like Cornelius would have imagined. He was nevertheless a fool, also, only of another and deeper sort. It needs brains to be a real fool!

From that night he placed himself more than ever in the position of a pupil towards her, hoping in the natural effect of the intimacy. To keep up and deepen the relation, he would go on imagining himself in this and that difficulty, such as he was never really in, or even quite knew that he was not in. He was no conscious hypocrite in the matter—only his intellect alone was concerned where he talked as if his being was. No answer he could have had would have had the smallest effect on the man Vavasor—only determined what he would say next. Hester kept trying to meet him as simply and directly as she could, although to meet these supposed difficulties she was unconsciously compelled to transform them, in order to get a hold of them at all, into something the nearest like them that she understood—still something very different from anything in Vavasor's thoughts. But what she said made no difference to him, so long as she would talk to him. And talk she did, sometimes with an affectionate fervour of whose very possibility he had had no idea. So long as she would talk, he cared not a straw whether she understood what he had said; and with all her misconception, she understood it better than he did himself. Thus her growing desire to wake in him the better life, brought herself into relations with him which had an earthly side, as everything heavenly of necessity has; for this life also is God's, and the hairs of our heads are numbered.

CHAPTER XXVII.

One afternoon when Vavasor was in his room, writing a letter to his aunt, in which he described in not too glowing terms, for he knew exaggeration would only give her a handle, the loveliness of the retreat among the hills where he was spending his holiday—when her father was in his study, her mother in her own room, and the children out of doors, a gentleman was shown in upon her as she sat alone in the drawing-room at her piano, not playing but looking over some books of old music she had found in the house. The servant apologized, saying he thought she was out. The visitor being already in the room, the glance she threw on the card the man had given her had had time to teach her little or nothing with regard to him when she advanced to receive him. The name on the card was, *Major H. G. Marvel.* She vaguely thought she had heard it, but in the suddenness of the meeting was unable to recall a single idea concerning the owner of it. She saw before her a man whose decidedly podgy figure yet bore a military air, and was not

without a certain grace of confidence. For his bearing was even *marked* by the total absence of any embarrassment, anxiety, or any even of that air of apology which one individuality seems almost to owe to another. At the same time there was not a suspicion of truculence or even repulse in his carriage. There was self-assertion, but not of the antagonistic—solely of the inviting sort. His person beamed with friendship. Notably above the middle height, the impression of his stature was reduced by a too great development of valour in the front of his person, which must always have met the enemy considerably in advance of the rest of him. On the top of rather asthmatic-looking shoulders was perched a head that looked small for the base from which it rose, and the smaller that it was an evident proof of the derivation of the word *bald,* by Chaucer spelled *balled;* it was round and smooth and shining like ivory, and the face upon it was brought by the help of the razor into as close a resemblance with the rest of the ball as possible. The said face was a pleasant one to look at—of features altogether irregular—a retreating and narrow forehead over keen gray eyes that sparkled with intelligence and fun, prominent cheek-bones, a nose thick in the base and considerably elevated at the point, a large mouth always ready to show a set of white, regular, serviceable teeth—the only regular arrangement in the whole facial economy—and a chin whose original character was rendered doubtful by its *duplicity*—physical, I mean, with no hint at the moral.

"Cousin Hester!" he said, advancing, and holding out his hand.

Mechanically she gave him hers. The voice that addressed her was at once a little husky, and very cheery; the hand that took hers was small and soft and kind and firm. A merry, friendly smile lighted up eyes and face as he spoke. Hester could not help liking him at first sight—yet felt a little shy of him. She thought she had heard her mother speak of a cousin somewhere abroad: this must be he—if indeed she did remember any such!

"You don't remember me," he said. "It would be rather too much to expect, seeing you were not in this world, wherever else you may have been, for a year or two after I left the country: and, to tell the truth, had I been asked, I should have objected to your appearance on any terms."

As this speech did not seem to carry much enlightenment with it, he went on to explain. "The fact is, my dear young lady, that I left the country because your mother and I were too much of one mind."

"Of one mind?" said Hester, bewildered.

"Ah, you don't understand!" said the Major, who was all the time standing before her with the most polite though confident bearing. "The thing, you see, was this: I liked your mother better than myself, and so did she; and without any jealousy of one another, it was not an arrangement for my happiness. I had the choice between two things, stopping at home and breaking my heart by seeing her the wife of another man, and going away, and getting over it the best way I could. So you see I must by nature be your sworn enemy, only it's of no use, for I've fallen in love with you at first sight. So now, if you will ask me to sit down, I will swear to let bygones be bygones, and be your true knight and devoted servant as long as I live. How you do remind me of your mother, only by Jove, you're twice as handsome."

"Do pray sit down, Mr. Marly——"

"Marvel, if you please," interrupted the major; "and I'm sure it's a great marvel if not a great man I am, after what I've come through! But don't you marvel at me too much, for I'm a very good sort of fellow when you know me. And if you could let me have a glass of water, with a little sherry just to take the taste off it, I should be greatly obliged to you. I have had to walk farther for the sight of you than on such a day as this I find altogether refreshing: it's as hot as the tropics, by George! But I am well repaid—even without the sherry."

As he spoke, he was wiping his round head all over with a red silk handkerchief.

"I will get it at once, and let my mother know you are here," said Hester, turning to the door.

"No, no, never mind your mother; I dare say she is busy, or lying down. She always went to lie down at this time of the day; she was never very strong you know; though I don't doubt it was quite as much to get rid of me. I shouldn't wonder if she thought me troublesome in those days. But I bear no malice now, and I hope she doesn't either. Tell her I say so. It's more than five and twenty years ago, though to me it don't seem more than so many weeks. Don't disturb your mother, my dear. But if you insist on doing so, tell her old Harry is come to see her—very much improved since she turned him about his business."

Hester told a servant to take the sherry

and the water to the drawing-room, and, much amused, ran to find her mother.

"There's the strangest gentleman down stairs, mamma, calling himself old Harry. He's having some sherry and water in the drawing-room! I never saw such an odd man!"

Her mother laughed—a pleased little laugh.

"Go to him, Hester dear, and say I shall be down directly."

"Is he really a cousin, mamma?"

"To be sure—my second cousin! He was very fond of me once."

"Oh, he has told me all about that already. He says you sent him about his business."

"If that means that I wouldn't marry him, it is true enough. But he doesn't know what I went through for always taking his part. I always stood up for him, though I never could bear him near me. He was such an odd good-natured bear! such a rough sort of creature! always saying the thing he ought not, and making everybody, ladies especially, uncomfortable! He never meant any harm, but never saw where fun should stop. You wouldn't believe the vulgar things Harry would say out of pure fun!—especially if he got hold of a very stiff old maid; he would tease her till he got her in a passion. But if she began to cry, then Harry had the worst of it, and was as penitent as any good child. I daresay he's much improved by this time."

"He told me to tell you he was. But if he is much improved—well, what he must have been! I like him though, mamma—I suppose because you liked him a little. So take care you are not too hard upon him; I am going to take him up now."

"I make over my interest in him, and have no doubt he will be pleased enough with the change, for a man can't enjoy finding an old woman where he had all the time been imagining a young one. But I must warn you, Hester, as he seems to have made a conquest of you already, that he has in the meantime been married to a black—or at least a very brown Hindoo woman."

"That's nothing to his discredit with you, mamma, I hope. Has he brought her home with him, I wonder."

"She has been dead now for some ten years. I believe he had a large fortune with her, which he has since by judicious management increased considerably. He is really a good-hearted fellow, and was kind to every one of his own relations, as long as there was one left to be kind to."

"Well, I shall go back to him, mamma, and tell him you are coming as soon as you have got your wig and your newest lace-cap on, and your cheeks rouged and pearl-powdered, to look as like the lady that would none of him as you can."

Her mother laughed merrily, and pretended to box her daughter's ears. It was not often any mood like this arose between them; for not only were they serious in heart, but from temperament, and history, and modes, and direction of thought, their ways were serious as well. Yet who may so well break out in childlike merriment as those whose life has in it no moth-eaten Mammon-pits, who have no fear, no greed, and live with a will—rising like the sun to fill the day with the work given them to do!

"Look what I have brought you, cousin," said Major Marvel, the moment Hester re-entered the room, holding out to her a small necklace. "You needn't mind taking them from an old fellow like me. It don't mean I want to marry you off-hand before I know what sort of a temper you've got. Take them."

Hester drew near, and looked at the necklace.

"Take it," said the Major again.

"How strangely beautiful it is!—all red, pear-shaped, dull, scratched-looking stones, hanging from a savage-looking gold chain! What are they, Mr. Marvel?"

"You've described it like a book!" he said. "It is a barbarous native necklace—but they are fine rubies—only rough—neither cut nor polished."

"It is beautiful," repeated Hester. "Did you really mean it for me?"

"Of course I did!"

"I will ask mamma if I may keep it."

"Where's the good of that? I hope you don't think I stole it? Though faith there's a good deal that's like stealing goes on where that comes from!—But here comes the mother!—Helen, I'm so glad to see you once more!"

Hester slipped away with the necklace in her hand, and left her mother to welcome her old admirer before she would trouble her about the offered gift. They met like trusting friends whom years had done nothing to separate, and while they were yet talking of bygone times, Mr. Raymount entered, received him cordially, and insisted on his remaining with them as long as he could; they were old friends, although rivals, and

there never had been any ground for bitterness between them. The Major agreed; Mr. Raymount sent to the station for his luggage, and showed him to a room.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

As Major Marvel, for all the rebuffs he had met with, had not yet learned to entertain the smallest doubt as to his personal acceptability, so he was on his part most catholic in his receptivity. But there were persons whom from the first glance he disliked, and then his dislike was little short of loathing. I suspect they were such as found the heel of his all but invulnerable vanity and wounded it. Not accustomed to be hurt, it resented hurt when it came the more sorely. He was in one sense, and that not a slight one, a true man: there was no discrepancy, no unfittingness between his mental conditions and the clothing in which those conditions presented themselves to others. His words, looks, manners, tones, and everything that goes to express man to man, expressed him. What he felt, that he showed. I almost think he was unaware of the possibility of doing otherwise. At the same time, he had very little insight into the feelings of others, and almost no sense of the possibility that the things he was saying might affect his listeners otherwise than they affected him. If he boasted, he meant to boast, and would scorn to look as if he did not know it was a good thing he was telling of himself: why not of himself as well as of another? He had no very ready sympathy with other people, especially in any suffering he had never himself experienced, but he was scrupulously fair in what he said or did in regard of them, and nothing was so ready to make him angry as any appearance of injustice or show of deception. He would have said that a man's first business was to take care of himself, as so many think who have not the courage to say it; and so many more who do not think it. But the Major's conduct went far to cast contempt upon his selfish opinion.

During dinner he took the greater part of the conversation upon himself, and evidently expected to be listened to. But that was nearly all he wanted. Let him talk, and hear you laugh when he was funny, and he was satisfied. He seemed to have no inordinate desire for admiration or even for approbation. He was fond of telling tales of adventure, some wonderful, some absurd, some having nothing in them but his own presence. and occasionally, while the detail was good the point for the sake of which it had been introduced would be missing; but he was just as willing to tell one, the joke of which turned against himself, as one amusing at the expense of another. Like many of his day who had spent their freshest years in India, he was full of the amusements and sports with which so much otherwise idle time is passed by Englishmen in the East, and seemed to think nothing connected with the habits of their countrymen there could fail of interest to those at home. Every now and then throughout the dinner, he would say, "Oh, that reminds me!" and then he would tell something that happened when he was at such or such a place, when So-and-So "of our regiment" was out tiger-shooting, or pig-sticking, or whatever the sport might be; "and if Mr. Raymount will take a glass of wine with me, I will tell him the story"—for he was constantly drinking wine, after the old fashion, with this or that one of the company.

When he and Vavasor were introduced to each other, he glanced at him, drew his eyebrows together, made his military bow, and included him among the listeners to his tales of exploit and adventure by sea and land.

Vavasor was annoyed at his presence—not that he much minded a little boring in such good company, or forgot that everything against another man was so much in his own favour; but he could not help thinking, "What would my aunt say to such a relative?" So while he retained the blandest expression, and was ready to drink as many glasses of wine with the new-comer as he wished, he set him down in his own mind not only as an ill-bred man and a boaster, in which there was some truth, but as a liar and a vulgar-minded man as well, in which there was little or no truth.

Now although Major Marvel had not much ordinary insight into character, the defect arose mainly from his not feeling a deep enough interest in his neighbour; and if his suspicion or dislike was roused in respect of one, he was just as likely as any other ever is to arrive at a correct judgment concerning a man he does not love.

He had been relating a thrilling adventure with a man-eating tiger. He saw, as they listened, the eyes of little Mark and Effy had almost surpassed the use of eyes and become ears as well. He saw Hester also, who was still child enough to prefer a story of adventure to a love-tale. fixed as if, but for the

way it was bound over to sobriety, her hair would have stood on end. But at one moment he caught also—surprised indeed a certain expression on the face of Vavasor, which that experienced man of the world never certainly intended to be so surprised, only at the moment he was annoyed to see the absorption of Hester's listening: she seemed to have eyes for no one but the man who shot tigers as Vavasor would have shot grouse. The Major, who upon fitting occasion and good cause, was quarrelsome as any turkey-cock, swallowed something that was neither good, nor good for food, and said, but not quite so carelessly as he intended, "Ha, ha, I see by your eyes, Mr. Passover, you think I'm drawing the long bow—drawing the arrow to the head, eh?"

"No,'pon my word!" said Vavasor earnestly; "nothing farther from my thoughts! I was only admiring the coolness of the man who would actually creep into the mouth of the—the—the jungle after a—what-you-call-him—a man-eating tiger."

"Well, you see, what was a fellow to do?" returned the Major suspiciously. "The fellow wouldn't come out! and by jove, I wasn't the only fellow that wanted him out! Besides I didn't creep in; I only looked in to see whether he was really there. That I could tell by the shining eyes of him."

"But is not a man-eating tiger a something tremendous, you know? When he once takes to that kind of diet, don't you know—they say he likes nothing else half so well! Good beef and mutton will no longer serve his turn, I've been told at the club. A man must be a very Munchausen to venture it."

"I don't know the gentleman — never heard of him," said the Major; for Vavasor had pronounced the name German-fashion, and none of the listeners recognised that of the king of liars; "but you are quite mistaken in the character of the man-eating tiger. It is true he does not care for other food after once getting a passion for the more delicate; but it does not follow that the indulgence increases either his courage or his fierceness. The fact is it ruins his moral nature. He does not get many Englishmen to eat; and it would seem as if the flesh of women and children and poor cowardly natives, he devours, took its revenge upon him by undermining and destroying his natural courage. The fact is, he is well known for a sneak. I sometimes can't help thinking the ruffian knows he is a rebel against the law of his Maker, and a traitor to his natural master. The man-eating tiger and the rogue-elephant are the devils of their kind. The others leave you alone except you attack them: then they show fight. These attack you—but run—at least the tiger, not the elephant, when you go out after him. From the top of your elephant you may catch sight of him sneaking off with his tail tucked between his legs from cover to cover of the jungle, while they are beating up his quarters to drive him out. You can never get any sport out of him. *He* will never fly at your elephant, or climb a tree, or take to the water after you! If there's a creature on earth I hate it's a coward!" concluded the Major.

Said Vavasor to himself, "The man is a coward!"

"But *why* should you hate a coward so?" asked Hester, feeling at the moment, with the vision of a man-eating tiger before her, that she must herself come under the category. "How can a poor creature made without courage help being one? You can neither learn nor buy courage!"

"I am not so sure about the learning. But such as you mean, I wouldn't call cowards," returned the Major. "Nobody thinks worse of the hare, or even the fox, for going away before the hounds. Men whose business it is to fight go away before the enemy when they have not a chance, and when it would do no good to stand and be cut down. To let yourself be killed when you ought not is to give up fighting. There is a time to run and a time to stand. But the man will run like a man and the coward like a coward."

Said Vavasor to himself, "I'll be bound you know when to run at least!"

"What can harmless creatures do but run?" resumed the Major, filling his glass with old port. "But when the wretch that has done all the hurt he could will not show fight for it, but turns tail the moment danger appears, I call him a contemptible coward. Man or beast I would set my foot on him. That's what made me go into the hole to look after the brute."

"But he might have killed you, though he was a coward," said Hester, "when you did not leave him room to run."

"Of course he might, my dear! Where else would be the fun of it? Without that the thing would be no better than this shooting of pigeons and pheasants by men that would drop their guns if a cock were to fly in their faces. You *had* to kill him, you know! He's first cousin—the man-eating, or rather woman-eating tiger, to a sort that

I understand abounds in the Zoological Gardens called English society: if the woman be poor, he devours her at once; if she be rich he marries her, and eats her slowly up at his ease in his den."

"How with the black wife!" thought Mr. Raymount, who had been little more than listening.

But Mr. Raymount did not really know anything about that part of his old friend's history: it was hardly to his discredit. The black wife, as he called her, was the daughter of an English merchant by a Hindoo wife, a young creature when first he made her acquaintance, unaware of her own power, and kept almost in slavery by the relatives of her deceased father, who had left her all his property. Major Marvel made her acquaintance and became interested in her through a devilish attempt to lay the death of her father at her door. I believe the shine of her gold had actually blinded her relatives into imagining, I can hardly say *believing* her guilty. The Major had taken her part and been of the greatest service to her. She was entirely acquitted. But although nobody believed her in the smallest degree guilty, *society* looked askance upon her. True, she was rich, but was she not black? and had she not been accused of a crime? And who saw her father and mother married? Then said the Major to himself—"Here am I a useless old fellow, living for nobody but myself! It would make one life at least happier if I took the poor thing home with me. She's rather too old, and I'm rather too young to adopt her; but I daresay she would marry me. She has a trifle I believe that would eke out my pay, and help us to live decently!" He did not know then that she had more than a very moderate income, but it turned out to be a very large fortune indeed when he came to inquire into things. That the Major rejoiced over his fortune, I do not doubt; but that he would have been other than an honourable husband had he found she had nothing, I entirely disbelieve. When she left him the widowed father of a little girl, he mourned sincerely over her. When the child followed her mother, he was for some time a sad man indeed. Then, as if her money was all he had left of her, and he must lead what was left of his life in its company, he went heartily into speculation with it, and at least doubled the fortune she brought him. He had now returned to his country to find almost everyone of his old friends dead, or so changed as to make them all but dead to him. Little as any one would have imagined it from his conversation or manner, it was with a kind of heart-despair that he sought the cousin he had loved. And scarcely had he more than seen the daughter of his old love than, in the absence of almost all other personal interest, he was immediately taken possession of by her—saw at once that she was a grand sort of creature, gracious as grand, and different from anything he had ever seen before. At the same time he unconsciously began to claim a property in her: to have loved the mother seemed to give him a right in the daughter, and that right there might be a way of making good. But all this was as yet only in the region of the feeling, not at all in that of the thinking.

In proportion as he was taken with the daughter of the house, he disliked the look of the fine-gentleman visitor that seemed to be dangling after her. Who he was, or in what capacity there, he did not know, but almost from the first sight profoundly disliked him, and the more as he saw more sign of his admiration of Hester. He might be a woman-eater, and after her money—if she had any: such suspects must be watched and followed and their haunts marked.

"But," said Hester, fearing the conversation might here take a dangerous turn, "I should like to understand the thing a little better. I am not willing to set myself down as a coward; I do not see that a woman has any right to be a coward any more than a man. Tell me, Major Marvel—when you know that a beast may have you down, and begin eating you any moment, what is it that keeps you up? What have you to fall back upon? Is it principle, or faith, or what is it?"

"Ho, ho!" said the Major, laughing, "a metaphysician in the very bosom of my family!—I had not reckoned upon that!—Well, no, my dear, I cannot exactly say that it is principle, and I am sure it is not faith. You don't think about it at all. It's partly your elephant, and partly your rifle—and partly perhaps—well, there I daresay comes in something of principle!—that as an Englishman you are sent to that benighted quarter of the world to kill their big vermin for them, poor things! But no, you don't think of that at the time. You've got to kill him—that's it. And then when he comes roaring on, your rifle jumps to your shoulder of itself."

"Do you make up your mind beforehand that if the animal should kill you, it is all right?" asked Hester.

"By no means, I give you my word of honour," answered the Major, laughing.

"Well now," answered Hester, "except I had made up my mind that if I was killed it was all right, I couldn't meet the tiger."

"But you see, my dear," said the Major, "you do not know what it is to have confidence in your eye and your rifle. It is a form of power that you soon come to feel as resting in yourself—a power to destroy the thing that opposes you!"

Hester fell a-thinking, and the talk went on without her. She never heard the end of the story, but was roused by the laughter that followed it.

"It was no tiger at all—that was the joke of the thing," said the Major. "There was a roar of laughter when the brute—a great lumbering floundering hyena, rushed into the daylight. But the barrel of my rifle was bitten together as a schoolboy does a pen—a quill-pen, I mean. They have horribly powerful jaws, those hyenas."

"And what became of the man-eater?" asked Mark, with a disappointed look.

"Stopped in the hole till it was safe to come out and go on with his delicate meals."

"Just imagine that horrible growl behind you, as if it came out of a whole mine of teeth inside!"

"By George! for a young lady," said the Major, "you have an imagination! Too much of that, you know, won't go to make you a good hunter of tigers!"

"Then you owe your coolness to want of imagination?" suggested Hester.

"Perhaps so. Perhaps, after all," returned the Major, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "we hunters are but a set of stupid fellows—too stupid to be reasonably frightened!"

"I don't mean that exactly. I think that perhaps you do not know so well as you might where your courage comes from. For my part I would rather be courageous to help the good than to destroy the bad."

"Ah, but we're not all good enough ourselves for that," said the Major, with a serious expression, and looking at her full out of his clear eyes, from which their habitual twinkle of fun had for the moment vanished. "Some of us are only fit to destroy what is yet worse than ourselves."

"To be sure we can't *make* anything," said Hester thoughtfully, "but we can help God to make. To destroy evil things is good, but the worst things can only be destroyed by being good, and that is so hard!"

"It *is* hard," said the Major—"so hard that most people never try it!" he added with a sigh, and a gulp of his wine.

Mrs. Raymount rose, and with Hester and the children withdrew. After they were gone the Major rattled on again, his host putting in a word now and then, and Vavasor sat silent, with an expression that seemed to say, "I am amused, but I don't eat all that is put on my plate."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE Major had indeed taken a strong fancy to Hester, and during the whole of his visit kept as near her as he could, much to the annoyance of Vavasor. Doubtless it was in part to keep the other from her that he himself sought her: the Major did not take to Vavasor. There was a natural repulsion between them. Vavasor thought the Major a most objectionable, indeed low fellow, full of brag and vulgarity, and the Major thought Vavasor a supercilious idiot. It is curious how differently a man's character will be read by two people in the same company, but it is not hard to explain, seeing his carriage to the individual affects only the man who is the object of it, and is seldom observed by the other; like a man, and you will judge him with more or less fairness; dislike him, fairly or unfairly, and you cannot fail to judge him unjustly. All deference and humility towards Hester and her parents, Vavasor, without ceasing for a moment to be conventionally polite, allowed Major Marvel to see unmistakably that his society was not welcome to the man who sat opposite him. Entirely ignorant each of the other's pursuits, and nearly incapable of sympathy upon any point, each would have gladly shown the other to be the fool he counted him. Only the Major, being the truer man, was able to judge the man of the world with a better gauge than he could apply in return. Each watched the other—the Major annoyed with the other's silent pretension, and disgusted with his ignorance of everything in which he took an interest, and Vavasor regarding the Major as a narrow-minded overgrown schoolboy—though, in fact, his horizon was very much wider than his own—and disgusted with the vulgarity which made even those who knew his worth a little anxious every time he opened his mouth. He did not offend very often, but one never knew when he might not. The offence never hurt, only rendered the sensitive, and others for their sakes, uncomfortable.

After breakfast the next day, they all but

Mr. Raymount went out for a little walk together.

It seemed destined to be a morning of small adventures. As they passed the gate of the Home Farm, out rushed, all of a sudden, a half-grown pig right between the well-parted legs of the Major, with the awkward consequence that he was thrown backwards, and fell into a place which, if he had had any choice, he certainly would not have chosen for the purpose. A look of keen gratification rose in Vavasor's face, but was immediately remanded: he was much too well bred to allow it to remain. With stony countenance he proceeded to offer assistance to the fallen hero, who, however, heavy as he was, did not require it, but got cleverly on his feet again with a cheerfulness which discomfited discomfiture, and showed either a sweetness or a command of temper which gave him a great lift in the estimation of Hester.

"Confound the brute!" he said, laughing. "He can't know how many of his wild relatives I have stuck, else I should set it down to revenge. What a mess he has made of me! I shall have to throw myself in the river, like a Hindoo, for purification. It's a good thing I've got some more clothes in my portmanteau."

Saffy laughed right merrily over his fall and the fun he made of it; but Mark looked concerned. He ran and pulled some grass, and proceeded to rub the Major down.

"Let us go into the farmhouse," said Mrs. Raymount. "Mrs. Stokes will give us some assistance."

"No, no," returned the Major. "Better let the mud dry, it will come off much better then. A hyena once served me the same. I didn't mind that, though all the fellows cracked their waist-bands laughing at me. Why shouldn't piggy have his fun as well as another—eh, Mark? Come along. You sha'n't have your walk spoiled by my heedlessness."

"The pig didn't mean it, sir," said Mark. "He only wanted to get out."

But there seemed to be more creatures about the place that wanted to get out. A spirit of liberty was abroad. Mark and Saffy went rushing away like wild rabbits every now and then, making a round and returning, children once more. It was one of those cooler of warm mornings that rouse all the life in heart, brain, and nerves, making every breath a pleasure, and every movement a consciousness.

They had not gone much farther, when, just as they approached the paling of a paddock, a horse which had been turned in to graze, came blundering over the fence, and would presently have been ranging the world. Unaccustomed to horses except when equipped and held ready by the hand of a groom, the ladies and children started and drew back. Vavasor also stepped a little aside, making way for the animal to follow his own will. But as he lighted from his jump, carrying with him the top bar of the fence, he stumbled, and almost fell, and while yet a little bewildered, the Major went up to him, and ere he could recover such wits as by nature belonged to him, had him by nose and ear, and leading him to the gap, made him jump in again, and replaced the bar he had knocked away.

"Mind we don't forget to mention it as we go back," he said to Mark.

"Thank you! How brave of you, Major Marvel!" said Mrs. Raymount.

The Major laughed with his usual merriment.

"If it had been the horse of the Rajah of Rumtool," he said, "I should have been brave indeed! only by this time there would have been nothing left of me to thank. A man would have needed courage to take him by the head! But a quiet good-tempered carriage-horse—none but a cockney would be frightened at him!"

With that he began, and to the awful delight of the children, told them the most amazing and indeed horrible tales about the said horse. Whether it was all true or not, I cannot tell; all I can say is that the Major only told what he had heard and believed, or had himself seen.

Vavasor, annoyed at the involuntary and natural enough nervousness he had shown, for it was nothing more, turned his annoyance on the Major, who by such an insignificant display of coolness, had gained so great an advantage over him in the eyes of the ladies, and made up his opinion that in every word he said about the horse of the Rajah of Rumtool he was romancing—and that although there had been no slightest pretence to personal prowess in the narrative. Our judgment is always too much at the mercy of our likes and dislikes. He did indeed mention himself, but only to say that once in the street of a village he saw the horse at some distance with a child in his teeth, shaking him like a terrier with a rat. He ran, he said, but was too far off. Ere he was half-way, the horse's groom, who was the only man with any power over the brute, had

come up and secured him—though too late to save the child.

They were following the course of the river, and had gradually descended from the higher grounds to the immediate banks, which here spread out into a small meadow on each side. There were not now many flowers, but Saffy was pulling stalks of feathery-headed grasses, while Mark was walking quietly along by the brink of the stream, stopping every now and then to look into it. The bank was covered with long grass hanging over, here and there a bush of rushes amongst it, and in parts was a little undermined. On the opposite side lower down was a meal-mill, and nearly opposite, a little below, was the head of the mill-lade, whose weir, turning the water into it, dammed back the river, and made it deeper here than in any other part—some seven feet at least, and that close to the shore. It was still as a lake, and looked as deep as it was. The spot was not a great way from the house, but beyond its grounds. The two ladies and two gentlemen were walking along the meadow, some distance behind the children, and a little way from the bank, when they were startled by a scream of agony from Saffy. She was running towards them shrieking, and no Mark was to be seen. All started at speed to meet her, but presently Mrs. Raymount sank on the grass. Hester would have stayed with her but she motioned her on.

Vavasor outran the Major, and reached Saffy first, but to his anxious questions—"Where is he? Where did you leave him? Where did you see him last?" she answered only by shrieking with every particle of available breath. When the Major came up, he heard enough to know that he must use his wits and lose no time in trying to draw information from a creature whom terror had made for the moment insane. He kept close to the bank, looking for some sign of the spot where he had fallen in.

He had indeed overrun the place, and was still intent on the bank when he heard a cry behind him. It was the voice of Hester, screaming "Across! Across!"

He looked across, and saw half-way over, slowly drifting towards the mill-lade, a something dark, now appearing for a little above the water, now sinking out of sight. The Major's eye, experienced in every point of contact between man and nature, saw at once it must be the body, dead or alive—only he could hardly be dead yet—of poor Mark. He threw off his coat, and plunged in, found the water deep enough for good swimming, and made in the direction of the object he had seen. But it showed so little and so seldom, that, fearing to miss it, he changed his plan, and made straight for the mouth of the mill-lade, anxious of all things to prevent him from getting down to the water-wheel.

In the meantime, Hester, followed by Vavasor, while Saffy ran to her mother, sped along the bank till she came to the weir, over which hardly any water was running. When Vavasor saw her turn sharp round and make for the weir, he would have prevented her, and laid his hand on her arm; but she turned on him with eyes that flashed, and lips which, notwithstanding her speed, were white as with the wrath that has no breath for words. He drew back and dared only follow. The footing was uncertain, with deep water on one side up to a level with the stones, and a steep descent to more deep water on the other. In one or two spots the water ran over, and those spots were slippery. But, rendered absolutely fearless by her terrible fear, Hester flew across without a slip, leaving Vavasor some little way behind, for he was neither very sure-footed nor very sure-headed.

But when they had run along the weir and landed, they were only on the slip between the lade and the river: the lade was between them and the other side—deep water therefore between them and the Major, where already he was trying to heave the unconscious form of Mark on to the bank. The poor man had not swum so far for many years, and was nearly spent.

"Bring him here," cried Vavasor. "The stream is too strong for me to get to you. It will bring you in a moment."

The Major muttered an oath, gave a great heave, got the body half on the shore, and was then just able to scramble out himself.

When Vavasor looked round, he saw Hester had left him, and was already almost at the mill. There she crossed the lade and turning ran up the other side, and was soon at the spot where the Major was doing all he could to bring back life. But there was little hope out there in the cold. Hester caught the child up in her arms.

"Come; come!" she cried, and ran with him back to the mill. The Major followed, running, panting, dripping. When they met Vavasor, he would have taken him from her, but she would not give him up.

"Go back to my mother," she said. "Tell her we have got him, and he is at the mill. Then go and tell my father, and ask him to send for the doctor."

Vavasor obeyed, feeling again a little

TO THE SETTING SUN.

By the Rev. E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

AFTER a day of cloud, long-absent friend,
Thy glory spreadeth in the west
And thou appearest with rejoicing face,—
Descending slowly to thy rest,
Whilst tender streaks divide the sky,
That linger long and pass away
As if it were a pain to die;—
Last words of thine, which dying say,
Thou art to others bringing morn,
Art risen, where a day is born:
Words, that new words to me have given
To bring beside a grave I love,
And with them end some lines above
This starless night. "Not dead, but risen."

small. But Hester had never thought that he might have acted at all differently; she never recalled even that he had tried to prevent her from crossing to the Major's help. She thought only of Mark and her mother.

In a few minutes they had him in the miller's blankets, with hot water about him, while the Major, who knew well what ought to be done, for he had been tried in almost every emergency under the sun, went through the various movements of the arms prescribed; inflated the chest again and again with his own breath, and did all he could to bring back the action of the breathing muscles.

Vavasor took upon him to assure Mrs. Raymount that Mark was safe and would be all right in a little while. She rose then, and with what help Saffy could give her, managed to walk home. But after that day she never was so well again. Vavasor ran on to the house. Mr. Raymount crossed the river by the bridge, and was soon on the spot—just as the first signs of returning animation appeared. His strength and coolness were a great comfort both to Hester and the Major. The latter was the more anxious that he knew the danger of such a shock to a delicate child. After about half-an-hour, the boy opened his eyes, looked at his father, smiled in his own heavenly way, and closed them again with a deep sigh. They covered him up warm, and left him to sleep till the doctor should appear.

That same night, as Hester was sitting beside him, she heard him talking in his sleep:

"When may I go and play with the rest by the river? Oh, how sweetly it talks! it runs all through me and through me! It was such a nice way, God, of fetching me home! I rode home on a water-horse!"

He thought he was dead; that God had sent for him home; that he was now safe, only tired. It sent a pang to the heart of Hester. What if after all he was going to leave them! For the child had always seemed fitter for Home than being thus abroad, and any day he might be sent for!

He recovered by degrees, but seemed very sleepy and tired; and when, two days after, he was taken home he only begged to go to bed. But he never fretted or complained, received every attention with a smile, and told his mother not to mind, for he was not going away yet. He had been told that under the water, he said.

Before winter, he was able to go about the house, and was reading all his favourite books over again, especially the Pilgrim's Progress, which he had already read through five times.

The Major left Yrndale the next morning, saying now there was Mark to attend to, his room was better than his company. Vavasor would stay a day or two longer, he said, much relieved. He could not go until he saw Mark fairly started on the way of recovery.

But in reality the Major went because he could no longer endure the sight of "that idiot," as he called Vavasor, and with design against him fermenting in his heart.

"The poltroon!" he said. "A fellow like that to marry a girl like Cousin Helen's girl! A grand creature, by George! The grandest creature I ever saw in my life! Why, rather than wet his clothes the sneak would have let us both drown after I had got him to the bank! Calling to me to go to *him*, when I had done my best, and was at the last gasp!"

He was not fair to Vavasor; he never asked if he could swim. But indeed Vavasor could swim, well enough, only he did not see the necessity for it. He did not love his neighbour enough to grasp the facts of the case. And after all he could and did do without him!

The Major hurried to London, assured he had but to inquire to find out enough and more than enough to his discredit, of the fellow.

He told them to tell Mark he was gone to fetch tiger-skins and a little idol with diamond eyes, and a lot of queer things that he had brought home; and he would tell him all about them, and let him have any of them he liked to keep for his own, as soon as he was well again. So he must make haste, for the moth would get at them if they were long lying about and not seen to.

He told Mr. Raymount that he had no end of business to look after; but now he knew the way to Yrndale, he might be back any day. As soon as Mark was well enough to be handed over to a male nurse he would come directly. He told Mrs. Raymount that he had got some pearls for her—he knew she was fond of pearls—and was going to fetch them.

For Hester he made her promise to write to him at the Army and Navy Club every day till Mark was well. And so he departed, much blessed of all the family for saving the life of their precious boy.

The Major when he reached London hunted up some of his old friends, and through them sent out inquiry concerning

Vavasor. He learned then some few things about him—nothing very bad as things went where everything was more or less bad, and nothing to his special credit. That he was heir to an earldom he liked least of all, for he was only the more likely to marry his beautiful cousin, and her he thought a great deal too good for him—which was truer than he knew.

Vavasor was relieved to find that Hester, while full of gratitude to the Major, had no unfavourable impression concerning his own behaviour in the sad affair. As the days went on, however, and when he expected enthusiasm to have been toned down, he was annoyed to find that she was just as little impressed with the objectionable character of the man who by his unselfish decision, he called it his good luck, had got the start of him in rendering the family service. To himself he styled him "a beastly fellow, a lying braggart, a disgustingly vulgar, ill-bred rascal." He would have called him an army-cad, only the word *cad* was not then invented. If there were any more such relations likely to turn up, the sooner he cut the connection the better! But that Hester should not be shocked with him was almost more than he could bear: that was shocking indeed! He could not understand that as to the pure all things are pure, so the common mind sees far more vulgarity in others than the mind developed in genuine refinement. It understands, therefore forgives, nor finds it hard. Hester was able to look deeper than he, and she saw much that was good and honourable in the man, however he might have the bridle of his tongue too loose for safe riding in the crowded paths of society. Vavasor took care, however, after hearing the first words of defence which some remark of his brought from Hester, not to go farther, and turned the thing he had said aside: where was the use of quarrelling about a man he was never likely to set eyes on again?

A day or two before the natural end of his visit, as Mrs. Raymount, Hester, and he were sitting together in the old-fashioned garden, the letters were brought them—one for Vavasor, with a great black seal. He read it through, and said, quietly:—

"I am sorry I must leave you to-morrow. Or is there not a train to-night? But I dare say it does not matter, only I ought to be present at the funeral of my uncle, Lord Gartley. He died yesterday, from what I can make out. It is a tiresome thing to succeed to a title with hardly property enough to pay the servants!"

"Very tiresome," assented Mrs. Raymount; "but a title is not like an illness. If you can live without, you can live with one."

"True; very true! But society, you see. There's so much expected of a man in my position!—What do you think, Miss Raymount?" he asked, turning towards her with a look that seemed to say whatever she thought would always be law to him.

"I think with mamma," replied Hester. "I do not see why a mere name should have any power to alter one's mode of life. Of course if the change brings new duties, they must be attended to; but if the property be so small as you say, it cannot want much looking after. To be sure there are the people upon it, but they cannot be many. Why should you not go on as you are?"

"I must go a good deal by what my aunt thinks best. She has a sort of right, you see. All her life her one fixed idea, knowing I was likely to succeed, has been the rehabilitation of the earldom, and all her life she has been saving for that."

"Then she is going to make you her heir?" said Hester, who, having been asked her opinion, simply desired the grounds on which to give it.

"My dear Hester!" said her mother.

"I am only too much delighted Miss Raymount should care to ask me *any*thing," said Vavasor. "My aunt does mean to make me her heir, I believe, but one must not depend upon that, because, if I were to displease her, she might change her mind any moment. But she has been like a mother to me, and I do not think, for any small provocation such as I am likely to give her, she would yield the dream of her life. She is a kind-hearted woman, though a little peculiar;—true as steel where she takes a fancy. I wish you knew my aunt, Mrs. Raymount."

"I should be much pleased to know her."

"She would be delighted with this lovely place of yours. It is a perfect paradise. I feel its loveliness the more that I am so soon to hear its gates close behind me. Happily there is no flaming sword to mount guard against the expelled!"

"You must bring your aunt some time, Mr. Vavasor. We should make her very welcome," said Mrs. Raymount.

"Unfortunately, with all her good qualities, my aunt, as I have said, is a little peculiar. For one thing she shrinks from making new acquaintances."

He should have said—any acquaintances out of her own world. All others, so far as

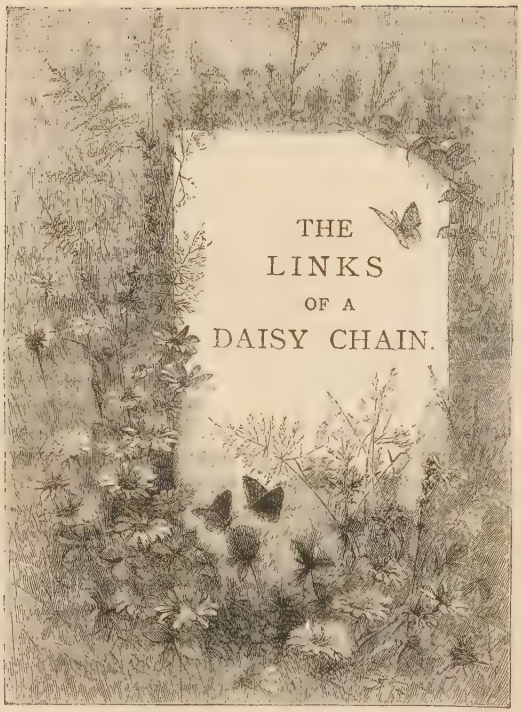
she was concerned, existed only on the sufferance of remoteness.

But by this time Vavasor had resolved to make an attempt to gain his aunt, and so Hester. He felt sure his aunt could not fail to be taken with Hester if only she saw her in fit surroundings: with her the frame was more than half the picture. He was glad now that she had not consented to call on the family in Addison Square: they would be of so much more importance in her eyes in the setting of Yrndale. He had himself also the advantage of being now of greater importance, the title being no longer in prospect but in possession: he was that Earl of Gartley for whom she had been saving all the time he was merely the heir, who might die, or be kept waiting twenty years for the succession. She must either be of one mind with him now, or lose the cherished purpose of so many years. If he stood out, seeming to prefer poverty and the woman of his choice, she would be compelled to give in.

That same evening he left them in high spirits, and without any pretence of decent regret for the death of one whom he had never seen, and who had for many years lived the life of an invalid and a poor man—neither of much account in his world. He left behind him one child—a lovely but delicate girl, of whom no one seemed to think in the change that had arrived.

It would be untrue to say that Hester was not interested in the news. They had been so much thrown together of late, and in circumstances so favourable to intimacy, to the manifestation of what of lovable was in him, and to the revelation of how much her image possessed him, that she could hardly have been a woman at all and not care for what might befall him. Neither, although her life lay, and she felt that it lay, in far other regions, was she so much more than her mother absorbed in the best, as to be indifferent to the pleasure of wearing a distinguished historical name, or of occupying an exalted position in the eyes of the world. Her nature was not yet so thoroughly possessed with the things that *are* as distinguished from the things that only appear, as not to feel some pleasure in being a countess of this world, while waiting the inheritance of the saints in light. Of course this was just as far unworthy of her as it is unworthy of any one who has seen the hid treasure not to have sold all that he has to buy it—not to have counted, with Paul, everything but dross to the winning of Christ—not even worth being picked up on the way as he presses towards the mark of the high calling; but I must say this for her, that she thought of it first of all as a buttressing help to the labours, which, come what might, it remained her chief hope to follow again among her poor friends in London. To be a countess would make many things easier for her, she thought. Little she knew how immeasurably more difficult it would make it to do anything whatever worth doing!—that, at the very first, she would have to fight for freedom—her own—with hidden crafts of slavery, especially mighty in a region more than any other under the influences of the prince of the power of the air! She had the foolish notion that, thus uplifted among the shows of rule, she would be able with more than mere personal help to affect the load of injustice laid upon them from without, and pressing them earthwards. She had learned but not yet sufficiently learned that, until a man has begun to throw off the weights that hold him down, it is a wrong done him to attempt to lighten those weights. Why seek a better situation for the man whose increase of wages will only go into the pocket of the brewer or distiller? While the tree is evil, its fruit will be evil.

So again the days passed quietly on. Mark grew a little better. Hester wrote regularly, but the briefest bulletins, to the Major, seldom receiving an acknowledgment. The new earl wrote that he had been to the funeral, and described in a would-be humorous way the house and lands to which he had fallen heir. The house might, he said, with unlimited money, be made fit to live in, but what was left of the estate was literally a mere savage mountain.



A Flower Sermon.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

AMID these clustered flowers, whose varied raiment puts to shame the costliest products of man's loom and needle, and whose sweet perfumes are an ever-ascending incense kindled by the sunbeams and needing no earthly fire, we may dispense with a formal "text."

Or rather, we will follow the example of Our Lord, who took for a text the "Lilies of the field," and showed them to be, as St. Paul says of the tabernacle, its ornaments and ritual, types, tokens and shadows of things heavenly.

As we are living in England, and not in Palestine, the "Daisies of the field" must take the place of the "lilies," *i.e.* anemones, which blossomed on the ground trodden by the feet of their incarnate Maker, and so we will make the Daisy our text this day.

Wordsworth, speaking of Peter Bell, a pedlar, says :—

> "A primrose on the river brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

The eye can only see that which it has the capability of seeing. Every one of us must remember, with some amount of humiliation, that innumerable wonders may exist before our eyes and yet that we have never seen them until they were pointed out to us.

In the course of his life the pedlar had travelled England and Scotland, from the shores of Cornwall and the frowning Cheviots to Ayr and Aberdeen. Sea-shore, inland road, and country lane were alike familiar to him.

> "He roved among the dales and streams,
> In the green wood and hollow dell."

But for him Nature had no voice.

The flowers were blossoming upon the roads which he travelled, and might have enlivened his journey, but to him they had no real existence, and for aught that he knew, they might have been so many clods or stones.

Now, we will suppose that a little child passes over the same ground, and comes upon the flowers. He is enchanted with them, and they seem to him like fairy land. To a child, flowers are but pretty toys. He plucks as many as he can gather, and then sits down to play with them.

Some of the daisies he links into chains and hangs them round his neck. Others he ties up in bunches, and others he sets in the ground, making a fictitious garden with them. Others again, he pulls to pieces, in the sheer wantonness of childhood, and after a while, finding that the flowers are drooping, he becomes tired of them, flings them away, and thinks no more about them.

Now there comes a professional gardener. He is learned in his own way, pedantic, full of strange "names" and modern instances, formal, conscientious, and self-complacent.

He sees the daisy by the roadside, and passes by over it as something far too despicable to have the honour of his notice. In his eyes it is a weed which must be exterminated whenever it shows itself in his garden. Daisies and primroses are to his mind all very well for children's toys, and he leaves them to the children.

Next comes a botanist.

He is exactly the converse of the florist. He despises artificially developed flowers or fruit, and only cares for them as they grow naturally, unaffected by human interference.

He studies the structure of the plants, he generalises and reduces them to system. Suppose that the daisy and primrose were new plants, and that the botanist happened to pass near them. His practised eye would at once detect them, and he would sit down to study them.

Like the child, he would pull them to pieces, but the same act would have a widely different aspect. The child destroys the flower from mere wantonness and thinks no more of it, but the botanist takes its different parts reverently asunder for the purpose of learning the mysteries which lie hidden within it.

Peter Bell would see no distinction in the botanist and the child, and with the contempt that is born of ignorance, would despise the man of science as no better than a baby. It would be even impossible to explain to him the vast difference between the child and the man, because his uncultivated mind would be as incapable of receiving such ideas as a bare rock would be incapable of nourishing the flowers which he derides.

Now comes the physiologist, who takes up the study of the flower where the botanist has left it.

He analyzes the intimate structure of the flower. By the aid of the microscope, he discovers the wonderful system of cells and tissues which enable the daisy to hold up its head on so slender a stem, to yield to the fiercest blast and raise itself again as soon as the storm has passed.

He tries to discover, but as yet has not succeeded, the mechanism by which the daisy closes its flowers in the evening and opens them in the morning. In the animal world he naturally looks for sinews and muscles, but among vegetables there is neither nerve nor muscle, and yet there is movement precisely similar to that of many beings which are acknowledged to be animals.

The spectroscope reveals the character of the juices that circulate through the plant, and give one colour to the leaves, another to the petals, and another to the yellow flowers that cluster together in the centre of the flower, and constitute the "eye" of the daisy.

Chemistry goes still farther, and resolves the entire structure into its constituent elements.

But the physiologist goes deeper still into his subject. He knows that if the daisy were nurtured in the dark, the leaves would not be green, the petals white tipped with pink, and the florets yellow, but that the whole of the plant would be of a dull, sickly white.

If, when the flower dies, it is allowed to lie in the sunbeams, it is speedily "bleached," as we call the process. In other words, the sun gave the colours for the use of the plant as long as it lived, and when it died, the sun took its colours back again. The sun's rays are needed in order to give the plant its beauty. In the morning the daisy responds to the earliest sunbeams by opening its petals to receive them, and in the evening it closes its petals until the sun shall again rise.

Every ray of light that falls upon the daisy, that gives green to its leaves and tinges its flowers with golden, yellow, white, and pink, has been shot from the sun, and binds together the flower and the sun. Within the last few months it has been discovered that a ray of light can act the part of an electric wire, and that audible sounds can be transmitted by it. Now let us bear in mind that as the countless stars which stud the sky are all of them suns, and that some of their rays must fall upon the daisy, it is evident that the daisy is linked by each ray not only to our own solar system, but to the suns of a universe too vast to be comprehended by any human intellect.

The physiologist, too, knows how the animal and vegetable worlds are so linked together that the present vegetables and present animals could hardly exist if either were deprived of the other. He knows that animals breathe atmospheric air, deprive it of its oxygen, and transmute it into carbonic acid gas, which is a deadly poison to animal life.

He also knows that plants breathe carbonic acid gas and transmute it back again into oxygen for the use of animals. He knows that not a breath which is exhaled from his lungs is wasted, but is immediately inhaled by the countless mouths of the plants, and converted from a deadly poison into a necessary of life.

Here then is another link of the Daisy Chain, the flower being intimately connected with man by the mutual interchange of breath.

Again, the physiologist regards with ceaseless wonder the chemistry which draws the stem, the leaves, the flowers and seeds from the earth, employing as its only visible means the tiny white rootlets that look like mere

structureless threads. Even the microscope and spectroscope give no help to him in unveiling this mystery, and he is obliged to acknowledge that the "ways of the Lord are past finding out."

Yet one more step. Hitherto we have been restricted to matter, but there are some who are not content with matter, but deal with substance, *i.e.* the mysterious essence which underlies (*sub-stans*) matter, and makes it to be what it is.

For example, within a square foot of the same soil we may see grass-blades, daisy, primrose, and nettle.

They exist under precisely similar conditions, they are nourished by the same soil, they are watered by the same rain and dew, they breathe the same air, and are warmed by the same sun. To all external appearance, their root-fibrils are alike, and yet the invisible and intangible essence within the plants causes the fibrils to extract from the soil the long, parallel fibres of the grass blades and the flinty coating that strengthens their stems, the venom-bearing stings of the nettle, the soft, pale yellow petals of the primrose, and the radiating blossoms of the daisy.

Here, then, the daisy forms a link between the seen and the unseen world, that of which our senses can take cognisance, and that which, although our senses cannot discern it, our reason tells us must exist.

Lastly, we have one who recognises this mystery of all living things, who feels in himself, too, the fact that man does not possess a spirit, but is a spirit, and temporarily possesses a material body which brings him into connection with the material world in which he is temporarily placed by God's providence. He knows that as regards his spirit, he lives in the spirit world, just as regards his body he lives in the material world.

And this is the last link in the chain of wonder and mystery of this little flower of the field, its link with the spirit world and God.

How wonderful is the world in which we live, provided that our eyes are open to its wonders; and how reverently should we contemplate the meanest flower that our common Creator has taken the trouble of fashioning in such marvellous perfection! In a few hours these treasures of floral beauty will be dispensed to delight the eyes and gladden the hearts of those who are smitten with affliction. Let us hope that some, at least, of us may for the future look upon every flower with different eyes, and when we see even the humble daisy, may we see in it a link of the mystic chain that binds heaven to earth, and connects the world of temporal matter with that of eternal spirit.

CHARLES DARWIN.

By HENRY C. EWART.

ON the last Wednesday in April Westminster Abbey received the mortal remains of a man whose name is likely in a special manner to distinguish this age for future students of science. As certainly as Sir Isaac Newton made an era in the history of astronomy, so also will the Darwinian era hereafter be a familiar phrase to students of the history of creation. It was only natural therefore that on the Sunday following the funeral, the life, the character, and the theories of Charles Darwin should furnish topics for many pulpit discourses. So far as we have observed, the general tone of these discourses was one of hearty appreciation, of profound respect, and of gratitude for all light thrown upon the works of God.

Now occurrences of this kind have not been very common in the history of the Church. Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, and others were denounced both in life and death as adversaries of the faith. Sir Isaac Newton was, indeed, buried with honour in the grand old abbey where Charles Darwin now lies. But on the departure of the former from this world there was no such chorus of mingled gratitude and sorrow as that which has celebrated the funeral of his successor. It is something new in the history of religion to make the achievements of a man of science so conspicuous a topic of pulpit discourse; and it is still more new to find great discoveries welcomed without fear and discussed with large-hearted tolerance. If it is gratifying to the students of science to mark the growing appreciation of their work by ministers of religion, it ought also to be satisfactory to all true followers of Christ to know that the spirit of their divine Master is better understood than it used to be. St. Paul, in one of the passages which show most conspicuously the spirit of the Master working in his own, commends to the attention of his disciples "whatsoever things are true." This

exhortation has been remarkably followed, at least recently, by Christian teachers in dealing with the works of men like Mr. Darwin. There is no cause for fear in this. On the contrary, the existing relations of religion and science prove as much the revival of the one as the progress of the other.

But we should be doing wrong to the great man now gone if we supposed that the only reason for the emotions aroused by his death was the loss occasioned to the ranks of scientific discovery. His manhood was more than his knowledge, his character far more precious than his achievements. It must be admitted that certain of his speculations did, when first announced, excite considerable alarm. We are also aware, of course, that down to the present moment there is a very great difference of opinion amongst religious teachers as to the bearing of his theories upon the truths of revelation. But the attitude of his mind was always so reverent, his language was always so modest, his sincerity and straightforwardness so evident, that these qualities did much to attract the sympathy even of opponents. And as the quiet laborious dignity of an unostentatious life little by little became recognised in the world at large, the character of the man did as much, perhaps, to command a respectful hearing, as the most telling of his arguments.

His life was a simple one, and the records of its external changes may be compressed into a few words. Born at Shrewsbury in 1809, a grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, and also on his mother's side of Josiah Wedgwood, he went to Edinburgh University at the age of sixteen, and proceeded thence to Christ College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1831. In December of the latter year he set out on his remarkable voyage in the *Beagle*, his account of which is still the most popular of all his works. Those who study that book, "The Voyage of a Naturalist in H.M.S. *Beagle*," now, will find in it hints and germs of almost all his later ideas. A circumstance that occurred in the course of this voyage illustrates the candour of the man, and the readiness with which he could acknowledge a mistake. Off the coast of Patagonia he had a discussion with a young doctor who maintained the power of Christianity to elevate and refine the rudest of races. Mr. Darwin, on the other hand, instanced the Patagonians as a tribe so hopelessly low that missions to them were only labour and money thrown away. Some years afterwards a friend sent to him a report of the Patagonian mission, showing the results that had already been achieved. Mr. Darwin was so struck by the facts set before him that he at once acknowledged his former mistake, and wrote to the secretary of the mission, congratulating him on the success of the work, and sending a contribution for its support. On his return to England, Mr. Darwin spent two or three years in compiling the results of the voyage. He married in 1839, and from that period to the time of his death resided quietly on a little estate at Down, near Beckenham, where the labours that have enlightened the world were carried on.

One of the favourite topics of the late Thomas Carlyle was the supreme virtue of silence. It must be owned, however, that he celebrated this virtue in a noisy sort of way that went far to discredit his encomium. Silence, so far as it is a virtue at all, is surely one to be practised, rather than to be preached about. Undoubtedly, so far as silence represents quiet self-control, patient unostentatious labour, uncomplaining submission to the will of God, it is a virtue. But this virtue, we venture to say, was far more clearly manifested in the life of Charles Darwin than in that of Thomas Carlyle. In fact it is the reticence, the unostentatiousness, the repose of his great career that makes his example so salutary to this advertising age. The glaring placards, which now make the walls of London hideous, are only one symptom of the self-assertion and obtrusiveness, and scramble for notoriety, that make modern life a chronic fever. The prophetic exhortation, "in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," has no chance of reaching the wearied brains and fretful hearts of a generation clamouring one against another for notoriety. Yet not only is happiness impossible on such a method; no great and lasting work can ever be accomplished in such an atmosphere. What a contrast to advertising orators and writers, to attitudinising statesmen and popularity-hunting preachers, have we in Mr. Darwin's patient, unostentatious, secluded labours during the life of a generation! That his name and fame became public property is of course true. But it is equally true that the smallest amount of publicity consistent with putting the age in possession of his views, was always what pleased him best.

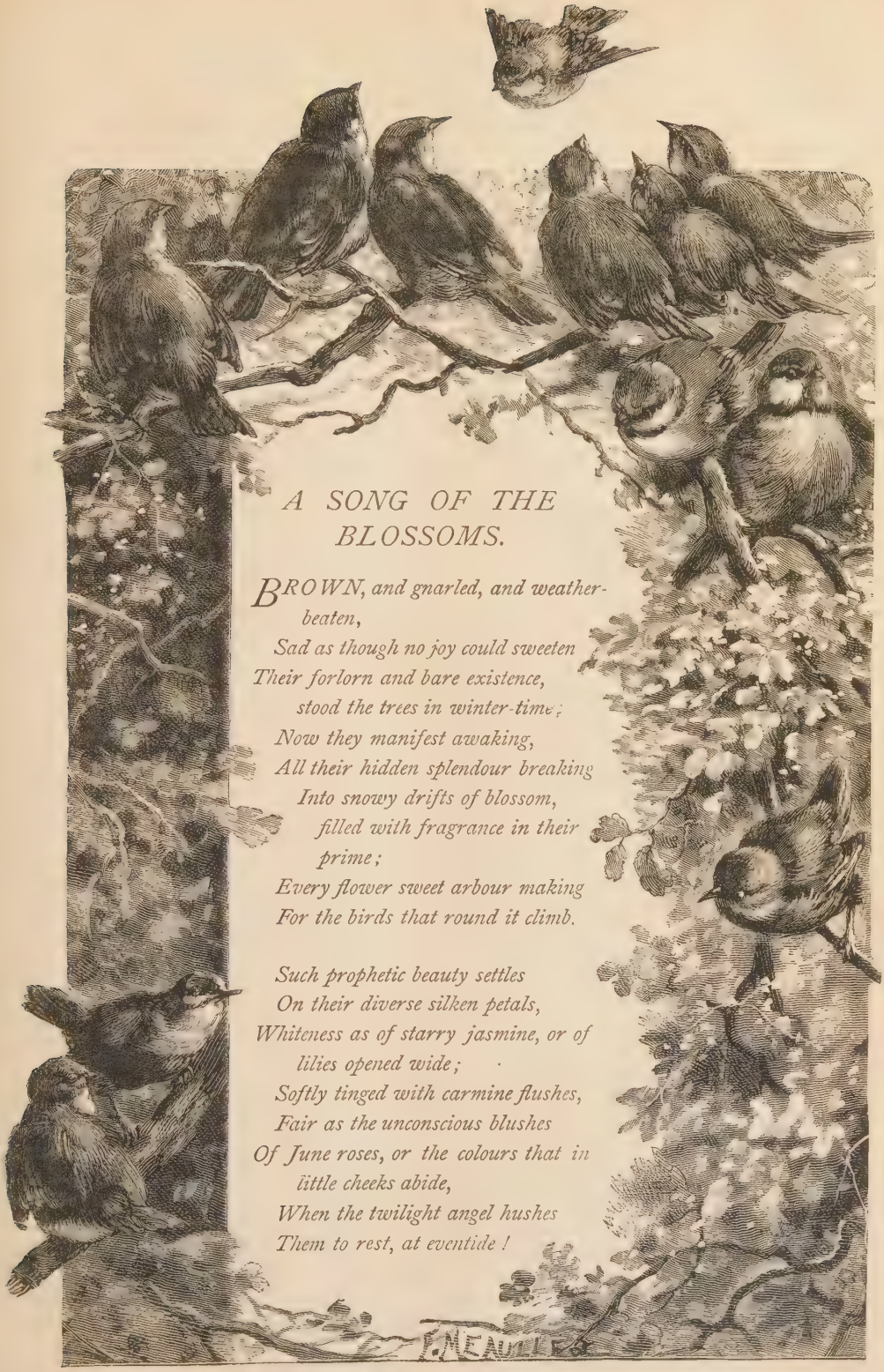
Another feature of his character, and one clearly connected with this unostentatious modesty, was his limpid simplicity of nature. This is a quality rare even amongst the truly great. Men of knowledge, of genius, of

political power, are generally far too self-conscious for simplicity. When busy in the great world's life, the multitude of their own activities bewilders them. They become conscious of many little inconsistencies between one part of their activities and another. These inconsistencies they either endeavour to explain away or to ignore; and the result in either case is adverse to simplicity. But the life deliberately chosen by Darwin had no such temptations; nor had he any aims to distract or obscure the singleness of eye with which he ever looked to the discovery of truth. To say that he was without ambition would be untrue. But his ambition was a grand one, an aspiration to enlarge the bounds of clear knowledge. Of ambition for himself, anxiety for distinction or applause, he had far less than any alderman or common-councilman, or even than any little shopkeeper who belongs to a vestry. The joy of discovery was to him so supreme, that no desire of distinction ever had a chance of rivalling it.

After what has been said it is needless to enlarge upon his love of truth. But that love of truth was far removed from the mere conceit of novelty, such as is often mistaken for it. Many an impatient boy, fretted by the warnings of experienced elders, justifies himself for flying in the face of authority by a pretended love of truth. The fact is, that in the fumes of his heated brain truth and falsehood are indistinguishable. Darwin's idea of truth was clearly established fact, illumined by the intellectual ideas of order and law; and he was aware that fact is never to be ascertained without devoted labour and patience. In patience as in grandeur of generalisation he was comparable to Sir Isaac Newton. His notion of "creation by law"—for this phrase of the Duke of Argyll's is really the best description of his theory about species—occurred to him during the voyage of the *Beagle*. But it was not until twenty-three years after his return that he published his views. During all that time, nearly a quarter of a century, he was diligently and patiently accumulating the innumerable observations which he believed to justify his conclusion. What a lesson is here for sciolists! How many young men of twenty to twenty-five are ready to propound at debating societies startling theories of the universe snatched from a few superficial columns in a popular periodical! It would be a salutary subject of reflection for them to remember that Darwin's theory of species was elaborated during a period as long as their lifetime, after he had previously gathered an amount of knowledge in which their little ideas would be drowned.

Such patience as Darwin's is always accompanied by thoroughness of work. What that thoroughness was is not so readily gathered from his most famous book as from his treatise on the Movements of Plants and from that on the Fertilisation of Orchids. Those ignorant of the process of scientific discovery can have no notion of the minute observations and prolonged perseverance therein needed to establish even a common scientific reputation. But ideas such as Darwin's are based upon labours the very thought of which is enough to make one's brain reel. Microscopic movements of microscopic filaments have had to be watched almost day and night for weeks and months. The labours of earthworms have had to be observed and recorded during a quarter of a century. The association of particular insects with particular flowers has had to be noted season after season. It is on such noble drudgery that fruitful suggestions are founded which drop from the lips like the inspiration of the moment. In New Zealand, year after year, the colonists were compelled to import clover seed. The plant grew abundantly, but it was never fertilised. "Import humble-bees," said Darwin. This was done and, since the insects were fairly established, New Zealand clover is as regularly fertilised as that of the mother country. Mr. Darwin's whole life has been devoted to the finding out of the ways of the Creator: the means used by God.

Is there not a vital truth in the old saying, "Laborare est orare"—"To labour is to pray?" But then this is not true of all labour; not of fretful, nor fussy, nor mercenary work. It is only true of labour offered as a sacrifice to the Lord of all, labour that seeks the glory of God in the good of mankind. Perhaps we need not wait to be sure of a man's detailed creed before we acknowledge his labour to be of this high type. Where reverence is, and patience, and self-denial; where all private ends are subordinated to the one desire of making God's universe more intelligible to wondering eyes, there need be no hesitation in recognising the life's work of a scientific man as a sacred ministry in the one temple "that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."



A SONG OF THE BLOSSOMS.

BROWN, and gnarled, and weather-beaten,
Sad as though no joy could sweeten
Their forlorn and bare existence,
stood the trees in winter-time;
Now they manifest awaking,
All their hidden splendour breaking
Into snowy drifts of blossom,
filled with fragrance in their prime;
Every flower sweet arbour making
For the birds that round it climb.

Such prophetic beauty settles
On their diverse silken petals,
Whiteness as of starry jasmine, or of lilies opened wide;
Softly tinged with carmine flushes,
Fair as the unconscious blushes
Of June roses, or the colours that in little cheeks abide,
When the twilight angel hushes
Them to rest, at eventide!

So, rich blossom and fruition,
Hid from our slow recognition,
In the marred and leafless branches of God's human trees may wait;
Till His spring shall end their sighing,
And His touch, upon them lying,
Shall unfold the beauty, hidden in the winter desolate—
Where the flowers bloom on undying,
And the crooked things are straight. MARY ROWLES.

HEREDITARY TRANSMISSIONS.

By the Rev. JAMES McGREGOR, D.D. (St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh).

"I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."—Exod. xx. 5.

"WHAT have I to do with posterity? What has posterity done for me?" These are words which we have often heard in good-natured banter from men who have been pressed to give for some object whose recommendation was that it would do good to future generations. But duly pondered on it is a grim jest. We who are now living, we who have to do with the hard and stern facts of this hard and stern world, were, not very long ago, that very unsubstantial thing known as future generations. But there is very little unsubstantial about us now. It is all solid reality. Our place and duty here on earth and the grave to which we go; our hopes, our fears, our labours and struggles, our successes and reverses, our sins and sufferings, our good and evil, our past, our present, our future—these are all realities, and to some of us very terrible realities, which were to a great extent determined for us before we were born. Past generations had a great deal to do with what we are and where we are to-day. Had men and women long dead, whose very names we do not know, been other than they were, it would have been far better or far worse for us.

As past generations made us, so we are forming the age that is to be. As their sins have been visited on us, so surely shall our sins be visited on those who are to follow us. This is the great and awful and yet the wise and beneficent law of the economy under which we live. It has been ordained by the Author of Nature that every human being who is born into this world, the lowest as well as the highest, shall bring with him one tremendous dowry, of which he cannot divest himself, which he must use for good or evil until he ceases to be—the power of influence over others.

To one illustration of this great truth I shall confine myself.

One of the most startling convictions which early force themselves upon the student of human nature, and which grow in intensity as his observation widens, is the extraordinary extent to which life and actions are modified by what is known as the law of hereditary transmissions. Briefly and simply expressed, that law is this, that alike in his physical, his mental, and his moral nature, the child takes after not only his immediate but his more remote progenitors. He is what they have made him. Perhaps nine-tenths, certainly more than half, of what he carries with him to the grave he brought with him to the cradle. Not merely along the great lines of his constitution, but down even to tricks of gait and gesture and manner, he takes after those who went before him. To an extent far beyond what we have any conception of, both the good and the evil that are in him came to him as an original inheritance; the good to be improved and increased, the evil to be lessened and conquered; but a mingled web of good or evil his life shall be till all ends here.

This is the great mystery of birth, the mystery of the little child. Truest and sweetest type of innocence, what enormous capabilities of blessedness or misery are already slumbering in that soft heaving breast! I seldom look upon a little child without a feeling akin to awe; and I wonder what on this and on the other side the story of that child will be.

That law of the hereditary transmission of qualities is universal throughout animated nature, and stretches back in its operation through immemorial time to the period when the fiat went forth:—"And God said, Let the

earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind : and it was so." It is part of the scheme of nature that within certain limits the improved qualities of the individual are so far transmissible to the offspring and give them a higher starting ground, so to speak, than their fathers had in the race of life. But for this the human race would have been to a great extent stationary, and the amelioration of human manners, the improvement of human character, and the general march of civilisation would have been much slower than even they have been. It is a most merciful provision that a healthy physical nature, whose soundness the parent has done his best to conserve and to improve by strict attention to temperance and the general laws of health, and the habits of moral purity and self-control which he has made it the object of his life to acquire, can be transmitted so far as an inheritance to those who come after him, to be a stock of health and of happiness to them and to generations yet unborn. We cannot doubt that that is partly the Divine meaning of this mysterious, subtle, and powerful law of hereditary transmission. We cannot doubt that it was meant by its Divine ordainer to be one of the most powerful factors in the happiness, the progress, and the general welfare of mankind.

But can you tell me of any beneficent law of God which man cannot or has not transmuted from a blessing to a curse? And so there is a dark and ominous and dreadful side to this beneficent law. It does not stay to pick out the good influences in man and to hand them down from generation to generation, passing by the evil, and leaving them to die. Like all laws it is inexorable, and acts on what it finds, taking up the evil as well as the good, making the wickedness of one man the curse of thousands, and visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. The law does not stop because human misery is involved in its operation. No law or principle of nature does. Winds and waves, gravity and electricity, famine and pestilence, all are deaf to the cry of suffering men. Nature is as kindly to the weeds as to the corn.

Before the operations of this law in the transmission of evil, of physical disease, of mental disease, of moral disease, oftentimes of life-long bodily torture, and, far worse by many times, of almost unconquerable proclivities to evil, I simply stand in awe, dumb with mingled horror and amazement. I look back over an active life of more than a quarter of a century brought into incessant contact with human sin and with human suffering, and I deliberately declare that the most hideous spectacles of pain and degradation I have ever witnessed could in my opinion be traced back to hereditary influence. The physical aspect of the case is dark enough. That a poor innocent child should be born into the world with a constitution laden with disease, the life before it one prolonged pain till death comes with its merciful release, seems dreadful enough; but when an innocent child comes into the world handicapped in every way for the race of life, not only enfeebled in constitution, but enfeebled in intellect, enfeebled in will, with powerful proclivities to the wrong and with no prospect before it but that of a waif of humanity, a miserable and worthless life, ending at last in a workhouse and in a pauper's grave, that is darker and more dreadful still. There are thousands and tens of thousands of such helpless and innocent children as worthy, as well-deserving, and as dear in the sight of God as the royally born, ushered every year into a world whose sufferings they are fatally doomed not to mitigate but to multiply. There is one city in the land where thousands of such children are born every year; simply because their fathers and their mothers were the same before them perhaps for generations back.

But it needs not to go so far as generations back. We do not need to *suppose* the case, for it is far too common a one, of a young man with no hereditary bias whatever to the grosser forms of evil, born of good parents, well trained and educated, with every influence that could lead him to the right and deter him from the wrong, yet falling by degrees into evil company and evil ways, contracting habits of debauchery, and starting a stream of evil influence which shall taint and hurt, and, may be, ruin his descendants for several generations, a stream of evil influence which he began, and which but for him and his doings would never have been at all. We say—poor fellow, he is hurting nobody but himself! That is one of our social falsehoods: what about the men and the women, too, sprung from him, who, in that dreadful craving after stimulants—the most fatal, the most cruel inheritance which can fall to the lot of a human being—will be tortured all their life long because he chose to do wrong, and will have good cause to curse the day that he and they were born.

One of the peculiarities of this law is that both the moral and the physical poison sometimes skip a generation. The rule is that

healthy parents have healthy children, and that well-living parents have well-living children. But it is not an uncommon thing to find that rule reversed, and to find the offspring of worthless parents turning out well, and the offspring of worthy parents turning out ill. When there is any extraordinary outbreak of vice in families where better things might have been expected, there is a strong likelihood that this aberration is traceable back to the remoter ancestors.

I spoke at the outset of a conviction which early forces itself upon the student of human nature; there is another equally startling, viz., the exceedingly slender hold which the knowledge of this law has upon the public mind, and the almost inappreciable influence which it has in directly governing human actions; that is, in directly impelling men to that line of conduct and to the formation of those habits which will be a blessing to their offspring, and in guarding against that line of conduct and the formation of those habits which will be a curse to their offspring. Here is a subtle and tremendous law, as steady, as certain in its action as the tides, and infinitely more productive of human weal or woe—a law which pursues its inexorable path, yet capable of being controlled as certainly as electricity is, and turned from destructive to beneficent ends. Here is a world of living men, themselves in so many instances the sufferers from its operations, and yet paying no heed to it whatever, and coolly handing down to unborn generations, and often in an intensified form, the evils which they themselves inherited and *which ought to have ceased with them*. Among the improvements which we certainly anticipate in the future, one is greater attention to the laws of health generally, and in particular to that special branch of them now under consideration.

Here the practical question arises: What is the attitude which we ought to take as beings who are all of us born under and subject to this law of hereditary transmission, and who have all of us inherited tendencies to evil in one form or other? What are we to do in relation to it? Are we weakly to yield to the evil whatever it may be, or bravely with God's help to fight against it and conquer it? Are we to master it, or are we to be mastered by it? That is a question which we have all to answer before the tribunal of our conscience and in the sight of God. One of the highest ends of life is to solve that question right. A battle it is and must be anyway we take it, and the sorest of all battles for them whose feeble will and weak moral stamina make it a very unequal contest. Remember, that along with whatever fatal inheritance has come down to us, in the vast majority of cases there has been infinitely more of good than of evil. And there is one Divine gift which has been bestowed upon us all and of which nothing but our own hands can ever strip us, our heaven-born freedom of will. We dare say of no man however evil his inclinations are that he is absolutely powerless in the grasp of the enemy. If such a man there ever was, that man would be as irresponsible for his acts as a madman or a brute. And along with our freedom of will we have all the influences of a Christian civilisation on our side; we have the example of the good and upright around us; and, better far, we have the sympathy of a once-tempted Saviour and the ever-present help of His Holy Spirit to aid us in all our struggles with the world or the devil or the flesh.

This subject is full of solemn warning to us all, and especially to the young. The warning is this: let us diligently study to know ourselves, and to learn, as we can easily do, what are our special proclivities to evil, what are our too easily besetting sins; and let us set ourselves, with the help of God's Holy Spirit, resolutely to watch against and to fight with and conquer these. There is none of them that is not more or less conquerable. We may never wholly eradicate a tendency, especially if it is congenital; but we may so crush it, so strengthen our will against it, so learn to detest and dread it, and so keep out of its way, as to make it powerless for injury. There are certain natures, for instance, on which the effects of stimulants are as certain as the effects of fire on gunpowder. The rule of safety is as simple in the one case as in the other: keep the gunpowder away from fire, keep the stimulants away from such natures. There is no other rule of safety in such cases than rigid, total, and everlasting abstinence. And let us not forget the tremendous fact that acquired habits and acquired qualities are certainly transmissible.

As it is in the season of youth that all our impulses are at the strongest, so it is in the season of youth that good or evil habits are most easily acquired. No man living is more entitled to speak to young men than Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol. This is what he said to Oxford students in a University sermon two months ago (5th Feb., 1882). "Besides mere irregularities, which

are chiefly culpable for the consequences which they entail, there are sins, too, of many kinds which greatly impair health. They darken life, they destroy self-respect, they are fatal to strength and manliness of character. In after years the recollection of them casts a dark shade on the brightness of our youth, which is never perhaps entirely effaced. Some of them are known to ourselves and God only—and there I shall leave them; no one has a right to pry into the hearts and consciences of others. But if among those here present there are any who are beset by such temptations, I would ask them to think of themselves sometimes as in the presence of God, with whom there is no darkness nor concealment; to remember their homes and their parents, to whom far away, though they do not speak of such subjects, this is one of the most real trials of life; to carry their minds forward a few years and think of the effect on their own future happiness; and by every means in their power, by prayer, by moderation, by manly resolution, to free themselves from the tyranny and misery of sensual passions."

As an encouragement to those before me who may have a peculiarly hard struggle with indwelling sin—and that is a fight in which we are all more or less engaged, and will be till the end—let us remember that the stronger our evil tendencies are, the greater will be the happiness here as well as the reward hereafter, of having grappled with and conquered them. Every act of self-control hardens the moral fibre for the next encounter. Among the crowns that await the redeemed hereafter I can well believe that the brightest will belong not to great martyrs and philanthropists and heroes who made a noise in the world, but to those who, all unknown to the very companions by their side, impelled by their conscience and their love of God, fought hard and long with secret sins and evil tendencies which no one knew but God and themselves, fought and fell, rose and fought again, and fought until they won. Of such an one I can understand the Saviour saying, as He crowns him with the victor's crown, "that man's enemy was the worst of all enemies, *himself*, and he conquered him at last."

One great lesson from this subject is gentleness in judging the very worst of our fellow-men. While we are entitled to call things by their right names and severely to condemn conduct which is base, to call evil evil, and a lie a lie, and dishonesty mean and cowardly; while we have no right to palliate or excuse in young or old grave sins against God and against society, let us remember at the same time that the wrong-doer and the erring can be judged by One alone. Instead of casting stones let us rather pity him, and be humbly thankful that our own feet have been kept from falling, for we can never be sure that if we had but been subjected to his temptation we should not have fallen farther still. As we get older and wiser, as we come to know ourselves and others better, if the grace of God is in us at all, we get gentler in our judgments, and learn to pity rather than to blame them who have gone far astray; and we rejoice in the thought that there is One above who knows all and who will judge righteous judgment. That is one's hope when one hears of the young struck down in their sin. That is one's hope in coming away from that most awful spectacle on earth, a sinner's dying bed, where perhaps a young and wasted life which gave early promise of beauty and of usefulness is passing in despair away, fearful of the future, embittered by memories of the past, and conscious that he is leaving broken hearts behind him; none but the great God knows it all; none but He knows the nature of that dying man, the fury of the impulses which led him astray, of the temptations with which he wrestled long but in vain, of the misery which he inflicted on himself as well as others, of the weariness of the life which thus sadly ends. None but God knows. "The Lord reigneth." "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" It is pitiful to think of the harsh and bitter judgments pronounced on such a life and on such an end by those who, inheriting a passionless nature with ample store of this world's good things, blessings for which it never occurs to them they have not themselves to thank, and knowing little of temptation except by hearsay, luxuriate in the pleasing conviction that they are not like other men. Oh! my holy and censorious friend, whose weak nature had never strength to drive thee far astray, but only strength to condemn those who have gone wrong, take good heed unto thyself lest it be more tolerable in the day of judgment for them than for thee. Oh! let us all be gentle,—harsh as we will to our own failings, tender as we can to the failings of others.

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly can compute,
But know not what's resisted."

A COUNTRY HOLIDAY FOR POOR GIRLS.

By J. EWING RITCHIE.

GOOD people are, especially at this present day, much exercised as to the best way of helping the puny sickly children of London alleys. We make a great boast of our London lungs, and they are a benefit assuredly to the class of the very poor, for whose benefit in certain quarters they are especially maintained. It is needless to say a word for the Hospital for Children in Great Ormond Street, and the Convalescent Home established in connection with it; although now and then the thought presses itself upon the spectator that so admirable are the arrangements, so perfect the service, so clean and comfortable is everything connected with the culinary department, that there is a danger of speedy relapse into bad health when the little ones once more have to go back to the squalidness and discomfort of home. I do not say that they are pampered and spoiled in such places, but I do say that in them they are accustomed to a style of life quite unlike that into which, alas! they are born, and to which they have to return as soon as they get better. One almost feels sorry to see them get well, as one realises the crowded room situated in some crowded and fever-haunted street where, let the mother do her best, she can never attend to them properly, or keep them clean and healthy, and where the chances are that all the conditions are unfavourable to the child becoming healthy or happy. The sovereign balm for the puny pale-faced little ones of the crowded city is country life—the green fields, the blue skies, the fresh untainted breeze, the blessed influences that come to us as the sun shines by day and the stars by night, the angelic song of birds, the loveliness that lies hidden in the flowers that brighten country fields and hedges, the richness of summer foliage, by means of which our common earth becomes a fairy-land. Rich people know this, and take their children to the country in the summer time, if they do not altogether keep them there. They are wise in so doing, for, as we all know, prevention is better than cure, and it is one of the worst curses of poverty that its victims can do nothing of the kind—that the little one must droop and pine, and pass away, and no mother's love can save it. London for miles and miles is belted with pleasant villas. Oh, if the owners of such would once in a while take a few poor city children under their care, no words can tell what good might be done! In one case I have seen it tried, and what I have seen makes me regret the more that the experiment is not more frequently tried. Let me describe Horsfrith Hall as I saw it the other day.

With its back to Jane Taylor's Ongar, some five miles off, and looking towards Chelmsford, about the same distance farther on, is an old-fashioned red-brick farm-house, hidden in a group of trees and barns, known as Horsfrith Hall, an awfully lonely place in the winter, inhabited by rats—but in summer a happy home for such London waifs and strays as can find their way there, either from the hospital, or by the recommendation of the clergy. The origin of the work was as follows: Some years ago Mrs. Rossiter took a little country cottage in Kent for the sake of a little son to whom the doctor recommended change of air. It occurred to her, when she had settled down, that she might at the same time have a few poor children with her. They came, and were all the better for doing so. As time rolled on, the cottage in Kent was exchanged for the old farm-house in Essex, and here the experiment is still continued, and from March till October some of the poorest of the London poor girls have a week or a fortnight of plain living, good hours, and country air. Horsfrith Hall could accommodate a far greater number than it does, but Mrs. Rossiter limits the number of her guests to eight. They are brought by the Great Eastern Railway very kindly for a shilling there and back, and that is all they are expected to contribute, and perhaps that is as much as many of them can afford. Arrived, each girl writes her name in a book, and the calling of her father—while a note is added by Mr. Rossiter, of the South London Free Library and Working Men's College, who as the husband of his wife turns up on a Friday or Saturday, as to the conduct of each particular girl while under his roof. Friends now and then give a donation, otherwise all the expenses of the place are defrayed by Mrs. Rossiter herself. As to people paying and then nominating girls for the benefit of the institution, that is quite out of the question. The aim is to help the very poorest of the poor, who have no friends and no money, and who need the benefit of such an institution more especially. How many of such there are in London none can tell. It is said the number of waifs and strays is 24,000. It is a fact that in the Refuges and Ragged Homes, and other charitable institutions of London, there are as many as 25,000 children, and if we assume that for one bird in the hand there are two in the bush, we get an idea—painful to contemplate—of the appalling pauperism into which so many little ones, for no fault of their own, are born. At the rate of eight a week, very little can be done to better the condition of the poor girls of London. But it may be asked, why cannot other tender-hearted Christian women go and do what Mrs. Rossiter has done these many years? And it may be argued that if her noble example be followed the burden pressing sorely on many an anxious mother may be lightened, and many a little one may be made to rejoice and sing for joy.

Naturally the reader may ask, What does Mrs. Rossiter do? In a big hall with plenty of servants, it may be said, it is no great work to have a few children down from town in the summer months. That may be so, but it is a thing so rarely done that when anything of the kind is attempted, we watch the experiment with interest. But in the case of Mrs. Rossiter it is not so. She has a big house, it is true, but there is no servant to be seen on the premises, with the exception of the rustic who works in the garden, a nice old-fashioned one, and harnesses the somewhat self-willed animal which draws the little basket chaise by means of which the children are conveyed between the railway station at Ongar and Horsfrith Hall. All the work of the Home has to be done by herself. It is true in the parlour there are some good books, but it is little time she has to read them, for she is cook and housekeeper and lady superior, besides chaplain and housemaid, with the care of the poultry, and I know not what besides. Necessarily then she makes the children more or less useful to her, and this, I take it, is the chief merit of the place. A holiday is all very well, but even children tire of it. If they are in good health and spirits, they must have something to do. If they are the reverse, they require something to draw them out of themselves and to distract their attention. Mrs. Rossiter treats the children as her own. She sits with them at meals, and makes them help her to prepare them. Perhaps the most astonishing thing about these children is their utter helplessness. They can do nothing. In answer to all inquiries there comes the universal response, "Oh, mother always does it," or, "Mother won't let me do it; she says I should spoil it." When they come they are the most helpless creatures imaginable and thoroughly thoughtless. For instance, when they wash they invariably leave the soap in the water. A great many of them really do not know how to play. They stand moping about the front door just as they have been accustomed to do at home. Of the larger liberty and licence

of country life they have no idea. Of course they have never been in the country and everything is strange to them. City children in this respect are the same all the world over. It happened that when I was at Manchester in the autumn I met with a Sunday-school teacher who had taken his children out one day for a little country trip; their destination was a field in which there was a haystack. On seeing the latter they rushed up to my friend exclaiming, "Oh, do, teacher, come and look; there is a house in the field without any windows." The girls at Horsfrith Hall were equally astonished with the new-laid eggs, which they all declared must have been boiled, they felt so warm. Mrs. Rossiter tells me she has very little trouble with her children. A good many of them do not like the early hours. She gets them off to bed at eight o'clock, whereas at home they have been accustomed to sit up late. The very young ones are the most difficult to deal with, as they cry for mother and home. The bigger girls soon learn to love rambling in the fields and gathering the wild flowers which abound everywhere. Mrs. Rossiter loves them and prays with them every night, and that seems quite as much in the way of religion as they care about. At Horsfrith Hall they are completely in the country. There is but one cottage near. Far as the eye can reach you see nothing but fields and hedges. A butcher boy comes over from Ingatestone, some six miles off, about once or twice a week. Rarely does cart or carriage come that way. Beggars are scarce, and so little communication is there with the outer world that a blacksmith's shop does duty as a post office, and there is only a delivery of letters once a day. For children, Horsfrith Hall is a model house with lots of out-of-the-way rooms and rambling passages. It is a house evidently that has seen better days, though never perhaps in all its history was it put to such good uses as it is now by its present benevolent occupier.

As the work of the place is done by Mrs. Rossiter with the aid of the children, it is needless to say how useful is a short stay in such a place to a girl from the city, from an educational point of view, and quite apart from all considerations of health. A child learns to be useful, as she makes her own bed, cleans the room, sweeps the stairs, washes up the tea-things or breakfast cups, and helps to cook. She goes home not only all the better and stronger for her country holiday, but with a desire and the ability to help her mother. A little while ago, for instance, a poor woman was taken ill and confined to her bed. Whilst lying there one morning she was greatly surprised by the appearance of her daughter with a small custard, which she had made. "Why, where did you ever learn to make a custard?" asked the mother. "Why, at Mrs. Rossiter's," was the reply. This, perhaps, was an exceptional case. Mrs. Rossiter feeds the children well, but she can't afford them custard puddings. Still, at any rate, the girl had learned from her the art of making one. Of course, in a grand charity conducted in the ordinary way, the girls have little chance of learning to be useful. They have servants to wait on them, however poor they may be, and things are conducted on such a large scale that a girl has small chance of realising her true position, and of qualifying herself to discharge its duties aright. In the homely life at Horsfrith Hall the girls learn to wait upon themselves, and to become generally useful: the very last thing which, as a rule, seems to enter into a poor child's head at home, or into that of her mother's either, and hence much of the depressing poverty with which she has to struggle in early life. It is really lamentable the unthriftiness of the poor, and it is the merit of the system which Mrs. Rossiter has inaugurated that, to a certain extent, it removes it. The holiday with her is not idly spent, and the girl who has enjoyed it at Horsfrith Hall delights to put in practice what she has learned there, and to aid rather than to be a drag upon her "mother." Under such conditions it is not possible that a large number of children can be admitted to share its benefits. Eight children are quite as many as a lady who keeps no servant, and who defrays all the expenses of the place out of her own pocket, can manage. But the lady in question has solved a great difficulty, how best to keep the children of the very poor, and has set an example which it is to be hoped many benevolent women with leisure and means will find delight in following. The plan is so simple that I wonder no one has thought of it before. None the less, however, do I honour Mrs. Rossiter, to whose special qualifications for her work the success of the experiment now so long tried is due.

LADIES' WORK AMONG NAVVIES.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

I COULD mention the names of twenty ladies, some of them of high social rank, who at the present time, in different parts of England, are teaching in Bible classes and night schools, reading at the dinner hour, opening savings-banks, holding mothers' meetings, and, in fact, helping to work the Navvy Mission. Yet I am continually receiving letters asking questions which I should like to try and in some measure answer here. They are, "How can ladies help the work? How are they to begin, and what are they to aim at?" And all these epistles add that the writers are timid and fearful. This is natural. No one who has not tried it can imagine how one's heart beats the first time you knock at a hut-door on a dark evening. A dozen men are talking inside, dogs growl as, in response to a gruff "Come in," you pass suddenly out of the darkness outside into a bright light. Twelve pairs of eyes fix themselves on you, a dead silence falls, and with shy misery you feel yourself an intruder. Or, again, walking in the sunshine of a summer's noon hour up to a group of men who are eating their dinners with their jack-knives in their hands and their basins between their knees, and sitting down a stranger amongst them, and reading to them, is *not* easy. But soon hearty words of welcome succeed to the silence with which you are at first received, you get kindly instead of suspicious looks; then comes friendly gossip, and perhaps you find a navvy sofa waiting for you. What is that? Why, a wheel-barrow turned up and two jackets laid on it.

Ah! yes, and then maybe, later on, after the night school or Bible class, a friend to see you home, and in the darkness, or fitful gleam of the lantern he carries to light your road, a little kindness is asked, a life's tale told (often such a sad one), or a soul laid bare, or maybe next to nothing said at the moment, but months afterwards a letter like this comes, and gives you intense joy:—*

"Dear Friend,—When I say friend I say it from my heart * * * * I must with shame confess to you as God knows, I never bowed my knee in prayer from leaving my mother's knee till you give me this message, and that is sixteen or seventeen years ago, and now I am trusting in God through Jesus Christ; and I hope by God's help to continue to the end. I used to think I had no one to care for me, but I have since found it was my wicked heart that told me so, for now I have ma. friends, but one I have above all others whom I am serving with all my heart."

Sometimes such letters reach us years afterwards, when we had forgotten almost the writer's name, and had long since sadly concluded our labour had been in vain. Then the pleasure of reading such a letter is keen indeed.

A lady wrote to me a few days ago that she timidly visited a hut where some navvies were living, not far from her home. One man in the group asked her if she knew me, and added he did; "but he was a wandering sheep." She visited the three other huts, and when she left the last one saw this man lingering about outside; she invited him, as he helped her into her pony-carriage, to her house, but he would not promise to come. He, however, did so, and as she pleaded with him the interests of his soul he covered his face with his hands, and with bitter, low sobs, the tears trickling through his fingers, told her, as another did *his* friend, "*Pleasure!*—it's misery! that's what it is! Oh, if I could only get back!" That man has again begun to kneel down and say his prayers. Perhaps this does not seem much to you, but it is not easy. One navvy told one of our missionaries, with dread, "The *light* mornings are coming on!"

As a rule, ten men sleep in one room, and they have long ceased (if they ever learned) to pray, and have about as much idea of it as a man who said, "You see, there's never no schools for us when we're little 'uns. Nobody cares for navvies; *we're* outsiders; but I'm not so bad as you think for. When I was a little chap I went a bit to a Sunday-school at Uxbridge, and I learnt 'Our Father' and 'Lighten our darkness;' and, drunk or sober, I say 'em at night, and I put up a bit of my own, too."

"What is it?"

"Well, this, 'Oh, God! keep me as strong as a horse.'"

"Yes," said a navvy to me, "I pray, but all the time the others are swearing at me."

But we are wandering away from the ladies.

Our late devoted secretary, the Rev. Bryan Brown, unfortunately now abroad for his health, always tried to induce ladies to help on our Stations. He thought they had much more influence with the navvies than gentlemen. However this may be, will you come with me to visit a navvy settlement?

* I have only corrected the spelling.

It consists of rows of huts built in some lonely or out-of-the-way spot where a reservoir, railway-line, or dock is making. These huts may be built of sods, boards, or brick or stone. They may be comfortable or wretched, but at all events they and their indwellers are unlike ordinary cottages and cottagers.

Nearly all of whatever material are built on the same plan. You will find three rooms, a living-room, a lodger's sleeping-room, the hutkeeper's room, and a pantry.

The outer door opens at once into the living-room; it is usually very clean, and look at those curious wooden fans and other carvings above the fireplace and the gay pictures stuck on the walls!

If the Navvy Mission is established at the Settlement, you ought to see a big Bible lying in the window seat for the use of the lodgers. The landlady's room is the parlour of the establishment. I well remember a christening party in one at which many fowls and chickens were disposed of. Anything precious is placed here for safety. Once I was taken into a nice one to see a newly killed pig hung up here for the night. We have often had meals in the huts and always receive a kindly welcome, for navvies are real gentlemen. Many of "our" ladies have spoken gratefully of the warm cup of tea awaiting them on a cold day and the kindnesses and little attentions—ten times more valuable than richer gifts—which they are constantly receiving.

When you get inside the hut do not lecture, make friends, talk to the navvies straight, honest, intelligent words, converse with them as sensible men, make yourselves agreeable. Wherever the Navvy Mission is at work there are night schools; ask the men to attend, go and teach as frequently as possible and show a kindly interest in their progress. On Sunday, and also if possible one evening in the week, teach a Bible class; get up lessons as full of information as you can and you will soon find men bring in their mates. At first, the new scholar will sit dumb; after a week or two he will make an occasional remark, next he will introduce a mate and find the places for him, and finally take a lead and move the forms about; when he does that he is one of "our men," and has identified himself with the school. After a time he will join the Christian Excavator's Union. Ah! the prayers at those Union prayer meetings! Cries out to God for courage and patience in their daily trials, for when a navvy reforms he goes right into trial, and he knows it. One man who was going to be confirmed said quietly to me, "I've borne persecution before and I can bear a bit more." Then we hear prayers for the other men and for the Mission. No wonder those daily prayers have brought such a blessing down that the progress of "our Mission" has been wonderful. Ladies are secretaries for the Union. Their duty is to visit the Unions in their districts and to "mother" the members, correspond with them, in fact be their friend. Three of us are so engaged; but more secretaries are needed—they ought to be ladies who have worked amongst the navvies and know their ways. For navvies have their own habits and customs, with which their friend should be able to sympathize.

Another branch of work amongst the navvies, ladies in all parts of the country might most usefully take up. I mean the establishment of hospitals, or as at Newbury, where Miss Corrie and the other ladies of the town have utilised their cottage hospital. Forty bad accidents have been treated there during the past year and a half. The men have been most grateful; some have left with characters, as well as bodily accidents, mended. Much good has been done. The Newbury line has only been a small one. I believe there is only one other hospital on public works, and yet on some of these as many as two thousand men are employed. Can you imagine the horror of a man lying groaning in terrible pain from an accident—and accidents constantly happen on all works—or ill from a loathsome disease, yes and *dying* and being laid out—in a room where, night by night, eight or ten other strong men are sleeping!

Here I would observe, no navvy wants in sickness, or is buried as a pauper. Navvies have the warmest, kindest hearts, and always "see to their own."

Now we come to work amongst the women for Christ. A friend of mine was reading the Bible to a navvy woman who was ill, and I came in; the sick woman looked up at me with wondering eyes. The lady was reading the account of Christ walking on the water. "Is it true?" asked Mrs. ——.

"Yes; did you never hear that before?"

"No; you see my mother died when I was eleven. I was born on 'public works,' and I was the eldest of seven, and since she died I've never known anything but work and wickedness."

Some navvy women are as good and bright as any in the land; but if you consider the disadvantages by which from childhood they are surrounded, what can be reasonably

expected in the case of others? For instance, three young married women living next door to each other on —— Works I found last summer could not read at all. Yet though ignorant they are not stupid; like the men, they have travelled into all parts of the country, and seen and noticed much. Many of them are capital doctresses and clean and kind nurses, but their lives are all toil. Sunday and week-day through, one incessant round of washing, cooking, and cleaning. I dare not go deeper —I dare not say more, but ladies, if *ever you were needed by your fellow-women, you are on our settlements.*

Let us turn to a brighter subject, the children! Such jolly independent youngsters! Such "old-fashioned" girls, such mischievous boys. I could tell you plenty of tales about them, but will only mention one or two. A little fellow fell on the metals and had his elbow crushed by a truck or "dobbin cart." I went to see him in the Leeds Infirmary. Mr. Atkinson, senior hon. surgeon of the ward, said, "I'm in love with your boy, he is such a brave little chap."

There my little navvy lay, his rosy face only a little paler than usual, and his arm resting on a pillow. We spoke of the operation.

"I am afraid, Alf, it hurt badly?"

"Yes; yer see three on 'em proddled in it with a needle, but I hardened myself, and stood up to it; I never said 'Oh!'"

Then suddenly he said, with a quaver in his voice, "Mrs. Garnett, I want yer to do something for me." "Yes, dear."

"Write to mother" (she was a widow) "or she'll be fretting, and" (in a very low voice) "if they take it off, *you* tell her gentle."

Thank God, he's a tall young fellow now, with his arm on still.

Shall I tell you one more about our boys?

We once had a school so completely out of the way that the only procurable teachers were myself and five of the navvies employed on the works and the manager's daughter. We soon had twenty-two men in my class, and all the children in the settlement in the other classes. I used to question the children on the lesson taught, before the school closed. We had one lesson for the whole school, and on the Saturday evening I previously taught it to the teachers. The school had only been opened two or three months when the lesson was the death of Abel. Speaking of Cain's punishment—

"You know what a wanderer is? A man with a wand or stick—a man on the tramp, in fact; but what is a vagabond?" No one answered. "Well, tell me what you *think* is a vagabond." No one answered. In despair I added, "Well, tell me *some one* you think is a vagabond."

"A policeman, ma'am!"

The school and superintendent joined in a hearty laugh. A couple of weeks afterwards Good Friday drew on, and the previous Sunday the lesson was on our Lord's passion. The scholars were very quiet and attentive all through the questioning. At length I asked—

"What were our Lord's *last* words?"

"'It is finished.'" "What was finished?" "All on it." "All of what?" "All He had got to do for us, and all He had got to suffer."

Could any one have taught that boy better than his navvy teacher had done?

A great pleasure to our navvy children in these out-of-the-way places are the Christmas trees which, with the help of kind friends, I try to provide. The things are *treasured* up so, and give such real pleasure; years afterwards we are shown little gifts from which all the pristine glory has vanished, as proofs their possessors were at such or such a place at the Christmas-tree time. And gifts of warm clothing are doubly valuable when fathers and brothers are thrown out of employment by reason of the frost and snow.*

Ladies, help! These settlements quickly grow and quickly fade away, and leave not a trace behind, save in some churchyard scores maybe of green graves. You deny yourselves for many good causes, add one more to your list, and help us at home. One of the greatest difficulties of our missionaries is the impossibility they find in working single-handed. Surely there are many ladies in England who have sufficient means to live where they please, and who would be an untold blessing to hundreds of men and women on our public works. Only the other day fifteen men came to me *begging* I would "find a lady." "We want a *lady*," they said, "to come and live here, and then we *should* get on." It will be a most happy thing too for yourselves. You will teach men to love their Bibles till after a hard day's work they are content to sit up past midnight studying them, as two men do at —— and more than one has at ——. You will kneel at the holy communion with men whose new lives have altered their very faces. You will stand by death-beds so quiet and so trustful that you will not be able to grieve, though dying hands clasp yours, and though dying voices you love tell you, "I want to be with Christ."

* In the Annual Report of the Navvy Mission Society, we observe the names of ladies who are willing to receive contributions for these Christmas trees are given, and we hope our readers will not forget to help.

JUSTICE WARREN'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of New England.

By OLIVE M. BIRRELL.

CHAPTER XX.

"REPRIEVED for forty-eight hours!" The words reached Kate's room, where she was beginning to prepare for her journey, and brought her to the window, doubting whether she had heard them aright. Tristram Craddock was passing by, the young man whom Simon and she had met the day they came to Boston, and she signed to him as he looked up.

"There is good news, Mistress Kate," he said, well pleased to be summoned. "Endicott has granted a reprieve. Forty-eight hours, he says, but I think it will be extended and become a free pardon. Keith brought the news: he has been with the magistrates since daybreak."

"Has Mary Dyar gone back to prison?" asked Kate.

"Ay, for the present."

"And the men?"

"They have been executed."

Craddock told nothing of the scene he had witnessed at the foot of the scaffold; where the bodies of the two murdered ones lay for hours without being touched, and then were thrown into a pit, carelessly dug by the people, who, for their own sakes, judged it best to give them burial. He saw Keith coming down the street in a small carriage, driven by John Endicott, and pointing him out to Kate with a smile of congratulation, went his own way, while she closed her window and prepared for a meeting which must hold more pain than pleasure.

Captain Keith did not look like a man who had gained a victory. He was more depressed than Kate had ever seen him, and his voice shook as he told her how Mary Dyar received the news of her acquittal. When Kate spoke of her husband and the tidings of joy which would soon reach him, she noticed that his face did not brighten, and he said under his breath: "But it is all of no use; she will return to Boston."

Gradually the history of his own plans was unfolded. Thomas Macey, a man of stainless character, who lived in Salisbury, Massachusetts, had sheltered some Quakers during a heavy storm, and brought himself into such trouble by so doing, that, like Keith, he was compelled to seek another home. He took his family with him, and, accompanied by two of their friends, Edward Starbuck and Isaac Colman, they sailed in an open boat to the desolate island of Nantucket, willing, as Macey expressed it, "to go to the ends of the earth to find peace." Another party of colonists were now about to join them, and Keith had resolved to make one of the number, and lend his aid in the work they had to do. Kate listened with deep interest as he told her the names of his friends, names which were shortly to become famous, and be the first of long families of good men.

The voyage would be perilous, and their first arrival could not be otherwise than stormy and wild, but their hearts were light and their courage high, and outward obstacles would not daunt them. Women were to be of the party, for each man went accompanied by those who were dearest to him; but when Keith said this wistfully, his eyes fastened on Kate's, she surprised him by springing from her seat, and crying, "What shall I do? I have promised to stay with my father." He could not believe that he heard correctly, for from the first he had never doubted that she would wish to come, knowing as he did how completely her heart belonged to him, and what a lonely, disconsolate place Salem would seem after he was gone. When he did perceive that she was serious, and meant to take upon her a cross so heavy that Mary Dyar's in comparison became almost light, an anguish of disappointment laid hold of him, which for a time swept away all self-restraint.

"Was her father more to be pitied than others?" he pleaded. "Surely his own need was greater, and his claim upon her equally strong. Had she considered what terrible days would come for her when they were separated by the ocean, and the slightest communication would be impossible? It was cruel; it was wicked to think of such a thing as being parted now."

"But every one is leaving him," said Kate, "I am the last. Simon has gone and Rowley. Rowley would not speak to him, nor even touch his hand, and I think the council have blamed him because of Simon's act. He is alone and broken-hearted. If I go away there will be no one left."

"There is Kezia," said Keith recklessly; "let us ask her to go to Salem."

"She has her own work to live for," said Kate; "she cannot do mine."

"And Winnie?"

"Winnie is of very little use."

"And because you are of use, must you feel obliged to sacrifice your whole peace and happiness to do what others might do if they tried?"

"But this is my work, not theirs," said Kate. "It is given to me, and I cannot leave it undone. I should be miserable if I did; no help to you, only a burden to myself. It is not a cross I have laid on my own shoulders; it was put there, and though it is heavy now, it will get easier in time, and when the right moment comes, I shall be able to lay it down."

"How many years do you purpose to live apart?" asked Keith, looking at her with eyes so full of pain that she covered her own, because she could not endure their gaze. "Shall you come if I return for you? I meant to have proposed that plan. I can go and make ready first, and then come back and take you out with me, when the home is comfortable. In twelve months, Kate—shall you be ready then? Twelve weary months. You will not think your duty keeps you away from me when I return?"

"I am sure that my father will not wish to stay in Salem much more than a year," said Kate. "Just now he cannot bear to go, and give up the hope of hearing from Simon."

"In twelve months then," said Keith, "I shall come back and look for a fulfilment of your promise. I wish we had been married, Kate, and then you could not have shaken me off so easily."

"Have I done it easily?" said Kate, looking at him with her white face.

"I should have been better pleased if you could not have done it at all," said Keith.

"Then you would have had a coward for your wife," said Kate, "some one not to be trusted, who would have run away when there was any danger."

"As Rowley has done," said Keith, glad to have a victim upon whom he could vent his wrath; "he should have stayed with your father, common gratitude required it; but he has no endurance. I have noticed that many times before."

"He was in great trouble and confusion of mind," said Kate; "Simon and he were more to each other than many people supposed, who only saw them occasionally. I think he could scarcely help doing what he did. Besides, if you think he has shown himself weak, you ought not to want me to be like him."

"I am not sure that I do," said Keith, "but just now I am miserably disappointed and therefore unreasonable and disposed to find fault. Half an hour ago I felt tolerably cheerful, but the light has gone from all our schemes and a great cloud seems hanging over everything we mean to do."

Kate ventured no consolation, as her own heart was not particularly gay, and she could not help wishing that she were going to a new and unexplored island instead of returning to the empty home at Salem. Perhaps Keith perceived this, and the fact that she was so clearly unhappy may have helped to give him encouragement and lighten his own sorrow. Certainly he became more like himself, and when the time drew near for Kate to go to the cottage, they parted more brightly than they had met one another.

"Oh, Aunt Kezzy, do you think I have done right?" said Kate, when the little funeral was over, and they were alone in the Cottage; "have I been as cruel to him as poor Rose was to Simon?"

"You would never have had a moment's peace of mind if you had gone," said Kezia; "your father would not have lived many weeks after, and then, where would have been your happiness?"

"But he is so wretched," said Kate, "and twelve months is such a long time."

"It will pass," said Kezia cheerfully. "I do not think that your father will stay in Massachusetts longer than he can help. Perhaps before the year is out we shall have good news of Simon, and then things will brighten for all of us."

"Should you have done as I did in my place?" asked Kate, looking up wistfully, "or do you think——"

But her sentence remained unfinished, for she caught an expression on Kezia's countenance which never in her life had she seen there before, and which made her wish her words unsaid.

"Do not speak of what is past," said Kezzy, "there is no use. Perhaps I should. Perhaps I should not. My life is no copy for yours. No," she added; "and please God, its end will be different."

"It may be the same," said Kate, a little frightened, and believing for the first time with all her heart in Kezia's love-story.

"I do not think it will," said the elder woman kindly. "We never see two leaves exactly alike; and it is not often that two lives copy each other either."

"You have more courage than I," said Kate; "you must have borne trouble better."

"I am not sure that I did," said Kezia.

"I know I left Holland with my heart half-broken. I thought it was my duty to go, and he was obliged to stay with the rest of our people who remained behind in Leyden with Mr. Robinson, the minister you have often heard me speak about. When you and Winnie used to ask me questions about Leyden, I always tried to change them by beginning to describe some other place. No town in the world will ever be so dear to me as Leyden was: we met each other there, and every corner of the streets had a sort of charm hanging over it."

"Then you left him there, and came to England," said Kate, "to join the *Mayflower* at Southampton."

"Yes," said Kezia. "The twenty-first of July was our last day in Leyden, and there were meetings for prayer, and Mr. Robinson preached a sermon, but I could not listen to a word. My heart was too full, and it seemed as if God himself were speaking to me by his solemn Providence. The next morning we went to Delft-haven, and a great many of our friends came with us. I do not think there was one who lay down that night: the time was too short for all we had to do and to say. There were parents and children, and brothers and sisters, who knew that in a few hours they must part, never to meet in this world again. He came with me to the boat, next day; the small boat which took us to the *Speedwell*, in which we sailed, and I remember his last words as he put his hand in mine. Sometimes, Kate, I wish my memory did not hold things so clearly."

"Then you came to England in the *Speedwell*," said Kate.

"Yes, and afterwards joined the *Mayflower*. For many months I looked for him in my new home; he had promised to follow us, but we heard nothing until years had gone by, and I was a grey old woman. There, that is all—never mind, my dear, I did not mean to make you cry. Everything was ordered by God, and my life has not been unhappy nor useless."

"Did you not feel sorry that your duty took you away, Aunt Kezzy?—Did you not wish you could have waited in Leyden?"

"No," said Kezia, with a sudden flash from her large dark eyes, which gave them for the moment some of the brilliancy of their youth —"no, I never did. If love cannot stand fast through a separation, it is not worth keeping. *That* was the darkest moment of my life, when I was forced to say to myself: *This love is not worth keeping*. I became so changed afterwards, I was afraid lest I should grow bitter and unbelieving and hard, doubting the truth of everything that seemed noble and good. But that danger was passed safely, thank God. He showed me the way to escape from it."

"I never thought you had suffered so much, Aunt Kezzy," said Kate, with remorse in her tones.

"Of course you did not," said Kezia; "you had no experience to teach you. Young creatures always feel as if the world were new, and no others besides themselves had ever lived in it. Dear me! we do not want the children looking up in our faces and asking how the wrinkles came there. The comfort of life would be gone if they were not light-hearted and unsuspecting. Do not blame yourself, Kate, my dear, and do not take my troubles as a pattern for yours. I had never meant to speak of them."

"They cannot be quite the same," thought Kate, "for our love *is* worth keeping;" but she said not a word of this to Kezia, and from that day a bond was formed between them, which was one of the greatest comforts in her aunt's life, and lightened their troubles for each of them.

The next day Kate returned home, carrying one piece of good news, though all the rest was sad. Mary Dyar's reprieve had been exchanged for a free pardon, and she started on her journey to Rhode Island, escorted by two men, a few hours after Kate and her father embarked in a small fishing vessel to go by sea to Salem.

CHAPTER XXI.

When Kate arrived at her father's house she was met in the porch by Winnie, who looked flushed and excited, a condition so unusual with her that even Warren observed it. As soon as the girls were alone, Kate was surprised to feel her neck suddenly embraced and an agitated question murmured in her ear. "Have you heard, oh, tell me, have you heard?"

"Have I heard what?" asked Kate, without much attention to the rules of good speaking.

"Did you meet any one on the way," said Winnie, "since you came into Salem, I mean?"

"No one except Martin Prynne."

"And did he say anything to your father?"

"I am sure I cannot recollect," said Kate; "he never does say much, you know; I think he muttered some words between his teeth, but I paid no attention to them."

"Are you sure it was he?" asked Winnie.

"Yes, of course I am sure," said Kate, beginning to fear that her friend's senses were leaving her. "No one else in Salem has such red hair or walks so awkwardly. I was afraid he would knock Giles against the wall when he went by."

"He was excited to-day," said Winnie, "and he wanted to talk to your father very much, so, no doubt, he appeared not to see where he was going. As for his hair there may be different opinions. *I* should not have described it as being red, it is brilliant auburn."

"You have sometimes called it red yourself," said Kate, surprised at the offence betrayed in her friend's tone. "It signifies very little what name we give to it, we need not dispute about such a trifle."

"But it is not a trifle," said Winnie, "it is very serious; I mean it is most important. Not the colour of his hair of course, but that I should even seem to speak disrespectfully of such a very good man as he is, *that* would not be a trifle."

"Tell me what has happened, Winnie," said Kate, beginning to perceive the drift of these wandering remarks.

"Nothing has happened," said Winnie. "Oh dear, what have I said? I cannot be engaged, you know, until your father has been asked, and he ought never to have spoken to me. I would not for the whole world that any one should know it. They would think I was so wicked, not fit to be married to a minister's son if they knew I had heard before any one else in Salem."

"Then he has asked you to marry him."

"Oh, no; oh dear no, Kate; do not put it in that dreadful way. Only Mary Prynne slept with me while you were all away, and in the night she confided to me his secret, and she told him what she had done, and he thought that since she had been so indiscreet, it was his duty to come and tell me that he would never ask me until he had received your father's permission."

Martin Prynne's ingenious device for making an offer of marriage under pretence of explaining the reasons why he should refrain from doing it, struck Kate as so absurd, that she gave way to a fit of laughter, the first for many days.

"Why should you laugh?" said Winnie, "it is very unkind. I did not laugh when I heard that Captain Keith was in love with you."

"I am very sorry," said Kate. "I will not laugh any more. He is very nice, Winnie, and I am delighted. I am sure my father will consent at once."

"And you do like him," said Winnie beseechingly, "at least you will like him, and you do not think me very wrong for letting his sister speak to me."

"I think it was the best thing she could have done," said Kate, "and I am sure he is very good. I always remember how kind he was to poor Mistress Mowbray when her husband died last year."

"Now tell me why you are so unhappy," said Winnie, "and why have not Simon and Rowley come with you?"

Kate told all that had happened and for a few minutes her friend looked distressed, but before long some footsteps were heard on the path outside which drove melancholy ideas into the background, and flushed her cheeks with crimson.

"There he is!" she exclaimed. "O Kate, I wonder what your father will say to him!"

"It is not he," said Kate; "it is Giles, bringing Simon's dog and gun; he left them both behind in Boston."

"Poor Simon!" said Winnie automatically; then after an instant's pause, the colour came into her pretty face once more. "Here he is, I am sure I am not mistaken now. Look, Kate, tell me if it is he."

"Yes, it is," said Kate, whose sense of the ludicrous was touched by all that had happened in her absence, while at the same time she felt disposed to accuse Winnie of needing more maidenly reserve. Certainly she herself had received Captain Keith's attentions with much more composure, but then her feelings did not lie on the surface. One thing was evident: all hope of assistance in household matters from her friend was over, and she must make them her own care, difficult as it was in her present mood to fix her thoughts upon them. The event proved that she was not mistaken. Warren gave his consent to Martin Prynne's offer, and from that day Winnie conducted herself like a girl so hopelessly and violently in love that even to expect rational conversation from her was impossible, much less interest in the affairs of others. She paid attention to nothing except the sewing necessary for her bridal outfit, and as Martin lapsed into the same condition their families were both delighted when the wedding day was over and the troublesome pair had gone to their own home, from henceforth to conduct their love-making in private.

"Are you not glad they are off at last, Kate?" said Ralph Prynne, a boy of twelve, as the party came back from the meeting-house.

"Martin may pour the milk into his own beer-jug as often as he pleases. He has done that five times lately, just because he was thinking of Winnie, and we have lost half our supper. I cannot think what makes people so foolish!"

"Wait a few years and find out," said Kate.

"Never, never, never!" said Ralph, stamping his foot at each word, with more violence because his sister, who was with Kate, laughed at him. "I mean to go and fight with the Indians, and there are no such creatures as girls there. Mother says a soldier ought not to marry. She said so yesterday, when——"

"There, that will do, Ralph," said Mary Prynne; "we cannot listen to you any longer," and she drew Kate away, knowing too well what the end of the sentence would have been. Such comments as these were often made in the weeks which followed Winnie's wedding, but Kate became brave enough to meet them at last without shrinking.

In the month of March William Keith's prediction was fulfilled, and Mary Dyar returned to Boston. Very shortly after her release, she left Rhode Island and started on another missionary journey unknown to her husband, who had long since given up all hope of controlling her movements. Three months passed before she ventured to turn her steps towards Massachusetts, but during those months the sufferings of the Friends had not been mitigated; more victims were every week added to the list, and many hearts among the people were burning with sympathy for their wrongs. The news of her return soon reached the magistrates, who were amazed at her courage, and ordered her instant arrest. Then followed a strange scene, as for the fourth time she was brought before Endicott.

"Are you the same Mary Dyar that was here before?" he asked, not because he doubted her identity, but because he wished to prove to all witnesses the justice of her condemnation.

"I am the same Mary Dyar," she replied.

"You will own yourself a Quaker, will you not?"

"I own myself to be reproachfully called so."

She was taken back to prison, and once again her friends tried to obtain the remission of her sentence. From his desolate home in Rhode Island William Dyar wrote a letter to the General Court, so truthful and touching, that even after the lapse of two centuries it is scarcely possible to read it without feeling a throb of answering sorrow. After explaining that she left home unknown to him he goes on, "If her zeal be so great as thus to adventure, oh let your pity and favour surmount it and save her life. I only say this. Yourselves have been, and are, or may be husbands to wives, so am I, yea *to one most dearly beloved.* Oh do not deprive me of her, but, I pray, give her me once again. Pity me! I beg it with tears."

But the court was obdurate, and for the last time she was led before her judges and the awful death sentence pronounced.

"This is no more than thou saidst before," she replied calmly.

"But now it shall be executed," said Endicott. "Therefore prepare yourself for nine o'clock to-morrow."

Once again the gloomy procession reached Boston Common, halting beneath the shade of the scaffold. They asked her, as they had asked Rose Halifax, if she wished for the prayers of a minister to aid her in the last extremity, but she replied in the same words, —"I have no need of any priest."

It was proposed then that the people should pray for her, and she said quietly, "I desire the prayers of all the people of God." Some one in the crowd cried out, "She thinks, perhaps, there are none here." There was a short pause while she glanced around, observing the faces of her tormentors, and then made answer with unruffled gentleness: "I know but few here." Once only her peace was disturbed when she heard her teaching maliciously reported: "It is false, it is false!" she cried. "I never spoke those words." Wilson, the minister, was present as he had been on the first occasion, joining his insults to those of the other officials. He called to her to repent and to give up these delusions of the devil, but she answered, "Nay, I am not now to repent." One of the others cruelly shouted in derision, "Thou saidst thou hadst been in Paradise," a taunt which might well be suffered to pass from our memory if it had not drawn forth so sweet a reply: "Yea, I have been in Paradise several days." With these words on her lips she went behind the veil, "To where beyond these voices there is peace."

Who are we to judge each other and to say such deeds as this will never find acceptance with God! The most ignorant and mistaken acts, if done for love of Him, may possibly be laid in His vast treasure-house, and, like Aaron's rod which budded, their dead branches may shoot forth living fruit. Many souls on hearing of devotion like hers have been quickened into new life, and the

The first Sunday on the Island of Nantucket.

enthusiasm which has seemed wasted in acts of sacrifice has passed into the existence of others, who, labouring in the same vineyard, added knowledge to their zeal. Some of the Puritans who stood beneath the scaffold on Boston Common and witnessed the execution of Mary Dyar were inspired by the sight of her sufferings to ask questions which might otherwise have slept in their minds. Like Keith, they became champions of the human conscience and dared to believe that each soul is answerable only to God for its religious beliefs. Others learned by her sweet patience that the grace of God can work without help from outward aids, coming down in silence and only known by its fruits. So, in one way or another, the labour is done and the path cleared for the coming of the King. Let us thank Him who can make everything, even our mistakes, help forward the time when error and confusion shall be no longer possible.

CHAPTER XXII.

WINNIE was married in January, and from that time the troubles which beset Kate's life seemed to become daily more heavy. Keith was able to send her one long letter, in which he described their voyage and the appearance of their new home. He was cheerful now as always and very confident of success, but she gathered from a few stray allusions that their hardships must be severe, and even perceived a tone of thankfulness in the letter, as if he were glad he had not brought her with him to share their first trials. Nantucket promised well for the future: its physical advantages were by no means small, and he told her how much amused he was to find honey-dew on the grass, remembering the stories related by

Northmen, the first discoverers of the island, about some wonderful dew they had tasted when they landed there many years before.

He told her also of the first Sunday morning after he and his friends reached their port, and described the service they held on the beach, when the sound of their hymns blended with the soft murmur of the sea, which was almost as still as glass, except where the water rippled on the shore. "Far better to worship God by the ocean than in a Boston meeting-house," he wrote; "but how strange it seemed, to stand as we stood there, exiles because we had pleaded for liberty of conscience, and to remember that our fathers were driven into banishment for the same crime! Have we less right to defend our liberty than they; or have the persecuted learned to become tyrants and oppressors in their turn?" This was the only letter Kate ever received. There was no room for much surprise as vessels came very seldom from Nantucket, but she felt sure he would have written again if he could, and feared lest some of his messages had been lost.

Rowley was the cause of her next anxiety. He did not succeed in finding his brother in the forests, but his purpose of joining Keith had never been strong and was soon set aside in favour of another plan. The events of the last few weeks had inspired him with a hatred of colonial life and turned his thoughts in the direction of England, where he fancied he should be able to live as he pleased. So, a few days after Winnie's marriage, he started on the voyage home. The same relations who had been glad to get rid of him when he was a troublesome boy, gave him a sufficiently warm welcome when he returned as a man, and in a very short time he had taken his place amongst them, making himself a great favourite with all.

It was a fortunate event, from his own point of view, that the Restoration of the Monarchy followed so soon after his arrival, for then he found himself living in the atmosphere of pleasure which suited him better than any other. The influence of early education clung about him still, giving, as it often does, a horror of actual vice that no degree of temptation could overcome; but he felt no compunction about wasting his time in the pursuit of enjoyment, and worked harder to attain this end than he had ever done while serving as a soldier in New England.

On Sunday afternoons the hall in his eldest cousin's house used to ring with shouts of laughter as he rehearsed one of John Norton's sermons, or gave out a hymn in a peculiar nasal twang which the smallest child in a Boston meeting would have pronounced a parody of their singing. On one point only he defended the Puritans, and he did it with more vehemence because his own reputation as a warrior hung on the decision. "Ah," he used to say at the end of some of these performances, "they were good people though, and they knew how to *fight*. If it were a question of scalping Indians now, or running to meet the enemy with a shower of poisoned arrows whistling about the ears, not one of you could hold a candle to them!"

Kate had never thought her cousin was likely to be happy in Massachusetts and would have acquiesced quietly enough in his departure, especially as she knew nothing of the temptations which were sure to surround him in England, but the shock to Warren was very great, and on this account she felt it an additional trial. From the time Rowley sailed, her father never seemed able to smile. His troubles were increased by the coldness with which many of his friends treated him. The Puritans were very hard in their denunciations of error, and they considered that Warren's culpable weakness in the guidance of his nephews had been the cause of Simon's misdemeanours and had threatened the State with danger. It was gradually found out that during several months Simon had been in the constant habit of attending meetings of Friends, where he had made the acquaintance of Rose Halifax, and that on more than one occasion he had saved the worshippers from discovery by giving them timely warning of the proceedings of the magistrates. His position as secretary to his uncle had enabled him to find out much which was unknown to ordinary citizens, and the General Court felt its dignity compromised when a traitor was discovered lurking in the camp.

Endicott was furious with anger, and spoke openly to Warren of the duty of retiring from the council, even should the people of Salem wish to send him as a representative again. John Norton chose the sin of Eli as a subject for his sermon on lecture day, and every one knew whose shortcomings had furnished him with a theme for his discourse. Warren withdrew altogether from public life. His appearance changed suddenly, and his hair became as white as snow. He seemed to find his chief pleasure, or, to speak more truly, his greatest alleviation of pain, in rapid walking, and for many hours at a time would go the rounds of his farm, attending to all details of management, and refusing

help from any one. Wordsworth's description of an old man in grief was literally true of him during those melancholy months.

> "Whether it was care that spurred him
> God only knows, but to the very last
> He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale."

From these expeditions he returned sad and exhausted, to eat with no relish and sleep without refreshment. Sometimes on dark winter nights Kate came near him as he sat in his arm-chair, and, putting her head against his knee, cried silently from sympathy with his sorrow; but more often she assumed an air of cheerfulness, and sang favourite songs while knitting by the fire, hoping to catch his ear and divert his thoughts.

Summer passed and autumn came, bringing several weeks of rainy, disconsolate weather. One day Warren was overtaken, when far from shelter, in a thunderstorm, and caught a severe cold in consequence, which would not yield to remedies, until Kate becoming alarmed sent to Boston for Roger Harvey, the physician. He did not admit at first that the case was serious, but day after day passed and no improvement was seen, only a gradual slipping away of strength and deepening depression of spirits. Kezia came at the first tidings of illness, and proved such a blessing in the house that Kate understood better than ever before why she was sought after by every one in times of need. Warren did not care, however, for any nurse but his daughter. He was glad to know that she was there and relieved by some of her devices to soothe his pain, but whenever there was an interval of ease his eyes always turned to Kate. One night in the month of October he was lying very quietly, and she hoped he felt less uncomfortable than he had done for many days past, when suddenly he looked up and asked a question which filled her with fear.

"Is this the twenty-fifth of October?"

"Yes, it is," she replied unwillingly.

"The day of the fire," he added, and for a few moments nothing more was said, until he began to speak in a much lower voice, pausing for strength between the words. "I always hoped I should not die without seeing him, but now I begin to fear."

Kate looked at the thin changed face with tears in her eyes, and had no consolation to offer. She felt sure that even should it come to pass that Simon wearied of his life in the forest and wished to join once more in the pursuits of civilised men, he would never think of Massachusetts as a resting-place. The report of the gun fired from the cottage balcony must still echo in his ears, as it evidently did in Warren's, preventing his heart from turning towards home with repentance and love.

"If he comes," said her father, speaking in the same low voice, "you will see him, though I shall not. Tell him from me all that I wished to say. Do you understand? Have I expressed myself?"

"Yes," said Kate, "I quite understand."

His eyes closed, and the subject was never again mentioned between them. The weight of repentance which lay at his heart could not be explained to one of another generation, strong as the tie was which bound them together. Once when alone with Kezia he spoke of Simon, and dictated a short letter to Rowley, but she felt that the effect to break through his reserve was injuring him, and did not seek to prolong the conversation. It was late in the month of November that the end came, and sad as it was, all who loved him were glad that he should enter on another life, where his burden of regret would be laid down, and he might still be permitted to pray for the souls which God had intrusted to his keeping.

Kezia never returned to Boston. She stayed in the old farm at Salem, and helped her niece to live through some most dreary days, when the news they longed for seemed tardy in coming. Kate did not yield to sorrow. She worked hard and became as useful as Kezzy herself among the sick people in the settlement. Many interests filled her thoughts, but whenever she felt free to go where she wished, her steps turned to the shore, where, with her knitting in her hands, she sat and looked at the ocean.

"Do not go so often to the sea, my dear," Kezzy would say; "it is not good for you."

"I can knit faster there than anywhere else," said Kate. "I am not wasting time."

"No one ever supposed you were," said Kezia. "You will knit until the needles get fixed in your hands, I believe, but it cannot be good for you."

"Oh, yes, it is better than anything," said Kate. "I like to watch the white sails of the fishing vessels; they look so beautiful against the blue line of sky."

She did not finish her sentence, for the next words would have been: "Any of these white distant sails may one day be *his*." Sometimes Kezia and she used to speak of happier times which were coming, and Kate made her aunt promise to go with Keith and herself to the island, instead of remaining alone in Salem.

"There are sick people in Nantucket as well as here," she would say; "so your work will follow you, Aunt Kezzy."

"My work will leave me," said Kezia. "I am fifty-seven, my dear, and already I seem to feel my nerves beginning to shake; but that must be the case wherever I am—there or here."

"Then you will come with us," said Kate.

"You will have some trouble if I do," said Kezia; "at least, I am afraid you will. If my wishes were granted, I should wish to die in the way that gave least trouble to all around me."

"That is a characteristic wish," said Kate, smiling with some of her old mischief. "As if you ever could be a trouble to any one, you dear Aunt Kezzy."

They were sitting in the room where Winnie and Kate had been spinning on the evening Rose Halifax came to the house. Kate felt restless, and, putting away her work, walked towards the upland pastures. The care of the farm was often an anxiety to her, for everywhere she thought she could see signs that the hand and eye of a master were wanting; but her nature was not one to brood over troubles which could not be helped. She did her best, and where her powers failed, bore the loss it involved patiently. Kezia was less disposed to be resigned, and often was heard to complain because she could not be in six places at once, or do the work of all the idle people on the premises.

This afternoon Kate looked around, and decided that the condition of her fields was promising. Then she leaned against a gate, with her face towards the sea, and remembered that to-morrow would be the fifth of March. The limit which Kate set to his absence had long since passed, and still he did not come. All kinds of possibilities floated through her mind, for she knew that some of his letters had failed to reach her; but Aunt Kezzy said that ill news always flew fast, so she dismissed her fancies, and tried to feel hopeful. A few sounds in the distance startled her for a moment, as she fancied she heard Leo, Simon's dog, barking, and voices calling loudly; but they died into silence again, and still she leaned on the gate and watched. Then a hand was laid on her shoulder very softly, and she turned round, thinking that Winnie had come up to see them, and had followed her to the fields. But the face which she saw was not Winnie's, and all at once her senses seemed to fade away; the whole scene melted into mist, and when next she came to herself she was lying on the grass, with a familiar cloak beneath her, whose colour and texture she knew, while Keith leaned over her in terrible anxiety.

"Kezia warned me," he said, "but I was too impatient to wait. I am so sorry."

"It is I who should be sorry," said Kate. "I am quite well now. See, I shall get up."

And she tried, but was obliged to fall back against his shoulder, feeling as weak as a very little child.

"There is no use," she said; "I am going to be very foolish."

"You are tired," said Keith, "worn out with cares and watching."

There was a tremor of alarm in his tone, which roused Kate more than anything else could have done, and made her second attempt to rise more successful than the first.

"I am quite well," she said—"at least I shall be now that you have come back. Only it seems like a dream, and I must hold your hand lest it should melt away and I should awake——"

Kezia sat by the open window and waited for their return. Perhaps she did not expect them to come very quickly, for she was not in the least impatient when the shadows grew long on the grass and still the sound of their footsteps was unheard in the distance. Her heart felt very light and content, and not at all lonely, though no one came near her for more than an hour; she was beginning to feel an old woman, who had more need to look forward than back, and her times of loneliness were over. The sun had quite gone down when the two figures she was waiting for passed beneath the window. Keith as slender and active as ever, but a good deal older in appearance, and with a graver expression in his bright dark eyes than she remembered to have seen there in the days when he first came to ask Warren for his daughter. Kate less brilliant than she used to be then, but softer, sweeter, more thoughtful, richer in all those experiences which make the most precious part of life. They were a very beautiful pair, and yet Kezia felt the tears spring into her eyes as she looked at them.

"I am so happy, Aunt Kezzy," whispered Kate, "not with the excited happiness I had once before, but something far better. I cannot tell you what it is like."

"God bless you, dearest," said Kezia. "You see I was a true prophet: I told you that after the storm would come peace."

CHAPTER XXIII.

KEITH had no desire to remain long in Massachusetts, and Kate agreed with him in thinking that a new home would be better for both of them than the old, especially as Kezia was to be their companion. On one account only did she regret leaving Salem, and her last words to Winnie were very earnest and sad, "If you hear any news of Simon, be sure to let us know, and tell him that I had a message from my father to give, and have wished to see him more than any one else in the world, except my husband; indeed there have been times when I could have parted with my whole earthly happiness more easily than with the hope of seeing him again." Winnie looked astonished but promised to do as she was asked, and very soon the ship which carried Kate to Nantucket was out of sight on the ocean.

Some months had still to pass before any tidings reached her of Simon, and when at last they came, it was through an unexpected channel. There was one man in Massachusetts whose heart had very early been fired with a wish to help the Indians, so rudely invaded by armies of white men. While the other ministers in Boston were denouncing Quakers and stirring up persecution, John Eliot, or, to give him the name which all succeeding generations have gladly pronounced as his right, "Eliot the Apostle," was labouring among the savages, whom he loved for his Master's sake. Many stories are told of his devotion and ardour in the work, of the benevolence which made him unwilling to keep more than the barest necessities of life for himself, and the boundless charity that covered a multitude of sins, always refusing to admit that any soul however degraded was ruined past hope. The most miserable people found an advocate in him, one who was ready to suffer trials of all kinds, if by so doing he could lead them back to God, and thus wherever his presence came it seemed to bring confidence and rest.

During the summer of 1661, while he was making one of his missionary journeys, a messenger was sent to him, asking if he would visit a certain tent, where the "son of a chief" was dying in great pain. Eliot had some knowledge of medicine and was quite accustomed to act as a doctor in cases of illness; he started at once and soon reached the spot which was pointed out, but his surprise was unbounded when he passed through the narrow entrance of the wigwam, for instead of the red-skinned face of a savage, his eyes fell on the wasted features of a white man. Like every inhabitant of Boston, he had heard the story of Simon Mainwaring, and now as he drew near the forlorn bed of skins where the invalid was lying, the particulars of the sad history rushed into his mind and he knew by whom his help was needed.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked, with one of his most friendly smiles.

"I do not need help," said Simon. "I suppose some of the men went to bring you. I did not tell them to go. I said I liked best to be alone."

"That is a pity," said Eliot, "for I believe I can make you more comfortable: it is worth while trying, at all events."

This time he met with no reply, only a long inquiring look, which seemed to say, "What sort of a man are you who meddle with my affairs?" It was difficult to offer kindness under such difficulties, but Eliot would not be hindered. His first care was to admit more air by pulling down some shrubs which grew outside the entrance to the wigwam; then he moved about, doing various small things to make the tent more comfortable, while Simon lay still, gasping for breath and watching him.

"Thank you," he said, with a tremendous effort, when the work was done; and it almost seemed as if the words would have choked him, so much did his pride rebel against their utterance.

"I have not finished yet," said Eliot—"I want to contrive a pillow for you next; you are not lying quite high enough, and this bed should be nearer the entrance; you need air."

Whether Simon's physical wretchedness overcame his aversion to let himself be touched by a Boston minister, or whether the charm of Eliot's voice was beginning to work, it would be hard to say, but certainly at this point he yielded, and allowed his visitor to do as he pleased. Eliot made a short medical examination, and found he was suffering partly from the effects of a fall, but there were symptoms of a deeper malady, and he did not venture to give expression to his opinion, with those dim blue eyes fixed earnestly on his face. While he hesitated, Simon spoke out.

"I do not want to live," he said. "If I am dying, say so. I shall be delighted to hear it."

"I do not think you are," said Eliot; "you have exposed yourself and got wet through many times over, I should say; slept on damp ground, perhaps, without

being protected; and the end is that you have taken cold, but you are not likely to die yet."

"There is work before me, you mean," said Simon, "choking and suffocating, and all that. I am glad you took down those shrubs: I have more air. Good night. Thank you."

He turned his face away, and Eliot felt himself dismissed in a manner which would have prevented most men from ever offering their services again. He went to his own tent, but his mind was not at ease. His wish, until the present moment, had been to travel in another direction, and visit a chief whom he knew, an intelligent man who would help him with the work which lay nearest his heart—the translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue. His whole aim in life just then, was to perfect himself in the language of the people whom he laboured amongst, and if he stayed to nurse a white man, his time, so far as this was concerned, would be entirely thrown away. Still Simon's face haunted his memory, and the hopeless dry despair of his voice, unlike any he had ever heard before. At last, he decided to stay, and let the great labour of his life wait for a more convenient opportunity.

The invalid had a wretched night, and was still coughing on his uncomfortable bed when his friend of the former day came back to see how he was going on, and was received with a look of unutterable surprise. "You are going to stay with me," he exclaimed, and Eliot nodded kindly and said, "Yes, of course." With these words their communication ended, for Simon, always taciturn, was now too ill to talk. Eliot had medicines, and the Indian servant who usually came with him on his journeys made himself very useful, so by degrees the condition of the sufferer improved. He was not a tractable patient, but he could not show as much temper to a man old enough to be his father, as he would have done to one nearer his own age, and Eliot, though very gentle, had the decisiveness of a clever doctor who was resolved to see his prescriptions obeyed.

On one point only he was compelled against his own judgment to yield to Simon's wishes. He would have liked to pray in the little tent, which so soon would be the scene of the last agony, but his purpose was resisted with all the force of the young man's will. Such horror and aversion were expressed in his face when Eliot mentioned his desire, that the subject had to be quickly changed, and for many days was never again alluded to by either of them. "Do not talk to me about God," he said, in his feeble dying utterance, "I cannot bear it. You are very kind, but if you must speak of God, I had rather you went away. I am so sorry to hurt you, for you have been very good to me, but I cannot bear it."

Eliot yielded, as indeed he was obliged to do, and made no further attempts to pray. Yet his kindness never ceased, and hour by hour he was at hand, ready to comfort, relieve and amuse, devising various little entertainments to help the weary afternoons away, and so watchful meanwhile, that the smallest change in the symptoms of disease were noted by him. His faith in God was too strong to allow his spirits to sink, and he never doubted that the prayers he could not utter aloud would all at last be granted, and the wilful soul beside him be led to the feet of Christ, but sometimes he wondered whether his plan of silence was the best, and blamed himself for want of skill and perception. He need not have feared—

> "For mercy has a human heart,
> Pity a human face;
> And love the human form divine;
> And peace, the human dress."

While he waited and loved and hoped, a witness for the Father, whose voice Simon had never heard before, was each day speaking to his heart with greater power and distinctness. For a short time in the month of August there was some improvement in his symptoms and he was able to have his bed moved outside the tent and lie in the sunshine with all the wraps which could be found carefully folded round him. These were occasions which Eliot seized to devote to the work of translation, and Simon watched him with great curiosity.

"What are you doing?" he asked, as the Indian servant came from the tent, bringing a collection of papers.

"You can look if you like," said Eliot, putting some of his beloved sheets in the wasted fingers.

"It is a translation," said Simon, some of his old eagerness waking up. "Is this what you do when I am asleep in the morning? I have heard you talking to Nasutan about it. Why did you not tell me? I can help you."

"Perhaps you could," said Eliot, for the first time remembering that his patient knew the Indian tongue more perfectly, perhaps, than any white man in the colonies.

Simon was now completely roused. He had always been an intelligent student of the language, interested in the history of words

and not content to express his meaning by awkward phrases if he could find out those which the natives employed themselves in preference. He was a very fair Greek scholar also, and his help was not to be despised, though, unfortunately, his first attempt to explain the meaning of a sentence resulted in a violent attack of coughing. By degrees he became less excited in the work and therefore more sure of succeeding. Every day he helped a little, remembered new words, and explained some colloquialisms over which Eliot had puzzled in vain, while in the matter of right pronunciation his judgment was never astray. One afternoon he lay with his head on a soft cushion, filled with moss by a clever device of Nasutan the servant, and listened to Eliot, who was reading aloud the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, pausing every now and then to ask if he were distinct. The second time he did this, no answer was given, and he met Simon's eyes fastened on him with a look so unusual that he dropped the page and came nearer, feeling that the moment for which he had waited so long and so patiently was here at last.

There are very few people who can listen to a confession of sin and difficulty without wounding the spirit which they are trying to help; but Eliot was in no danger of making mistakes. He loved too deeply not to understand readily, and for some time he said very little, but listened to the long-repressed tale of conflict and misery with tenderness which did not need to clothe itself in words. Simon could not tell his story easily; he was too ill, and his wounds were too fresh; but now that his pride had left him, his longing for sympathy was too strong to be controlled, and little by little the history of all that he had suffered was confided to his friend. His chief motive in escaping to the woods seemed to have been the desire to annoy Endicott, and there was a flash of triumph in his eyes as he said—"They would have made a spectacle of me—set me up in their pillory, preached at me from their pulpits; but they have been miserably disappointed. I have defeated every plan."

It was true that as soon as he reached the shelter of the forest his longing for death returned, and twice over he told Eliot that he had attempted his own life, but on each occasion his purpose was frustrated by the Indians, who could not grasp the idea that so young a man should wish to die, and supposed his hairbreadth escapes were due to the malevolence of an evil spirit, who tried to entangle him in danger. The last time he was bitterly disappointed, and resolved that a third attempt should be successful, so he separated himself from his friends and went alone into the woods, where he was unlikely to be seen by any one. All at once, when his last arrangement had been made and he supposed his life was counted by seconds, a thought rushed into his mind, filling it with despair. He was a profound believer in the immortality of the soul, and wished to die merely because his present life was hateful; but as he stood now beneath those whispering forest trees, a sense of God's Presence overwhelmed him, and all at once he felt that the next world might be more intolerable even than this, if, in his disembodied state, he came nearer to the Great Spirit of the Universe, whom he thought he abhorred. There seemed no escape from this terrible thraldom. Wherever he went the mysterious Presence met him, crushing his resistance and penetrating the most secret places of his heart.

Then he gave up the idea of self-murder, and tried to busy himself in various ways. His hopes were all gone, and his soul like the deserted chamber to which the evil spirit returned, bringing seven others with him. Eliot's heart sank as he listened to the history of his life in the forest, and learned the harm he had done to the Indians, showing them that one who professed to worship Christ could be more reckless, more indifferent to good than they. Evil spreads with fearful haste, like fire and pestilence, and he knew that several years of his own labour must have been rendered useless by the things Simon had done; but still, though his work was dear to him, his patience did not give way.

The miserable story was soon to come to an end. In the midst of his troubles Simon had paid no attention to his health, and consumption stole upon him gradually, partly because this wild life was not suited to a man accustomed to civilised ways, but also because he had inherited the seeds of disease from his beautiful mother. As his strength diminished, the agony of his mind returned; not to be drowned by excitement as before. It was then that Eliot came to him, undertaking the offices of physician and nurse, and what followed can easily be guessed. It has happened many times before in the history of men, that they have fled all their lives from God as from a black-veiled enemy, until they were forced to turn and discovered in amazement that the

face which they saw was one of love. Eliot made no attempt to deduce a moral from the tale he heard, only listened with immense sympathy and sorrow. When it was finished, he turned to the theme he most loved, and spoke of the mercy which is infinite, and the heart which was poured out in grief for the sins of the world. Simon listened eagerly: a few weeks past he would not have believed it, but now the heavenly love had found an interpreter, and when Eliot prayed he followed the words with intense earnestness.

"I think it is true what you tell me," he said at length; "it *must* be true. I thought once that you'd be disgusted when I had told you everything, but you are not: you care about me still. If I felt sure God loved me only half as much as you do, I should be more than contented."

Eliot was puzzled to hear this. It was difficult for him to believe that any one could so blindly misunderstand the Father, and he was quite at a loss to see how his own love, so poor and thin as he felt it in comparison, could ever have served for a revelation of the divine charity which burns for the souls of men.

"My dear boy," he said, almost shocked, "take care not to lean upon me. I am only a servant, and a very poor one. The true witness of God is Jesus Christ, His Son. 'He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father.'"

"But I have never seen Christ," said Simon, "so I did not understand Him. I thought I hated Him, but it was not Christ I hated: it was these men who pretend to be His disciples. Since I knew you I have been learning what He is like."

Eliot was still perplexed, but though he could not understand the importance of his own part in the work, he was glad if by any instrument the message of God's love had found its way to Simon's heart, and every day the evidence became clearer that it had done so and been received. His friend was very anxious that he should be brought to forgive Endicott, and sometimes spoke of the duty of passing over offences. He expected to see a great struggle before this was done, but it was far otherwise; very quickly and quietly the Spirit worked, and one by one the things which Christ hates were laid aside, melting away like icicles before the sun. It was so new for Simon to feel himself loved, so sweet in those early days of faith to have something to do as well as suffer for the Lord, that he almost grudged there was nothing more difficult. Gradually also his friendship for Eliot fell into its right place, as the first object in his mind became the risen Redeemer. He did not question nor torment himself with misgivings. It was all perfectly natural; as if Christ himself had come into the forest to search for him, because His heart had no rest until the lost one was found.

He was very anxious that Eliot should not put off his journeys nor change his habits of preaching to the people because he was needed as a nurse, and often urged him to go more frequently and stay for longer periods. One day in the month of September Eliot refused to leave him because for several nights he had been unusually ill, but he said it was wrong that the Indians should be neglected and would not allow his own claims to be considered.

"I have done enough to hinder and spoil your work," he said. "Cannot you let me help it?"

Eliot was obliged to promise that he would go, though with many misgivings, and it was arranged at last that he should start early the following morning. That evening Simon lay on his couch near the entrance of the tent, and became each moment more restless, though his clear apprehension did not leave him, and he sent some messages to Kate, Kezia, and Warren, dwelling very much upon the last. Eliot had never told him of his uncle's death, fearing to cause needless suffering, though he had explained that Rowley was no longer in Massachusetts and seen the news impart a shock which he would gladly have spared him.

All things were prepared for the journey, but in the night the messenger of Death came to the tent, bringing great anguish with him.

When the sun went down the following day, Simon's spirit had escaped, leaving his mortal part behind like a beautiful but ruined casket, for which its need was over. A number of thoughts pressed upon Eliot as he watched beside the bed after performing the last services of love with tender, reverent carefulness. There was much that was blessed in his recollections: new trust in God, new insight into Divine mysteries had come to him through his intercourse with Simon, but dark threads mingled with the heavenly glory of these, and made his heart burn with sorrow. How many more lives would be wasted? how many souls led astray before the rulers of Massachusetts learned the true laws of liberty? It was a question he dared not ask, and when some days later he stood

"Cousin Annys, does Mrs. Laurence know?"

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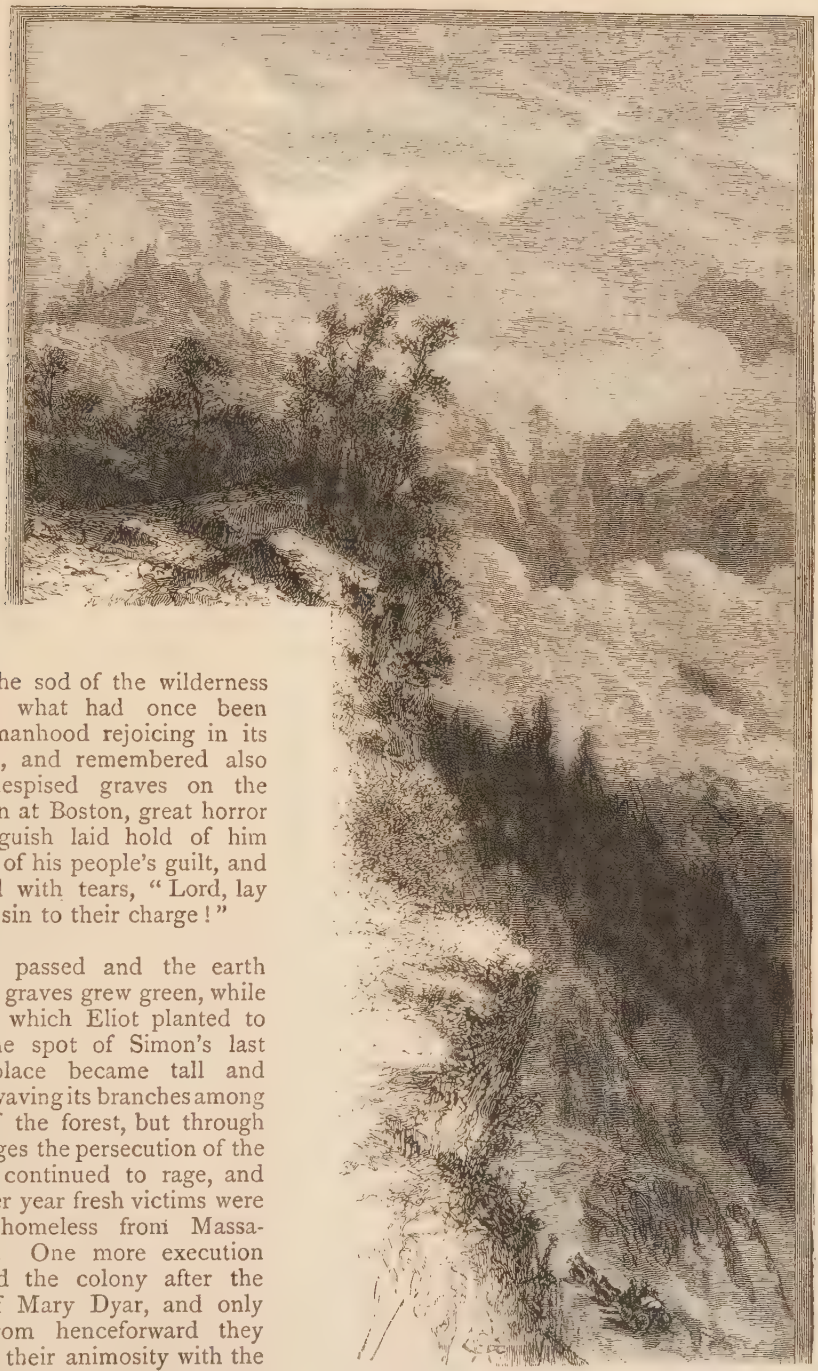

Among the Green Mountains, Simon's Refuge.

where the sod of the wilderness covered what had once been young manhood rejoicing in its strength, and remembered also those despised graves on the Common at Boston, great horror and anguish laid hold of him because of his people's guilt, and he cried with tears, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!"

Years passed and the earth over the graves grew green, while the tree which Eliot planted to mark the spot of Simon's last resting-place became tall and stately, waving its branches among those of the forest, but through all changes the persecution of the Friends continued to rage, and year after year fresh victims were driven homeless from Massachusetts. One more execution disgraced the colony after the death of Mary Dyar, and only one; from henceforward they satisfied their animosity with the infliction of scourgings and imprisonment. After the Restoration, Charles II. issued a mandate commanding that the trials of the sect should cease, but though for a time he was obeyed, his interest in their cause soon slackened and the old iron rule began once more. Ten

years had to pass before the dawn of better things, and then the royal authority intervened again; this time to meet with more enlightened spirits and to accomplish its end.

Meanwhile the settlers in Nantucket had increased and prospered. Many of the persecuted Quakers went out to join them, attracted by the liberty which they extended to all shades of Christian belief, until in time the island became known as a dwelling-place of Friends, whose pure and simple living gave abundant evidence of the value of their faith. But while the sun of prosperity shone brightly upon them, they remembered the lessons of darker hours. The first voices which were raised against the sin of holding slaves came from the descendants of those who had suffered thus cruelly in the past. The outcasts of liberty remembered the days when they had wandered homeless and forlorn, when their infants had been sold and their wives scourged in public market-places, and they handed down the tale of wrong to their children, not to awaken revenge, but to remind them in their turn to be pitiful and show mercy. As early as 1688, the Friends, in their meeting-house at Philadelphia, defended the liberty of the bonds men.

In the year 1716, the first public protest against slavery which the world ever listened to was sent out by the Quakers of Nantucket. It was followed a few years later by another, and from that time until the battle was won, the Society of Friends never faltered in their allegiance to the cause of the African. Thus the sorrows of an earlier age resulted in the healing of many, and the wisdom which is taught by pain became a nobler inheritance than gold, or silver, or land.

THE END.

BARNEY'S NEIGHBOUR.

By C. BIRLEY.

"Great gifts can be given by little hands,
Since of all gifts Love is still the best."
A New Mother.—Adelaide Anne Procter

CHAPTER IV.—IN THE AVENUE (*continued*).

IN less than a quarter of an hour the figure that he longed for came in sight.

"Here I am, here I am!" he called out joyfully, springing down from his leafy seat, yet even in his haste remembering to take off his hat respectfully to her. "How do ye do, Mrs. Laurence? I came home last night, and I am very glad to see you."

Mrs. Laurence surveyed him with a critical and doubtful air.

"Aren't you dead?" she said, with a cheerfulness which in a sane person would have been unfeeling.

"Oh no!" said Barney. "Thank you. I have only been to Dawlish."

"My children are dead," said Mrs. Laurence tranquilly. "Some day I shall see them crowned with roses in the kingdom of heaven; and I thought you might be playing with them now. But it doesn't signify. *They* have been worse than ever," she went on, dropping her voice to a confidential whisper, and pointing with a thumb over her shoulder at some imaginary foes: "but now," and she gave a horrid laugh, "they are afraid of me, and they daren't come near enough to try and kill me, any more. Look here! Do you know what this is, boy?" And exultingly she drew forth the revolver, which had been hitherto half-hidden by her shawl.

"A gun," said Barney simply. But his heart misgave him at the nature of his task.

"Esther is frightened, too," continued Mrs. Laurence with a look of delighted cunning. "She unloads it when she thinks that I'm not looking; but I've found her out. And I've got money, and there's a big boy that waits about for me when she's asleep or out of sight. Esther believes it's empty now, but it isn't, I can tell you, for he loaded it again this morning, when she went in the kitchen for a minute. You're not afraid of me, are you, boy?" she ended, with a touch of wistfulness which banished Barney's momentary fright; and, clasping both his hands upon the paling, his beautiful brown eyes met hers with a look of loving earnest candour in them, which penetrated even to that poor afflicted brain.

"Not now. I know you wouldn't like to hurt me," he said trustingly. Then, emboldened by the unusual responsiveness of her expression, he went straight to his point. "Mrs. Laurence, if you please, I do so wish you would give me the gun. Daisy gave me

a toy one once, but I have never had a real one. And I would rather have this of yours than anything I ever saw."

"You would, would you?" said Mrs. Laurence.

"Yes," said Barney earnestly. "Do you think you could let me have it?"

She hesitated. Proud as she was of frightening other people with her weapon, she was by no means free from fear of it herself.

"Shall I?" she said, considering. "Boys always know how to use guns. If I give it you, you will have to take care of me, you know."

"Oh, yes," said Barney. "I will try." He was trying already, with all the might of his young loving soul.

Mrs. Laurence stepped back a few paces from the fence, dandling the revolver in her arms affectionately, as if it were a doll or baby. Barney, who was watching her intently, understood that she was struggling to make the effort to grant him his request, but that it cost her something to give up the gun. And so felt Esther, who under cover of some lilac bushes had come up unobserved, and was anxiously, yet hopefully, awaiting the result of her poor mistress's deliberations.

Thus passed a few long moments of suspense. Then—

"Here! Take it!" cried Mrs. Laurence, suddenly lifting her arms and flinging the gun towards him with a swift, wild gesture.

Mercifully an intervening tree-branch warded off the actual blow, but it could not save him altogether. There was a crash, a flash, a sharp report; and, hearing his quick cry of anguish, Esther made a frantic rush across the paling, as Barney Fielding fell down senseless on the ground.

He was shot in the shoulder. There was no danger; but it would be a long time before he was quite well. That was what Cousin Annys heard when she came back to Methby Grove.

And so, like many another champion, Barney gained his purpose at a price which left him for the time unable to rejoice in his success. It was in a sort of dream, changed to the agony of nightmare by the visits of the doctors to probe and dress his injured shoulder, that he passed the next few days, just smiling now and then at the kind or loving faces that bent over him, or murmuring a drowsy "thank you" in recognition of some little care.

But at length one afternoon something of the old thoughtful brightness came back into his languid eyes, and he turned them to his godmother, who was sitting close beside his bed.

"Cousin Annys, does Mrs. Laurence know?" he said.

"Yes, indeed she does, dear boy."

"And is she sorry?"

"Very very sorry."

"Then, please," said Barney with an eager look, "will you give my love to her, and say I know she didn't mean to hurt me? And tell her, please, that my shoulder isn't very bad, and I hope I shall soon be well enough to go out again to see her. For I suppose," he added with shy suggestiveness, "that you wouldn't like to ask her to come up here to me, because of her being mad?"

Cousin Annys hesitated for a moment, but on the whole she thought it best that he should hear the truth at once. "Dear Barney," she said gently, "I am grieved to disappoint you, but Mrs. Laurence is no longer at the villa. Sometimes, do you know, when people are insane, a great shock brings them suddenly to their senses, if only for a little while. And such was the case with her. When she saw how she had hurt you, she burst into tears, and reproached herself, and begged her maid to take her somewhere where she could do no further harm. And her friends were sent for, and she went away quietly with them this morning, dear. The maid came here to thank you, and to ask me how you were."

"But where have they gone, Cousin Annys? And when will they come back?"

"They have gone somewhere in Kent," said Cousin Annys, passing over the latter question, "to the house of a doctor who will look after her, and probably make her a great deal happier than she could be here. My dear little lad, don't distress yourself. Indeed it is the very best thing for her."

For Barney's eyes were round and horror-struck.

"Oh, Cousin Annys, who took her? Who said she *must?*" he burst out passionately. "Not Esther, I am sure, for Esther is always kind. And it is one of the very things she was afraid of! She told me that wicked, cruel people wanted to take her away, and shut her up; and I didn't believe her. I thought she only thought so, because of her being mad. Poor Mrs. Laurence! poor Mrs. Laurence! Oh, what shall I do without her?" And partly out of sympathy with her, partly from a sense of his own personal loss and desolation, Barney broke into a fit of sobbing which considerably alarmed his nurse.

"It is all my doing," he said. "Why did I try to help her? Only mother said I ought to love and help my neighbour."

Very tenderly did Cousin Annys try to soothe his sorrow and excitement. "Listen, my boy," she said at last. "If you were a little older you would see for yourself that you have really done your friend a greater service even than you meant to do. For the doctors say that under proper management and treatment, there is yet a hope that her reason may come back; and if it should, it will be mainly owing to your loving efforts for her safety, which have indirectly led her to place herself beneath their care. You understand this, don't you, dear?"

Yes, she saw he did, for the pained and self-reproachful look had passed out of his face.

She laid her hand caressingly upon his chestnut curls. "But now your part is over," she resumed; "and, Barney, it is often the highest act of love to stand aside and let its work be done by abler hands. You can only wait and see now if this bright hope of Mrs. Laurence's recovery is to be fulfilled, remembering always that the final issue is with a love more deep than any human love, to which you shall commend her in your prayers."

And from a little book of hers she taught him this petition, which for years afterwards he seldom failed to use:—

"I entreat thee, Blessed Lord, even as of old thou wast entreated, for the insane, that even in their darkness Thy pity may encompass them, Gracious Light of the world, and may present them faultless before the presence of Thy Glory."

CHAPTER V.—"GOOD-BYE, BARNEY."

"O Son of God, our Captain of Salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief."
Hymn.—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

ONE Saturday afternoon a train from London comes puffing into Methby Junction Station, and a boy springs quickly out of it on to the platform, and walks away across the Common in the direction of the town. And this big fellow with the vigorous young limbs and general air of health, and strength, and capability, is no other than our old acquaintance Barney Fielding, now grown into a schoolboy of fourteen.

Barney's home is no longer either at Elmhurst or at Methby. When, after a year or two spent in the south of France, Mr. Fielding grew well enough to return to England, he accepted the offer of a living in Devonshire; and Barney always goes there from his school in London, to be with his parents twice a year. But his Easter holidays, and his exeats (permissions to leave school from Saturday to Monday, which are granted for good conduct once or twice a term) are given without a question to his godmother, whom he regards with a tender affection and gratitude which makes him almost like a real son to her.

To-day he feels particularly anxious for her sympathy. He has not seen her since his summer holidays, when his father had startled him by declaring that in a couple of years he would be old enough to go into business, and that a stool in an office had already been promised for him by a rich merchant who was a friend of Mr. Fielding's.

"But, father, I mean to be a surgeon!" cried Barney in dismay. He had never varied for one moment in his choice of a profession.

"Such was your childish intention, I know," said Mr. Fielding. "But considering the circumstances of our small income and my uncertain state of health, I think you will see that I can hardly afford you the necessary education, and that the sooner you can earn your own living the better."

Barney said no more, but he did not give up his purpose.

"For I will work late and early out of office hours, so as to be ready for the examinations at the very first moment that I get a chance of passing them," he said vehemently to Elly, a pretty fair girl of eleven, who was full of pity for his disappointment. "And then when Pascoe is doing for himself, and you and Daisy are both married, I can begin to practise. I suppose nobody will want to stop me then!"

"Oh, Barney, you forget! I shall never marry," Elly said decidedly. "Don't you remember how we settled long ago that you should build a hospital yourself, and manage it, and I would be a nurse and help you?"

Barney has not liked to write about his troubles to his Cousin Annys, but it will be a great relief to tell them. Still, his mind is sufficiently disengaged from them for him to think that he may as well just run round from the station by the Lower Green, to see if any exciting match at cricket or hockey is in progress there. He stands and watches the latter game for a few minutes, and then moves on quickly towards the Grove by a road

which takes him past the front of the long ugly row of villas.

Barney's early romance has passed out of his life, leaving him by no means a sentimental sort of boy. And yet perhaps it may be doubted whether he has ever gone down Queen Elizabeth's avenue without casting an involuntary glance at the melancholy dwelling which, since Mrs. Laurence's departure, has been shut up and untenanted, or without bestowing a passing thought on the mad neighbour who once filled so large a space in his pitying childish heart. Two or three times since she went away, news of her had come to Methby in letters from Esther to Miss Maynard, and Esther said that Mrs. Laurence seemed fairly happy in the private asylum, where she was most kindly treated, and that the doctor found faint traces of improvement in her mental state. She, Esther, was permitted to remain with her as maid, and they often talked of little Master Barney. It was now, however, some years since the last of these letters had been received.

To-day, though, as the boy goes by that villa, the most casual look assures him that a change has taken place in its condition. There is a man at work in the hitherto neglected garden, tidying up the flower beds, and the grass looks smooth and newly mown, while open windows, drawn-up blinds, and a display of muslin drapery, give an undoubted air of habitation to the house itself.

"Is Mrs. Laurence dead, I wonder," says Barney to himself. "And have her heirs come into possession of the place?"

But when he reaches Methby Grove Cousin Annys tells him it is not so.

"No," she says. "It is Mrs. Laurence herself who has come back to the villa; but only that, by her own desire, she may die in the same house in which her earliest years of happy married life were spent. She is quite sane now, and in all human probability will so continue to the end. For—it is very sad—as her mind returned her bodily health gave way, and she cannot last for more than a few weeks at most. And she wants to see you, Barney. Esther came to ask if you still lived here, and I promised you should go when you arrived this afternoon. You need not stay many minutes, you know; but it was not possible to resist such a desire."

"No, of course not," said Barney, flushing. "Hadn't I better go at once?" So without one word being spoken between him and his godmother about his blighted hopes, he for the first time in his life finds himself entering through the gate of the little garden, and asking for admission at the house of his old friend.

The neat maid-servant who opens the door to him has evidently been expecting his arrival, and ushers him immediately into a pretty drawing-room. There upon a sofa lies the invalid, Mrs. Laurence, who, at the first sight of him, turns to the tall woman who is bending over her, saying in a low soft voice—

"Esther, I was forgetting that he could no longer be a *little* boy."

Then, greeting him, she says—

"Yet now, except in stature, Barney, I see but little change from that dear child of long ago, whose love was strong enough to cast out fear, and whose gentle and considerate ways were such a contrast to the idle, mocking curiosity of other boys. Ever since I began to get well enough to think of coming here, I have been longing for a sight of the bright face that used to cheer my darkness, and to be able at last to thank you for the great gift of love, which you alone, and my faithful Esther, brought me in my trouble."

His hand is still in hers. How ill she looks, but oh! how calm and beautiful and gentle. Barney feels that he has never realised the unutterable sadness of her old condition until he sees how, in comparison with it, death is to be welcomed as a friend. His heart swells with a tide of loving pity as he says—

"I have never forgotten. And I am so sorry for it *all*."

"Yes," she says, "yes; but it is nearly over now."

Then in the pause that follows her left hand lightly touches a Bible by her side. She looks at it a moment, and Barney's glance falls on it too.

"Don't you think, Barney," she presently resumes, "that one of the most gracious acts of our Saviour's ministry on earth was to cast out the legion of devils from that poor distracted soul which they tormented? But to me He has been still more merciful. For when, clothed and in his right mind again, that man besought Him that he might be with Him, he was sent away. Jesus bid *him* prove his love and gratitude by service, while I, from whom also the torturing spirits of delusion and suspicion have been driven out, am forthwith summoned by His goodness to come and sit for ever at His feet. Indeed, my boy, you need not look so sorrowful. How could I willingly take up my broken links of life? And now I want you to tell me of yourself."

He tells her; a few skilful questions draw

forth his confidence, and she is soon in possession of all his hopes and fears. At the end she smiles upon him with the brightest look that he has seen upon her face.

"Barney," she says, "you make me very happy, for I foresee that what I purpose doing will prove a real benefit and good. Happily I am rich enough, after all just family claims on me have been considered, to take the care of your future in my hands. You need therefore have no scruples about accepting what I mean to leave you. It is no great fortune, but enough to enable you to be thoroughly well trained in your chosen profession, and to keep you until you are able to maintain yourself. My lawyer shall arrange this with your father. You had better give me his address."

Barney writes it for her. But it is not so easy to put his gratitude in words. Mrs. Laurence, however, understands. "It is your work that will thank me," she is beginning, when Esther steps forward from the recess to which she had respectfully withdrawn.

"If you please, ma'am," she says anxiously, "I'm sure you have been talking more than is right for you; and Master Barney wouldn't wish you to be the worse for his visit. Maybe he will come another day and see you."

"Very well, Esther, I think I must submit," she answers; and indeed her fatigue and exhaustion are evident. "Barney, when are you likely to come down here again?"

Barney gives the date of his next exeat.

"Ah," says Mrs. Laurence, "that is too far off for me to hope to see you, so this must be good-bye. Kiss me, my dear. And may the God of Love endue you more and more with His own Spirit, and make you ever a blessing and comfort and consolation to mankind."

Let us see how that benediction works.

In one of the very poorest parts of London stands a substantial-looking building, known as "Laurence's Hospital," which owes both its existence and success to the efforts of its young house-surgeon, whose whole heart is in his work—Dr. Barnabas Fielding.

Many years have gone by since the death of Mrs. Laurence, and when Barney's professional education was completed, he had still enough in hand of the money she had left him, to encourage him to try and raise funds for this much-needed object. And no sooner was the building ready for the patients than Elly, who by this time had completed a proper course of training, came to share her brother's labours, just as she had promised when a child.

In the dawn of a June morning, of which as yet the peacefulness is comparatively little broken by the roar of traffic in the streets, a crowd has gathered round the door of "Laurence's Hospital," waiting with heart-sickening eagerness for the issue of the bulletin which will in all likelihood reveal whether that beloved friend and helper, Dr. Fielding, is to live or die. For after almost superhuman exertions and endurance throughout the worst season of sickness which has ever befallen that unhealthy neighbourhood, he, too, was attacked by dangerous symptoms, and for days his life has been hanging by a thread. Hour after hour somebody or other comes up to the door to learn from the paper fastened on to it what is his doctor's last report. But last night was to be the crisis of his illness. That is why there are so many people here to-day.

A few men of superior grade, and two or three liveried servants, are scattered here and there among the throng, but the mass is of the working classes. Costermongers' barrows, piled with fruit and vegetables, a Punch-and-Judy theatre, trays and boards with rows of penny toys, and baskets of sweet-smelling flowers, give an occasional clue to the nature of this work, and other indications may be noted in police and postal uniforms, the dirty aprons of poor lodging-house drudges, and in cabby's unmistakable attire. And of all these watchers, there are few who have not either experienced in their own persons, or seen those very dear to them receive, the benefits of most skilful care and treatment in that infirmary where one is now lying to whom they owe its very presence in the midst of their poor dwellings, one who has loved his neighbour as himself, and has had compassion, and showed mercy on him.

"Ah, Johnnie, but for him you'd not be here now," says a sharp-visaged little man, drawing his hand across his eyes at the memory of how hardly his pale, lame boy, the light of his life, was rescued from the very jaws of death. But though Johnnie shares his feeling, he only mutters breathlessly—

"Whist, father! Whist! Here comes Nurse Elly."

Nurse Elly's cheerful good-humour makes her a great favourite in the wards, but now for many days she has scarcely given a thought even to the most anxious cases there. Every faculty of mind and body has been concentrated on her one patient in the private room. As she comes forward to

change the bulletin, the waiting people know that their suspense is all but over.

They are quiet, yet in their eager, upturned faces there is an intensity of anxious questioning and longing, which, in contrast with the death-like stillness of the sick-room she has quitted, causes them to seem as if they spoke. And, as she answers, she holds up her hand to them in not unneedful warning, for there is a brightness in her countenance which, if they dared, would make them burst into a cheer.

"Hush!" she says. "Hush! Be thankful and be still. Praise God, the worst is over; and I have left him sleeping like a child."

In silent joy that crowd disperses.

"Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well."

THE END.

MORAL COWARDICE.

By Mrs. FRANCIS G. FAITHFULL.

AS a fact, moral cowardice has to answer for worse evils than has the timidity which will not enter a burning house, or encounter a midnight thief. Dread of misconstruction, of giving offence may lead as directly to cruelty, as did the frantic terror of the Russian peasant who flung her children one by one to the pursuing wolves. Womanly and motherly tongues may be heard describing the ill-usage of little children witnessed in public streets or parks, and then making the strange avowal, "I did think of following the nurse home, but people are so apt to treat any imputation on their servants as a liberty." Perhaps, for "people" are sometimes very oddly constituted, but surely the poor babies might have the benefit of the doubt.

Or it may happen that a young boy is pining at the school to which his Australian parents hastily consigned him. The uncles and aunts at home grieve over his miseries and shake their heads at his changed looks and ways. But they won't interfere or even protest. "It would not do to be meddlesome. A better arrangement might not easily be made." Such are the reasons given for remaining passive. And they have some force. It is no light matter to act without lawful authority, or to risk the resentment of near kinsfolk, and those who meditate bold steps should count the possible cost. But if having counted it they deliberately prefer to chance the child's growing up sickly or rebellious, rather than let themselves be dubbed indiscreet, impetuous, busy-bodies, or what not, then, like Sir William Temple, they "shrink from responsibility with a pusillanimous fear," mastering both love and duty.

Moved by the like fear, well-meaning people constantly fail in another way to better the lives of those for whom they profess to care. They are ready enough generally to criticize, to wish confidentially that A. were more methodical and punctual, so that it might be possible to obtain for her the office she is eager to fill; to lament B.'s broken health, due doubtless to his wife's careless catering and over-heated rooms; or to regret those Bohemian habits of C.'s, which create against him—good fellow though he is—so strong a prejudice. But, unless spurred by personal irritation or endowed with a special propensity for reforming their species, they cannot bring themselves to expostulate with the delinquents. They have chafed over A.'s forgotten engagements; they have eaten B.'s tough steaks; C. has treated them with scant ceremony. If they allude, however lightly, to these things, it will seem (that convenient formula!) as if they were indicating their own past discomfort and annoyance.

In other words, they will present themselves in an unpleasing light! And if this is felt to be a not quite valid excuse for silence, another is soon forthcoming. "They have no right," so runs the plea, "to hurt people's feelings."

We none of us have a right to hurt any human being's feeling needlessly or indifferently; but if we believe that the pin prick of our strictures might possibly save those dear to us from the sharper pain of illness, failure, or friendlessness, then what can be said for the faint-heartedness that can't utter them, because the effort might be misinterpreted?

And only those to whom plain speaking *is* an effort can do this service. The slightest sign of satisfaction in delivering home truths is fatal to their efficacy, and a remonstrance, unlike an oration, comes most eloquently from hesitating lips.

It does not follow that we are to be always testifying. Often, indeed, we shall do well to ignore defects which seem irremediable,

rather than forfeit valuable help, weaken a strong influence, or provoke an impatient or stubborn temper. But there is all the difference in the world between the silence maintained by a wise self-command, and that other silence which comes of craven self-regard.

This lack of moral courage, which enfeebles friendship and sometimes makes affection almost worthless, tells too in dealing with strangers, notably in the giving of characters.

There is indeed a real difficulty here, for the obvious duty of truth-telling often seems to clash with the no less pressing claim of mercy. Too strong a stress laid upon some petty theft or youthful folly may mean something like beggary to a servant, and it is hard for any pen to sketch a perfectly fair portrait in a few strokes. Simple justice demands therefore a careful choice of words; but self-interest, going farther, suggests a caution hardly less misleading than calumny itself.

Certain inquiries are wilfully ignored, it being conveniently assumed that, if the inquirers are very solicitous about those special points, they will notice the omissions and repeat their queries. But what does this really mean? That only persons who give proof of quick perception and steady determination require reliable butlers and cooks? One would suppose it to be rather the other way. No! the unspoken explanation is not hard to find. If further pressure extorts damaging truths, the character-givers can now, at least, defend themselves from any accusations of malignity, by representing that their evidence has been wrung from them against their will. The justification, however, is feeble from beginning to end. Either the information ought to be freely given or firmly withheld. There is something ignoble in coquetting with a responsibility. To set down naught in malice is a rule which should need no enforcing; to extenuate as far as may be errors and defects which may entail heavy penalties, this will be the impulse of every generous nature; but reserve will prove in the long-run no truer kindness to servants than to mistresses, for the consciousness that persistent idleness or insolence may mean starvation will be a strong incentive to that self-control out of which goodness largely springs.

Contagious complaints offer another occasion for blameable reticence. Scarlet fever appears in a school or among a shop-keeper's children, and those who hear of it are careful that they and theirs give the place a wide berth. But while insuring the safety of their own belongings, and quietly warning their friends, they are not always disposed to proclaim the danger to all whom it may concern. They are grateful perhaps to the schoolmaster for much patience with their dull boy, they have a long running account with the butcher or baker, and even if unfettered by any such special tie, still they are unwilling to figure in a fellow-townsman's eyes as the purveyors of news which may rob him of pupils or custom. So they console themselves with the reflection that full precautions will certainly be taken in the infected house, that the fact is sure to get abroad soon without their help, and probably they really half believe that they are only loth to be unneighbourly, and see no inconsistency in professing reliance on measures which don't give them a sense of security, or on the spread of intelligence which they won't publish. But unless they honestly hold that the heaviest blows of fate are those which touch the pocket, there is a twist in their benevolence. They will not "to do a great good do a little harm," or, more truly, they deem it worse to be thought heartless than to be so.

Yet for all the harm they do to others, and the good they leave undone, those who cannot face a frown or endure an unmerited sneer are their own worst enemies. They find it much easier to stand aside and leave difficulties to adjust themselves, than to go out to meet them. It seems mercenary and distrustful to be very explicit about money arrangements, or exact in defining the terms of a contract. It sounds ungracious to oppose a suggestion, or distinctly refuse an offer or request. And hope is ready to tell a flattering tale. The claims are surely too clear for dispute. The obnoxious plan may probably fall through; and when things do not work out so comfortably, when the almost inevitable explanation at last betrays that a scheme may wear very different aspects in different minds, or that a tacit consent really meant less than nothing, then there is excited a mutual bitterness made up of many elements, and altogether disproportioned to the original grievance.

Many of us have known the burden of unwelcome tidings which we ought to convey, and have lived through beforehand the startled glance, the exclamation of dismay, perhaps of anger, they may evoke. But the brave spirit, like the high-mettled horse, dashes at its hard work, and, having done it, is at ease. The coward, swerving again and again from the straight course, feels, if he does not own, that "fear is more pain than is the pain it fears."

SUMMER.

SUMMER, Summer! who so fair
Of the spirits sent to earth!
Here and there and everywhere,
Radiant beauty, music, mirth!

In the beech-tree's light and shade,
In the quiet cattle's rest,
In the deeper, greener blade,
In the chirping fledgling's nest;

In the larks that rise and sing,
  In the games upon the green,
In the insect's murmuring wing,
  In the river's languid sheen;

In the church's ivied tower,
  In the daisies on the grave,
In the garden's rosy bower,
  In the corn-field's emerald wave;

In the nestled cottage peep,
  In the old man at his door,
In the vines that round him creep,
  In the swallows as they soar;

In the fields with dew-drops sown,
  In the wandering zephyr's sigh,
In the ditch with nettles grown,
  In the clouds that pile the sky;

In the balm of quiet night,
  In the moon's more peaceful ray,
In the songs of waking light,
  In the burning heart of day!

Angel Summer, sent to earth
  In these mortal raiments drest,
All thy wealth of light and mirth
  Is God's love made manifest.

B. W.

NEW LIGHT IN THE OLD LAMP.

IV.

JAMES ii. 14. "*What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him?*" The omission of the article in this version perplexes the English reader, as the apostle is made to question the efficacy of faith. The revision reads: "*What doth it profit, my brethren, if a man say he have faith, but have not works? can* THAT *faith save him?*" We have only to remember that the persons addressed had been in the habit, in their Jewish state, of relying for their salvation on their descent from Abraham; for we read that the Jews who were reproved by our Lord for their sin, supposed that they rebutted the charge by answering and saying unto Him, "Abraham is our father." There would be persons amongst those who had such antecedents, who changing their faith from Abraham to Christ, would yet retain their old notions of the efficacy of this faith. And it would seem that, even nowadays, there are yet to be found persons who attach this saving efficacy to faith in creeds.

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1 Timothy vi. 9. "*But they that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.*" The force of this passage, as that of several others, is lost through taking the word "*will*" as the sign of the future tense. This ambiguity is prevented by the revision:—"*But they that* DESIRE *to be rich fall into a temptation and a snare and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drown men in destruction and perdition.*" It is not, necessarily, the rich only who are here warned, for there are rich people who, having been always accustomed to riches, find riches but little, if any, temptation

in their Christian career. It is the poor, generally, who are most anxious about becoming rich. And it is not riches that we are here warned against, but the desire to be rich, and the settled purpose and will to obtain riches.

Matthew xxii. 9. "*Go ye, therefore, into the highways.*" In the parable of the wedding-feast there is a striking variation between the commission of the master and its execution by his servants, which ought not to have been lost. According to the old version the servants fulfilled their mission. But this does not appear to have been the case, for we read in the revision that the command was:—"*Go ye, therefore, unto the* PARTINGS *of the highways.*" Nothing is said of the servants going into the by-ways, only that they went into the highways. This serves to remind us of the partial and perfunctory obedience which we have given to some definite and urgent commands. We have done in our way the work of God. But the work of God is to be done in God's way.

Romans i. 17. "*For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith.*" The definite article is introduced, seriously darkening the argument by the changed meaning thus forced upon the word "righteousness." The translators thus suggest a divine attribute, whereas the text speaks of the method in which God treats man, in conformity with His righteous character. The quotation from Habakkuk throws light upon the argument, by showing that the righteousness referred to is the righteousness of a man who is put right with God, by faith in God's righteousness. The prophet believed in the fatherly purpose of God in the Chaldean invasion. He exclaims, "Thou hast established them for correction. We shall not die." He believed God would use punishment, not for the destruction of the sinners, but for their deliverance from sin. Faith in God as having this purpose, is the spiritual condition which Habakkuk considers to be the only right condition for a man to be in. And this is the simple meaning of Paul's doctrine of justification by faith. And the emphasis in the quotation is on the word *righteous*. The revision reads:—"*For therein is revealed* A RIGHTEOUSNESS *of God by faith unto faith: as it is written, But the* RIGHTEOUS *shall live by faith.*" We have all sinned, but we all yet may do what we have to do, and what we have to do is to believe in God. And whoever we are, or whatever we have done, faith is right; right for us because God has told us to believe in Him, and has given us reasons for doing so, and so we are *rightened* by faith.

Galatians iii. 11. "*But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, it is evident: for, The just shall live by faith.*" This is the second instance of the quotation from Habakkuk, and the more correct version of the revision shows that the emphasis lies, in this case, on the word *faith*. "*Now that no man is justified* IN *the law in the sight of God, is evident: for, The righteous shall live by* FAITH." We have all broken the law, and we know that God knows that we have broken it. But we may yet believe in God, and knowing that God knows our faith, we live. The prophet Habakkuk believed in the merciful purpose of God in the national calamity, and looked forward to the blessed result; and that enabled him to accept, with thankful submission, the tribulation through which he had to pass. He found the blessing of faith in its exercise; it was a deliverance, a redemption from fear and mistrust of God, and from the alienation consequent on such a state of mind. He was thus saved by his *faith*.

Hebrews x. 38. "*Now, the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.*" The reference in the latter part of the verse is to the "just," who is spoken of at the commencement. It is not "any man" who is alluded to, but the just man, who lives by holding on by his faith. And the revision helps us again to mark the emphatic word, which is "*live.*" "*But my righteous one shall* LIVE *by faith: and if* HE SHRINK BACK, *my soul hath no pleasure in him.*" Every time the verse is quoted the emphasis is laid on a different word. The whole force of the quotation is thus exhausted, and the apostle evidently makes the emphasis the key to his argument. Here the stress is laid on the word *live*. Believing, we *live* by faith. The man who believes that right must always do him good, has got hold of the secret of truth and peace—for he will also believe that God must always do right. And believing thus,

he can live on whatever may happen. But a man who believes that right could ever possibly do him harm, has no true faith, and therefore will faint in the day of adversity. Such a man would have no life in him.

Philippians i. 12. "*But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places.*" The apostle had been committed to the custody of the Prætorian Guard, and every four hours the soldier to whom he was chained was relieved by another member of his company, till all had taken turn in the service, and then the duty was passed on to another military division. This opportunity of conversing with the whole guard was utilised by the apostle, and led to the conversion of many soldiers; and it is to this furtherance of the gospel to which he here refers. And it is not "the palace," as appears in the authorised version, but the "Prætorian Guard," with its rectangular camp, still remaining within the walls of the city of Rome, that is brought before us. "*So that my bonds became manifest throughout the whole* PRÆTORIAN GUARD, *and to all the rest.*"

R. H. S.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D.

FIRST EVENING

Opening Hymn: "I love to think that I am young." Lesson: Matt. v. 1—16. Concluding Hymn: "Now the day is over."

I TOLD you a few evenings since of a company who, at evening worship, came on the beautiful verse which tells that the streets of Jerusalem were to be full of boys and girls at play. And perhaps you may remember that I read some sentences from a letter which Luther sent to his little boy Hans. In that letter Luther described the playing of children in heaven, and the fifes and drums and ponies with bridles of gold with which they play. Perhaps also you remember I ended by saying, that no doubt Luther only meant to say that in heaven children will be as happy as happy could be.

But when I sat down, one of my friends took me to task, and said that Luther might really mean what he put down in his letter. At any rate, no apology was needed for speaking of children in heaven at play. He also thought children should sometimes be spoken to about their play. So, as there were a good many children present, we all pressed him to speak such a word, and, rising and turning to the children, he spoke as follows:—

Play is neither idleness nor folly. It is one of the many good things which have come into your life from heaven. It is a gift from God. It is one of His wonderful works. When He made the beautiful earth and the sky, and the body and soul of man, He made the happy play of childhood. It is part of your life as truly as prayer is, as truly as the soul itself is. And it is part of the life of children all the world over.

I spent some weeks, one summer, driving from place to place over the land. Every day we were passing through towns and villages and lonely farms, and everywhere we saw children like you at play. Boys were trundling their hoops, or chasing their balls, sailing their ships, or playing at marbles or cricket. Girls were skipping and singing and dancing, or sitting in groups on the doorsteps dressing and nursing their dolls. I recall some children who were playing at kings and queens, and others, who were soldiers, marching to battle with flags flying and drums beating at their head. And almost every day we saw children bursting out of school and rushing at once to their games. It was the same beside the lonely farms as on the streets of villages and busy towns. The farm children were making caps of rushes, or daisy chains, or wreaths of flowers, or they were chasing butterflies, or they were blowing the feathers from the dandelion head to find out the hour, or they were making houses of turf, or playing at hide-and-seek among the ricks of hay. The same thing would be seen by other travellers on other roads that summer. Every day renews the sight. And if it were possible to journey with the sunlight and see all that it sees, and go round and round the globe with it, we

should everywhere see the same sight. In every quarter of the globe, wherever human homes are built, among people of every race and nation, black people and white, we should see children happy at their play.

Now, the first thing I want you to see is—that this playing of you boys and girls in the streets, or anywhere else, is a pleasure to God. He is a God so kind and loving that He delights in everything innocent that is a delight to you. Just as He delights in the songs of birds and in the colour and fragrance of flowers, He delights in the play of childhood. It was because He was thinking of it as a pleasure that He sent Zechariah to tell the builders of Jerusalem the good news that children should soon be playing in their streets. It is no joy to God when the streets of cities are empty of children. It is sickness, or famine, or cruel war that empties the streets of children. It is a joy to God when peace and plenty and health bring them back again, and the streets are alive and musical with their songs and play.

I have sometimes thought that I have seen little glimpses of the pleasure that God takes in your play. I have seen a mother sitting at her door on a summer afternoon, laying her sewing down that she might enjoy the sight of her children at play, and I have said to myself: Something like the joy of that mother is the joy of God. I know a poet who made a song on the happiness of poor children at their first day of play in spring. All the winter they were shut up in their homes for want of shoes. But now, the winter was past and the sun shining and the air warm. And "the bairnies," barefooted, but happy, "were out on the pavement again." The poet watches them as they skip and dance and play. He enjoys their joy. It is real gladness to him that

> 'Their wee shoeless feet have forgotten their pain
> As they walk in the sun on the pavement again."

And oftener than once, when reading that song, I have said: Something like this must be the joy of God as He looks down on the same sight. This, then, is worth your remembering. It should make you grateful, too—grateful to God who thus thought of your pleasure when He made you, and still takes delight in it.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Lord, a little band and lowly." Lesson: Matt. v. 38—48. Concluding Hymn: "Now the day is over."

I want still to talk about play, for I want you to understand why God has made play a part of your life. For one thing, He wants you to be strong. He has work waiting in the years to come for every boy and girl on the earth. And although it is not all the same kind of work, all of it is work which will want strength for the doing. Therefore He will not have you always at tasks. He has divided the time for tasks with times for play. And He has made it a joy to you to be at play. He will have you out in the open air. He will have you drink in the breath of the sea and of the moorland when you can. He will have head and throat and arms and limbs and inside and out of you bathed and fanned by every passing breeze. And by your games He will have your body in endless motion. You shall run and not be weary. You shall leap and dance and race and climb, so that every part of you may be made strong for the work that lies before you in life.

For another thing, God wants you to have a happy gateway into life. Nobody can tell beforehand whether your after life shall be happy. But God in His love has secured that the time of play shall be happy. I look back to that time in my own life. I would not, for a whole world, have it taken out of my life. It is the same with almost every one. The time of childhood which you are in now, when your companions and you romp and run and fill up your days with games, will become a memory to you when you are old, which shall be worth more to you than thousands of gold and silver. I have heard old people telling the story of their happy childhood. The world was all fair to them then. Their heart leaped up when they saw a rainbow in the sky. The stars, the hills, the sands and waves of the sea, the running streams, the woods, the open parks in cities, the very streets themselves were a wonder and a delight to them. Those were the days when every day seemed like Joshua's for length, and when a year looked like a stretch of the eternal years. So wonderful, so fresh, so full of delight were those days and the happy play enjoyed in them, that one looking back upon them once could only tell out the delight of them by saying, "Trailing clouds of glory do we come, from God who is our home."

There is one more reason I should like to mention why God has made play a part of your life. He wants to train you to be fair and just, cheerful and unselfish. In games you are joined together, just as we who are old are in our toils. The play-

ground is a little world. And you cannot have pleasure in any of its games unless you try to have the others playing with you as happy as yourself. You have to learn to forget self. You have to try to consider the wishes of others. To be unkind, or unjust, or unfair, or ungenerous in a game is to spoil it, or bring it to an end. Even to be ill-tempered and sulky is to spoil a game. Perhaps you never thought that the Lord Jesus has left us a word about children sulking in their play. But he has. He liked to see children at play. And it was a pain to Him when they sulked and spoiled the game. There was a play in His time that he often looked at in the market places, and perhaps in His boyhood took part in. It required two companies: the one, of children pretending to be a marriage company; the other, of children who had fifes and harps and were a band of music. When the play went well, the marriage company stopped before the young musicians and danced to their music. Sometimes the game took a sad turn and instead of a marriage it was a funeral. But all the same it was play. Now the Lord had seen the play spoiled because some of the children sulked. He had seen the vexation on the faces of the children who were willing to play, and had heard them complaining that they had played the wedding music and their companions had not danced, and the funeral music and they had not mourned.

But now I will bring my sermon on play to an end. I shall be glad if what I have said helps you to see God's love more clearly than before. The more we know of God, the more we see that He deserves our love. And surely this is a new rich addition to our knowledge of Him, when we discover that the same kind Father who gave His Son to die for us, that He might deliver us from sin and death, made the joy and play of boys and girls on the streets. May His blessing rest abundantly on you all! The time of playing on the streets is a good time while it lasts, but it will soon come to an end, and you will be carried by the years that lie before you far away from it. But may it always be a happiness to you to look back at it! May you carry something of the joy of it all through life with you! In days when, perhaps, your eyes shall be brimming over with tears, may you see the clouds open behind you, and hear anew the songs and pleasant cries of your childhood, like the far-off murmur of a sea of happiness on whose shores you once played! And at such a time, may it be borne in upon your mind that God has been so good to you, that He has set your life between two worlds of joy—the world of your happy childhood and the world that awaits you in heaven! And may that vision help to dry up your tears and renew your trust in God!

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "All things bright and beautiful." Lesson: Matt. vi. 19—34. Concluding Hymn: "Now the day is over."

You have come into a room some sunny day and seen a patch of rainbow flickering and burning on the wall. It was the sunlight showing you its jewels. In the room somewhere hangs a crystal pendant. The sunlight comes in pure and white till it passes through the crystal: then it breaks into the beautiful bit of rainbow you saw. Red and orange, blue and purple, green and violet, and indigo: all the seven colours are there; they all lie unseen in the pure white light; they are the hid treasures of the light.

In the Sermon on the Mount the Lord shows us the seven hid treasures of the life of God. Seven good things are displayed to us, as beautiful as the colour of the rainbow, on which blessings are dropped down from heaven. Those beautiful things are a humble heart, sorrow for suffering, a spirit of meekness, hunger for righteousness, a merciful disposition, an honest heart, and a soul that makes peace among brethren.

This is the sermon in which the Lord speaks of His kingdom, and likens it to a city upon a hill, whose citizens are to be the light of the world. And mentioning those seven good things at the beginning is all the same as if He had said: These are the beautiful treasures of the light which is to shine from My City. They are the seven different shapes of the life of heaven upon earth: the graces, the virtues, the things lovely and of good report, the good things in His children on which God's blessings come down. They are the seven colours, which, when joined together, make the white sunlight which is to give light to the world; and, when displayed, the emerald rainbow which John saw round about the throne in heaven.

Of some of these I intend to speak to you this evening.

The first is the humble heart. "Blessed are the poor in spirit." It is poor in their own esteem they are. It is the opposite of being proud. They do not say, We are better than other children, or richer, or more beautiful, or we live in grander

houses, or we have finer clothes. They know that it is God who has given them everything they have. And also they know that God should have all the praise. I was reading the other day some words written by the Apostle Paul. He was a man who might well have been proud. He was greater than any king or emperor. But what he thought and said about himself was that he had nothing to be proud about. It was by the kindness of God he was what he was. He was a poor lost soul, the chief of sinners, till Jesus found him on that lonely road on the way to Damascus, where he was going to do a very evil deed. Everything good in him had come from Jesus. Of the holy and beautiful life which Paul lived afterwards, he said it was not his, but Christ's. It was Christ living in his heart. That was happiness to Paul. And that is happiness to every child of God—when self is nothing and Christ is all in all in the heart.

The next thing on which God drops down blessing is sorrow for what vexes God. "Blessed are they that mourn." As Jesus was the Man of sorrows, the boys and girls He loves are children of sorrow. When Jesus looked down on the old city of Jerusalem He was filled with sorrow. He wept. It was for the people who lived in it He wept. He wept to think of their sins, and of the sufferings which those sins were bringing down. It is in the same way the children He has saved are sometimes called to weep. They are grieved for everything that is a grief to God. But it is for others they are sorry. When they think of slaves under the lash they are sorry. When they think of people sick and wounded they are sorry. When they think of little children without homes, without beds to lie upon, without friends to care for them, they are sorry. When they think of the evils and evil-doers in the world they are sorry. And they are very sorry when they remember that there are countries where it is not known that there is a Father in heaven, or that He sent His Son into the world to save the lost.

The third thing on which blessing comes down is the spirit of meekness. "Blessed are the meek." The children of God do something more than weep over the miseries in the world. They take up the burden of the misery. They share it with the miserable. They reach out hands of helping. They are the workers and the burden-bearers of God's kingdom. Moses was meek because he took pity on the children of Israel in the house of bondage; and took their sorrows into his own heart; and laboured until he brought them out of their bondage and redeemed them. Jesus was showing His meekness when He took up the burden of the sins of the world and carried it to the Cross and died to put it away. Meekness is just loving service in the work of God. It is carrying burdens for the weak and the oppressed. Helping a sick mother to nurse her baby is meekness. Helping God is meekness, when He goes forth to deliver slaves, or to visit the sick, or to gather homeless children into homes, or to redeem the souls of the lost.

I will tell you the next time we talk together of one who showed in life what all these blessed things mean. Meanwhile let us all try to be what Christ wants us to be that we may be joyful and good.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus, high in glory." Lesson: Matt. vii. 21—29. Concluding Hymn: "Now the day is over."

I once heard of a lady in whom all these good things were present. She lived in the Dark Ages, and was called Ysofene. She lived in a city that stood on the edge of a great forest, and the forest was infested with wolves. It was the very forest through which little Red Riding Hood had to go. A very evil place it was, and a great terror to the people of that city. Hardly a week went past in which mothers did not go past Ysofene's house, wringing their hands because their children had been devoured by the wolves. And sometimes in winter, packs of the fierce beasts came prowling into the city, and seized the children on the very doorsteps of their home. Ysofene saw that there could be no peace in the city till the wolves were destroyed. She spoke first of all to the citizens. But one and another said: "Such things must be where great forests are." The merchants bought and sold, their sons and daughters danced and sang; but no one gave heed to Ysofene. No heart was grieved for the little children devoured by the wolves. Next, she went to the lords who had pleasure-houses in the forest. She told them of the children. She made her appeal for their help. But they laughed her to scorn. Why should they help to destroy the wolves? Wolves were made for their pleasures, and the forest was the hunting-ground of the lords. They would neither help nor allow others to help. They turned against her; they said evil things of her; they called her a troubler, a meddler in things which women should let alone. About that time the emperor of the land was coming to visit the

city. Ysofene made her appeal to him. She counted up the children who were destroyed every year. She told him of the misery caused by their death. She told him of the anguish of the parents. It was all in vain. The emperor and his courtiers had other things to do. Some wondered. Some mocked. One or two more pitiful than the rest came to her in secret, and said "their wishes were on her side." But that was all. Then, but not for the first time, she turned in her sorrow to God. "O pitiful Father," she cried, "come Thou to the helping of these mothers; hear Thou the cry of the little children, and make it sound in the ears of all who dwell in this city, till this sore evil be taken out of the way." Then she built a house for herself at the entrance of the forest, and gave herself to the task of warning back the children who were about to enter. Many a strayed child did this good lady, like an angel of God as she was, carry safely back to its home. But the evil still remained. There were other ways by which children could enter the wood, and many and many a time the heart of Ysofene was filled with anguish as she heard the cries of the innocents pursued by the wolves.

How eagerly she longed for their destruction! More than the hungry and thirsty long for food did she long for this. She took her longing every day to God. As often as men would listen to her, she took it to them. This became the wish of her life. Day and night for years, by every means within her power, she sought to reach what she desired. At last the lords of the forest said: "Come, let us root out this troubler from our hunting-ground." So they hired evil men to set fire to her house.

It was a moonless night in summer. The day had been hot and sultry. The air in her sleeping-room was hot. She threw open the window to cool the air. A crackling sound fell on her ear. Then came through the open window a cloud of smoke. At once she knew that the house was on fire. She had only a moment or two to escape. She roused her servants. She snatched up two children she had that day saved, and fled to the city. As the little group ran, they were aware of a change in the air. A strong wind began to blow in their faces. It rose to a hurricane. The burning house set fire to the brushwood. The fire spread to the trees. In less than an hour the heavens were red with flames. And that night the wolves, and the forest, and the pleasure-houses of the lords of the forest were destroyed. And the evil, for the removal of which the loving Ysofene so long laboured and prayed, was brought to an end by God.

In the picture gallery of that city there is a portrait I have often studied. It is a very beautiful face. But the wonder of the picture is the eyes. They are the most honest eyes I ever saw. It is like looking into a clear deep well, with white sand at the bottom, when the sun is shining, to look into them. You seem as if you could see through them into the very depths of the soul.

Those are the eyes of a heart that is perfectly true. No bad thoughts inside. No dishonest thoughts. No thoughts hidden out of view by words or looks which speak the opposite. They are like eyes of a heart that can look straight up into the face of God and have God's light searching the lowest deep of it. It is the portrait of Ysofene.

As often as I recall it to my memory, I think of the blessing of the honest heart. "Blessed are the pure in heart." Blessed are those who have no folds, or twists, or dark places in their hearts. They see good in everything, and God in every good. Even in outcasts and people who have gone astray they see good. Ysofene once said: "I see Christ looking out at me through the poor and the fallen. And I have heard His voice speaking to me in the cries of the mothers whose children had been devoured by wolves. I think God is to be seen in every strayed and homeless child, in every beggar of the streets, and in every heathen of the heathen world."

Even when trouble comes to the possessor of the honest heart, God is seen in it. It is as in the Babylonian furnace, a form is seen as if it were the form of the Son of God. Sorrow and joy, sickness and health, riches and poverty, are full of God. In everything God is visible, and the dearest hope of the heart is, when life is ended and it awakes from the sleep of death, that it may see and be satisfied with the likeness of God.

That was the case with Ysofene. She never was the same after the fire. And before long it became plain to her servants that they were about to lose her pleasant company. "You are going to leave us, dear lady," said one of them, as she sat one day by her side. "I am going home to God," she replied, "and by that highway prepared for us in Christ, in which the wayfaring, though fools, shall not err, and on which no ravenous beast shall be found." And saying these words, she died.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE IRISH ASSASSINATIONS.

THE universal horror caused by the tragic murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke has not yet passed away from the life of the nation. Indeed, many will never forget that terrible Sunday—May in the world outside, and a darkness that might be felt in the soul. It was not only the personal side of the calamity that moved men, though it was bitter to think of a son of a noble house, ever loyal and devoted in the cause of the nation, suddenly struck down in the early manhood of a beautiful and unblemished life, and of a just and kindly servant of the State foully murdered in brutal revenge. But it was even more bitter still to face for the moment the possible sympathy of the Irish people with the outrage and the fear that peace was now hopeless. It is impossible to be too thankful for the spontaneous outbreak of genuine horror and detestation, which proved that the heart of the Irish people was as shocked as our own by the wicked deed, or for the calm Christian dignity with which the people of England bore the appalling calamity. No wild clamour for blood on the one side; no palliation of crime on the other. The very sorrow may, it seems, in the providence of God, suppress passions which at one time threatened to destroy the security of both countries. Meanwhile, the deepest sympathy of the nation goes out to the family and the friends of those who have fallen through the sins and errors of others; with the prayer that better and wiser counsels will now at length prevail.

MOBS AND MAGISTRATES.

A great wave of violence seems to be sweeping over the kingdom. During the last few months it has appeared in all quarters and in all places. In London and in Lancashire, in North Wales and in the West of England, houses, processions, meetings and individuals have been assailed with unprecedented brutality. Even if we set aside out of the mass of offences which crowd the columns of the daily papers outrages committed by thieves, or others arising out of bitter trade disputes, such as the recent outrages among the Welsh miners, the residue is not only large but of the gravest character. At Camborne the Roman Catholic population was assailed by a furious mob; their chapel was wrecked and desecrated; while the local authorities put themselves to little trouble in defence or repression. In other places, the zeal and energy of social and religious reformers have inturiated the passions of the worst enemies of the land, who see their gains decreased by the restoration of the vicious to purity and virtue. Temperance workers in Somersetshire and members of the Salvation Army in half-a-score of towns have been made to suffer for their unselfish devotion. So far from receiving protection from the legal authorities, the victims of these outrages have had to fear hardly less from the magistrates than from the mob. Charged with the most trivial offences, they have in some cases been condemned to a month's imprisonment with hard labour. When their assailants have been brought to trial—a rare event—the same magistrates have dealt with them in the gentlest way. It is a more serious offence, so it would seem, to stand on a footpath selling a religious newspaper, or to formally test the legality of official edicts, than to maim men and women with stones or to suffocate an assembly with cayenne pepper. Lord Coleridge and the Home Secretary have interfered to lessen the severity with which some of these inoffensive sufferers have been treated, but this is not enough. Perverse and foolish magistrates must be taught, if necessary by drastic penalties, that their first duty is to protect from violence every peaceable citizen; and that those who are devoting their lives to the moral welfare of the people have a special claim on their support. At present, they are doing much by their scandalous leniency to encourage the ruffians who hate goodness and all its works. Mr. Bright hits the point in his letter to Mrs. Booth, when he says:—"The people who mob you would, doubtless, have mobbed the Apostles." But while "Faith and Patience will prevail" in the end, it is unfair to expose good work to insolent outrage, and surely as much protection is due from a Christian magistrate of to-day as was of old shown by pagan rulers.

A SOCIETY FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Those who live in great towns among young men know what an immense service has been done by the Christian Associations in developing and deepening the intellectual, moral, and spiritual life of their members; how they relieve loneliness, cheer the sick, and strengthen the wavering against the thousand temptations of vicious companionship. It is hard, therefore, to explain why so little has been hitherto done to help the girls and young women who stand in the same position, exposed to the same perils, with less experience of life, and for whom a slip is so easy—and so fatal. "Is it thought," as Lord Shaftesbury asked, "that girls are so harmless that they can do no mischief to the body politic, and it is therefore not worth while to look after them?" If so, then we are sure to pay dearly for our delusion and indifference. Such societies as do exist have met with large success, and might with advantage be indefinitely multiplied and extended. In the system of the London Young Women's Institute Union and Christian Association, established at 17, Old Cavendish Street, W., there is one noteworthy characteristic. Besides gathering young women in Institutes and Clubs where they can find instruction and amusement, and can spend their week evenings and Sunday afternoons in peace and safety, it groups individuals round a "Working Associate," who acts as their leader and friend. This personal contact and influence

are invaluable, for the sympathy and affection which those in trouble will always be certain of will serve as a triple cord to attach the members of the group to their comrades and to their common centre.

THE SEA-SHELL MISSION.

This is a little jewel almost hidden away among the mass of greater and more famous societies; its work is so lovely and so bright, and does good to so many people. Sea-shells are gathered on the coasts, and are put into boxes and distributed among the poor and invalid children of the great towns, to whom it must be a wonderful delight to see the fairylike forms and delicate hues of their new treasures, and to listen to the weird whisper of the shell while "It remembers its august abodes And murmurs as the ocean murmurs *there*"—for the happy children who can go and hear it. More than a million shells have been collected, and two thousand five hundred children have been made happy with one of these boxes. A bazaar and exhibition of shells have recently been held in London, and Mr. C. J. Darkin, the Secretary, now reminds the friends of the Mission that the time for collecting shells has come round again, and appeals for donations to buy boxes and for shells to fill them when provided. The new headquarters of the Society are at 26, Tunstall Road, Brixton Road, S.W. Such work is certainly "twice blest;" for nothing can be better and healthier for children than in this simple and natural way to begin to care for those whose lives are full of sorrow and suffering; these little deeds of kindness are the best foundation of a sweet and sympathetic manhood and womanhood.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

M. PASTEUR AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

It has been too common during recent years to set down the entire intellect of France as given over to rank materialism, but the account of M. Pasteur's reception at the French Academy shows that this impression is wrong; for while faith in a God remains all is not lost. The small band of forty which includes all the most brilliant names of Fench literature, has rarely seen a more remarkable conjunction than was afforded on this occasion. In England M. Pasteur is chiefly known through his scientific discoveries, more especially by his researches into the origin and growth of germs, and by his application of inoculative methods to the prevention of various diseases, both of men and of animals. But abroad he is also famous as an ardent champion of idealistic philosophy, which claims for man and for the universe an element diviner in character and transcending the powers of mere matter. M. Littré, on the other hand, whom M. Pasteur, as his successor in the Academy chair, was bound by custom to eulogise, was a brilliant disciple of Comte, the philosopher of Positivism, while M. Renan, a man destitute of all fixity of thought, replied. The scene was a great duel between antagonistic systems, for M. Pasteur, though he extolled Littré, did not shrink from assailing the Positivist doctrines. We extract the following glowing words from his address:—

"What is there beyond this starry vault? More starry skies. Well, and beyond that? The human mind, driven by an invincible force, will never cease asking, What is there beyond? . . . . It is useless to answer 'Beyond are unlimited spaces, times, or magnitudes.' Nobody understands these words. He who proclaims the existence of an Infinite — and nobody can evade it—asserts more of the supernatural in that affirmation than exists in all the miracles of all religions; for the notion of the Infinite has the twofold character of being irresistible and incomprehensible. When this notion seizes on the mind there is nothing left but to bend the knee. In that anxious moment all the springs of intellectual life threaten to snap, and one feels near being seized by the sublime madness of Pascal. Everywhere I see the inevitable expression of the Infinite in the world. By it the supernatural is seen in the depths of every heart. The idea of God is a form of the idea of the Infinite."

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

MR. JOSEPH COOK IN INDIA.

Joseph Cook's Monday lectures were for many years one of the characteristic institutions of Boston, and in spite of some defects of manner and style, among a large class of persons they did much good service in helping to establish some intellectual elements in their Christian faith. Such was the fascination of these discourses that, even in the busiest hours of the day, audiences gathered in thousands to hear what could be advanced by one who had studied patiently and pondered well against the assaults of rationalistic and materialising systems of philosophy. During a recent visit to England Mr. Cook secured a considerable amount of public attention, though he did not succeed in catching the popular ear so readily as might have been anticipated. In India, however, where he is now occupied, his work has secured a brilliant success, and he himself feels that there is no better field for the Christian apologist than the cities of Bombay, Calcutta, or Benares. The popular interest which the lectures have excited almost recalls the description which Charles Dickens gave of his popular Readings at Edinburgh and Manchester. Mr. Cook, in writing to a friend in Scotland, says:—

"At Framji Cowasji Hall, in Bombay, such large numbers of people were turned away at my first, second, and third lectures, that for the fourth and fifth we were crowded into the Town Hall, in which many were obliged to stand. After a lecture in Calcutta, in Dr. Duff's College, with a fair audience, the General Assembly's Institution was so suffocatingly packed at the second lecture that the presiding officer had hardly space for his chair, ladies sat on the floor in front of the platform, and numbers of students looked in through the windows of the roof. For the third, fourth, and fifth lectures, we were driven into the great Town Hall, which it was at first supposed no religious topic would fill; but we have had it crowded till the gallery, two hundred feet distant from the speaker, was full to the roof."

MISSIONARY SEMINARY IN SAMOA.

Dr. Turner has just sent home the annual report of an institution which he helped to found at Malua

thirty-seven years ago, and the story of the progress made by Christian Missions in the island is one of deep interest. When at the outset it was decided to establish a college for the education of native teachers, fifty acres of land were purchased from the chiefs at a low price; and the students, under the direction of their tutors, were set to reclaim the soil and to raise trees and vegetables for their own support. Now there are between two and three thousand cocoa-nut trees in fruit and two thousand bread-fruit trees on the estate, besides banana, yam, and taro plantations. The "Industrial Wednesday,"—an institution which would delight Mr. Ruskin and his Oxford pupils of the spade,—is devoted to repairs and improvements, and the physical labour serves not only to keep houses and roads in order, but also to preserve the health of the young men, who in this method defray the cost of their board and lodging, keeping themselves without expense to the college. Indeed the Mission, while it draws from its Society (the London Missionary Society) little more than the salaries of its tutors, makes an annual contribution of £1,200 to the funds. The value of the estate, with its houses and cottages, roads and plantations, is estimated at £10,000, and is annually increasing. At the present time the Seminary has 86 men, 33 women, and 22 youths on its lists; and since 1844, 1,681 people have been under instruction, including natives of nineteen islands of the Pacific besides Samoa. Two hundred and thirty men are now labouring in the villages, occupied in active pastoral work, thus carrying Christian influences into the homes of the entire people. In "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," Miss Gordon-Cumming has lately given a most kindly description of the Institution and its work, from which a few lines have been extracted:—

"You must not infer, from my speaking of a college, that Malua bears the slightest resemblance to any collegiate institution in Europe. It is essentially South Sea, which means that it is suitable to the climate and the people, and it consists of a large village of about sixty neat thatched cottages, laid out in a square, at one side of which stands the large class-room. Each cottage is the home of a student, with his wife and family, preference in the filling up of vacancies being given to married men, both as a means of educating the women and children, and also because the people, in applying for teachers, generally ask for one whose wife can teach their wives and daughters. Each cottage home is embowered in pleasant greenery and bright flowers, for each student is required to cultivate a garden sufficient for the requirements of his family, and to raise a surplus supply, which he may sell to provide them with clothing.

"It would be difficult to imagine a healthier, happier life than that of these students. At the first glimmer of the lovely tropical dawn, the college bell rings to mark the hour for household prayer. (There is probably not a house in Samoa where the family do not assemble daily for morning and evening prayer.) Then all the students go out, either to work in the gardens or to fish in the calm lagoon. At eight the bell rings again to warn them that it is time to bathe and breakfast, to be ready for their class at nine. Classes and lectures continue till four, when they are again free to go fishing, gardening, carpentering, or whatever they prefer. At sunset each family meets for evening prayer; then the men study by themselves till half-past nine, when the curfew bell (true *couvre feu*) warns them to put out their lights."

IV.—MEMORIAL RECORD.

CHARLES DARWIN.

The universal tribute which has been offered at the grave of one who was the most conspicuous representative of English science has sufficiently attested the eminence of the position which Mr. Darwin held among European naturalists. Akin on the one side to Erasmus Darwin, the author of the once-famous "Botanic Garden," and on the other to Josiah Wedgwood, the great artist in pottery, Mr. Darwin had to satisfy the claims of no mean ancestry; that he fully paid his debt of illustrious descent no one will deny. His personal and scientific character was one of rare beauty. His kindness of spirit never failed; his generosity to friend, rival, or foe was unmatched; at the height of his fame, his humility and modesty were unimpaired. From his early voyage in the *Beagle*, during which he set himself to explore the mysteries of submarine life, and also the natural history of the countries he visited, he showed throughout his career the same undaunted persistence in pursuit of knowledge, an indefatigable industry in collecting and sifting evidence, and most deliberate caution in constructing theories based upon his own observations. Even in his last published work, as in the volume on the "Origin of Species," which first brought him prominently before the world, we can see how he waited and watched—never precipitate, never premature—before formulating his own conclusions for the world, and his readiness to give the opinions of others a calm and impartial hearing, or in some cases even to prefer them to his own. While he was ardent and earnest in pursuit of the truths of nature, he knew the limits to which natural law is necessarily confined, and in asserting them he was singularly oblivious of his own personal importance. With the atheistic dogmas which some of his ardent disciples, especially on the Continent of Europe, endeavoured to base upon his discoveries, he had no sympathy. His work, he insisted, was done when he had ascertained the law. How deeply the theory of natural selection and the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for existence has affected the thought of the age it would be idle to conjecture, but the traces of its influence are to be found in every book, and in nearly every scientific discourse. Like all other scientific discoveries, it has been caught at as a new weapon with which to assail the Faith which has been able to include every new truth in the world of natural law as it has arisen, but there are Christian men who accept the theory and find in it a new support for religious faith and a new revelation of the eternal power of God. For the evolutionary process must have had a beginning, and its laws must have been imposed by some Supreme Intelligence. This indeed was Mr. Darwin's own view. Moreover, as Canon Liddon pointed out in his noble sermon on the subject, in the evolutionary se-

quence there are "three important gaps:" between the animal instinct and the thought of man; between life and the most highly organized matter; and again, between matter and nothing. "At these three points the Creative Will must have intervened otherwise than by way of evolution out of existing materials—to create mind, to create life, to create matter." Mr. Darwin's life work especially teaches the importance and beauty of single-hearted patience and devotion in seeking and attaining truth.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

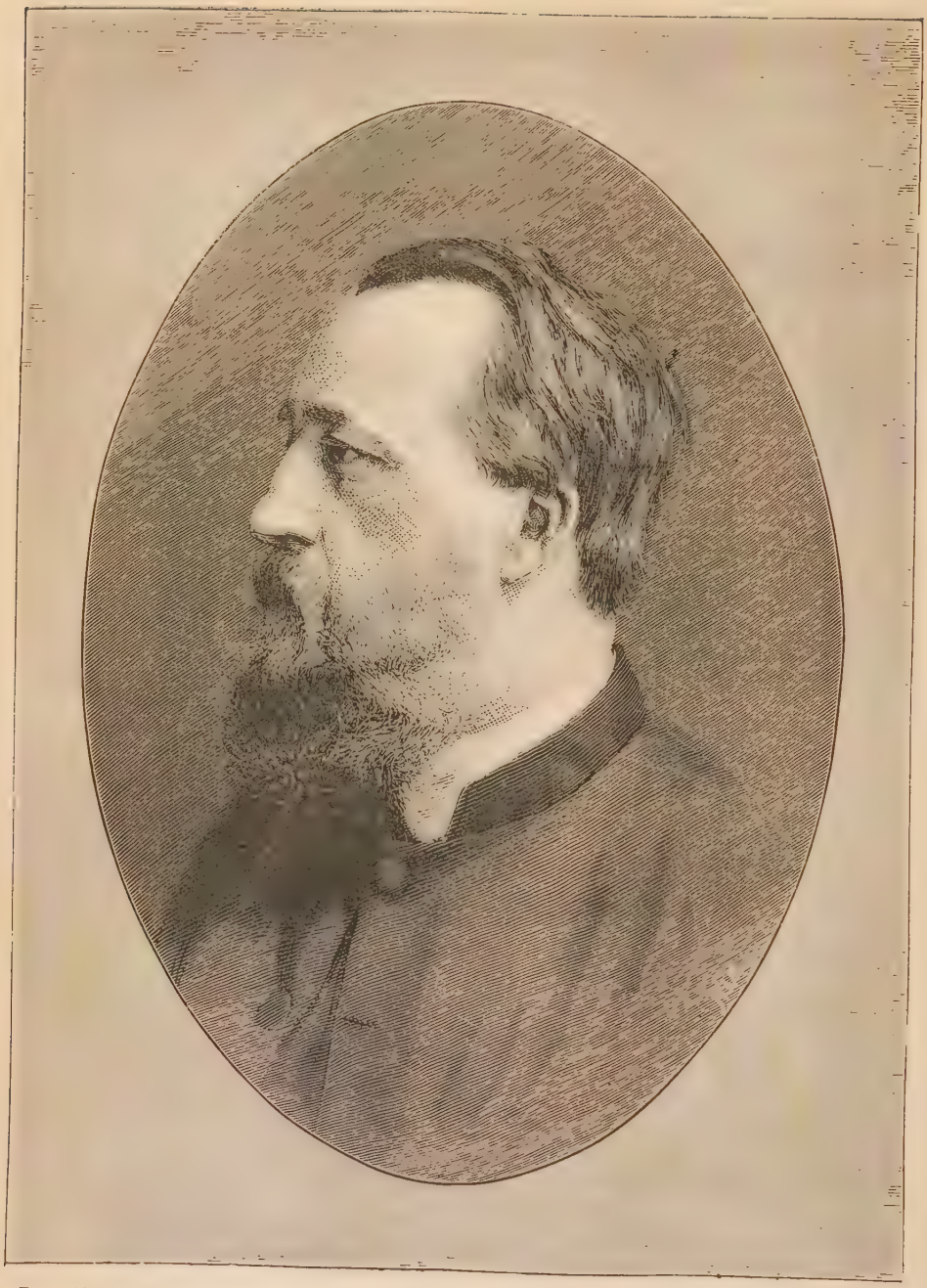
Only a few weeks ago America was lamenting the death of Longfellow, the poet of lowly human sympathies; now she mourns over the grave of Emerson, the philosopher and seer who moved along the highest levels of life, with his gaze fixed on the eternal realities of the Divine world above. In his later years the cloud of age was upon his mind, but till within ten years ago he was the mightiest living power among the thoughtful men of his own country, and his words winged their way like eagles across the sea. His life was one of the truest and noblest, a perfect illustration of the "cumulative power and value of character;" and the force of what he said was more than doubly intensified by what he was. Descended from a Unitarian family which for generations had supplied Concord with its preachers, Emerson for a time filled the hereditary place, till the scruples of conscience would not suffer him to administer sacraments in which he had no faith, and drove him out of all religious communions, alone, save for the Divine presence and love in which his life was merged. From the pulpit he spoke no more, but in lectures and books he set forth the duty and the dignity of human life; not preaching the gloomier doctrine of Carlyle, the evil of all things and the folly of man, but a strong positive faith in the order and progress of the world, and proclaiming that "There is victory yet for all justice." He taught the science of self; the method of looking into life and action so as to correct and ennoble character and principle. His was "a voice oracular," and many uncertain and troubled wanderers "through the midnight of the moral world," as Hawthorne has said, "beholding his intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hill-top, climbing the difficult ascent, have looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than before." The power of his teaching consisted rather in inspiring hints than in definite doctrine, and was a force rather than a system. He was no less earnest as a citizen than as a moral teacher. Like his friend Channing, he was the relentless foe of slavery: in spite of prejudice and peril he openly asserted the heroism of John Brown, the martyred pioneer of freedom; and when the nation was menaced by the dangers of secession his voice gave new strength to the patriotic leaders of the land. From first to last, in youth and in age, Emerson's life has been one of unselfish devotion to the righteousness and the love which are the supreme elements in the Divine Being.

DR. GERVASE SMITH.

The death of Dr. Gervase Smith will be a loss not confined only to the Wesleyan Churches of England; for though a great part of his work was denominational in character, he never forgot that he was the servant, not of a sect, but of Christ, and in his religious sympathies and affections he embraced the universal Church of his Divine Master. Gervase Smith entered upon ministerial life in 1845, when in his twenty-fifth year, and for some time laboured in the Yorkshire districts, subsequently removing to Bristol, then to Manchester, and finally to London in 1862. He was active in and out of the pulpit, preaching and lecturing through the length and breadth of the land, while he also did a certain quantity of literary work. But he became most prominent as a missionary advocate and representative; and as secretary of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, when a sum of £50,000 was raised in the provinces in response to a challenge of Sir Francis Lycett, he not only displayed unusual energy, but a special power in organization and appeal. When the Wesleyan Conference met at Sheffield in 1873, he filled the office of Secretary, and held it till the close of the following year, when by the vote of his brethren he was raised to the Presidential chair then vacated by his friend Dr. Punshon. In the service of the denomination he visited America and Australia, representing the English Conference in Canada, and more recently at Sydney, when he also visited the Missions of the Society in Polynesia. Throughout the Wesleyan Churches, and amongst all those who knew him, Dr. Gervase Smith was honoured not only for his intellectual and administrative power, but for his generous and manly nature. The memory of his buoyant enthusiasm and considerate kindliness will cheer and strengthen his comrades even now that they have lost their beloved leader and friend.

CANON PEARSON.

Canon Pearson, the late Vicar of Sonning, was one of those rare spirits which in this busy and bustling age can resist the fascination of public honour and fame. Promotion came to him, but he would have been well content to spend his days in his quiet country parish; and though as a Canon of Windsor he was brought into contact with minds that could appreciate his noble gifts, he could not be induced to accept the higher honours which undoubtedly lay within his reach. At Sonning, if he did not actually "find it clay and leave it golden," he certainly found a desert and left a paradise; saw five churches rise in place of one; developed a ritual in which beauty combined with devotion, and gathered round him a loving and loyal people. For forty years he was to them as a brother and a friend, sharing their sorrows and their joys, devoting his time and strength to their service, and illustrating how the finest powers may be nobly employed in humble and almost obscure work. It would be hard to say whether he was most beloved and reverenced by friends like Stanley and Coleridge, by the younger men who were trained under his care and shared his work, or by the simple country folk for whom he lived and laboured during forty years.



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Very truly yours
J. G. Wood

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WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. RAYMOUNT went now and then up to London, but never stayed long. In the autumn he had his books removed from Addison Square to Yrndale, saying in London he could always get what books he wanted, but he must have his own about him or go without in the country. Having got them accommodated and arranged to his mind, all on the same floor, and partly in the same room with the old library of the house, he began, for the first time in his life, to feel he had an abiding place. He had not yet, even in his middle age, begun to feel that there is no abiding of that sort—in this world at least. His books about him, he seldom wanted to go to town, and began to talk of selling the house in Addison Square.

In the month of October, when the forsaken spider-webs were filled no more with flies, but in the morning now with dew-drops, now with hoarfrost; and the fine stimulus, and gentle challenge of the cold drew forth the vital spirit into every fibre to meet it; when the sun shone a little sadly, and the wraith of the coming winter might be felt hovering in the air, the Major again made his appearance at Yrndale, but not quite the man he was. He had a troubled expression, such as Mrs. Raymount had never seen on his face before; the look, it seemed to Mr. Raymount, of one who had an unpleasant duty to discharge. And in effect he had that to do which it would cost him more to leave alone than to go through with. He had brought the things he had promised, every one of them. Mark brightened up amazingly at sight of his. For Hester alone he had brought nothing, yet it was plain his interest in the family was centred in her. At table he tried to be merry like his old self, but failed rather conspicuously, drank more wine than was his custom, and laid the blame on the climate—so different from what he had for thirty years been accustomed to! His chamber was over that of his host and hostess, and they heard him walking about for hours after he retired. There was something on his mind that would not let him sleep! He appeared in the morning nevertheless at the usual hour for breakfast, but showed plain marks of a sleepless night. When condoled with upon it, he answered that he feared he would have to seek a warmer climate, for if it was like this already, what would it be in January?

It was a perfect autumn morning, and every one except the Major seemed to feel the enlivening influence of it. The morning of all mornings for a walk! The proposal was made first by one then by another at the breakfast-table, but the Major seemed not to hear. Just as Hester was leaving the room to get ready to go with the children, he rose and overtook her in the anteroom, with the request, humbly whispered, that she would walk with him alone, as he greatly wished a little private conversation with her. Hester, though with a little surprise, also a little undefined anxiety, at once consented, and running to her mother's room, told her.

"What can he want to talk to me about, mamma, do you think?" she concluded.

"How can I tell, my dear?" answered her mother with a smile. "Perhaps he wants to run the risk of the daughter's refusal as well as the mother's."

"Oh, mamma! how can you joke about such a thing!"

"I'm not quite joking, my child. There is no knowing what altogether unsuitable things men will do! and who can blame them when they look around them and see how many unsuitable things are done!"

"But, mamma, he is old enough to be my father!"

"Of course he is! but don't be unkind to him for all that. Poor man! it will be a hard fate if he has fallen in love with both mother and daughter in vain!"

"I won't go with him, mamma!"

"You had better go, my dear. You need not be much afraid. He is really a gentleman, though very easily mistaken for something else. And you must not forget how much we owe him for Mark!"

"Do you mean, mamma," said Hester, with a strange look out of her eyes—she was sometimes oddly stupid for a moment as to the intent of those she knew best—"that I ought to marry him if he asks me?"

Her mother laughed heartily.

"What a goose you are, my darling! don't you know your mother from a cow yet?"

But the truth was her mother so rarely jested that there was some excuse for her. She laughed heartily at herself, and relieved from the passing pang of a terror, went and put on her bonnet to go with the cause of it.

She did not at all like the thing, for no one could be certain that anything conceivable would be too outrageous for him. If one could imagine it, why not another? And for the Major to take a thing into his head was almost the same as to attempt at least to carry it out. She had only seen him for two whole days; but she had corresponded with him frequently though briefly concerning Mark; and now that he was here again, she could alas! very well imagine he might be going to make her an offer!

They set out together, but until they were out of sight of the house walked in absolute silence, and that seemed to Hester to bode no good. Then how changed the poor man was, she thought pityingly. It would be horrid if he were made still more miserable by anything she might be forced to say to him! Steadily he marched along, his stick under his arm like a sword, and his eyes looking straight before him.

"Cousin Hester," he said at length, "I am about to talk to you very strangely—to conduct myself in a very unusual manner. I may indeed make you a very strange proposal ere I have done. Can you believe a man might carry himself so, even find occasion from the very best of motives to render himself intensely, unpardonably disagreeable and presuming?"

This was a speech very different from any she could have expected from him. That he should behave oddly it was almost natural to expect, but never that he should be aware of it and intend it!

"I could almost believe anything when human behaviour is the point: I have seen enough of it for that amongst the unsophisticated!" answered Hester, aiming at a generality; for she did not wish either to lead him on or to push him back: whatever it was he had to say, it evidently would out one way or another, and the sooner the thing was over the better.

"Tell me," he said suddenly, after a pause that was just beginning to be awkward, and then paused again. "—But let me ask you first," he resumed, "whether you feel as if you could trust me a little. I am old enough to be your father—let me say your grandfather;—fancy I am your grandfather; and in my soul I believe neither your father nor your grandfather, if you have one, wishes you well more truly than I do. Tell me, I say, and let me see that you can trust me—what is there between you and that—and Mr. Vavasor?"

Hester was silent. The silence would have lasted but for a moment, for it was characteristic of Hester that instead of being indignant with him for presuming, and on such short acquaintance, to ask her such a question, she immediately began to ask herself what answer there was to give to it. Her first thought, I say, was not that she was nowise bound to answer the question; that thought might have come presently, but it did not come now. Every question should have its answer, whether agreeable or not: what was the answer to this one? Before she knew, however, what might, or even what might not with truth be uttered as such, the Major resumed.

"I know," he said, "young ladies—the best of them—think such things are not to be talked about; but there are exceptions to every rule. David ate the shew-bread because there was a good reason for breaking a good rule.—Are you engaged to Mr. Vavasor?"

"No," answered Hester promptly.

"What is it then? Are you going to be?"

"If I could answer that in the affirmative," said Hester, "would it not be much the same as being engaged to him already?"

"No! no!" cried the Major almost vehemently. "So long as your word was not passed, it would be as different as the pole from the equator. I thank God you are not engaged to him!"

"But why?" asked Hester, with a pang of something very like fear. "He is free and so am I. Only I should like to understand why you should be anxious about it."

"He has never told you he loved you?"

"No, again," said Hester hurriedly. She felt instinctively that the truest, best way was to answer directly where there was no obligation to silence. What he might be wrong to ask she was not therefore wrong to answer. But her last word shook a little, for the doubt came whether the reply, though literally true, was strictly so. "We are friends," she added. "We trust each other a good deal."

"Trust him with anything but your heart, my dear," said the Major earnestly. "Trust him with anything but that. He is not worthy of you."

"Do you say that to flatter me or to disparage him?"

"Entirely to disparage him. I never flatter."

"You did not surely bring me out, Major Marvel, for the sake of compelling me to hear one of my best friends evil spoken of?" said Hester, now beginning to be angry.

"I certainly did—if the truth be evil

speaking—but just so far as necessary to protect you from him and no farther. The man himself I do not feel interest enough in to abuse. He is a nobody—one of the most insignificant of mortals."

"That only shows you do not know him. You would not speak of him so if you did," said Hester, widening the space between her and the Major, and feeling ready to choke with what she put in such gentle form.

"I am confident I should have worse to say if I knew him better. It is you who do not know him. It astonishes me that sensible people like your father and mother should let a fellow like that come prowling after you like a man-eating tiger!"

"Major Marvel, if you are going to abuse my father and mother as well as Lord Gartley,—" cried Hester, but the Major interrupted her.

"Ah, there it is!" exclaimed he bitterly. "Lord Gartley!——I know I have no business to interfere—no more than your gardener or coachman; but to think of an angel like you in the arms of a——"

"Major Marvel!"

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Cousin Hester! But I am so awfully in earnest I can't pick and choose my phrases. Believe me the man is not worthy of you."

"What have you got against him?—not that I have a right to ask or to object more than any other friend of his; but I do hate backbiting. As his friend I ask you what have you got against him?"

"That's the worst of it: I can't tell you anything very bad of him. But a man of whom no one has anything good to say—one of whom never a warm word is to be heard——"

"You hear one now, and there are more behind," said Hester.

"That's the worst of it! He is altogether detestable to me.—I daresay you think it a fine thing that he should stick to business as he has done! He was put to that before there was much chance of his succeeding, and then his aunt would not have him on her hands to spend the money she meant for the earldom. He must earn his own bread, or she would have nothing to do with him! By George, she must be a sensible woman that! His elder brother would have succeeded if he hadn't killed himself before it fell due: there are things that must not be talked about to young ladies. I don't say that your *friend* has disgraced himself; that he has not: by Jove it takes a good deal for that in his set! But that not a soul should care twopence for him out of his own family,——"

"There are some who are better liked anywhere than at home, and they're not the better sort," said Hester. "That goes for less than nothing. I know the better part of him, that which chance acquaintances never see. He does not carry his heart on his sleeve. I assure you, Major Marvel, he is a man of uncommon gifts and——"

"Great attractions!—to me invisible," said the Major rudely.

Hester turned from him.

"I am going home," she said. "—Luncheon is at the usual hour."

"Just one word," said the Major, hurrying after her. "I swear to you by the living God I have no end in view but to save you from a miserable fate! Promise me not to marry this man, and I will settle on you a thousand a year—safe. I swear to you I will. You shall have the principal if you prefer."

Hester only walked the faster.

"Hear me," he went on, almost in an agony of entreaty mingled with something like anger. "I mean it. What is that to do for one for whom and for whose family I have such a regard!"

She turned on him a glance of contempt. But the tears were in his eyes. She saw them and her heart smote her. He had abused her friend, but was plainly honest in his abuse. Her countenance changed as she looked at him. A new light as to how she ought to treat him came to her. She laid her hand on his arm, and said—

"Dear Major Marvel, I will speak to you without any more anger. The thing you want me to promise is a thing that either ought to be done or ought not to be done: what would you, in a quieter mood, think of any one who would take money to do the thing she ought to do? I will not ask you what you would think of one who took money to do the thing she ought not to do! I would not *promise* not to marry a beggar from the street. It *might* be disgraceful to marry the beggar; it would be disgraceful to promise not—even where no gain was concerned."

"Yes, yes, my dear; you are quite right—absolutely right," said the Major humbly. "I only thought of making you feel independent of anybody. You don't think half enough of yourself.—Is he going to ask you to marry him?"

"Perhaps. But I do not know."

"One more question. Can you secure to

yourself any liberty? Will your father settle anything upon you?"

"I don't know. I have never thought about things of that sort. They do not interest me. And if they did I would not let them."

"How could they let the man be about with you so much without asking him what he meant by it?"

"You might just as well ask me what I meant by it!"

"If I had such a jewel to look after, I would do it to better purpose."

"Would you have shut me up like an Eastern lady?" said Hester, laughing, "and make life miserable to me in order to take care of me? If a woman has any sense at all, Major Marvel, she can take care of herself, and if she has not enough for that, perhaps it is time she should learn the need of it."

"Ah!" said the Major sadly; "but the thousand pangs to go through you! I would sooner see my child on the funeral pyre of a husband she loved, than living a merry life with one she despised!"

Hester began to feel she had not done the Major justice.

"So I would!" she said heartily. "I know you mean me well, and I will not forget how kindly you have interested yourself for me. Now let us go back."

"One thing more, just: if ever you think I can help you, you *will* let me know?"

"That I promise with all my heart," she answered. "I mean," she added, "if it is a thing worth troubling you about, and I have no one else."

The Major's face fell.

"I see," he said, "it won't do to make you promise anything. Well, stick to that, and *don't* promise."

"You wouldn't have me come to you for a new bonnet, would you?"

"By George! shouldn't I be proud to go to London and fetch the best in Regent Street by the next train!"

"Or ask you to go and saddle the pony for me?"

"Try me. But I've had enough of chaff. I throw myself on your generosity, and trust you to remember that there is an old man that loves you, and has more money than he knows what to do with, to whom it would be the greatest kindness to help him to do some good with it."

"Ah!" said Hester, her face flushing, "if that is what you really mean, I think the day may come when I shall ask your help. We shall see. In the meantime, if it be any pleasure to you to know it, I trust you heartily. Only you are all wrong about Lord Gartley. He is not what you think him."

As she spoke she gave him her hand.

The Major took it in his own soft small one—small enough almost for the hilt of an Indian tulwar—and pressed it devoutly to his lips. She did not draw it away, and he felt she did trust him.

And now that the duty was done, and if not much good yet no harm had resulted, he went home a different man. A pang of fear about that ape Gartley would now and then cross him; but he would say to himself that he had now a right to look after her, and who could tell what might turn up! If only he could prove a burglary, or something of the sort, against the fellow! Lords had been hanged before now! But that was too good to hope for! His lordship was much too careful a man of the world ever to get into any scrape!

His host and hostess congratulated him on looking so much better for his walk. But to her mother Hester had told the story of their strange conversation.

"Only think, mamma!" she said. "He offered me a thousand a year not to marry Lord Gartley!"

"Hester! What did the man mean? Was there no condition besides?"

"None. He does not like Mr. Vavasor, and he does like me; therefore he does not want me to marry him. That is all!"

"Well, I thought I could have believed anything of him! This goes almost beyond belief!"

"Why should it, mamma? There is an odder thing still; and that is, that, instead of hating him for it—as I almost did at first—I like him now better than ever."

"Are you certain he has no notion of getting you to take him instead some day?"

"Quite certain. He has none whatever. He spoke of himself as old enough to be my grandfather. But you know he is not that!"

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind having him then, Hester," said her mother merrily, "seeing he is too young to be your grandfather?"

"I suppose you had a presentiment that I should like him, and so left him to me, mamma!" said Hester in like vein.

"But now, Hester, is it not time we knew what Lord Gartley means? What do you think?"

"It will be time enough to think about it when he comes again—if he ever comes—

now that he has succeeded. I am afraid he is not quite so much his own master as I should like my husband to be; it is one thing to marry a man, and another to marry a man and his aunt!"

"How would you like to be a countess, Hester?"

"Mamma, I would rather not think about it before it is put in my power to choose—which very likely it never will be."

"Well, I think it very strange to have sought so much of your society and never have said a word to you of the sort!"

"Mightn't you just as well say it was very strange of me to let him find so much of my society, or of you, mammy dear, to let him come to the house as you have so kindly done?"

"But it was neither your part nor mine to say anything. And your father has always said he would scorn to ask a man his *intentions*: either he was fit to be in his daughter's company, or he was not. If he didn't think him fit he would soon get rid of him. But his daughter could best manage her own affairs. He is quite an American in his way of looking at such matters."

"That is just what I think, mamma. And if I let him come surely he was not to blame for coming. He might mean this or that by it!"

"But, my child, I can't help being anxious for you. If you should have got fond of him, and then it were all to come to nothing!"

"It can't come to nothing, mamma. People must either be the better or the worse for being so much together; neither of us will be any the worse for it, I trust. As to what I think about him, I don't feel as if I quite knew; and I don't think I am bound to know if he is content as things are. I daresay you think me very cool; and in truth I don't always understand myself. But, perhaps, so long as you try to do what is right as it comes up, it may not be necessary always to understand yourself. I don't think, so far as I can make out, that St. Paul always understood himself. Miss Dasomma says a great part of music is just an agony of the musician after the understanding of himself. I will try to do what is right—you may be sure of that, mamma."

"I am sure of that, my dear—quite sure; and I won't trouble you more on the matter. Only I should not like to see my Hester pining and wasting away, a love-sick maiden!"

"Depend upon it, mamma, if I found myself in that condition no one else should discover it," said Hester, partly in play, but thoroughly in earnest.

"That only shows how little you know about such things, my love! You could no more hide it from the eyes of your mother than you could a husband."

"Such things have been hid before now, mamma! And yet why should a woman ever hide anything? I must think about that! Not from one's own mother anyhow! When I am dying of love, I will let you know, mammy. But it won't be to-morrow or the next day."

The Major was in no haste to leave, but he spent most of his time with Mark, and was in nobody's way. Mark was never happier than with the Major. There was such a child-like nature in the man, that, although he knew little of the deep things in which Mark was at home, his presence was never an interruption to the child's better thoughts; and when the boy would make a remark in the upward direction, he would look so grave, and hold such a peace that it never jarred the child's higher nature. Who knows what he may not, even unconsciously, have gained by the intercourse?

One day he was telling the boy how he had been out alone on a desolate hill all night; how he had heard the beasts roaring round him, and that not one of them came near him.

"Did you see Him?" asked Mark.

"See who, sonny?" asked the Major.

"The One that was between you and them," answered Mark in a subdued tone; and from the tone the Major knew of whom he spoke.

"No," he answered. Then taking into his the spirit of the child, he went on, "I don't think any one sees Him now-a-days."

"Isn't it a pity?" said Mark. Then after a thoughtful pause, he resumed: "Well, not see Him just with your eyes, you know! But old Jonathan at the cottage—he has got no eyes, you know—at least none to speak of, for they're no good to see with—he always speaks of seeing the people he has been talking with, and in a way he does see them, don't you think? In that way people do see God yet. But I feel sometimes as if I must have seen Him with my very eyes sometime when I was young; and so I keep always expecting to see Him again—some day, you know—some day. Don't you think I shall, Major Marvel?"

"I hope so, indeed, Mark—it would be a bad job if we were never to see Him!" he

added, suddenly struck with a feeling such as he had never had before.

"Yes, indeed; that it would!" responded the child. "Why, where would be the good of it all, you know! That's what we came here for—ain't it? God calls children—I know He calls some, for He said, Samuel! Samuel! I wish He would call me!"

"What would you say?" asked the Major.

"I would say—'Here I am, God! What is it?' We mustn't keep God waiting, you know."

The Major felt, like Wordsworth with the leech-gatherer, that the child was sent to give him "apt admonishment." Could God have ever called him and he not have listened? Of course it was all a fancy! And yet, as he looked at the child, and met his simple believing eyes, he felt as if he had been a great sinner, and the best things he had done were not fit to be looked at. Happily there were no conventional religious phrases in the mouth of the child to repel him; for his father and mother had both a horror of all that kind of pharisaic Christianity: I use the word pharisaic in its true sense—not as *hypocritical*. The mother had in her youth met too many religious prigs, both young and old, not to have a horror of temple-whitewash on her children, and, except what they could not help hearing at church, hardly a special religious phrase ever entered their ears. Even those of the writers of the New Testament were avoided—and that from reverence, lest they should grow common to them, and fail of their purpose when the children should come to read for themselves. "But if this succeeded with Hester and Mark, what of Cornelius?" I answer that, if to that youth's character had been superadded the *forms* of what is commonly called a religious education, he would simply have been—not perhaps a worse fellow, but a far more offensive one, and harder to influence for any religious good afterwards. A scoffer at most things, he would have had the religious material for jest and ribaldry ready to his hand; while if he had wanted to start as a hypocrite, it would then have been specially easy. The true teaching for children is persons, history, and doctrine, in the old sense of the New Testament—instruction in righteousness, that is—not human theory about divine facts.

The Major was still at Yrndale when, in the gloomy month to which for a certain reason he had changed his holiday, Cornelius arrived. The Major could scarcely believe either eyes or ears that this was one of the family—the very heir of it, so altogether inferior, and that through all his good looks and thin varnish of manner did he appear. There was a kind of mean beauty about his face and person that revolted the Major, and from the first he distrusted him. "That lad will bring grief on them all yet," he said to himself, "or my diagnosis is at fault!" He was, however, more than usually polite to the Major: he was in the army, which was the goal of his aspiration—an officer with rule over other men! At the same time had that rule been over himself, he would have resented the mere fact, and rebelled against it in all manner of mean, underhand ways. But he laughed at what he called the Major's vulgarity in private, and delighted in annoying Hester with remarks upon her "ancient adorer." Because he prized nothing of the kind, he could see nothing of the essential worth of the Major; took note only of his careless blunders and small personal habits and oddities. But in truth the Major was not properly vulgar, but ill-bred: he had not had a sharp enough mother, jealous for the good manners as well as good behaviour of her boy. There are many ladylike mothers who are ladylike because their mothers were ladies, and taught them to behave like ladies, whose children do not turn out ladies and gentlemen, because they do not teach them as they were taught themselves. But Cornelius had been taught—and had learned nothing but manners. He was vulgar with a vulgarity that went miles deeper than that of the Major. The Major would have been sorry to find he had hurt the feelings of a dog; Cornelius would have whistled on learning that he had hurt the feelings of a woman. If the Major was a clown, Cornelius was a cad. There should be no sympathy between them. The one was capable of genuine sympathy; the other not yet of any. He loved his own paltry self, counting it the most precious thing in creation. The Major was conceited, it is true, but had no lofty opinion of himself. Hence it was that he thought so much of his small successes in life. He was ready to boast of them—but mainly with the view of establishing himself comfortably in his own eyes and the eyes of friends. His boasting was little more than a dog's turning of himself round and round before he lies down. From his really moderate opinion of himself, he could not afford to be misjudged. He knew they were small things of which he had to boast, but he knew no other, and scorned to invent: these would serve, he thought, to place him on the good terms he desired with those about him; the great things, on the

other hand, those in which he had showed himself a true and generous man, he looked upon as a matter of course, and did not recognize anything in them to think about twice. He was not a great man, but had some elements of greatness; he had no vision of truth, but acted by a kind of moral instinct: when that should blossom, as one day it must, into true intent, then he would begin to be a great man. As he was, he was not yet safe from doing wrong if subjected to certain forms of temptation. But how blessed a thing that it is God who will judge us and not man! Where we see no difference, he sees ages of difference. The very thing that looks to us for condemnation may to the eyes of God show in it the ground of excuse, yea of partial justification. But God's excuse is, I suspect, seldom coincident with the excuse a man makes for himself. Indeed the man who excuses, not to say justifies himself, is so much the less likely man to be excused of God. If any one thinks this a comfortable doctrine, taking it to mean that God will not look too closely into things, I tell him there is not, and never could be such a God. He will see that the uttermost farthing is paid. His excuses are absolute justice; He makes none other. There is no darkness, no falseness in him. It is not unlikely that the excuses you are now making for yourself will not for an instant stand the fire that consumes every hair of falsehood.

The Major was, however, more careful than usual not to make himself disagreeable to Cornelius, for his feelings put him on his guard. There are not a few who seem able to behave better to those they do not like than to those they do like. He was polite to him—and thus flattered, without intending it, and without blame, the vanity of the youth, who did not therefore spare his criticism behind his back. Hester was generally vocal in his defence, but sometimes would not condescend even to justify him to such an accuser. One day she lost her temper with the beam-eyed fool. "Cornelius, the Major may have his faults," she said, "but you are not the man to find them out. He is ten times the gentleman you are. I say it deliberately, and with all my soul!" She was just beginning this speech when the Major entered the room; but she did not see him till she had ended it. He had heard it all, but took no notice—only asked Cornelius to go with him for a walk. Hoping he had not "twigged," and anxious to remove possible suspicion, Cornelius readily agreed, and as they walked behaved better to the Major than he had ever done before—for a time, that is—until he had persuaded himself that he had heard nothing, when he speedily relapsed into his former condescension—a manner in which indeed he meant no offence, but which notwithstanding was full of thin offence to all about him—and the Major saw through him more certainly than before—deeper than his mother or even Hester saw—descried a certain furtive anxiety in the youth's eyes when he was not talking, an unrest as of trouble he would not show; and he said to himself, "The rascal has been doing something wrong. He is afraid of being found out! Time will show, for found out he is sure to be; he has not the brains to hide a thing! It's not murder, for he has neither pluck nor hate nor rage enough for that; it may be petty larceny! Whatever it is it will be out by and by—and then as a cool fellow with nothing to do, I may be of use!"

The weeks went on. Cornelius's month wore out, nor did he stay quite to the end of it, but seemed restless to be gone, nor responded to the lamentations of the two children that Christmas was so near, and their new home such a grand one for keeping it in, and Corney was not to be with them. For though he did not show them much kindness, a little went a great way with them, and they did love him. He bade them all good bye in his usual off-hand way.

"Mind you're well, Markie, before I come again. You're not a pleasant sight moping about the house," and this was his last speech to Mark. The tears came in the child's eyes. He was not moping—only weakly, and when a little sad-looking even, was quite happy.

"I don't think I mope, Hessy—do I?" he said. "What does Corney mean? I shouldn't like to do what wasn't nice. I like to be pleasant!"

"Never mind, Markie dear," answered Hester; "it's only that you are not very strong—not up to a game of romps as you used to be. God will make you strong again one day, and then you will be merry with the best of them."

"I feel merry enough," replied Mark; "only somehow it goes all about inside me, and don't seem to want to come out—like that little bird, you know, that we caught, and it wouldn't go out of the cage though I left the door open for it to go if it liked. I suppose it felt just like me. I don't seem to care if I never go out of the house again."

He was indeed happy enough—more than happy when *Majie* was there. They would

be together most days almost the whole of the day. And the amount of stories that Mark, with all the contemplativeness of his disposition, could swallow was amazing. Perhaps indeed his capacity and his need were only the greater for his contemplativeness. For he who thinks truly, and does not live from the outside, may yet welcome the more heartily all that comes from it. That may be good food which cannot give life. But the family-party was soon to be broken up—not by subtraction but by addition. The presence of the Major had done nothing to spoil the homeness of home, but it was now for a time to be destroyed.

There is something wrong with anyone who, entering a house of any kind, makes it less of a home. The angel-stranger makes the children of a house more aware of their home; they delight in showing it to him, for the angel-stranger takes interest in all that belongs to the family-life—the only blessed life in heaven or upon earth. He sees into it all, and recognizes the homeness of the things just as the children do. But the strangers of this world, not of the angel-sort, make the very home by their presence feel like the world out of doors—cold and unrefuge-like. Such strangers were now to enter the doors of Yrndale, bringing the world in with them—at least to the Major and Mark.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A LETTER came from Lord Gartley, begging Mrs. Raymount to excuse the liberty he took, and allow him to ask whether he might presume upon the kind wish she had casually expressed to welcome his aunt to the hospitality of Yrndale. London was empty, therefore his aunt's engagements, although Parliament was sitting, were few, and he believed if Mrs. Raymount would take the trouble to invite her, she might be persuaded to avail herself of the courtesy. "I am well aware," he wrote, "of the seeming rudeness of this suggestion, but you, dear Mrs. Raymount, can read between lines, and understand that it is no presumptuous desire to boast my friends to her that makes me venture what to other eyes than yours might well seem an arrogance. If you have no room for us, or if it would spoil your Christmas party, do not scruple to put us off, I beg. I shall understand you, and will say nothing to my rather peculiar but most worthy aunt, waiting a more convenient season."

The desired invitation was immediately dispatched—with some wry faces on the part of the head of the house, who, however, would not oppose what his wife wished. He had long ago learned that to oppose her was all but certain to give occasion to repentant second thoughts.

Notwithstanding his knowledge of men, that is, of fundamental human nature, Mr. Raymount was not good at reading a man, who made himself agreeable, and did not tread on the toes of any of his pet theories. These theories were mostly good: but he made too much of them, as every man of theory does. I would not have it supposed that he was a man of theory only: such a man is hardly man at all. He did in a measure as he saw, nor perhaps thought too little of the practice, but practised too little of the thought. He laid too much upon words, especially words in print, attributing more power to them for the regeneration of the world than was reasonable. If he had known how few there were who cared a pin's-point for those in which he poured out his mind, just flavoured a little with heart, he would have lost hope altogether. If he had known how his arguments were sometimes used against the principles he loved, it would have enraged him. But I wonder if a little insight into the fact of how few of those, even who admired his work, acted as he would have them, would have enlightened him to the further fact of how little after all, being, as men go, an unusually honest man, he yet struggled to do the things himself which by persuasion and argument he drove home upon their consciences. It was no wonder if he had not yet learned that simply to do right in one's own small world, is a better, that is a more powerful thing for the regeneration of the great world than any teaching of any quality or amount soever. *The Press*, to use its own slang, is no doubt a great power for good or evil, but every man has, in the very fact of his existence, a greater power in his possession than any other in the whole world of science or morals. It is righteousness—not of words, not of theories, but in absolute being, that alone is the prince of the power of the spirit. Where that is, everything else has its perfect work also; where that is not, everything else adds to the evil it would seem fain to remove.

He did not at all see through or even into Vavasor, though I cannot help thinking he ought to have seen into him, for he was by no means a profound or intentional hypocrite. Only Mr. Raymount never started on a new relation with any suspicions. The man of the world would have called him too good, therefore too trusting, therefore a fool.

It was not however any over-exalted idea of human nature that led him astray in his judgment of the individual; it was merely that he was too much occupied with what he counted his work, with his theories first, then his writing of them, then the endless defending of them, to be able to discover at any distance beyond the focus of his short-sighted eyes. Vavasor was a gentlemanly fellow, and that went a long way with him. He did not oppose him, and that went another long way: of all things he could not bear to be opposed in what he so plainly saw to be true. He could not think why every other honest man should not at once also see it to be true. He forgot that the difficulty is not so much in recognizing the truth of a proposition, as in recognizing what the proposition is. In the higher regions of thought the recognition of what a proposition is, and the recognition of its truth are more than homologous—they are the same thing.

The ruin of a man's teaching comes of his followers, who having never seen into the foundation he has laid, build upon it wood, hay, and stubble, fit only to be burnt. Therefore, if only to avoid his worst foes, his admirers, a man should avoid system — which can never be so correct but that the said admirers will lay hold of its faults, represent them as its essence, and glorify them to the furtherance of ignorance, mistakes and evil.

Vavasor, then, was rather a favourite with Mr. Raymount. If his wife and daughter liked him, he was prejudiced on behalf of any man. So he was not the man to take that care of his daughter which common people, that is people of the world, think necessary. But, on the whole, even with the poor education given them, women, if let alone, would do that better for themselves than father or brother will do it for them. I say *on the whole;* there may well be some exceptions. The only thing making men more fit to take care of women than the women themselves, is their greater opportunity of knowing the character of men concerned, which knowledge, alas! they very often use in just the wrong way, concealing it from the woman to whom it would be enough—if indeed they have not first destroyed the purity of her mind sufficiently to make her believe that of no consequence in the man which is essential in herself.

The day before Christmas-eve the expected visitors arrived—just in time to dress for dinner.

The family was assembled in the large, old drawing-room of dingy white and tarnished gold when Miss Vavasor entered. She was tall and handsome and had been handsomer, for she was not of those who, growing themselves, grow more beautiful as they grow older. She was dressed in the plainest, handsomest fashion—in black velvet, fitting well her fine figure, and half covered with point lace of a very thick texture—Venetian probably. The only stones she wore with it on dress or person were diamonds. Her features were regular, her complexion was sallow, but not too sallow for the sunset of beauty; her eyes were rather large, and of a clear grey; her expression was very still, self-contained, and self-dependent without being self-satisfied; her hair was more than half grey, but very plentiful. Altogether she was one with an evident claim to distinction, which she never put forward, because she never dreamed its assertion necessary. To the merest glance she showed herself well born, well nurtured, well trained, and well kept, hence well preserved. At an age when a poor woman would have looked old and wrinkled, and half dressed or undressed for the tomb, she was enough to make any company she entered look rich and distinguished by her mere presence. Her manner was as simple as her dress—not a trace of the vulgarity of condescension about it, or the least more stiffness than was becoming with persons whose acquaintance she had yet to make, and towards whose better acquaintance, the rather that she was their guest, it was but decent to advance gently and with circumspection, leaving room to fall back or retreat should that happen to prove desirable. She spoke with the utmost readiness and simplicity, looked with interest at Hester, but without curiosity, had the sweetest smile at hand for use as often as wanted—a modest smile which shone but for a moment and was gone. There was nothing in her behaviour to indicate a consciousness of error from her sphere, though not the less she believed herself of an altogether higher order in life than those she had come to visit. The world had given her the appearance of much of which Christ gives the reality. For the world very oddly prizes the form whose informing reality it despises.

Lord Gartley was in fine humour, had never, to these friends, appeared to so great advantage, seeming so much the more at home that his aunt was there too; the arrival of one who is more of a stranger generally places a former guest on sudden terms of apparent intimacy. The popgun of society

with a new pellet drives in the other—and out. Vavasor had never put off his company manner with Hester's family; but Gartley was almost merry, altogether graciously familiar—as if bent on bringing out the best points of the family, and preventing his aunt's greatness from making them abashed, or causing them by too much modesty to show a lack of breeding. But how shall I describe his lordship's face when Major Marvel entered: he had not even feared his presence. A blank dismay, such as could seldom have been visible there, a strange mingling of annoyance, contempt, and fear, clouded it with a mixed and inharmonious expression, which made him look very much like a discomfited commoner. But in a moment he had overcome the unworthy sensation, whatever it was, and was again impassive and seemingly cool. The Major did not choose to catch sight of him at first, but was presented to Miss Vavasor by their hostess, as her cousin. He appeared a little awed by the fine-looking woman, and comported himself with the dignity which awe gives, behaving like any gentleman used to good society. Seated next to her at dinner, he did not once refer to pig-sticking or tiger-shooting, to elephants, or niggers, or even to his regiment, or India, but talked about the last opera, and the last play out, uttered some good criticisms upon the acting he had seen when last in London, and altogether conducted himself in such manner as to make Vavasor almost grateful to him—would have made him quite grateful to a small degree, had he not put it down to the quelling influence of the imperial presence of his high-born aunt, before which the inferior nature was cowed with the consciousness of its own miserable lack. But the truth was, that, while indeed the Major was naturally checked a little by the indescribable impression of a self-sufficing feminine presence, and the stately carriage of Miss Vavasor, who did not at first quite like him, the cause that chiefly operated to his suppression was of another kind and from an opposite source.

He had been strongly tempted all that day to a very different course. Remembering what he had heard of the character of the lady, and of the relation between her and her nephew, he knew at once, when told she was coming, that Gartley had brought her down with the hope of gaining her consent to his asking Hester to marry him. "The rascal knows," said the Major to himself, "that nothing human could stand out against her! There is only her inferior position to urge from any point of view." And therewith arose his temptation: might he not so behave before the aunt as to disgust her with the family, and so save his lovely cousin from being sacrificed to a heartless noodle? The fellow would not go against his aunt! And for Hester, to the extent of his means he was prepared to do what money could do to console her. And was not money better than a poor empty title any day? He recalled the ways of his youth, remembered with what delightful success he had annoyed aunts and cousins and lady friends, so that some of them would for months pass him without even looking at him: how easy it would be to give this fine lady the impression that the family to which he belonged was not altogether of the sort to consort with that of an earl! "I'll soon settle the young ape's hash!" he said to himself. "It only wants a little free-and-easiness with my lady to do the deed. It can cost me nothing except her good opinion, which I never had, and do not care to have. I'll lay you anything to nothing, if she knew how much money I have, she would marry me herself after it all! I don't quite think myself a lady-killer: by George, my—hum!—*entourage* is against that, but I know what money is and what money can do! Only I don't want her, and I want my money for her betters! What awfully jolly fun it would be to send her out of the house in a rage—and a good deed done too!—and by George I'll do it! See if I don't!"

He might possibly have found it not quite so easy to shock Miss Vavasor as some of his late country cousins.

In this resolution he had begun to dress, but before he had finished, he had begun to have his doubts. It would not be honourable! It would be to bring such indignation upon himself that even Mark would turn from him! He hoped some day to be allowed to do something for Hester, but he knew she would not accept a postage-stamp from him after he had behaved so as to bring disgrace on her family, and drive away her suitor! Besides, he might fail. They might come to an explanation, though he must be left out in the cold. Before he went down he had resolved to leave the fancy alone, and behave like a gentleman. But with every sip of wine, the temptation came stronger and stronger. The spirit of fun awoke in him. Not merely for the sake of Hester, but for the joke of the thing, he was tempted. He had to keep fighting his impulse till the struggle was almost more than he could

endure. And just thence came the subdued character of his demeanour at table. What had threatened to destroy his manners for the evening, was just the means of so correcting his usual behaviour, that it was in no way to be distinguished from that of any ordinary gentleman. By a kind of reaction indeed, and as an escape from the strife within him, he found himself trying to make himself agreeable to the lady, who being in truth good natured, was by and by interested and pleased with him. This reacted on him, and he began to be pleased with her, and so more at his ease. And then came the danger not unforeseen of some at the table: he began to tell one of his stories. But thereupon he saw Hester begin to look anxious; and one glance at her was enough to put him upon his honour. Ere dinner was over he said to himself that if only the nephew had been half as good a fellow as the aunt, he would have been happy to give the young people his blessing and a handsome present.

"By Jove!" said Gartley, "the scoundrel is not such a low fellow after all! I think I will try to forgive him!" For what, he could hardly have said. Every now and then he would listen across the table to their talk, and anything the Major said that pleased his aunt would please him amazingly, and at one little witticism of hers in answer to the Major, he burst into such an unwontedly hearty laugh that his aunt looked up.

"That amuses you, Gartley?" she said.

"It was very clever, aunt," he said.

"Major Marvel has all the merit," she returned; and that finally slew the Major's temptation to do evil that good might come, and sacrifice himself that Hester might not sacrifice herself.

After dinner, some of them sat down to whist, of which Miss Vavasor was very fond. When however she found that they did not play for money, she praised the asceticism of the manner, but did not thereafter take much interest in the game. The Major saw this, and as he had no scruples either of conscience or of pocket in the matter, he contrived to get out of the whist, and proposed cribbage to her, for what points she pleased. She acceded at once. The Major was the best player in his regiment, but from whatever cause, Miss Vavasor had much the best of it, and regretted that she had not set the points higher. For all her life, whatever she did, she had had money in the one eye and the poor earldom in the other, but had a little more than almost come to love the money for its own sake. The Major laid down his halfcrowns so cheerfully, yea, with such a look of satisfaction even, that she began quite to like the man, and to hope he would be there for some time, and prove as fond of cribbage as she was. All the fears of Lord Gartley as to the malign influence of the Major vanished.

And now that he was feeling more at his ease, and saw from the way his aunt regarded Hester, that she was at least far from displeased with her, he began to come out in all the powers of fascination he possessed. His finer nature appeared. He grew playful, even teasing; gave repeatedly a quick repartee; and when they went to the piano, sang as his aunt had never heard him sing before. But when it came to Hester to sing, then the thing was done, and the aunt won; for she saw at once what a sensation such a singer would make in her heavenly circle—only that she had a little *too* much expression—only that she sang well enough for a professional—too well in fact for a respectable amateur who had no object in singing. But she saw also that in manner and style, not to mention beauty, Hester would be a great and decided strength to the family, and bring a not inconsiderable counterpoise to the title of her nephew. For with all she was able to give him, he would be far from rich for a peer. And again, for aught that seemed, there might be something coming to Hester by and by! This cousin, who seemed to have plenty of money, he parted with it so easily, might be moved by noble feelings like her own in regard of his family, and might even one day make Hester rich if she were a countess. So the thing, I say, was settled so far as the chief family worshipper was concerned.

I do not care to dwell upon what followed. Christmas was a merry day to all but the Major, who did not like the thing any better than before, found refuge and consolation with Mark. The boy was merry in a mild, reflected way, because the rest were merry, but liked better to be in his room with "dear Majie," than in the drawing-room with the grand lady and the rest. He would steal away from it, assured that in a moment or two up would come the Major after him, keep him company, and tell him stories about the things he had brought him, and kept sending to London for.

Gartley now began to make love with full intent and purpose—and with success. "How could she listen to him!" says this and that exceptional reader. I can but echo the exclamation, "How could she!" To explain

the thing is more than I am bound to undertake. As I may have said twenty times before, how this woman will have this man is one of the deeper mysteries of the world—yea, of the maker of the world, perhaps. One thing I may fairly suggest: that, if, where men see no reason why a woman should love this or that man, and even look upon him as unworthy of her affection, we may *suppose* that she sees something in him which the objecting either do not see, or do not value as she does. We may be almost sure she either sees or imagines in this sort: would it were certain she saw it, and did not project it upon him! Then there is another thing of which, alas! we may be sure; and that is, that in few cases do they see what the men see, and know. Much of that which is plainly manifest to the eyes of the male world, is scrupulously hidden by that male world from the female. I would also in passing mention a thing which the great bulk of objectors are more likely never to have thought of than to have forgotten: that the love which a beautiful woman gives to a man, is in itself not an atom more precious than that which a plain woman gives. In the two hearts they are the same, if the hearts be like; if not, the advantage may well be with the plain woman. The love of a beautiful woman is no more thrown away than the love of the plainest—and I would say nearly the same with regard to the intellectual woman as distinguished from one of ordinary mental endowment. But when a woman of high hopes and aims, such as my friend Hester,—I will say nothing of the music and poetry, with which Gartley was able to sympathize only as the outermost court of the Gentiles with the Holy of Holies—a woman with grand aims and nothing of that contemptible counterfeit, ambition—aims of a true daughter of man, namely of a daughter of God himself—a woman filled with eternal aspirations after life, and purity of heart and soul like that of God—content to aim at nothing less than unity with the divine whence she has come; then I confess myself surprised that such a one should give herself to such a one as Gartley; and cannot help believing she has seriously mistaken many things both in him and in herself; and thinking that probably, for the correction of some self-sufficiency or other like fault in her, she has been allowed to continue for a time in the mistakes she has made.

Hester found her lover now most pleasant to her. If sometimes he struck a jarring chord, she was always able to find some way of accounting for it, or explaining it away—if not entirely to her satisfaction, yet so far that she was able to go on hoping everything, and for the present to put off any further consideration of the particular phenomenon to the coming time when, like most self-deceiving women, she *scarcely* doubted she would have greater influence over him—when, namely, they should be married, and *so* one soul! But where there is not already a far deeper unity than marriage can give, marriage itself can do but little to bring two souls together—may do much to drive them far asunder.

She began to put him in training, as she thought, for the help she expected from him in her work among her loved poor. "What a silly!" exclaims one of my common-minded girl-readers: "that was not the way to land her fish!" I say, let those who are content to have fishy husbands, net or hook and land them as they can; but a woman in herself is more than any husband can give her, though he may take much from her. But Gartley had no real idea of her outlook on life, and regarded all her endeavour with him as arising merely from a desire to perfect that in which she had great pride—his voice and singing, namely. He began to imagine that with such teaching as she could give him, he must at length turn out her worthy equal—not even second! He had no notion what sort of thing genius is. Few have. They think of it as something supreme in itself, whereas it is altogether dependent on the truth in the inward parts. For its being it depends on some enthusiasm; and all enthusiasm depends on nobility of purpose and patience of pursuit; and all nobility and endurance depend upon truth—that is truth in the man. Not millions of years, without an utter regeneration of nature, could make such a man as Gartley able to sing like Hester. Why should they be able? His powers were of the world of decay, of the things that pass; Hester was of the powers that give life and keep things going and growing. She sang because of the life that was in her. Her music came out of her being, not out of her brain and her throat. If such a one as Gartley could sing, there was no reason why he should be kept singing. In all the arts the man who does not reach to higher things, falls away from the things he has. They are taken from him. The love of money will ruin any poet, painter, or sculptor, even though the divine gift, the something that may be noblest servant of the truth be in him.

For Hester the days now passed in

pleasure; and I fear that the presence and love of Lord Gartley, though supposed by her to be a very different man from that he was, influenced at least the *rate* of her growth towards the upper regions—did not a little to check it for the time. We cannot be heart and soul in the company of the evil—and the untrue is the evil—however disguised as an angel of light in the mirage of our loving eyes, without losing thereby. Her prayers were not so fervent, her aspirations were not so strong as for some time before. I see the curl again on the lip of a certain kind of girl-reader! But the thing is not for her at all: she is much too low in the creation yet, be she as high born and as beautiful as a heathen goddess, to understand the things of which I am writing. She has got to understand them—they are not mine—and the understanding may come in dread pain, and dire dismay. Hester was one who in her chamber was not alone, but with him who seeth in secret; and for her not to find so much of God in her chamber as before—I can but speak after human fashions—was not a thing that augured well for the new relationship on which she had entered. But the Lord is mindful of his own, and that not the less that they may be forgetting him. He does not forget because we forget. Horror and pain may come, but not because he forgets—nay, just because he does not forget. He remembers in sunshine and in tempest, in spring and in winter. Forget is one thing God never does. He is never a God afar off, save as our blindness clouds him, as our perversity turns away from him.

Though there were women who would have bewitched Gartley much more, yet he might well delight to be talked to and taught by such a presence as Hester, and yielded himself with pleasing grace to her desires. Inclined to rebel, or get weary of even her demands on his attention and effort, he condescended to them with something of the playfulness with which one would humour a child: he would have a sweet revenge by and by! His turn would come soon, when he would have to instruct her in many things she was now ignorant of! She had never moved in his world—the great world: he must teach her its laws, instruct her how to shine, how to make the most of herself, and do honour to his choice! He had at the time but the vaguest idea of the folly, as he would have counted it, that possessed her. He thought of her relation to the poor as only a passing—indeed a past phase of a hitherto objectless life. To think of anything beyond a little easy benevolence when she was the wife of Lord Gartley, was more than, had the case been plainly put to him, he would have believed her capable of! That she should think to pursue such a life as she had pursued in London before, and that with even greater freedom of devotion, would have seemed to him a thing incredible even to mockery. And at the same time Hester, incredible as this in its turn may seem, never supposed that he could so misunderstand her after the way in which she had again and again opened her heart to him, as to imagine that for anything she would consent to forsake the work she believed she had been sent to do. So they went on *upon a mutual misunderstanding*, to make a bull for my purpose—each of them, in the common meaning of the word, getting more and more in love with the other every day, and yet in reality, though without more than an occasional blasting doubt that would cross the mind of Hester, separating farther and farther—in as much as the one was revelling in one kind of thought, and the other cherishing a very different kind.

Miss Vavasor continued the most pleasant and unexacting of guests. Her perfect breeding, informed by a quiet temper and kindly disposition, was easily, by simple hearts, to be mistaken for the sweetness which it only simulated: the real thing was indispensable in appearance, though by no means in itself indispensable. To people like Miss Vavasor the thought never seems to occur—what if the thing they find it so necessary to simulate should actually in itself be indispensable? What if their necessity of imitating it comes of its absolute necessity!

She found the company of the Major agreeable in the somewhat slow time she had, for her nephew's sake, to pass among such very primitive people, and was glad of what she might otherwise have counted barely endurable. For Mr. Raymount, he would not leave what he counted his work for any goddess in creation. Hester had got her fixedness of purpose from him, and its direction from her mother—or rather let us say in both cases *through*, not *from*. It was well he did not give Miss Vavasor much of his company; for if they had been alone together for a quarter of an hour, they must have parted sworn foes, hating each other as much as, without having ever loved each other, it would have been possible for them to do. So the Major, instead of finding he had been commissioned to put a stop to the unworthy alliance, found himself, against his will, actually furthering the affair, doing his part

to keep the lady in good humour on whom the desired success of the enemy so much depended, while the enemy prosecuted his victory in peace. He was dreadfully tempted now and then to break through and take a hideous revenge; but, although he had no great sense of personal dignity to restrain him, he was really a man of honour, and behaved like one, refraining—indeed curb-reining himself with no little necessary severity.

So the time went on till twelfth night was past, when Miss Vavasor left upon a round of visits, and Gartley went up on business to London for a week, then to his estate. He was to return to Yrndale in three weeks or a month, when the marriage was to be finally arranged.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CORRESPONDENCE naturally commenced, and Hester received his first letter joyfully, foreboding nothing from former experience. But the letter read, lo, there was the same disappointment as of old! And from the first letter to the last her experience was the same. In Hester's presence, and with her suggesting and leading their talks, the outcome was what Hester could easily deceive herself with as indicating what she would have wished to find in him; but alone in his room, without guide to his thoughts to lead them in this or that direction, also without the stimulus of her presence upon his thinking machine, and the sense of her moral atmosphere, the things Gartley could think and so write, were poor enough; they had no bones in them, and no other fire than that which the thought of Hester's loveliness could supply; and so his letters were not inspiriting to Hester, and made her feel like a creature without an atmosphere fit for its breathing. After every letter fell a period of something like mental asphyxy. Had they been the letters of a person more indifferent to her, she would have called them stupid, thrown them down, and thought no more of them. As it was, I doubt if she read many of them twice over. All would be well, however, she said to herself, when they met again. It was her absence that oppressed him, poor fellow! He was out of spirits, and could not write. He had not the power of writing that some had! Her father had told her of men he knew that were excellent talkers, but set them down pen in hand and not a thought would come to be caught! Wasn't it to his praise rather than blame? For was not the presence of a man's own kind, the best inspirer of all speech? It was the loving human nature of the man—she persuaded herself, but never succeeded quite—that made it impossible for him to utter himself in a letter. Yet she was forced to allow to herself that she would have liked a *little* genuine, definite response to the serious things she wrote of to him. He seemed to have nothing to say from himself. He would assent to anything she said, and echo any allusion to their coming happiness, and how they would help each other; but when she wrote more definitely of aid to each other's growth, his response was always of such a sort as to make her doubt whether she had written plainly, for it invariably suggested the things of this world and not those of the unseen—that is, of the inward nature and character. By the unseen I do not intend what is called heaven; I mean the world of true being. There are the things heavenly, whether the persons are in this world, or in Mars, or in heaven. Hester was ready for all human endeavour in this world, seeking to make a better world of it for all, and had as yet no desire, such as St. Paul came to have, to depart. There are who desire to leave the world, who will not, I suspect, find themselves much nearer Christ for that change. Hester I repeat had nothing weary about her; she felt life strong in her, and was more than content to live and work a long time yet where she was; but not content to live without true divine labour; work she must, or she could not live. But when she spoke to Gartley of work, he always received the allusion as if it had been a mere indefinite fancy for what is called doing good—in which, of course, he would be glad to help her so far as might be reasonable. But as often as he thought of that concert of ladies and gentlemen for the riff-raff of London, it was as a foolish failure of Hester's enthusiasm, which had doubtless taught her that whether men were equal in the sight of God or not, any attempt on the part of their natural superiors to treat them as such could not but be disastrous.

Another change was at hand.

One morning the post brought, amongst the rest of the letters, side by side with one from Gartley, one in a strange-looking, cramped hand, which Mrs. Raymount recognized at once, though she had not often seen it.

"What can Sarah be writing about?" she said, a sudden foreboding of evil crossing her mind.

"The water-rate, I daresay," answered

Hester, as she opened her own letter in the act of withdrawing to read it. For she did not like to read Gartley's letters even before her mother—not for the reason for which most lovers retire with theirs, but because she was always more or less ashamed of them in that mother's presence, and would have liked ill that she should learn how poor her Gartley's utterances were upon paper. But ere she had got six slow steps away, she stopped, and turned at a cry from her mother.

"Good heavens! what can it be! something has happened!" said Mrs. Raymount faintly.

Her face was white almost as the paper she held. Hester ran to put her arms round her.

"Mamma! mamma! what is it?" she cried. "Anything about Corney?"

"I thought something would come to stop all this!" she said. "We were too happy!"

She began to tremble violently.

"Come to papa, mammy dear," said Hester, frightened, but quiet. She did not move, but stood as if fixed to the ground.

Meantime in the study, Mr. Raymount's letters had been carried to him, and one of them had put him into like perturbation. He was pacing up and down the room almost as white as his wife, but his pallor was that of rage rather than despair.

"The scoundrel!" he said, and seizing a chair hurled it against the wall, so that it fell broken to the ground. "The villain! I always had the suspicion that he was a mean dog! and now all the world will know that he is, and that he is my son! Wretch! what have I done—what has my wife done, that we should give being to a vile hound like this? What is there in her or in me——?"

But there he paused, for he remembered how—far back in the family-history, some five generations or so—one of the family had in very truth been hanged for forgery.

"There it is again! the taint sticks! Why did I marry with such a possibility hanging over me? Well, the rascal shall hang for anything I shall do to prevent it! Why don't they hang them nowadays? What's the good of shutting them up for a while and then turning them loose on their relations—to go back to the bosom of their families! Ha! ha! ha!"

He threw himself into a chair, and wept with rage and shame. He had all his life been writing of family and social duties, and here was his own production in those lines. His books were his words; here was his deed! How should he ever lift his head again? He would leave the country! sell the property! The rascal should never succeed to that! Mark should have it—if he had the misfortune to live! He hoped he would die! He would like to poison them all, and go with them out of the world of disgrace into which he had brought them, leaving only the dog of them behind! Hester! marry an earl! Not if truth would prevent it! The engagement must at once be broken off! Lord Gartley marry the sister of a thief!

While he was thus raging a knock came to the door, and a maid entered.

"Please, sir," she said, "Miss Raymount sent me to say would you come to mis'ess: she's taken very ill!"

This brought him to himself. The horrible fate was hers too! He must go to her. But how could she too have heard of it? But she must—what else was there to make her ill? He followed the maid to the lawn in front of the house. It was a cold morning of January sunshine, and there stood his wife! How could she be standing there if she knew it? But she stood with her head hanging, and seemingly without power of any motion, but trembling from head to foot! Hester's arms were round her, but she was not holding her up. She had tried to carry her in, but from agitation could not move her. Without a word he took her in his arms, bore her to her room, and laid her on the bed. He then sent off a man on horseback for the doctor, and returning sat down by the bedside, in a kind of hard despair, hardly caring if she died, for he had said to himself it were the better the sooner they were all dead. She lay indeed like one dead, and with all she could do, Hester could not bring her to herself.

She had caught up the letter, and as her father sat there helpless, she handed it to him. Here is the substance of it:

"Dear mistress, it is more than time to let you know of the goings on here. I never was a bearer of tales against my fellow-servants, and perhaps it's worse to bring tales against Master Cornelius, as is your own flesh and blood, but what am I to do as was left in charge, and to keep the house respectable till you come back to it, or part with it? He's not been home this three nights! and I do think as I ought to let you know that there is a young lady as I take to be one of his cousins from New Zealand, as is come to the house a three or four times since you

Illustration of Psalm CIV., verse 12.—"Which sing among the branches."

went away, and has stayed a long time with him, though that is not for some time now that I have seen her. She is a very pretty modest-looking girl; but I must say I did not approve when Mr. Cornelius would have her stay all night, and I up and told him if she was his cousin it wasn't as if she was his sister, and that wouldn't do, and I would walk out of the house if he did insist on me making up a bed for her; and he laughed in my face, and told me I was an old fool, and he was only making game of me. But that was after he done his best to persuade me, and I wouldn't be persuaded. I told him if neither of them had a character to keep, I had one to lose, and I wouldn't. But I must say I don't think he had said anything to her about it; for she come down the stair as innocent-like as any dove, and bid me good night just as several times before, and they walked away together. And I would never have took upon me to be a spy upon Mr. Cornelius, nor wouldn't have mentioned the thing, for it's none o' my business so long as they don't abuse the house as is in my charge; but now that he hasn't been at home for three nights, I ought to consider the feelings of a mother, and let her know as her son hadn't never slept in his own bed for three nights, and that's a fact. So no more at present, and I do hope, dear mis'ess, as this won't kill you to hear on it. Oh, why did his father leave him alone in London, with only an old woman like me, as he always did look down upon, to look after him. Your humble servant for twenty years to command, SARAH HOLDICH."

Mrs. Raymount had not read the half of this. It was enough for her that he had not been home for three nights. It is a notable thing that parents, without any reasonable ground for believing their children better than those of other people, nay with considerable ground for believing them worse than many they know, should yet be seized as by the awfully incredible when they hear they are going wrong. They seem to think their children could not do what they themselves would not do. They feel so much one with them, that it seems to them as if their ways of thinking and feeling must be the same as their own—and that although they may have taken very little pains to make them so. Helen Raymount had taken pains, however, and now concluded her boy had turned into bad ways when left to himself—although she knew he had never taken to good ways while they were with him. If he had never gone right, why should she wonder he had now gone wrong?

"Is this all your mother knows, Hester?" said her father, pointing to the letter in his hand.

The doctor had come, and was sitting by the bedside, watching the effect of something he had given her, and he had led Hester from the room, sternly almost as if it was Hester that was to blame for it all.

Some people, when they are angry, speak as if they were angry with the person to whom, in fact, they look for comfort in the trouble that is assailing them. When we are in trouble, there are few of us masters enough of ourselves, because few of us are children enough of our Father who is in heaven, to behave like gentlemen—after the fashion of "the first stock-father of gentleness." But Hester understood her father, and so did not resent the way he spoke. She told him she had but read the first sentence or two of the letter.

He was silent: should he tell Hester more or not? He returned to the bedside, and stood silent. It seemed as if the powers of her life had been withered at the root, like the gourd of Jonah, and yet she did not know the worst.

The father's letter was from his wife's brother, the banker in whose employment Cornelius had been. A considerable deficit had been discovered in the lad's accounts. When he sent to his office to desire his attendance, he learned that he had not been there since the day before the last, and nobody knew anything about him, now that Vavasor was gone. He had not allowed the matter to become known, having regard to the feelings of his sister, but had requested the head of his office to say nothing of the matter in the meantime. He waited his brother-in-law's, decision concerning the proper mode of procedure before he took any steps, nor would venture any suggestion. He feared his nephew had reckoned on the forbearance of an uncle. For the sake of his future, the thing could not be passed over in silence.

"Passed over!" Had Gerald Raymount been a Roman with the power of life and death over his children, he would have been near putting his son to death with his own hands. To repay the missing money, he would but for his wife's illness have been already on the way to London; but for his son's sake! To save such a son from the gallows he would not leave his wife for an hour! She was worth ten thousand sons!

But as the day went on, she remaining sunk in exhaustion, he gradually woke to feel that something must be done. What? and who was there who would do it? He could not go himself. But there was Hester! With her uncle she was a great favourite! and would not dread the interview, which, as the heat of his rage yielded to a cold despair, he felt would be to him an unendurable humiliation. For he had had many arguments, not always very friendly, with this same brother concerning the way he brought up his children: they had all turned out well, and here was his miserable son a felon, disgracing both families! Yes; let Hester go! There were things a woman could do better than a man! Hester was no child now, but a thoroughly capable woman! While she was gone he could be making up his mind what was to be done about the wretched boy!

He took Hester to his room, and gave her her uncle's letter to read. Tell her himself, he could not. He watched her as she read —saw her grow pale, then flush, then at some new thought turn pale again. But at length her face settled into a look of determination. She laid the letter on the table, and rose with a steady troubled light in her eyes. What she was thinking of he could not tell, but he made at once the proposal.

"Hester," he said, "I cannot leave your mother: you must go for me to your uncle, and do the best you can. If it were not for your mother, I would have the rascal prosecuted; but it would break her heart."

Hester wasted no words of reply. Often had she heard him say that there ought to be no interference with public justice for private ends.

"Yes, papa," she answered. "I shall be ready in a moment. If I go on horseback, I shall be in time for the evening train."

"There is time to take the brougham."

"Am I to do anything about Corney, papa?" she asked, her voice trembling over his name. It was strange—but now first for a long time she felt something like love for her brother! Was it a foresight of humiliation and possible awakening? Did she see a possibility of his growing something that could be loved?

"You have nothing to do with him," he said sternly. "If your uncle should see fit, for your mother's sake, not to prosecute him, the best thing is to leave him to the bitterness of want, and the misery he has brought on himself. I will sign you a blank cheque, which you can fill up with the amount he has stolen and give to your uncle. Come here again as soon as you are ready."

"But what," she said, "if he should do worse yet for want?"

"He cannot do worse. And if he should, let him go on till he come to the gallows. Where is the good of keeping a villain from being as much of a villain as he has got it in him to be? Why keep on whiting the sepulchre!"

Hester thought that was true—but then if it hadn't been for the possibility of repentance, the world would never have been made at all.

As she went to her room to prepare for her journey, she met the Major, searching for some one to tell him about Mrs. Raymount, of whose attack, as he had been out for a long walk, he had but just heard.

"What is it, Hester?" he said. "I can smell in the air that something has gone wrong: whatever is it? There's always something getting out of gear in this best of worlds!"

She would have passed him with a word in her haste, but he turned and walked with her.

"The individual, any individual, all the individuals may come to smash, but the world is all right—a very good serviceable machine—by George, without a sound pinion in all the carcase of it, or an engineer that cares there should be!"

They had met in a rather dark part of the corridor, and had now, at a turn in it, come opposite a window. Then first the Major saw Hester's face: he had never seen her look like that!

"Is your mother very ill?" he asked, his tone changing to the gentlest, most concerned expression, for his heart was in reality a most tender one.

"She is very ill," answered Hester. "The doctor has been with her now three hours.—I am going up to London for papa. He can't leave her."

"Going up to London—and by the night-train!" said the Major to himself. "Then there has been bad news! That is why Helen is ill! What can it be? Money matters? No; Cousin Helen's not one to send health after money! It's something worse than that! I have it! It's something that scoundrel Corney has been about—the ass! I shouldn't be surprised to hear anything bad of him!—But what can you do, my dear?" he said aloud. "It's not fit——"

He looked up. Hester was gone.

She put a few things together in a bag, had

a cup of tea brought to her room while she did so, went to her father and received the cheque, and was ready when the brougham came to the door with a pair of horses. She would not even look again into her mother's room, lest she might be sufficiently revived to wonder where she was going. She hastened down, and saw no one on the way. One of the servants was in the hall, and opened the carriage-door for her. The moment it closed on her she was on her way through the gathering dusk to the station.

While the lodge-gate was being opened, she thought she saw someone get up on the box beside the coachman, and thought it must be a groom going with them. The drive seemed long. It was the dread of what might be happening to Corney while she was on the way to his rescue—for so it seemed to her, that made it look so long. She kept fancying one dreadful thing after another—policemen on his track, and what not! It was like a dreadful dream, only with the assurance of reality mingled in it. The carriage stopped, the door opened, and there was the Major, in a huge fur coat, holding out his hand to help her down. It was as great a pleasure as surprise, and she showed both.

"You didn't think I was going to let you go alone," he said. "Who knows what wolf might be after my Red-riding-hood? I said nothing to anyone, but left a message. I'll go in another carriage of course if you wish it, but in this train I'm going to London."

A THIEVES' SUPPER.

By HESBA STRETTON, Author of "Lost Gip," "Jessica's First Prayer," etc.

"I CAN get you an invitation to a Thieves' Supper, if you would care to come," said an old friend to me late in the year 1881.

"I should care very much," was my answer.

This supper was to be given to men and boys of the criminal classes only, in Little Wild Street, Drury Lane, one of the most disreputable districts in London; and it was considered expedient to reach the Mission Chapel before a crowd of roughs should have collected about the door, to witness the arrival of the special guests of the evening. It was still more needful not to venture there alone; and my friend promised to meet me at Mudie's Library to escort me through the dark and dangerous streets. The early December night had closed in as I made my way along the busy and noisy causeway of Oxford Street, with its lines of glittering shops and its cross currents of thronging passers-by. There was all the stir, and whirl, and hubbub of a great city around me; but I forgot for the time that I was in London. The words, "A Thieves' Supper," had dwelt upon my mind, until the remembrance of another supper took fast hold of me; of a supper also celebrated in a great and populous city, with its busy throngs and solemn sounds of feasting; celebrated in a large upper chamber, where the Lord Himself was the master of the feast, and one of His guests, sitting near to Him at the table, within reach of His loving hand, was a thief. There had been the dark face of a thief at the Lord's Last Supper in Jerusalem; would not the Lord himself be present now, at this Thieves' Supper in London?

We turned out of Oxford Street into comparatively dark streets, which, indeed, but for the glare of gin-palaces in almost every corner building, would have been insecurely dark; taking also into account the labyrinth of slums and alleys leading out of them, which afford easy means of escape to any one who has cause to flee. Little Wild Street was very obscure; but as we were an hour before the time at which the guests were expected it was quiet enough, though there were already a few dark forms and sinister faces idling round the entrance to the chapel.

Many of the houses in the street were good old-fashioned dwellings, for this had once been the centre of a fashionable neighbourhood; and the very chapel we were about to enter had been built two hundred years ago for the Spanish Embassy. The front part of these premises is occupied by vestries or lecture-rooms on three floors; while the chapel behind them forms a large and commodious hall, with two galleries, accommodating nearly a thousand persons.

The vestry on the ground floor was filled with visitors like ourselves, not of the criminal classes, who were interested in the progress of this young Mission, for it had attained only its sixth year, and might be called still in its childhood; a robust and promising childhood, however. In the rooms on the two floors above, the supper was already

spread, and a very substantial meal it was. Opposite each seat was a bountiful supply of cold beef, and down the centre of the narrow table ran an unbroken line of dishes of plum pudding cut in huge slices, saucers full of pickle, plates of cheese, and glasses of the most tempting celery. At each end of the tables were trays containing large mugs; and great cans that would presently be filled up with tea and coffee.

At length the expected guests began to drop in, amid a startling roar from the crowd without, partly scornful and partly congratulatory; and gradually the seats on the floor of the chapel filled up. There was an extraordinary difference in the bearing and appearance of these people. Some among them were so well dressed, and gentlemanly, and carried themselves with so much ease and unconcern, that it was difficult to distinguish them from the non-criminal visitors; as in a lunatic asylum one cannot always tell the sane from the insane. But there were others with faces so brutal and repulsive, that it made one look round instinctively to see if a policeman was at hand. But there was no policeman near the place; it being an understood condition of the stranger guests' acceptance of this hospitality, that no advantage of any kind should be taken of their presence there. No man giving a supper to his friends asks a policeman to come and keep watch over them.

When all the guests had assembled, they filed past us out of the chapel into the rooms where the supper was laid. There was something striking and strange about the stealthy tread of these men, unlike the tramp of so many feet passing boldly on, which was not altogether accounted for by the miserable condition of the boots with which many of them were shod. There was a certain shuffling, slinking, hang-dog motion in the long line as they passed us in single file. Those who held their heads up held them too high, with an air of bravado that sat uneasily upon them. Others crept along with their heads hung down. A French gentleman present, who was a spectator like ourselves, kept on repeating his amazement at the scene. What! those two hundred known thieves present, and not one policeman! No guard over them but the check of moral influence; the moral influence of a friend who knew them all, and had invited each of them personally to accept the hospitality of the evening.

The supper could hardly be called a festive meal; though it was a hearty one. There was nothing like the cheery recognition of one another, and the feeling of friendly intercourse. The two rooms being insufficient, fifty or sixty of them were drafted off into the lower gallery of the chapel, and sat round the front of it, forming a semicircle of degraded and sinister faces, such as Doré might draw in illustration of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." A few of the younger thieves called across the chapel to one another; but as a whole the assemblage ate and drank like men hungry but ashamed; and uneasy in so much company, and under so bright a light.

But if the guests were strange, still stranger seemed the group of men gathered together on a low platform to address them when supper was over. These were not district visitors, or city missionaries, or clergymen, except two or three chaplains of jails; but those whom one would look upon as the natural and irreconcileable enemies of these criminals. The Director of Criminal Investigations from Scotland Yard took the chair; and on each side of him were magistrates sitting daily in the London Courts to judge and condemn men like those before them; and the governors of the prisons where those present had worked out their sentences. Strangest of all, the thieves broke into loud and hearty applause at the sight of their natural foes, and listened with profound seriousness to what was said by them.

After several short and practical addresses from the magistrates and chaplains present, three or four reformed criminals spoke of their former career, and gave some good advice to their comrades, who were still ranked among the dangerous and criminal class. Upon one point all the speakers were unanimous—that the principal cause of crime in this country is drink, and they urged the necessity of giving up drink as the first step towards reformation. A second point anxiously dwelt upon was the difficulty of finding employment for any man whose last lodging had been a jail. That it is next to impossible for him to do it unaided can easily be understood; and the Director of Criminal Investigations assured his listeners that missions to discharged prisoners had the cordial sympathy and gratitude of the police authorities. As far as possible, he said, the ticket-of-leave man who could give the police a guarantee that he was in regular work, should be protected from any interference, and should be exempt from making his monthly report of himself in person. All that he need do was to furnish information by letter to the police authorities, and an officer in plain clothes should come

to see him at his employment. He promised also that every facility should be given to men wishing to emigrate, after they had in some measure recovered their character by steady industry and good conduct. He earnestly hoped that missions like this of St. Giles might be established in every prison in London.

We passed out of the chapel along with the stream of thieves, as if it had been an ordinary congregation; but suddenly there was a pause, and a recoil, like that of a flock of scared sheep at the sight of a sheep-dog. We pushed on our way, and saw a policeman standing under the light of the chapel lamp, with a face expressive of unbounded amazement. But he passed slowly by; and as we turned round to look behind us, after proceeding a few yards down the street, we saw the stream of criminals pouring out again, and rapidly melting out of sight into the dark alleys around, each man bearing away with him a burden of inconceivable misery and crime. For the pains of poverty and the sorrows of sickness all of us can in some measure understand; but who can tell the wretchedness of sin, which brings death with it to all that is good and true in a man's soul! Judas was first the thief, who bore the bag and stole that which was therein, before he was Judas the traitor, who sold his Lord and Master to a cruel death.

Twenty-two years since the St. Giles' Christian Mission began its work in the alleys and slums round Drury Lane and the Seven Dials. So many discharged prisoners who could not find work were found in this neighbourhood, that six or seven years ago the secretary of the Mission took up as his special field of labour the task of aiding men to reform, and to begin a new life, from the day they came out of jail. A jail-bird has but a poor chance of reforming alone: a ticket-of-leave is not the most favourable testimony to character a man seeking employment can produce. To put out of count all the positive temptations to lapse again into his career of crime, which lie ready to entrap him as he passes out of the prison gates, there is always the negative temptation of discouragement and repulse, which attends all his efforts to free himself from the worse than prison chains which fetter him as he strives to enter upon an honest life. Yet Christianity contemplates the reformation of the thief, and says, "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour."

That I might see for myself in what way the St. Giles' Christian Mission held out a helping hand to the discharged prisoners, I accepted the invitation of the superintendent to meet him and the secretary, who is the active missionary of this branch of the work, at the gate of Coldbath Fields Prison. The time appointed was a quarter to nine one Saturday morning; but as we were on the spot too soon, we took a walk round the prison whilst waiting. It was a chilly and grey morning, and the high, strong, and gloomy walls of the jail, which contains about two thousand men, seemed a very fortress rather than a House of Correction. An army was lodged within these walls; an army of stealthy foes, who were let out, a few at a time, each morning, to recommence their warfare against the honest and peaceable inhabitants of our city. The grim and massive portal of the prison still showed no signs of opening when we regained the front; but groups of men and women and children were gathered together before it waiting for nine o'clock to strike. A few were sad and anxious-looking; but the majority of them were rough and scampish, or abandoned and dangerous people, who were making a jest of this daily discharge from the prison: a crowd of the lowest London type, not so utterly destitute and miserable as the penniless poor, or the street beggars, but a crowd of brutal and idle men, and of bold and degraded women, some of whom, early as it was, were already drunk.

Exactly opposite the gates, so exactly that from the sitting-room window we faced the centre of the massive archway, stands the little house rented by the Mission. Formerly the secretary had to wait, like the other people, outside the gates to meet the prisoners as they came out, amid the mob of old comrades, who were ready to carry them off to their old haunts; but he is now admitted within the walls, and has the opportunity of speaking separately and quietly to each one, and of offering his invitations to them of a free breakfast in the house opposite. Whilst he was away on this errand, we stood watching the scene before us.

At nine o'clock, when the portal in the great gate of the prison opened, there was a rush forward to receive the first out-comer, who instantly mingled with the crowd, and could no longer be identified as a discharged prisoner. In every case a few paces only served to obliterate the unenviable distinction, at least in the eyes of on-lookers like ourselves. A few decent middle-class people who were lingering about, stood a little aloof; and when one elderly, respectably dressed

man left the prison, his wife met him and threw her arms round his neck, whilst two girls, evidently their daughters, clung to him weeping. At a little distance we noticed a cab with some children and a woman in it, and thought that here again was a sad story of disgrace and trouble in some middle-class home. But the children had been brought from the workhouse to meet their father, who had been sent to jail for deserting them, and who would find them cast upon his care as soon as he stepped through the prison-gate into the cold and rainy streets, with no home to take them to, and a day's hopeless tramp lying before him with these helpless little creatures hanging upon him. In many such cases the St. Giles' Mission stretches out its helping hand to him, and finds a roof to shelter him and his children until he can procure work by which to earn their maintenance and his own. Sometimes, the superintendent told us, there were police-officers waiting outside the gate to re-arrest a prisoner as he comes away, on some other charge, and then there were sad and painful scenes with him and his friends; but this morning no such incident occurred.

As soon as the day's discharge was over, the secretary, who had been within the walls, hurried across, and we were asked to go down to the basement, where the two kitchens had been thrown into one room, which can be entered from the street by the area steps. About fifteen men were seated on benches with narrow tables before them, and all facing the table where the secretary stood pouring out coffee into very large mugs. Great hunches of bread-and-butter were given unstintingly to the hungry men, who had had a slight meal inside the prison, but were quite ready for this breakfast. In 1880 more than *five thousand* prisoners took breakfast in this unpretending room. A short and simple address was given by the secretary whilst the men were busily eating and drinking. A little incident occurred, which was promptly dealt with. The secretary said, "There is but one way to heaven, and that is through our Lord Jesus Christ," when a Jew, who was one of the guests, attempted to begin an argument. "I am here to tell you what I believe, not to hear what you believe," said the secretary; and upon the Jew persisting in the interruption, he pointed to the door, and told him he was free to go, but not free to argue there. The other men took no interest whatever in the interruption. But we were glad to see this man, when breakfast was over, come up and shake hands warmly with the secretary. Most of them shook hands with him, and one poor miserable-looking wretch stooped down and kissed his hand. Each of them was told that if he wanted help to start afresh in life, he would be welcome at the Mission House in Brook Street, Holborn. Five or six among them signed the pledge, and on their pledge-cards was printed this address, and also the address of the Mission Chapel in Little Wild Street.

We then accompanied the superintendent of the Mission to the premises in Brook Street. It is one of those old-fashioned houses, with wainscoted walls and oak staircases, which tell of far different days, and yet lend themselves so well to purposes like these, and appear so much more home-like and hospitable than the great wards and lofty ceilings of larger buildings. We were shown two of the dormitories for discharged prisoners who live here or in another Home belonging to the Misson, until work can be found for them. From forty to fifty men can be thus accommodated. The ground-floor of the premises forms a long and narrow but fairly convenient hall for preaching and lectures; and in the basement below, the front kitchen is made into a comfortable but plainly-furnished sitting-room for the men, if they choose to occupy it of an evening. The attics are work-rooms, where such trades as tailoring and shoe-making can be carried on by men who have learned them, or perfected themselves in them, in prison. The secretary's office is on the first floor, and here he may be found every morning at eleven o'clock busy with the men who come to him for advice or assistance.

The secretary had returned to the prison on some business after the breakfast; but about eleven he rejoined us, and we sat by while some of the affairs of the morning were transacted. A young man of twenty came in, clothed in a new suit from head to foot, made in the tailors' attic overhead; a broad smile played about his face as our friend the superintendent told him he was looking quite a gentleman. He was a tall, strong young fellow, who held himself erect, and looked one frankly in the face. A few brief questions promptly answered put us in possession of the facts that he had neither father nor mother, no home, had come out of jail a week before, and had gone into it for stealing thirteen loaves of bread. He was going to sea, and he had been rigged out thoroughly from the Mission funds. The last gift bestowed upon him was a pocket Bible, which he promised to read the next day (Sunday).

He also promised to write to the secretary, and went away cheerful and happy, feeling that he had friends behind him to whom he might go in any difficulty, and who would be glad to hear of his well-doing.

We heard of and saw other jail-birds; one whose name is still on the police list of dangerous criminals, but who for the last two years has earned his own living honestly, and has recently married, which seems to be regarded as a sign of great promise. Work is found for them in many places, though sometimes there is much difficulty. There appears to be no philanthropic weakness about the St. Giles' Christian Mission. No attempt is made to conceal the truth about the men when they enter into any employment. Letters were shown to me both from the men and their masters, testifying to the excellent service the Mission is doing to society. One man had been turned into the streets at thirteen by his own mother, and had quickly graduated in crime by stealing a pair of boots, for which he was sent to jail for a month. He was convicted again for robbing a till, then for a watch, and next time for a purse. After this he got into jail for assaulting the police. He then became a regular pickpocket, and after five more convictions was sentenced to seven years; and upon coming out on a ticket-of-leave was caught again in an attempt to steal a watch, and was sent back to jail. This apparently hopelessly lost jail-bird went to the Home with the confession that he was sick of his life; that he had done nothing that was good, but everything that was bad. The following letter he wrote to the secretary some months after obtaining work.

"Dear Sir,—Through your kind help, and the help of my master, I have been saved from a life of sin and shame; and while I speak of my earthly friends, I must not forget my heavenly Friend and Redeemer. He sought me, and would not let me go, when the world at large justly turned their back on me. Then it was that the Lord showed me His power to save; for I was an outcast from all respectable society. There was none to give me a word of kindness. But the Lord saw me, and had compassion upon me, blessed be His most holy name! I can say that since I have come to you, I have led an honest life; I have been one year and two months with my master, and have been trusted with many pounds."

A short note was put into my hand from the Director of Criminal Investigations, in which he said, "I am glad to find that philanthropy and aid to justice can go hand in hand." Some time ago the late Ordinary of Newgate asked for the aid of the Mission on behalf of a young woman, who had just served her time for uttering counterfeit coin. She had been brought up among coiners, and at the early age of sixteen was sentenced to a short imprisonment, but with the warning from the magistrate that if she ever came before him again he would give her a heavy punishment. She did come before him again, and he sentenced her to seven years. It was upon the expiration of this term that she was put into the friendly hands of the Mission. The Home was for men only; but a lodging was found for her, and during the day she sat in the secretary's office, listening to the painful stories told by the applicants for help, and witnessing all the kindness shown to them, until her own heart was touched and softened, and little by little she told all the sad history of her own life. Unconsciously she betrayed the exact place where the wretches lived, who had been her ruin. They were still carrying on their dishonest and scandalous crime against society under the name of "Bob and Bridget;" and she said that a whole boxfull of counterfeit coin was carried away every other week by a man from Portsmouth. As soon as the girl was safely started to one of the colonies the information was given to the police, who quickly caught the leading partners in the firm, and took possession of their plant. Bridget fancying they had been betrayed by a rival in the business, in revenge gave information about him, and a second gang of coiners was seized—a service to society by no means a small one.

In another case a young man, for whom the secretary had found employment, left his situation unknown to him, and went down to Birmingham, where he obtained a situation at a jeweller's. Within a few hours of his entering his new place the jeweller, with an almost culpable rashness, sent him to the bank to cash a hundred-pound draft. The young scamp simply walked off with the money. A policeman called upon the secretary to inform him of these facts, and to inquire if he knew anything of the thief. He knew nothing then, but the next morning he met him in the streets fashionably dressed, and just about to start for Australia, having paid forty pounds for his voyage out. The secretary walked beside him, engaged in conversation until they came across a policeman, when he gave him in charge. It is in ser-

vices like these, as well as in the rescue work, that society is indebted to such missions. There is no mercy in the weakness that would screen a criminal; but that mercy is true and strong which snatches a criminal out of the deep pit of his crime.

The secretary possesses many letters testifying to the good work done by the Mission from the chaplains of Newgate, Holloway, Clerkenwell, Portland, and Pentonville Prisons; and also from the governor of Millbank and Clerkenwell, and the deputy-governor of Boston Convict Prison. One chaplain says, "I am often receiving letters from persons once undergoing penal servitude here, and whose lives have through your agency become honest and respectable. Without one exception all (whether they have permanently benefited or, after a time, have returned to their bad ways, and come here again) have confessed that you have done for them everything that is good and kind, and that it was their own fault alone (at least not your Mission's) if they fell away again. All acknowledge that you gave them a thoroughly fair chance to redeem their characters." Another chaplain writes, "You always seem to have done the best thing, in the quickest and cheapest way, for any case in which I have invoked your aid."

At the time I am writing this, the first week of May, 1882, a new branch of the Mission has been begun at the gates of Holloway Prison, in an iron room erected on the waste land which encircles the jail. There, as at Coldbath Fields Prison, the men will be henceforth met, morning by morning, with the offer of friendly sympathy and practical help. The Mission is pre-eminently a Christian one, seeking to bring the unfortunate men to a knowledge of Christ—to the knowledge of whom He is and what He has done for the world. "Reformation," says the Ordinary of Newgate, "is, I believe, impossible without moral principle: and the highest moral influence of which I am cognisant is God's grace in the heart."

No position can be more hopelessly forlorn than that of a well-disposed prisoner turned adrift upon the streets without a character, and often homeless and penniless. There are lying in wait for him, if he is worth having, bands of tempters, men and women, who seek to drag him back again, and plunge him more deeply into the mire. There are in London organized schemes for watching the exit of prisoners for purposes of identification, that if they should succeed in getting work blackmail may be levied from them, or that they may be hounded on to rob their employers by the threat of being made known to them as jail-birds. All around the discharged prisoner the city lies like the meshes of a great net; wherever he turns there are open enemies or treacherous friends who are worse than foes. If he is not to relapse into crime he must enter the fierce struggle for a living, fettered and crippled, with everything and every man against him. He is an ignorant man, for it is ignorance that lies at the bottom of all crime, even that crowning crime, when the princes of this world, through ignorance, crucified the Lord of Glory. Friendless, ignorant, and branded with crime, the discharged prisoner faces the world again, and finds every man's hand against him. If he could have pierced beforehand the blackness of the gulf which the broad path of sin leads to, would he have fallen into it? It is at this moment of bewilderment and despair that he feels a hand stretched out to him, a kind and helping hand, and if he will but clasp it, and hold it fast, he is drawn back into the safety and peace of the fold, where Christ is the Shepherd.

It was a thief who hung beside our Lord on a cross like His, and who was His fellow-pilgrim through the dark valley of the shadow of death. It was a thief who uttered the last cry for help in the ears of the dying Saviour, and to whom He said, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." A thief is "seen at His side in woe, and waits on His triumph."

> "Even so, who loves the Lord aright
> No single man can worthless find:
> All will be precious in His sight
> Since Christ in all hath shined.
> If they who hate the trespass most,
> You, when all other love is lost,
> Love the poor sinner, marvel not,
> Christ's mark outwears the ranker blot.

A work like this cannot be carried on without funds and helpers. To those who are willing and able to help in any way a cordial welcome will be given at No. 10, Brook Street, Holborn, where the secretary of the Mission may be found about eleven o'clock every morning. Donations, however small, will be gladly received by Mr. George Hatton, 12, Ampton Place, Regent Square, W.C. There is a safe and easy way of transmitting only a shilling, by buying a postal order to that amount at any post-office. But whether it be a hundred guinea cheque or a shilling postal order, it will not pass unseen by Him who hears—not the prayer, for he hardly knows how to pray—but even the "sorrowful sighing of the prisoner."

TEMPLE AND WORSHIP.

A STATELY ruin, cold and grey,
Majestic in its lone decay,
Bears witness to a bygone day.

Here Desolation reigns supreme,
And, conscious of the mournful theme,
The very stars refuse their gleam.

The night-wind, wailing like a child,
Bears to and fro the storm-clouds piled
In shapes fantastic, weird and wild.

And overhead and underneath,
Decay sits still with clenchèd teeth,
And twines her fatal cypress wreath.

* * * * *

Race after race to dust is hurled,
While Death, with oriflamme unfurled,
Still rules the kingdoms of the world.

And higher yet, and ever higher,
Earth mounts upon her funeral pyre,
Awaiting heaven's consuming fire.

Her idol-worships, human creeds,
Suffice not man's immortal needs,
Far more than this his nature pleads.

Each ruined temple as it stands,
In classic grove or sterile sands,
Lifts silent, interceding hands.

A speechless voice from every stone
Is echoing on their spirits' groan,
Who dimly worshipped the Unknown.

* * * * *

Nor even yet may man aspire
To satisfy his soul's desire,
Since heaven than earth is ever higher.

The shadow of God's hand is laid
Across the world which He has made,
And we must worship in that shade.

Earth's myriad temples all at last
Will vanish in the sacred past,
While truth outlives the judgment blast

Eternal worship is the end
For which man's being doth contend,
The heaven towards which his hopes ascend.

For God's own presence, shining fair,
And sending glory everywhere,
Makes an eternal temple there.

GENEVIÈVE IRONS.

THE GOODNESS OF A GOOD MAN.

By ALEXANDER McLAREN, D.D.

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."—Acts xi. 24.

THERE is no plainer proof that men are bad than the sort of people whom they usually call good. Like all other words expressive of moral excellence, that word has lost some of its elevation of meaning, and becomes tarnished, as it were, by exposure to the air. Anybody may be a good man, in the estimation of numbers of people, if he is only decently respectable, or even if he is only good-tempered and gifted with a certain easiness of nature and jollity of disposition, which is quite as often weakness or indolence as goodness. And the praise conveyed by calling a man "good," such as it is, has often an undertone of sarcasm or of compassion blending with it which sufficiently declares that, in popular estimation, goodness is rather looked down upon than reverenced.

The Bible is very chary in its use of the word. It gives that robe of honour to very few of its heroes. It may be worth our while to bring together the features of character which this man Barnabas had, in order to understand the better what the Scripture "good man" is. Our text is significant, too, in that it teaches us the way by which men become "good." It goes down as it were by stages to the central fact of all. It lifts off layer after layer till we see "the very pulse" of the character. He was a good man, because he was full of the Holy Ghost, and he was full of the Holy Ghost because he was full of faith. That is the genesis of his goodness, and that is the only way by which any of us will ever become good in the judgment of truth and in the eye of God. If we rightly understand and fully feel that, it may set us on trying ourselves by the same standard, it may strip us of some false self-complacency, and may stimulate us to more earnest effort to advance on the only path on which effort after goodness has hope for success.

Note, then, the *broad outlines of character which make a good man.*

Of course there is but one type of human character to which all are to conform. Jesus is the only man who can be safely imitated by all men and women, whatever their dispositions, culture, or circumstances, who aspire to goodness. To copy any other leads to deformities and limitations, and the very act of copying takes from the sincerity and spontaneousness of the copy, and, therefore, from its worth. Goodness which is imitation is scarcely goodness. It is at the best a plaster of Paris mould from a marble. But it is safe to imitate Christ both as regards the genuineness of the result and the comprehensiveness of the pattern. All other men

are tinged with the hues of the soil on which they grew. Like variously-tinted autumn leaves, they vary in the colours of even the beauties of their character. Each wood takes the polish in its own fashion, and there is no more fatal blunder, and none commoner among good people and in Churches, than to insist upon everybody showing the same glowing hues in precisely the same places, and having just the same arrangement of bright lines and rich lustre, forgetting that a fern-leaf turns to gold and a maple to red, and that oak takes a different polish from walnut.

But still we may learn something from the broad outlines of the character of Barnabas. Running over the Scriptural record of him, we find enough to make a gracious image of. His name, evidently given to express his disposition, speaks of both tenderness of nature and power of utterance. He had land, though he was a Levite, and he sold it; thus showing that he shared in the enthusiasm of the first burst of brotherly love in the little community at Jerusalem, and that his heart melted into generosity under the fire of divine affection. He was the first to welcome Paul when all the others suspected him. So he delighted in helping forward friendless men, hoped all things, and believed all things, and had the quick instinctive insight into character that belongs to simple love and goodness.

When the astounding fact was told at Jerusalem that actual Gentiles had been brought into the Church, he was sent down by the doubting brethren there to Antioch to look into this revolutionary procedure, and, like a true man, was convinced by what he saw, and was glad to be convinced, and to have his notions of who God's people were widened. Thus he showed superiority to prejudice, and greater care for the main thing than for subordinate matters, and true courage. And he saw at once that this was the true sphere for that young convert from the Pharisees whom he had taken by the hand some time before, and was the first to introduce Paul to his life's work. His earnest self-devotion and zeal come clearly out in his consecration to missionary work. His cheerful acquiescence in Paul's supremacy indicates a noble generosity, probably the result of his unselfish absorption in the work. He was obviously the older man, of much longer standing, too, in the Church; he might well have remembered the time when, but for his intervention, the Church would have shut its doors against Paul, and he might have been sore at feeling that their positions were reversed in the course of the first mission journey, as the narrative shows by the chance order in which their names occur, it being at first "Barnabas and Saul," but soon dropping into the standing—"Paul and Barnabas." But no trace of any such feeling seems to have ruffled his spirit. He quite joyfully accepts it as the law, "He must increase, I must decrease," and labours with his friend in unbroken cordiality, as content to be second as first if only the work gets done.

We need not dwell on his faults. They were the "defects of his qualities," the exaggeration of his good points. His foolish fondness for John Mark, overlooking his cowardly desertion and his being "carried away by the dissimulation" of the Judaising teachers, were of a piece with his evident sweetness of nature and largeness of charity and openness to impression, although they were unwarrantable extensions of his virtues, and involved him in contradictions to his deepest friendship and his firmest convictions. So, then, we do not need to be stainless to deserve being called "good."

This rapid outline may serve to point some principles. For instance, true goodness is nothing startling. It has a modest beauty, and deals with very familiar, homely scenes. You do not need heroic elevation of incident or startling combinations of character to be good. This plant grows down in the bottoms and even in the swamps as well as on the heights. The world's notion of it vibrates between a poor unworthy conception and a requirement of something very conspicuous and startling. But the Christian ideal of goodness is like our modest English wild flowers contrasted with gorgeous tropical blossoms, or our brown-coated thrushes and larks beside birds of paradise.

Again, the Christian notion of goodness puts stress on the loving and gentle side of character rather than on the strong. No question, Christianity has altered the perspective of virtue, and has brought the more "feminine" graces into the foreground. Meekness is a Christian word. Poverty of spirit is a virtue in the ethics of Christianity. It is a defect in the ethics of Greece. The grand heroic graces are subordinated to these others. The armed Fortitude and the lofty-looking Magnanimity become the servants of Gentleness with her dove-like eyes, and of Patience with her silent smile. The ideal is not the warrior nor the sage, but the meek and lowly Christ.

Again, true goodness consists in referring

all conduct to God. Loving obedience to God's will is the real definition of goodness. It is to be found not so much in an accumulation of specific and separate acts or dispositions, as in the common root from which they all spring, and which, according to Bible teaching, gives them all their power. Without this there may be much beauty of character. In many respects a life may be fair and venerable. But if the underlying motive of it all be not loving obedience to the will of God, then there is something lacking in all its beauty, and the purest type of goodness is wanting to it.

We do not need to assert that all morality which is not based upon religion is bad. We do not need to call the good deeds of the ungodly "splendid vices," or to do violence to common sense by blending in one indiscriminate condemnation the loftiest and the lowliest lines of men not Christian. But surely it is reasonable and not "narrow" (that word of most hopeless censure in the present day) to say that there is one Being in full correspondence with our nature, to do whose will is our chief end, so that all lives lived and characters shaped without regard to God lack their loftiest consecration and their serenest beauty. The true definition of goodness is religion in exercise. Morality is the body, religion is the soul. Goodness is the fine linen, clean and white, which clothes the characters of those who follow Jesus and obey God.

Again, true goodness consists in the suppression of self. We find that suppression in the case of Barnabas, in the surrender of his goods at the beginning, in the waiving of his own prejudices in order to welcome the Gentile converts, and in his unenvying yielding of the foremost place to the young man whom he himself had first taken by the hand. All these incidents point to the same great truth—that goodness and the crucifixion of self are but two names for one thing.

This is but the other side of the thought that all goodness is loving obedience to the will of God. God and self are the two polar opposites, one or other of which must be the centre of our lives. All varieties of character and conduct come down to these two great varieties at last. Either we are seeking to please God, and then we are good, or else we are living for self, in a more or less gross and direct fashion, and then, I am afraid, we must complete the antithesis, and say—we are bad. In such life, however white and glittering it may look, there is a core of corruption. To live to self, whether it be our own judgment, or our own taste, or our own passions, or our own lusts, is sin, and it is death. To live to God is goodness and life: and to live to God is the only way by which we cease to live to self. We must die in order to live. All goodness is martyrdom, the martyrdom of self, that the life of God, which is life indeed, may flow into our souls. In the lowest region of all we must sacrifice possessions, and in every region of experience we must give up ourselves, our prejudices, our ambition, our notions, our tastes, and, worst of all and most comprehensive of all, our will, and everything that is ours but our consciences, if we would have the fair beauty of goodness in our characters. Old fairy tales describe how a loathly serpent twining round a tree had to be slain by a sharp sword ere the spell was broken, and the foul thing dead becomes a princess living in her beauty. So we ourselves have to slay ourselves, and out of the ugly, poisonous self that we slay struggles forth beautiful and radiant the better self, which is the image and gift of Christ. All goodness is self-repression.

DR. JOHN BROWN.

THOSE were sad, but tenderly-expressed tidings, which were found, in the middle of May, in the Obituary column of many of the public journals:—"May 11th, at 23, Rutland Street, Edinburgh, John Brown, M.D., LL.D., in his seventy-second year. To all who loved him, at home and in America, this must of necessity be the only intimation." This news came to many with a startling sense of surprise. Although, for the space of years sometimes, the outer circle of those who loved Dr. Brown saw no line from his pen—hoping always that it had not lost its cunning—yet they all knew that he was still in Edinburgh, the city that he loved so much, and near to those in whose hearts there was always a warm place for him. But a chill fell upon us when we thought of him as having gone to "another" city. It was only a few weeks before that we had read his latest words of humour and wisdom. A new volume of "Horæ Subsecivæ" revived pleasures that were more than twenty years old, and brought us once more into company which thrilled the heart with a tender sense of joy.

John Brown came of a really great and

good ancestry, of which he was justly proud. John Brown of Haddington, the author of the "Self-Interpreting Bible," and of a small and handy Concordance —of whom the subject of this paper spoke as "their king, and the founder of their dynasty"—was a "herd-laddie" amidst the "braes o' Abernethy." This was the vigorous-minded Scotch lad who left his sheep one night in the care of a companion, while he walked a distance of twenty-four miles to St. Andrews, to get a copy of the Greek Testament at a book-seller's shop. He had managed to pick up a knowledge of the tongue in which that precious book was written, and yearned to possess a copy of it. The bookseller was struck with wonder at his customer, when he stood at his counter in the morning; and so also were some of the University professors who chanced to enter the shop. One of them promised the lad to give him a copy if he could read it. He did so, and soon carried off his Testament with great joy. Of course the book became an heirloom in the Brown family. It was of him that the great-grandson relates the following anecdote:—"On his coming to Haddington there was one man who held out against his 'call.' Mr. Brown meeting him when they could not avoid each other, the non-content said, 'Ye see, sir, I canna say what I dinna think, and I think ye're ower young and inexperienced for this charge.' 'So I think too, David; but it would never do for you and me to gang in the face o' the hale congregation.'"

Dr. John Brown.

His grandfather, the Rev. John Brown, of Whitburn, was also a man of eminence in the Church to which he belonged. Of his father, he has told us in the inimitable "Supplementary Chapter" to Dr. Cairns' Life, published more than twenty years ago. He was first settled at Biggar, where John was born on September 22nd, 1810, and then, while the boy was still young, removed to Edinburgh, becoming eventually the minister of Broughton Place Church. We see him a thoughtful, intensely-earnest, finely-gifted man, passionately devoted to exegesis, capable of exciting the enthusiasm of his Sunday audiences, and kindling a passion for Scriptural truths in the minds of the students

who came under his instruction in the college halls of his church. A man of refined taste and powerful religious convictions; just such a man as the son would be proud of and never cease to glory in.

We are told, too, in the "Supplementary Chapter" the touching story of his mother's death at Biggar, as far back as the 28th of May, 1816, when John was only in his sixth year; and of the thrillingly sweet story of the sad, quiet, earnest way in which the stricken husband and father went to his work: of how he tried to bless and help and teach his eldest boy, until they went to Edinburgh, when he was sent to school.

This John, the fourth celebrity of the name, did not betake himself to the prophetic work to which his ancestors had been honourably devoted, not having heard the "call" which they all had received. He resolved to adopt the medical profession. His first appointment was as assistant-surgeon at Chatham, but in twelvemonths he returned to Edinburgh, never again to leave the city that he loved with all his heart. In the year 1833 he graduated as M.D., and at once began to practise in the city.

It was after all not so much as a physician, but as a man and a writer, that he was to be known to his own and succeeding generations. He became an honoured and well-loved member of that interesting Edinburgh circle, which for many a decade has had a conspicuous place in the wide realm of literature. Those who found it possible to believe that a literary physician was not disabled by his love of writing for guiding his patients into the paths of health, found his advice and his personal presence of great comfort and assistance in their sick-rooms. Perhaps, however, John Brown was not altogether fitted to order his physician-methods so as to increase, for his own benefit, the number of his patients and his fees.

It was not until at most twenty-five years ago, that Dr. Brown began to be much talked of as a promising writer. It was probably about that time that he wrote "Rab and his Friends." He was asked by his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Biggar, to give a lecture in his native town. Lecturing was not in his way; which we can easily understand. But he greatly wished for the pleasure of talking to "those strong-brained, primitive people of his youth, who were boys and girls when he left them" (1833). At last, as he informs us, he said to himself: "I'll tell them Ailie's story." He had often told it to himself, but he found it difficult to put it into such form and cast as would fit it for others to hear. He came home one night—driving home alone—through "the gleam, the shadow, and the peace supreme" of a midsummer night, from a pleasant dinner at Hanley, and sat down about twelve, and rose at four, having finished his story. He read it almost as it was, to the Biggar audience, and showed it afterwards to some friends, who liked it, and wished it printed. It was illustrated by some artist friends; but was first of all published in "Horæ Subsecivæ." In the arch and humorous preface, the author said, "I was at Biggar the other day, and some of the good folks told me, with a grave smile peculiar to that region, that when Rab came to them in print he was so good that they wouldn't believe he was the same Rab I had delivered in the school-room—a testimony to my vocal powers of impressing the multitude somewhat conclusive." The little story is in all essentials true. And what a tale it is! The tenderness of brute and man meet in that heart-breaking story. Simple life—the simplest and yet the truest—not the life of "accomplished," "cultured" people, but of peasants that love one another with a love that is stronger than death, is seen and felt. The old dog Rab is a sharer in it all; seems to have a heart as big and as soft as any of them. The following passage describing the scene in the operating room is marvellous in its intensity of feeling and perfection of description:—"Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. 'What's the case?' 'Which side is it?' Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you and I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them, pity, as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens; while pity, as a *motive*, is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

"The operating theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short gown, her black bombazine petticoat, showing her

white worsted stockings and her carpet shoes. Behind her was James with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; forever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

"Ailie stepped up on a seat and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to His suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a *glower* from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick—all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

"It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies, and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon happed her up carefully, and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following." So much for Dr. Brown's sympathetic descriptive power. We commend "Rab and His Friends" to all our readers.

Dr. Brown's various literary productions have appeared in the several volumes of "Horæ Subsecivæ," the last, as we have seen, only a few weeks since. These volumes contained many sketches of persons he had known; *pictures*, really,—some of them in the half-finished condition, but all of them having the stamp of his genius upon them. He had a fine vision for ability and character, both of men and of animals, whenever they came within the scope of his observation: and more than most men of his time who have received the cordial recognition of the public, he possessed that great moral wisdom—which the Scriptures so highly commend—enabling him to find, and appreciate with faultless precision, whatever and whoever was "lovely, true, and of a good report." Born in the pure lap of goodness, nurtured and trained amid the best influences of home and church—which are still the best influences in the world—heaven, most literally and beautifully, lay about him in his infancy; and through his fairly lengthened (but for us all too brief) career, his days were "linked each to each in natural piety." He had a passionate love of literature, a true relish for poetry, and a fine perception of art, but he revered goodness with the sentiment of one who had been born to reverence it from his childhood up. He revelled in those portions of literature which brought him into contact with the deeper aspects of man's marvellous life.

And then how delicately and gently he touched the simple and the young. He had "Sir Walter's" love for the people of old time, and "Sir Walter's" love of children and of animals. We see how he kept a strong attachment within his soul for the ancient ladies and gentlemen who gave so much character to the Scottish life and history of the last century, in his papers on "A Jacobite Family," and "Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune;" and how dearly he cared for the young in his memorable sketch of "Marjorie Fleming." What a charm in the dainty little woman—in her ways and her words, her letters, and her self-considering reflections!

The testimonies which are so freely borne to the excellence of Dr. Brown's character, to the geniality and tenderness of his spirit and the felicity of his humour, abundant and loving as they are, are but testimonies to the beauty of Christ. We see the Christian man behind all his works, full of goodness, wisdom, and power: greater than any of his achievements. A correspondent of a leading journal thus wrote of him immediately after his death:—"It is now many years since I first met him at pleasant Craigcrook, on a sunny autumn evening, along with John Carlyle and John Stuart Blackie, and, if I remember right, Scott, of Irvingite association, who was then, I think, lecturing here. It was a night never to be forgotten—sparkling, shining, radiant alike with wit and wisdom. But I do not know if I ever saw all the sweetness and purity of his soul, the gaiety of his heart and its earnest thoughtfulness, so well as I did last summer during a happy week in the West Highlands. That will remain to me 'a possession of an inheritance for ever!' Glen Nevis, Loch Trague, Spean Bridge, and the parallel roads of Glenroy—what a glory he threw over them; and I shall never think of them without that wistful, beautiful face smiling through their mists."

Many, and very heavy clouds often

gathered about the soul of this remarkable man. Perhaps he inherited the darkening depression from his father. He himself spoke of his father's "tendency to distrust himself;" of the "bodily darkness and mournfulness which at times came over him." Out of this he came all the sweeter and the nobler for the trial; fitter to be the bearer of benefit and blessing to those who know the frailty of human nature. And thus it came to pass, that few men have ever left this world richer in those treasures which abide beyond the storms and shocks of time.

It was a noble indication of a great love which led some of his friends about seven years ago, when his health and means were troubled, to present him, altogether unexpectedly, with a sum of more than six thousand pounds, partly in a cheque and partly in the shape of an annuity, "which was put into his hands, the list of the contributors first having gone into the fire." But far beyond the circle who shared in that deed of kindness, there were many who held "Subsecivæ Brown" in affectionate admiration, and who now miss from the ranks of the living one of the truest and purest of the sons of men.

WILLIAM DORLING.

AMONG THE WATER-LILIES.

PALE was the day, and songless, love,
That brought an eve so bright;
At last the lilies' pearly cups
Were touched with ruby light;
Our boat went drifting down the stream
Through shade and vesper glow;
But that was long ago, my love,
Ay, that was years ago.

To-night our boat is on the stream,
The light is just the same;
The sunset shines across the tide
In rays of rosy flame;
Among the lilies and the reeds
The west wind murmurs low,
As in the years gone by, my love,
The old times, long ago.

The west wind sings an ancient song
(Old songs are ever new),
Of love, by years of absence tried,
Still keeping fresh and true;
Across the seas, from far-off lands,
I hear you whisper low,
That God himself shall join the hands
We severed long ago.

I. L. COSHAM.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Strangers Yet," etc.

CHAPTER I.—"IT WAS THE TIME OF ROSES."

IT was the time of roses; old Farlow's cottage-walls were hidden under a mass of blossoms; deep-red, pale pink, and creamy-white, they were piled up on the top of the crazy porch, and a few clusters even rested on the thatched roof. All day long the bees made a sleepy murmur about the little house and garden, revelling in the lavish sweets of the place; and the birds cheeped, and trilled, and practised all their old summer tunes on the mossy boughs of the fruit trees. Year after year came and went without bringing any changes to this spot; the small decayed dwelling, standing quite alone, and set deep in bloom and leafage, was as picturesque a retreat as ever haunted the dreams of a tired worldling. And the face looking out of a tiny casement, embedded in roses, was one that could well bear the closest comparison with the fairest of June flowers.

It was a delicate little face, framed in that rich auburn hair which is so rarely seen—the hair of Guido's "Beatrice Cenci." The cheeks were, perhaps, a thought too thin; the beautiful features a trifle too sharply chiselled; the complexion almost too purely pale. The eyes, of deepest blue, looked out beyond the roses with a gaze that seemed to go forth in search of the invisible and unattainable. There is, nearly always, something of heaven in blue eyes; and Rosa Farlow had the glance of one whose spirit communes often with an unseen world. Yet, at that moment, her thoughts had not arisen a step above the things that belong to earth and its interests; and the saintly eyes were merely watching very eagerly for the lover who was just then turning the corner of the quiet lane.

"Our boat went drifting down the stream,
Through shade and vesper glow."

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I have called him her lover, and the people of Deanwood were beginning to speak of him by that name. But, in truth, it was an unacknowledged bridegroom who was coming to visit an unclaimed bride. A boy of twenty-one and a girl of seventeen had dared to get married secretly in an out-of-the-way country church; and the boy was Henry Jervaux, and the girl Rosa Farlow.

He was the second son of General Jervaux, of the Bushes, Downshire; and she was the only child of old James Farlow, the carpenter of Deanwood. It was about as mad a match as two young simpletons had ever been known to make; for Henry was entirely dependent on his father, and old James, with his rheumatic limbs and failing strength, was beginning to find his daily toil too hard. His pretty Rosa, who had learnt dressmaking, might have to support her father by-and-by, and keep the battered cottage over his head until he had no more need of a home.

As yet the secret union was entirely unsuspected, and the rapture of the foolish young couple was unalloyed. The few inhabitants of Deanwood were scattered about in small farms and dwellings that were seldom to be found in clusters; and no near neighbours made their comments on the comings and goings of Henry Jervaux. Only one or two persons had spoken jestingly about Rosa's gentleman-lover; but there was no flavour of bitterness in the jest. Rosa was a favourite, as her mother had been before her; and although the girl had formed no intimate friendships, she had made no enemies.

As to old James Farlow, he saw nothing remarkable in the young man's frequent visits. Rosa, like her mother, was a worshipper of books; and Mr. Jervaux took a pleasure in reading with her, and helping her in those studies which had always occupied her leisure hours.

Ever since her mother's death, three years ago, Rosa had been quietly growing into her dreamy womanhood; silent, self-contained, and living in her own world. Not a single home-duty was left undone; her hands ministered gladly to all her father's daily needs, and yet old James was conscious that he knew nothing at all of his daughter's interior life. She was a mystery to him, just as his wife had been; and everybody had wondered how that wife had ever consented to marry James Farlow.

Years ago the old hall of Deanwood, after long remaining closed, was let to an elderly lady who was an utter stranger to the place. The new tenant came from London, bringing her own staff of servants, and soon establishing herself contentedly in the old mansion, although the village folk wondered at her liking for the dismal house. But Mrs. Chatterton loved quietness and seclusion, and seemed to desire no companion but the young woman who was always with her day and night.

Rosa Rose invariably spoke of the old lady as her mistress. She gave herself no airs on the strength of her favouritism, nor did she ever exact any show of deference from the other servants; yet it was clear that they never regarded her as being exactly on a level with themselves. Their respect and liking for her were sincere; but they never treated her familiarly, nor called her by her Christian name. She was Miss Rose, a woman no better born, perhaps, than themselves, but gifted with a refinement and intelligence which naturally lifted her above their station.

When Mrs. Chatterton died suddenly, and without a will, the carpenter ventured to propose to the friendless Rose. She was then no longer in her early youth; the sudden death of her mistress had left her unprovided for. Mrs. Chatterton's intentions respecting her favourite had been spoken of often enough, but they had never been carried out, and Rosa Rose, at five-and-thirty, would have to face life and the world alone.

She was a delicate woman, accustomed to a secluded life and quiet ways; and there was, moreover, a certain languor about her which made her shrink from seeking new associations. To the surprise of every one, including James himself, she quietly accepted his offer, and took up her abode, without a murmur, in the old thatched cottage among the bees and roses.

There Rosa was born, and for fourteen happy years had all the advantages of her mother's training. From that mother she had inherited a love of study, and a quiet persistency in acquiring knowledge; but there were deeper shades and stronger lights in her nature than the first Rosa had ever known; and she was far more beautiful than Miss Rose, even in her early days, had ever been.

At the sight of that well-known figure in the lane, the girl's face was tinged with the faintest pink; her deep-blue eyes dilated, and she drew a long breath of delight. In the next instant she was down-stairs, and out of doors in the old garden, among the flowers and leaves. The soft wind scarcely lifted a golden hair of that bright young head; and the sun, breaking through a network of boughs,

flung touches of glory on the folds of her brown-holland gown. It was a very plain gown, quite devoid of all those little trimmings and flounces in which village maidens usually indulge. Not a single bit of cheap finery marred the simplicity of Rosa's dress; a cluster of rose-buds, fastened just below the white frill at the throat, were the only ornaments that she wore.

But it was with a slower step than usual that Henry Jervaux approached the garden-gate. There is no sight so keen as love's, and Rosa's first glance at his face drove the faint blush out of her cheeks.

Something had happened; it was the first hint of a shadow on their bliss. Hitherto they had been as happy as if they had had the whole world to themselves; all-sufficient for each other; hardly caring to look beyond the infinite satisfaction of every day. And to-day, of all days, when their Paradise was in the very perfection of its bloom, there was the warning of a coming change that would take the sweetness out of all.

"Aren't you well, Henry?" the girl asked. She put the question with her arms round his neck, and her blue eyes looking intently into his.

"Yes, I am well, darling," he answered.

No mistrustful thoughts marred the perfect security of Rosa's love; and in another moment she had half-forgotten the shadow on his face. His lips were pressed to hers; his arms had folded her close to his breast; and while they were silent the little world around was in its summer ecstasy of delight. Flower leaned to flower; clusters of scented blossoms clung together on one stem; the bee dived deep into the heart of the rose. Overhead, bird called to bird; from the copse the wood-dove was crooning out its sleepy love-note; and flower-scents and bird-voices were as adjuncts of human bliss.

"Let us go to our old seat," said Henry, scarcely loosening his clasp, and drawing his wife with him through the soft grass.

The garden straggled off into a small orchard, and just between garden and orchard James Farlow had constructed a little rustic bower. He had made it for his Rose in the early days of their married life, when she had loved better to sit and sew out of doors than to keep within the dimly lighted cottage. A seat just wide enough for two persons was sheltered by a twig trellis-work, now covered with a wealth of ivy and climbing roses; and this spot was the favourite resort of the young pair, who wanted nothing but each other on earth.

"Is not this happiness?" said Rosa, as they sat together in their bower. And she rested her head on his shoulder, as she looked dreamily through vistas of chequered shade.

They had sat thus when the fruit-blossoms were making a rosy flutter on the orchard boughs; and she had watched the fall of tinted petals on the sod. The apple-blooms were over now, but there was the abundant leafage, so thick that the sunbeams could only slide through it here and there. Large moon-daisies were growing under the trees, looking like stars entangled in the long grass, and butterflies flitted betwixt sunshine and shadow. Life was almost too languidly sweet to be broken by speech, and Rosa spoke in a soft tone, with her lips close to her husband's cheek.

"It is perfect happiness, little one," he murmured. "I wish it could last for ever."

"It will last as long as we live," said Rosa simply. "Of course I believe that we must take our share of trouble, as everybody does. But while we have each other, we cannot possibly know what unhappiness is."

In the hush that followed her words a blackbird took up an unfinished song; and the coo of the dove came floating softly from the woods. It seemed at that moment as if Rosa's little Eden was overflowing with the calm joys of utter content.

"No power on earth can ever part us now," said Henry Jervaux; and he shivered slightly as he spoke. She lifted her head from his breast.

"Why do you even think of parting, Henry?" she asked. "Is there anything that you are hiding from me? I thought you looked sad a few minutes ago;—if any sorrow is coming on us, dear, you must tell me at once, so that I may prepare to meet it."

Girl as she was, there was a quiet fortitude in her manner that surprised him.

"I have had bad news from home this morning, Rosa," he replied. "My father is ill; and I must go to him."

"Yes, you must go to him, Henry, and leave me. But only for a little while. Is the illness serious?"

"Lucian writes, and he does not say it is serious. However, it is always hard to get at the real meaning of Lucian's letters. He has such a confoundedly long-winded style."

"You are not in charity with Lucian," said the young wife, as her head sank back into its old resting-place. "I wonder whether he is really such a disagreeable fellow as you describe?"

"I have never said plainly that he is disagreeable. But, Rosa, I believe that he is the only enemy I have in the world."

He spoke in a tone of settled conviction, and the words were followed by a sigh. Once more Rosa lifted her head that she might look long and searchingly into his face.

It was an oval face, almost too delicate, perhaps, for a man, but wonderfully attractive in its half-boyish beauty. Full of melancholy tenderness were the large brown eyes; the lips, sweet and sensitive as a woman's, were as yet only shaded by a silky fringe; the skin, pale and clear, was tinged faintly with olive; and from some Italian ancestress Henry Jervaux had inherited the graceful languor of the south. He met his wife's anxious look with a smile; but the smile was infinitely sad, and the girl's heart sank within her.

"But, Henry, what have you done?" she said wonderingly. "Why is Lucian your enemy?"

"I have done nothing, dear. Only my dead mother, poor soul, used to be absurdly fond of me, and I paid the penalty for being a pet. Lucian fancied himself neglected on my account."

"And your father;—were you a favourite with him?"

"Yes; while my own mother lived. He saw everybody with his wife's eyes, and worshipped all that she worshipped. She died, as you know, and he married again;—a very different woman."

"You have said very little about your home-life, Henry," said Rosa, nestling closer to him. "But I always guessed that the lack of love sent you to find love in a humble little thing like me. Poor boy, if your mother had lived, your whole life would have been changed!"

"I cannot imagine life without you," he answered; and then came one of those pauses which love fills up in its own fashion. For a little while the pair were mute with contentment, enjoying the rapture of the hour, and forgetting the parting that was nigh at hand. The shadows crept farther and farther across the orchard grass; there was a deepening of the golden lights; the apple-trees caught gleams of glory on their mossy trunks. The wings of dragon-fly and butterfly took new splendour from the amber glow that was bathing their little world; the yellow hearts of the daisies were gilded afresh as the sunshine came down to their lowliness.

"It is too sweet here," sighed Rosa, as a breath of soft air swept over them, bringing the scent of new-mown hay from the fields. "We shall be spell-bound if we stay longer; and you must remember to-morrow, Henry."

"Yes, I must remember to-morrow. Darling, I have been trying to make up my mind to confess the truth to my father."

"It is what I have wished," Rosa said earnestly. "This concealment is the one cloud in our sky. And now that he is lying ill——"

"Yes, he ought to be told. After all it is cowardly to shrink from confession; and yet, Rosa, how happy we have been!"

"We shall be still happier when you have told the truth," she said, in simple confidence. "Then, you know, we shall have nothing to dread; even if they are very angry we shall know the worst."

"They *will* be very angry." Henry could not be cruel enough to hint at the extent of that anger. And yet he knew that he must prepare her mind for the storm which must shortly break on his head. As much as possible, he was determined to bear the violence of that storm alone; but it must touch her also.

"General Jervaux is a kind man; you have always told me so," said poor Rosa, hopefully. "He will remember his own youth and his own first love."

"Those are precisely the things that fathers never do seem to remember," responded Henry in a rueful tone. "There are very few old people who keep any sympathy for youth. It is always wicked to be young and enjoy one's life; always utterly absurd to make the most of one's brief spring-time. I wish my father could be young again, Rosa; it might be easier to forgive me then."

Rosa was silent. Her life had been too narrow and secluded for her to realise the mortification which Henry's marriage would inflict upon his family. She knew that he had been rash and foolish; she knew that her husband's relations had just cause for deep resentment; but she could not bring herself to believe that they would altogether refuse to pardon him.

"Come indoors," she said, rising at last, and keeping back a sigh. "You must eat something, Henry, before you walk back to Rushmoor."

Reluctantly they left their enchanted bower, and went back along the flowery garden paths to the cottage. The light was dim in the little sitting-room, with its latticed

casements overgrown with roses; and yet that small parlour was as neat and dainty as the cell of a bee. Old James would not return home till evening; and Henry sat down in the elbow-chair to be waited on and served by Rosa's loving hands. She moved quietly to and fro, a tall, slender shape in a close-fitting gown, her bright hair catching every stray gleam of sun, her deep-blue eyes seeking her husband's face with the look of one who is never satisfied with seeing. Henry, in the calm of his intense content, began to feel that life with her in this old cottage would be infinitely sweet; that it did not matter much about the outer world with its harsh judgments and chill disregard of feeling.

He had never been one of those lads who are possessed with the idea of rising. A very commonplace career was all that he had ever expected or desired. His father had destined him for holy orders, and was somewhat annoyed to find that although Henry made no opposition to his wish, yet he took no pains to fit himself for his intended calling.

By nature Henry Jervaux was a dreamer, a poet without the power of expressing himself in verse, a philosopher who lacked the force that casts thought into definite form. He would never be anything, said the General discontentedly, and then he sent the young man into the country to read with William Powell, the curate at Rushmoor.

Now Rushmoor was three miles from Deanwood, and was incorporated with the Deanwood vicarage. The church of St. Philip, Rushmoor, was a forlorn little edifice with a cracked bell that tinkled like a sheep-bell. It was very old, and rugged, and grey; its walls had been mended with all kinds of odd materials, and its roof had been patched roughly to keep out the wind and rain. Better days were in store for poor neglected St. Philip's, but they had not come yet; and the vicar being feeble and old, did not concern himself much about those "few sheep in the wilderness" who worshipped there.

As to William Powell, the curate, he had been usher in a school where Henry Jervaux was a pupil. And when Henry had said that he was used to old Powell's ways, and would rather read with him than with any one else, the General had readily agreed to send him to Rushmoor—all the more readily because the curate's terms were moderate, and Rushmoor was about the dullest place on the face of the earth.

'Old Powell" was a meek and quiet young man, who had sandy hair and wore spectacles. He loved study and retirement, and was quite contented with his lot and his curacy. If he had any kind of ambition in his nature, it was successfully concealed under the most placid exterior ever worn by a parson. Nothing was ever known to put the curate out of temper. Even Mrs. Jake, who acted as his housekeeper, and was the crossest woman in the parish, could never wring from him one angry word. Well would it have been for Henry Jervaux if he had been placed with a man less tender-hearted and less compliant.

"Old Powell" had always loved the lad with a foolish, unreasoning kind of love, and could never find it in his soft heart to refuse anything to Henry.

And so it had come to pass that William Powell had been so atrociously weak as to marry the young couple in St. Philip's church. He had mumbled over the publishing of the banns, so that not a soul in his scanty congregation could catch the sound of the names. There were never more than twenty worshippers at the best, and it was seldom that they numbered more than sixteen or seventeen. Of these, several were deaf and old, grey-haired grandsires and grandames who tottered into church and out again with only a dim conception of what went on there.

Mrs. Jake and her husband had witnessed the marriage; but unamiable as she was, Eliza Jake had the rare qualities of discretion and trustworthiness, and no disclosure was ever to be feared from her lips. As to Martin, her husband, who was sexton, he was not only hard of hearing, but such an inveterate stammerer that it would have taken him half a day to relate a piece of news.

The day had scarcely begun to fade when Henry rose to leave the cottage. The pair lingered long over their good-bye, clinging to each other as if this were an eternal parting, and yet unspeakably blest in the knowledge that they were soon to meet again. Their adieu was a kind of toying with sorrow; a few days, at the most, would bring them once more together; but they flung all the passion of an endless separation into their brief farewell.

The familiar lanes and fields were steeped in the divine calm of a summer evening. And as Henry left Deanwood behind, and entered upon the lonely wastes of Rushmoor, the glory of the sunset was spreading far and wide.

Here there were fewer trees to hide the sky from sight; long, wavy lines of gold were

stretching across the western horizon; and the summit of every little hillock was touched with amber mist. The cool air was sweet with the scent of gorse and heath-born flowers; not a single wayfarer was to be seen; but the rabbits frisked out of their holes, rejoicing in the stillness and liberty.

Rushmoor pond lay upon the outskirts of the moor, and close to the pond was the lonely grey cottage in which the curate had taken up his abode. A little farther on stood the church, enclosed by the dreary little graveyard, which was not often used nowadays; and unsheltered by elm or yew. Not even the rose and gold of the sunset could impart warmth or beauty to the dull walls of cottage or church; yet Henry looked at them through eyes that invested the whole scene with the charm of dear association.

He was making straight for the house, when he observed two figures standing close to the margin of the pond. The taller and broader of the two could be recognised at the first glance; there was no mistaking the cut of the shabby clerical coat and the shape of the ancient felt hat. It was clear that "old Powell" had come out to enjoy the evening air; but who was his companion? The stranger wore a fashionable suit of summer tweed; and something in the turn of the head, and the general pose of the person, struck Henry with a sense of familiarity.

"It can't be Lucian; and yet it's like him," he said to himself.

Just then the two men turned towards him; and Henry was in doubt no longer. It was verily Lucian Jervaux who stood there confronting him with a hard stony look—as bitter a look, thought Henry, as had ever darkened a human face.

"Have you brought ill news?" the younger brother asked in an unsteady voice. "My father—is he worse?"

"He is not much worse, dear boy," broke in the curate, rubbing his hands together in an uneasy fashion, and looking as red as if his whole countenance had caught the glow of the west. "There is no immediate danger, Mr. Jervaux says. But the fact is, Henry, that I've just been telling your brother about a certain matter that has been for some time on my conscience. It was a good opportunity, you see, for bringing it out; and I hope I've smoothed your way for you, old fellow."

"You mean that you have told Lucian of my marriage," said Henry, in a very quiet tone.

"Yes, dear boy. And indeed it was best and wisest to speak out. I have saved you the awkwardness of the confession; and I'm sure you may rely on Mr. Jervaux's brotherly kindness. He will make the best of the business to your father, of course. What is done can't be undone."

All this was said with many nervous jerks and gestures, and deprecatory glances at the immovable Lucian.

"Well," said Henry, unconsciously straightening his slim figure, and still speaking quietly, "I meant to tell my father to-morrow, and ask for his forgiveness. You have anticipated me, Powell, that is all."

"Yes, yes, I've anticipated you," cried the curate, executing a kind of war-dance, and giving another appealing look at the hard face beside him. "'Twas all for the best, dear fellow; all for the best!"

"I hope it may be all for the best," his pupil remarked doubtfully.

As yet no greeting had been exchanged by the two brothers. They had stood looking at each other, while William Powell danced and gesticulated between them.

"Have you brought me a message from home?" Henry asked at last. "I was surprised to see you, Lucian."

He held out his hand as he spoke; and Lucian, after a very slight hesitation, accepted it.

"I came here to speak about my father's health," he replied stiffly. "The doctor does not think favourably of his case, although there is no fear of any sudden change for the worse."

"And he wishes to see me?" said Henry eagerly. "I intended to start off to-morrow. I will go to-night!"

"Pardon me, Henry," observed Lucian in a freezing tone, "but after hearing Mr. Powell's confession I must ask you to reconsider your plans. This news must not be told hastily to my father."

"I know he will be astonished and angry," said Henry, flushing. "Of course I feel how rash and wrong I have been, but if you had seen and known her——"

"Spare me any raptures!" Lucian held up his hand entreatingly; and the flush deepened on his brother's cheek. "I am a gentleman, Henry; and, really, the idea of accepting a carpenter's daughter as my sister-in-law is quite too much for me. Perhaps I shall get used to it by-and-by, but at present——"

"She is simply perfect," said Henry, now very pale with suppressed feeling. "But I don't want to talk of her. It was wrong, I

admit, to have married without my father's consent, but if I live a hundred years I shall never wish the deed undone."

A scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders was the only reply that Lucian deigned to make. And here the curate, well-meaning marplot, interposed again.

"Now, Henry, dear boy, be reasonable, and take an old friend's advice. Just leave your case in Mr. Jervaux's hands. He will go back to your father and break the news to him as gently as possible. You would only blurt it out, lad, and spoil everything if you took the matter upon yourself."

"But I prefer taking the matter upon myself," said Henry earnestly.

"Do as you like," remarked Lucian, with another slight shrug; "but permit me to say that you hardly realise how your communication will be received. General Jervaux, when in perfect health, is not a mild-tempered man, and sickness has naturally made him irritable. It is by no means probable that your announcement will have a soothing effect."

Henry was silent. And poor William Powell, still in an agony of anxiety, took him by the arm and forcibly led him aside.

"Dear boy," he said, "I am sure you may trust your brother. You have always been rather prejudiced against him, Henry, on account of that cold manner of his. But I assure you that he received the news far better than could have been expected, and listened, quite patiently, to all the excuses I made for you. I did not attempt to excuse myself. I know, too well, how much I am to blame for my share in the matter."

Henry made no reply. His eyes were full of troubled thought as he stood watching the still water reddening under the sunset. The pond was large and deep, and the young man had spent many a peaceful morning in fishing here. In the middle of the pool was a rushy islet where water-fowl made their home, and large blue forget-me-nots grew in thick clusters among the reeds and bushes. He remembered that Rosa had once playfully spoken of that islet as being the abode of the kelpies, who would certainly drown any rash mortal who ventured to trespass on their ground. And he had told her, laughing, that he would brave the kelpies and bring her a handful of forget-me-nots.

What would he not brave for her sake? Would it not be best after all to leave his cause in Lucian's hands? Perhaps Powell was right, and Lucian would really prove himself a true brother in this matter. He had taken the announcement of Henry's marriage so quietly, and had shown so little resentment, that the young husband was tempted to rely upon him as a family mediator.

"I wish you had kept silence, Powell," he said at last. "But as you have let out everything, there is only one thing, I believe, to be done, and that is to trust Lucian. I hope he will do his best for me and my poor Rosa. But, Powell, I am full of fears."

The curate, however, had no fears. He was too honest and simple-natured to know the meaning of the word distrust.

The two walked back to the spot where Lucian was standing in gloomy patience. And then, looking straight into his brother's eyes, Henry again held out his hand.

"Lucian," he said, "I will take Mr. Powell's advice, and leave my cause in your hands. You will break the news to my father; and you will plead with him to forgive me; will you not?"

"I will do all that you ask," Lucian replied gravely. "But he will be angry, Henry; justly angry. Still, I will try to soften him, and I will write to tell you the result of my efforts. I am afraid it will be a hard matter to appease Mrs. Jervaux."

"She has always liked you better than she likes me. You can do a great deal with our step-mother, Lucian."

"I have not so much influence as you suppose. However, I will do my utmost; and you must not blame me if I am not altogether successful."

"Blame you! Indeed you are kinder than I deserve," said Henry warmly. "And will you let me know when I may venture to go and see my father?"

"I will write," Lucian repeated, as he took out his watch. "My train will soon be due, and the fly that brought me from the station is waiting at the inn beyond the church. I must go now."

And so the brothers parted.

CHAPTER II.—"A FUTURE DIM WITH VAGUE ALARMS."

It was still early in the morning, and old James had just started off to his daily work, when Rosa went out into the garden.

She had spent a restless night, and now the fresh fragrance of the young day soothed and revived her, and put new strength into the unrested frame. As she leaned over the gate, and looked down the winding lane, the sweetness of this simple country life overflowed her spirit with its sunny calm. In

the banks, under the hedges, the fern-fronds were uncurling and spreading out their plumes above cushions of moist moss. The scent of dewy green things came to her on the wings of the morning, and she drew a long breath of satisfaction.

And then followed a sigh of anxiety as her thoughts flew to her husband. At this very moment, perhaps, he was journeying towards his home; and what kind of reception awaited him there? Even if he were forgiven in the end, there must first be a painful scene to go through. And Rosa knew how Henry's sensitive spirit would writhe under the reproaches that would fall upon him thick and fast.

"If I could only take my share of it all!" she murmured. "If I could only be by his side when they upbraid him! The fault is mine as well as his;—poor Henry, will they never understand how we loved each other?"

With her sweet, distressed face slightly upraised, and set in ripples of bright flossy hair, Rosa made one of those rare "studies" which many an artist spends half a life-time in seeking. But in an instant the anxious look was changed into an expression of intense delight. The little gate was flung wide open, and the girl went flying out into the lane to meet her husband himself.

"Can it be really you?" she cried, clinging to him. "Oh, I thought you were already miles and miles away! And you are here—*really* here."

It was the joy of a child blending with the deeper rapture of a woman. No matter what had changed his plans and brought him back, he was by her side, in her arms, and proximity was bliss.

"You are pale, Henry," she said, drawing him into the cottage, and gently pushing him into old James's chair. "You have not had half a breakfast; confess the truth!"

"I do confess it," he answered, stroking her silky hair. "And you are longing to wait on me, like a true wife."

She freed herself smilingly from the hands that would hardly let her go for a moment, and ran lightly away to the tiny pantry. In a few minutes a coarse white cloth covered the table, and preparations were deftly made for a simple morning meal.

It was not until he had eaten and was refreshed that Rosa allowed her husband to tell the reason of his change of purpose. Then they strolled out to their beloved bower, she carrying a half-finished gown over one arm, while he dutifully bore the light burden of her work-basket.

But the sewing made slow progress that morning; and the hours went by in the delicious monotony which seems such utter foolishness to those who are not lovers.

Henry forgot the uncertainties of the future, and spent the time in a blissful trance, and when some chance word recalled his home to his mind he spoke in a sanguine tone that surprised his young wife.

"It will be all right now that Lucian has taken the matter in hand," he said brightly. "I've been rather hard on him, I'm afraid. He is not such a bad fellow after all."

"Oh no, he cannot be a bad fellow; he is your own brother," rejoined Rosa, in perfect faith. "And I suppose he must be a little, just a very little, like you."

"There is but a slight resemblance. But, Rosa, you would soon get fond of my little sister Myra. She is a queer, dark-eyed child, with a face that always reminds me of an Italian hurdy-gurdy boy. All my step-mother's strictness will never make a properly behaved young lady of Myra."

"Of course, I shall love her dearly," said Rosa.

"And she would love you dearly. If once you got a footing in society, Rosa, everybody would like you; that is, everybody who didn't envy you. By-and-by, when I see you admired and run after, I believe I shall regret these quiet days. I love to have you all to myself."

"I don't know anything about society, Henry," Rosa said, quite gravely. "You are my world; I only want your relations to be civil to me for your sake. And if people were ever so silly as to run after me, I should simply feel uncomfortable. A wife only cares for the admiration of her husband."

Young as he was, Henry was sufficiently versed in the world's ways to smile at her utter simplicity. He recalled to mind several very fine ladies to whom the admiration of their husbands was not of the slightest consequence. Could it be possible that time and circumstances could ever change his innocent Rosa into a thorough-going woman of society? Could any of the ups and downs of fate ever alter so pure and fine a nature? He thought not. Her deep-blue eyes, looking candidly into his, seemed to rebuke him, unconsciously, for the questioning thought.

"We shall live only for each other, wherever we are," he said, drawing her into his arms.

Meanwhile, William Powell was getting through a day's work in the straggling parish of Rushmoor; and evening brought him a

pleasant season of rest. There were not many luxuries in that bachelor abode of his; one by one his few small superfluities had found their way to the dwellings of the poorest of his flock. The wealthy aunt, who sometimes bethought herself of "poor William," would have been not a little astonished had she known the fate of some of her gifts. A pair of slippers (purple velvet, embroidered in gold with little crosses) were now comforting the swollen feet of Betsy Barker, an old shepherd's lame wife. A crimson cushion, on which delicate hands had worked a bunch of lilies, had become the property of Jane Hicks, the sickly daughter of a labourer. But poor as the curate's home was in other respects, it was rich in books.

His Sunday's sermon was written, and there was nothing to prevent Mr. Powell from enjoying an evening of study. But although a favourite volume lay open before him, his eyes wandered away from its pages to the scene outside the window. The waters of the pond again reflected the crimson of sunset, and the golden mist of the low light was gilding the hillocks on the moor. It was the hour when Henry generally returned from Deanwood. His tutor, ill at ease, and full of concern for the "dear boy," found it hard to settle down to peaceful occupations.

"Nature made me a silent man," he thought. "And I've noticed that if I am ever led into a burst of talking, I do mischief. Perhaps I ought to have held my peace yesterday; but Lucian Jervaux's sudden arrival unsettled me. Naturally I fancied that he had got an inkling of the marriage, and had come to make inquiries. And so I told the truth in a desperate hurry. But he took the news calmly,—very calmly."

He pushed the book away suddenly, rested his elbows on the table, and leaned his head upon his hands.

"I know I did wrong in marrying them," he murmured. "And yet there was the remembrance of my own blighted past to urge me to do it. My Nelly seemed to look at me through Rosa's blue eyes; seemed to look at me, and say 'let these two enjoy their spring.' My own sweet Nelly, how I waited and worked to win her; and while we tarried, death stepped in between us! She was only half my own; only my sweetheart, never my wife."

Even in the most successful lives there are moments when the regret for what is missed, is stronger than the triumph over that which is won. The early primrose left ungathered will haunt us when we stand among our full-blown roses. And William Powell, who was not a particularly prosperous man, could never forget the unfulfilled promise of his youth.

If he had been the husband of a living Nelly, and the father of half-a-dozen children, the chances are that he would have turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of his pupil. But there is nobody more utterly romantic than a middle-aged bachelor with a disappointed love lying hidden in his heart. It is the unmarried uncles and maiden aunts who always plead for the young lovers when the parents are hard to move. "Let them know the bliss that was denied to us" is at the bottom of all such pleading; and it is generally to the unwedded that the boy confesses his new-born passion, and the girl shyly confides her first love-dream.

The sound of a footstep roused the curate from his musings. Henry had come home, still supremely happy after spending a whole day with Rosa, and longing for the time when there would be no more need of separation.

"I wish I could take up my abode in the cottage," he said. "Old James would be the most inoffensive father-in-law in the world. And then I could have Rosa entirely to myself. I am glad that you have spoken out, Powell, whatever comes. It is time for me to openly claim my wife."

"And time for you to set about supporting her," observed the curate, unexpectedly becoming practical. "Are you going on with your reading?"

"I can't decide on anything until I hear from Lucian," Henry replied. "I hope he will not keep me long in suspense."

Nearly a week passed by before the anxiously expected letter arrived.

It was a formally-worded letter; but Lucian was always formal. General Jervaux, he stated, was so much shocked by the communication made to him that he did not wish to see Henry at present. And while Lucian hoped that time might soothe his father's feelings, he thought it right to warn his brother that a visit to the Bushes would only lead to open strife. Henry would do well to remain at Rushmoor till the first outburst of resentment had subsided. There was nothing more to be said, and nothing further to be done in the matter.

"After all, things are no worse than one's fears," said Henry, when he had finished reading the letter to the curate. "I will carry it at once to Rosa," he added, taking

"Old Farlow's Cottage."

up his hat and opening the door. "Naturally, I am feeling a little unsettled, Powell; —to› unsettled for study."

"Are you quite well, dear boy?" his friend suddenly asked.

"Yes,—pretty well. Not quite so brisk, perhaps, as I was a month or two ago. The warm weather makes one lazy and languid. What made you think about my health, Powell?"

"You are looking a little bit jaded this morning, Henry; but of course you can't help worrying yourself about this affair. Be patient, however, and wait till the cloud shows its silver lining."

"What if it has no silver lining?" said Henry gloomily. And then he went his way to Deanwood.

A fortnight slipped away without bringing further tidings from the Bushes, and suspense and anxiety were visibly doing their worst for Rosa's husband. The girl saw him growing thin and wan, and watched him with wistful eyes. Old James, who had been informed of the true state of the case, watched him too, and shook his head in silence.

Rosa had made her confession to her father with tears, and many prayers for forgiveness. But the carpenter had received the news with his usual stolid calm, and had not uttered a single word of reproach. Perhaps in his heart of hearts he was not altogether surprised that his Rose's daughter should have a history quite unlike the common-life stories of the lasses of Deanwood. Moreover, although she had given herself no

airs, not a single village swain had ever ventured to come sighing to her door. And it is probable that her refined and *spirituelle* beauty possessed few attractions for the rustic beaux of the neighbourhood, who could better appreciate the buxom charms of Nancy at the Inn, and Polly at the Mill.

"It would be a blessing, Rosa, if your uncle Charley was to turn up at this here juncture, with his pockets full of gold," observed James one day. He had been watching his son-in-law narrowly, and had noticed that Henry's young face was showing evident traces of mental suffering.

Rosa looked up from her sewing in surprise. Sad as she was, she could not help smiling at James's remark.

"Why, father, what could have put Uncle Charley into your head?" she asked. "He went abroad years and years ago when my mother was a girl, and he has never been heard of since."

"Well, child, your mother has often told me about him. She said she never knew a lad who had set his mind so hard on making a fortune. And them sort of lads do make a sight of money sometimes in foreign parts. Money ain't to be made in England," added James ruefully. "Leastways, it ain't to be made by carpentering. Some makes gold, and some makes shavings, but it's all according to the will of Providence."

"Rich uncles only come from abroad in story-books," said Rosa, laughing. "I saw you reading an old novel last night, father, and that has filled your mind with romantic notions. It is very silly of people to write unlikely tales."

"Do ye really think so now?" James responded. "An unlikely tale always pleases me better than a likely one. It's sort of pleasant to be taken clean out of your groove, as one may say. The likely things are always a-happening round us, and very poor things they generally be."

Rosa looked at her father, smiled again, and then got up suddenly to kiss him. Unconsciously James had revealed the "devotion to something afar" which underlies the surface of so many prosaic lives. That desire had prompted him to woo Rosa Rose; and to the last day of her life he had never ceased to be grateful to the woman who had touched his poor home with poetry and grace.

But when Rosa was going to rest that night, she began to think over the significance of James's remark. They were indeed in need of some kindly help in the shape of money; and a time was coming when it would be very hard to struggle on without aid.

She had dreamed many a vague love-dream in this little rose-scented chamber of hers; but the day of vague dreams was past. It was no longer the musing maiden who sat here with thoughtful brow and folded hands; it was a wife, with a heart full of wifely tenderness, and sweet, yet troubled, hopes of motherhood. And now, for the first time, a thought took definite shape in Rosa's mind, the thought that she must be half a mother to her husband as well as to her child.

There is, perhaps, a latent maternal element in every phase of a woman's devotion; but there are certain men who naturally call forth the protective instincts of the women who love them. A man of this type was Henry Jervaux; and yet there was nothing effeminate in his character. His was a nature that unconsciously demanded guidance, and turned instinctively to the shelter of a woman's love. It was this innate yearning for tenderness that had made Henry the especial darling of his mother. Lucian could stand alone, but Henry had pined for caresses, and was always at his worst when these were denied him.

Looking forward into the dim future, Rosa began to see that she must sustain the spirit of her husband as they trod their difficult path together. He was of that melancholic temperament which needs the constant stimulus of cheerful affection—the temperament of an Antonio, ever ready to believe himself "a tainted wether of the flock." And Rosa, girlish and fragile as she seemed, had that strength of soul which made her his most fitting helpmeet and companion.

She was beginning to lose the hope of General Jervaux's forgiveness. It was necessary, she felt, to face all the uncertainties of her position, and be prepared for such daily denials and hourly struggles as she had never yet known. But, after all, life would be worth living while it was lived for husband and child. She would find a sweetness in every sacrifice, a delight in the unceasing labour. And if they could contrive to keep this humble home over their heads, there would be no lack of those cheap joys which Nature provides so lavishly for the rustic poor.

Softly unclosing the casement she leaned out among the roses. The scented air of the summer night kissed her face, and stirred the bright tresses that fell loosely over the dewy flowers. The sense of infinite content, which

weak hearts so seldom know, began to fill her mind with peace. She was ready to confront the years, the long years that would come and go, and find her the hard-working wife of the poorest man in Deanwood.

CHAPTER III.—"ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING."

THERE was another week of waiting and silence; and then a black-bordered letter came to the curate's cottage at Rushmoor.

General Jervaux was dead. His illness had taken an unexpected turn for the worse, and the end had come suddenly. But even if his life had been prolonged there would have been no hope, in Lucian's opinion, of obtaining his forgiveness for Henry.

The letter went on to say that Henry's name was entirely omitted from the will. Mrs. Jervaux had, however, consented that Lucian should send his brother a cheque for a hundred pounds. Any future appeals for help would be quite useless; and Henry Jervaux was, from henceforth, to be regarded as one who had completely severed himself from all connection with his family.

But for the curate's earnest entreaties, Henry would have returned the cheque at once. But Mr. Powell's arguments prevailed; and then the tutor and pupil settled themselves for a serious talk over the latter's future prospects.

"I don't see why you cannot become a tutor yourself, Henry," William Powell suggested. "You remember that Laker of Deanwood wanted me to teach his boys the other day? They are weakly lads, and he doesn't wish to send them to school."

"But you will not have me to read with, now," Henry replied. "Why don't you undertake to teach them?"

"I don't want them," said William simply. "I have no capacity for teaching children. And Laker lives near Farlow's cottage; it would be convenient for the boys to go to you."

"Well, I will see about it," answered Henry, with a sigh.

In a very little while it was known through all Rushmoor and Deanwood that Rosa Farlow had been the wife of Henry Jervaux for many months. The curate told everybody the news in his quietest manner; and the tidings created no great sensation after all. The women said pityingly that it was likely to be a bad match for her, poor soul; but, as Rosa had never sought to rival them in the estimation of the Deanwood swains, they felt kindly towards her. And Mr. Laker, a prosperous farmer, was easily induced to commit the education of his boys to Henry Jervaux.

So life began afresh for the young couple, and to Rosa it was a life of quiet home happiness and peace. Days went and came; the glory of the roses was over, the wheat was turning yellow in the fields, and stately Annunciation lilies were ablow in the straggling garden. The little bower was still the favourite resort of husband and wife when the day's work was done. But for them both the play-time of love was ended, and the sunset shone on two grave young faces—happy, but often weary. Still, as Rosa sometimes whispered, they had got all they wanted in being together.

But as the days grew shorter the bower was abandoned altogether; and quite early in the autumn a fire was lighted in the cottage sitting-room. Old James quietly insisted on giving up the warmer side of the hearth to his son-in-law, and Rosa noticed that he went round the room, stopping up chinks and feeling about for draughts.

"Henry is shivering like, you see," he said to his daughter, and then added reassuringly, "his nerves have been terrible upset, my dear. He's had a turn, and, as the saying is, that's as a bad as a chill. But he'll pick up wonderful when the summer comes again."

When the summer comes again? Rosa's heart echoed the words with a dull pain. They would have long to wait for the summer; the swallows were still chattering under the eaves, as if they were only just beginning to think about departure, and all around the cottage there was still a sumptuous wealth of flower and leaf. Yet Henry seemed to get no warmth from the autumnal sun, and grew thinner and quieter every day.

He continued to teach his little pupils, and to take a gentle interest in their progress; but there were other things in which he took no interest at all, and yet he had once looked forward to these very things with pleasure. When the fruit-trees were covered with clouds of pink and white bloom he had stood under their light shadows with Rosa and talked of the time when he should help old James in the apple-gathering. But when the boughs were heavy with ruddy fruit he was too languid to do his part. Mr. Laker sent a farm-labourer to assist old James in his apple-harvest, and Henry kept his seat by the fire.

Then the swallows departed, and the flowers shrank and dwindled away. Even

the last flame-coloured nasturtiums vanished, and the evergreens spread out their foliage to fill up the gaps left by the children of summer. On a misty day at the end of November the village doctor's chaise was seen to stop at James Farlow's cottage, and it was known in the neighbourhood that Henry Jervaux was now a confirmed invalid.

December and January went by, and in February Rosa's baby was born. It was chill weather; but there were gleams of wintry sun to cheer the pairing birds and glisten on the wet ivy-wreaths that framed the young mother's chamber window. Henry was a little better, they told her, and she, still simple and credulous, felt a ray of hope creeping into her heart. Perhaps, after all, the Father in heaven would spare the father on earth. Rosa looked at her baby girl, and suffered herself to yield to happy dreams about the future.

But there came a certain night in March when she knew that these dreams were at an end. And yet she was far calmer and happier than she ever had believed it possible that she could be again. Henry was dying; but was she not dying too? The parting was near at hand; but what a brief parting it would be!

He lay pillowed up in bed, and she, half-sitting, half-lying, was close by his side. William Powell sat motionless in a chair by the fire; the little house was perfectly still, and only an occasional gust of wind rattled the casement. It was cold, clear weather; stars were shining steadily over the familiar fields where the lovers had so often wandered together, and every dim copse was sweet with the violet's breath. It was strange that Rosa, whose eyes were half-closed, should be thinking more of those first days of union than of the coming hour of separation. As she rested her head on her husband's pillow she began to wonder vaguely what the immortal life would be like. And she may be pardoned, perhaps, for thinking that banks of primroses are sweeter than gates of pearl, and beds of moss than streets of gold.

And then came the remembrance of the simplest and sweetest part of the evangelist's vision—"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

"Rosa," said Henry faintly, "is the baby doing well?"

"Yes," she answered, keeping back a sigh. "We cannot take her with us, dear; I wish we could."

"I have been thinking a great deal about her," he went on—"all the more because, darling, there is so little need to be concerned about *you*."

"No need at all to be concerned for me, Henry. Dr. Lane says he does not believe I shall see the end of May; I overheard him saying so to nurse. It was the best comfort he could have given me."

The curate, listening by the fire, passed his hand across his face, and bent his head in prayer. There was a minute's silence, broken only by the fall of ashes in the grate and the rustling of ivy-wreaths in the night-wind.

"I am selfish, love," said Henry tenderly, "selfish enough to be glad that you will not stay long behind. I cannot imagine any state of existence in which I shall cease to want you. But the child, Rosa, the child!"

"Yes, the child," she echoed sadly.

"We must ask Mrs. Jervaux to take her, Rosa. She is not such a hard-hearted woman as you, perhaps, suppose. If it had not been for Lucian's enmity I believe she would have been kinder to me. Since I have been lying here I have remembered that she is fond of children, and that she was disappointed at having none of her own. Powell must write to her when I am gone—to her, not to Lucian."

"Shall I go to her myself, dear lad?" asked the curate in an eager tone.

"No, no," Henry answered, with all a sick man's imperiousness. "You write better than you speak, Powell. You must promise to do exactly as I wish. I want to settle everything to-night."

"I will promise faithfully to do your bidding," William Powell said solemnly.

"You must write to Mrs. Jervaux when I am gone, and ask her to adopt the baby. You must tell her that my Rosa will soon follow me; and that there will then be no one to care for the poor little one but its old grandfather."

"But your wife will not wish to part with the child while—while——"

"While there is any life left in me," said Rosa, calmly completing the curate's sentence. "I dare say Mrs. Jervaux will not be anxious to claim my baby at once. But I shall not have long to stay, Mr. Powell, and I want all Henry's wishes to be carried out."

"I have promised to carry them out," William Powell repeated.

"I believe that Mrs. Jervaux will consent to take our little Estella," Rosa continued. "She will not find it hard to forgive the

dead; it is only the living who are left unforgiven. And when she knows that Henry's low-born wife no longer cumbers the earth, there will be an end to her resentment."

"And Myra will love our child," said Henry, with a faint smile. "I should like my daughter to grow up under the same roof with my sister. And there is nurse Harper who was my nurse, and tended my mother to the last——"

He paused for very weakness. Rosa moved her head gently, and laid her face close to his.

"Rest, darling," she whispered. "God will take our little one into His hands. Let us be still now and pray."

Already the night was nearly spent. And the curate, looking at the two wasted young faces side by side, saw that the shadow of death was settling slowly upon one of them. The dawn was nigh at hand; the solemn hour between darkness and day which detaches many a soul from its earthly tabernacle.

The wind had been steadily rising for an hour or more; now it began to shake the latticed casement with impatient gusts; and as it whistled round the cottage, and went straying through the boughs of the little orchard, it made a sound that was half a wail and half a song.

Henry unclosed his weary eyes and looked at the curate with a smile. And William Powell came softly to the bedside, and repeated, in a clear voice, the Church's commendatory prayer.

"Through the merits of Jesus Christ, thine only Son, our Lord. Amen." The spirit passed away with the closing words; and Rosa, lying quietly in her husband's last embrace, seemed scarcely conscious that his soul had fled.

AMONG MOSSES

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.

PART I.

MOSSES, as a rule, grow in very exposed situations, and amid the most primitive conditions. They come into contact directly with the severe forces of the inorganic world, having often no mediator between them and the naked hardness of the rock and the rigid inhospitalities of the sky. They belong to inclement seasons and climates, being mostly in perfection during the winter months; and although they are found in all parts of the world, some of the largest and loveliest species growing in the deep shades of tropical and sub-tropical forests, yet as a class their maximum exists in the north temperate and polar regions, where the skies are always grey and cold, and the mists and rains in which they luxuriate are almost constantly present. To such desolate places, especially when lit up with the mimic sunshine of the primrose and in the deeper shades the pale moonlight of the sorrel and the anemone, they impart no small share of that tender pathetic beauty in the landscape which in northern lands comes home with irresistible power to the heart. They form the first film of verdure that gathers over the newly-formed soil, and cover with a veil of delicate beauty the ravages made by the storm and the glacier on the mountain peak. They afford a striking proof how nature loves to do gentle things even in her most savage moods. I have seen the track of a winter avalanche which had mown down great pines as if they had been blades of grass, lined with the softest and greenest moss, and the dry bed of an old torrent that had cleft the side of a hill from top to bottom and scattered destruction in its path, spread over with a rich velvet carpet of the same beautiful material, out of which grew myriads of forget-me-nots, whose brilliant petals waving in the breeze and flashing in the sunlight, looking like a little blue stream that had come direct from the sky, perpetuated the memory of the sparkle and murmur of the vanished waters. In carrying on their beneficent ministry of repairing the gaunt ruins and healing the severe wounds of nature, mosses encounter unprotected the pitiless violence of the elements, the bitter cold and the scorching heat, the drenching rain and the arid drought. And like a desert spring that supplies the wants of every creature that comes to it, but is obliged to resort to heaven for its own supply, so the moss that shelters and blesses objects higher in the scale of life than itself, is dependent for its support entirely upon the influences of the sky. Rooted in the clayey soil, or on the bare rock, it extracts its nourish-

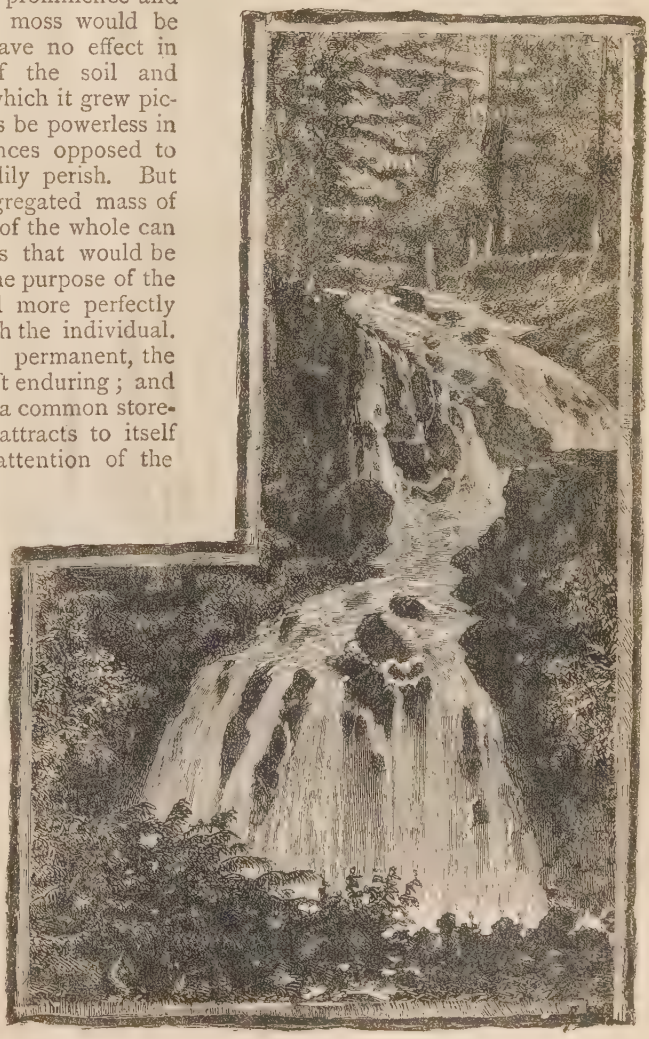
"The track of the avalanche."

ment solely from the viewless air, weaving the sunbeams and the dews into tissues that are hardly less delicate and exquisite in their golden radiance and transparent purity. It gathers about its tiny roots the grains of rock which its slow attrition has worn away, and the particles of white dust which the wind has whirled to its bleak home; and over these spoils from the mineral kingdom it raises its soft silken cushions, and lays the green foundation upon which flowers and trees may afterwards build their beautiful and complicated structures.

The lichen-crust is but an enamel on the face of the stone, or a grey rosette on the aged tree; the alga is but a slippery green gleet on the rocky channel of the stream, or a tress of naiad hair floating on the snowy current. All these plants at the bottom of the scale of vegetation creep flat upon the surface of the inorganic world, out of whose chaos they have barely emerged. The low vitality of these humble organisms is scarce able to overcome the gravitation of the inert mineral world. But the moss strikes the key-note of a new ascending series that overcomes the earthward force, and lifts its fairy domes into the sky. It is the first thing endowed with life that rises above the rock and aspires towards the source of the sunshine and the dew by which it is sustained. It was the first green leaf which the Spirit that brooded like a dove over the primeval waters brought out of the universal chaos that was without form and void. In it we see for the first time the marvellous ministry of the green leaf, purifying the foul air by fixing it into shapes of beauty, and creating living matter out of dead earth, and thus preparing a world in which higher life could breathe and finally think and feel. In it we have for the first time the distinctions of root, stem, foliage, flower, fruit, and seed, so familiar to us, which enter into our most simple conceptions of plant-form. The lichen shares the eternal passivity and sameness of the rock. But the moss exhibits for the first time in the history of living things the pathetic mystery of change, swaying perpetually between birth and dissolution. It feels the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and puts on a fresh tint of living green with the tassels of the larch; it unfolds its little forest of seed-vessels under the long lingering light of the April afternoons; and its leaves are touched with the hectic hues of the autumn decay. The waves of revival and decadence ebb and flow in its hidden cells, and growth and death counterbalance each other on its little unheeded stage. Had we the eyes of the little countless tribes of insects that find in its tangled mazes all the scenery that they need to shelter and support them, the moss-tuft would be to us what the woodland and the forest are now, and we should see in it

the same vicissitudes marking the varying seasons of the year.

Most admirably has the moss been adapted for the part which it serves in the economy of nature, not only by the structure of its single individuals, but also by its social habit. Not only is the foliage by its shape and character fitted to endure the extremes of temperature, of dryness and moisture, and the fructification so simple and yet so efficient that it cannot fail of success even in the most unfavourable circumstances, but the habit of the whole moss tribe is to grow in thick tufts and thus secure to the individual the solidarity of a multitude. This habit is one of the most remarkable things connected with this curious class of plants. It is a wise provision for securing both prominence and security. The little single moss would be inconspicuous; it would have no effect in clothing the nakedness of the soil and making the surface upon which it grew picturesque. It would besides be powerless in resisting the hostile influences opposed to its welfare, and would speedily perish. But in the form of a tuft or aggregated mass of individuals, the united force of the whole can overcome the physical evils that would be fatal to the single plant. The purpose of the moss can also be achieved more perfectly through the tuft than through the individual. It is in this form made more permanent, the individual dying but the tuft enduring; and gathering all its powers into a common storehouse, the moss community attracts to itself a far larger share of the attention of the beneficent powers of nature than could possibly be bestowed upon any one of the units of which it is composed separately. The moss in its tufted form affords to its individuals the same protection and help which a dense forest affords to its trees. If these trees stood in the open, a brisk breeze would throw them down, or a hot sun dry them up; but in the shelter of this nursery of nature they are fostered, and struggle up through the gloom branchless and leafless till their whole pent-up life bursts out together, and they are crowned at a great height with a dense canopy of foliage, all their glory at the top; and so with the moss-forest. It is to this social habit of mosses that we owe the picturesque beauty which they impart to our old walls and secluded sanctuaries of nature. What can be lovelier than the soft green cushions, composed of myriads of individuals uniting all their charms together, which they spread over the bank of some woodland stream, stealing all noises from the intruding foot, and inviting with the delicious play of light and shade that flickers over them to noontide rest and dreamy meditation: or the emerald bracelets which



"A hillside torrent."

they clasp round the knotted arms of the forest trees, imitating the jewel in the brilliancy of its lustre and the endurance of its verdure!

The key to this social habit of the moss is man, to whom it points onward in the order of creation and upwards in the scale of life.

"Crowned at a great height."

The mystery can only be fully explained by his social life. In him the highest exemplification of its meaning and use are the words of the sacred writer, "Two are better than one, and a threefold cord is not easily broken." There is a Greek proverb that says, "One man, no man." A single isolated human being knows little of the mysteries of his own being, of the universe around him, or of the nature and relations of God. The dimensions of his being contract; its quality deteriorates; he parts one by one with the great essential attributes of humanity, those which raise him above the level of the beasts that perish. But when he is united with his fellows the bounds of his being are enlarged. He sees with their eyes and feels with their hearts. He knows more of himself, more of God, more of the universe. There are duties we should never understand or perform except by association with our fellows. "A man's belief," says Novalis, "gains quite infinitely when he has convinced another thereof." Our consciences are strengthened by the sight of each other; and the consciousness of being members of a large body helps immensely all our efforts to resist temptation, to do what is right, and to help on the cause of truth and love. And just as by the mixture of chemical substances results are obtained which are not found in the separate ingredients, so by the association of human beings with each other, outward actions and inward traits of the soul are realised which would have no existence in the single individual. "It is not good for man to be alone;" and this law of God is expressed in the original plan of his constitution. The social state is not a discovery of his own, or an accident of his circumstances; it is an essential element in his complex organization, existing from the very beginning. It was not a number of isolated units, but a social body which God contemplated when He said, "Let Us make man in Our own image;" and prefigurations of that design and preparations for carrying out that appointment were made from the foundation of the world.

". . . Some woodland stream."

HERMIE'S ROSE-BUDS.

A Story for Little Children.

By L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER I.

TWO very large tears stood in two blue eyes. The eyes were set in a round face, the face surmounted a pair of square shoulders; the shoulders were on a stout and sturdy frame, the very well-developed frame of a little boy of between six and seven years of age. He was standing quite still, with his eyes very wide open indeed—not for worlds would he blink them, for then the full bright tear-drops would overflow, and that would mean crying. Not for any amount of grief would Hermie suppose himself capable of crying. He had a horror of the very thought. No; he stood quite still and kept his eyes painfully wide open. Tear-drops in the eyes were one thing, but tears raining down the cheeks were quite another. Still, even single tears don't visit bright blue eyes at so tender an age for nothing. There was a cause for those full drops, and the cause lay at Hermie's feet. At his feet lay a little pot, a broken flower-pot, and by the side of the pot a flower, broken off at the roots. It was utterly and hopelessly broken off, and now lay on its side, its pretty buds crushed and trodden on, as though some careless foot had stepped over it. This was the story of the flower-pot and the flower; a very simple story, and in telling it I must mix up some of Hermie's own little life history.

Hermie was not born in close and foggy London. He was a country boy, brought up with country tastes. His father was a gardener, and had long trained the little man to love flowers. When between four and five years old, Hermie had found himself the happy possessor of a little garden of his own. It was quite a wonderful garden for such a little boy to have, for the flowers had all roots, and Hermie was not so impatient as to pull them up now and then to see how they were growing. His father, too, during that first happy summer when he really understood flowers, had planted a pretty bright blue annual in his garden in so skilful a fashion that when it grew up, and came into blossom, it spelt "Hermie." How Hermie did love that beautiful blue "Hermie" in his own little garden! But then came changes. The pretty garden, the blue flowers, all the dear fresh country things had to be said good-bye to, for his father and mother, for some reason which he could not understand, were obliged to leave their nice cottage far away from any town and come to live in London. They came to live in a very close and poor and ugly part of London, and instead of having a sweet and pretty cottage to themselves, they were obliged to put up with two rooms, and these rooms were very little better than attics. Hermie did not like London at all. He said over and over again that it was an ugly, ugly place, and certainly it looked so to the poor little fellow, for the really lovely parks and all the gay and beautiful things which are to be found for the rich in London, were far out of his reach. His father and mother were much poorer than when they lived so happily in the country, and as he had no brothers and sisters, and his mother did not want him to learn bad language from the neglected and ignorant little children all around, she was obliged to keep him indoors, and indoors meant a very dull life indeed for Hermie.

He would stand patiently at the window, with his little face pressed against the pane, and think longingly of his happy country home, of his sweet garden, and all the beautiful things he must never see again. This constant fretting and musing, and, above all, the absence of fresh air, were very bad for his health. His cheeks lost their roses, and his eyes were much less bright, and, in consequence, less blue than when he lived in the country.

His father and mother grew anxious about him, for he was their only little child, and though they were both very, very busy, trying hard to earn enough money to live, they did what they could for him. His father was obliged to be out all day, but his mother would often lay aside some fancy needlework she was doing for the shops, and taking her little boy's hand, would take him out and walk as far with him as possible, and try to reach one of the parks, so that he might have a sight of something green. But neither Hermie nor his mother was very strong, and it so happened that the house where their rooms were was a good distance from all the parks, so they very seldom accomplished this feat, though whenever they did, they were both of them in great delight.

One day, after their slow and dull little walk through the hot and crowded streets, Hermie said to his mother, as they were mounting the stairs on their way home—

"I'm so dreadful dull, and there's a little boy standing there. He's about as big as me, and he has marbles in his pocket. I saw 'em—such a lot! May I stay and play with that little boy, mother?"

But his mother, looking back and seeing that the boy Hermie alluded to was dirty, uncared-for, and not possessed of a very good countenance, was obliged to refuse.

She did this very sorrowfully, and said, "I am so sorry for you, my poor darling."

But Hermie was a good and patient little fellow, and when he saw the tears in his mother's eyes he said nothing more, though many and many times he cast wistful glances at the boy about his own age who owned the marbles.

Mrs. Penfold, however, for that was his mother's name, thought much about the very natural wish of her little son, and one evening she consulted her husband on the subject.

"It's just this, James," she said; "the little man is pining for some natural amusements. I wish we had a companion for him. I wish there were some nice children about."

"The children here are not brought up like him," answered the father. "They has no one to help 'em, or show 'em how to live better. They uses bad language which would jest frighten our little Hermie. No, wife, he must not make friends with the little street children; he's too young to do 'em any good, and they'd only teach him words as 'ud frighten him, poor lamb."

The mother sighed.

"I know well as ye're right," she said to her husband; "but for all that our dear little one is growing dreadful thin and pale. It breaks my heart to see him so."

"Well, wife, we'll jest hope and pray that I'll soon get regular employment, and then we'll move into a better part of the town, and have nice rooms, and there'll be a more respectable class of children about, and Hermie can have companions; but it can't only be the want of companions," he added, "for he had none when he lived in the country, and I'm sure a finer or healthier boy you couldn't see than he was when we lived there."

"You forget that he had flowers there," answered the wife. "Flowers and fresh air—why that little bit of a garden was jest the great joy of our little one's life."

"Flowers! and can't he have a flower here?" answered the father.

"Oh, James dear, you know he never even sees a flower in this house. I never saw a little child so taken with 'em; 'tis his one delight when we are out to try and find some shop where they sells them, and get me to go there; it fairly makes my heart ache to see how he looks inter the shop windows—but he never sees a flower at home."

"And a flower 'ud be a sort of companion to him," said Penfold. "Well, wife, he shall have one. Don't say anything about it, but however poor we are he shall have a living flower in a pot by this time to-morrow."

The result of this conversation was that Penfold got up very early indeed on the following morning; quite in the dusk of the soft autumn day he stole away, and without either Hermie or his mother guessing anything about it, visited Covent Garden. There he spent a shilling—which shilling was meant to buy his own dinner for at least two days—in a dear little rose-tree for Hermie. One rose on the little tree was in blossom, another in full bud, and there were several other little undeveloped buds to come out.

He took the lovely little rose-tree home and placed it in all its purity and sweetness by little Hermie's side while he still slept. It was good to see the man as he went hungry without his mid-day meal that day, thinking about the little one and picturing his delight over his flower.

CHAPTER II.

AND certainly never was a little boy made more grateful or more happy than little Hermie was by the sight of that rose-tree. For many days, even weeks to come, he almost lived for his beautiful flower. Considering what a very little child he was, he was a most clever little gardener. He gave his precious plant just the right amount of water, and carried it from one sunny spot to another, in the small close room, to catch what light and warmth it could. He became at once both stronger and happier, and no longer wasted wistful glances over the boy whose pockets were full of marbles. His father and mother both came to the conclusion that never was a shilling better spent than over that little rose-tree.

One day, after gazing for a long time very steadily at his roses, he ran to his mother's knee.

"Your birthday will be very, very soon, won't it, mother?"

His mother smiled, and kissed him. "Yes," she owned, her birthday would be the day after to-morrow.

"You will have presents, won't you, on your birthday, mother? My last birthday was when we were in the country, and father, he gave me a top and you a cake. Mother, what presents will you get?"

"I don't think I shall get anything this year, deary, for you see we are very poor; besides, I am not a little child like you, my darling; I don't want a birthday present so very much."

"But you'd like one, wouldn't you, mother?" inquired the little boy.

"Well, perhaps I should, darling, but I'm not going to fret about it."

Hermie said nothing more, but a very, very wise look began to grow upon his little face. He went back to his rose-tree, and kneeling down by the sill where it stood, placed his two elbows on the sill and gazed hard at all its beauties. The first rose on the little tree had bloomed and faded; the second was now in full flower, just a little too full a flower for perfection. But there was a third bud coming on. Hermie watched that bud with a kind of ecstasy. He knew enough about flowers to be well aware that that one lovely bud would just be in perfection on his mother's birthday. On that morning he would get up early and pick it for her and give it to her when she awoke, and then his dear mother need not say again that she was without a birthday present. It should be quite a secret, a great, great secret. His mother should know nothing whatever about it until the lovely rose was placed in her hand. Hermie looked round anxiously at where she still sat gravely at work, fearing that she might guess his thoughts if she saw him looking too long at his flowers. He moved a little away and tried hard to occupy himself with something else.

All the next day he anxiously watched his rose-tree: the bud was making all the progress he could desire, its delicate green covering was bursting away from it, and the lovely pink colour of the full rich blossom was becoming more seen each moment. Hermie knew well how very lovely that rose in its first tender bloom would look to-morrow. He wondered over and over again what his mother would say, and he pictured to himself many times the surprise and delight which he was sure would come on her face.

The night before his mother's birthday the little boy felt so excited that he could scarcely sleep. All through his broken slumber he dreamed of his rose-tree, and was not sorry when, early in the morning—much earlier than usual—his father came to him, and taking him in his arms, said: "Your mother is not very well, my little man, and I am going to take you into the next room in case you should disturb her. But I will take in your blankets, and make you up a little bed on the sofa, for it is too early for you to get up yet."

"But this is mother's birthday," said Hermie. "Why should mother be ill on her birthday?" Then he remembered afresh his rose-bud, which must be in such perfection just now, and smiled and said: "But I have something for her which will make her quite, quite well at once. Please, father, I don't want to stay in bed; may I be dressed now?"

Without a word his father put on Hermie's little clothes, and then, opening the sitting-room door, let him run in alone. There were neither shutters nor even blinds to the windows of the poor sitting-room, and Hermie ran at once to the sill where he had placed his beautiful rose-tree the night before. Alas! alas! it was then that he came across the cause of the bitterest grief he had ever known in all the course of his small life.

The rose-tree was not on the window-sill; but lying on the ground, just at Hermie's feet, lay the broken pot, and the crushed blossoms, and the poor mangled, destroyed tree, while that particular bud, about which the little child had hoped, and planned, and dreamed—that one special, lovely bud had absolutely disappeared. It was then that the tears came into those bright blue eyes, and that the little figure took that despairing attitude which we see when this short story opens. Hermie, as I have said, or at least hinted, was a very manly boy, and he would not cry; first, because to cry would be, he considered, so like a baby; and second, because his dear, dear mother was ill, and she might hear him. But at the thought of his mother the effort to keep back his tears was very difficult, for if anything in all the world would have made her well again, of this he felt absolutely sure, it must have been that beautiful rose-bud.

He was standing so, wondering what strange thing had befallen him, when he was not a little startled, and even alarmed, by hearing a short, mocking laugh in the room behind him. He turned his head, and there stood the boy, about his own age, the boy whose marbles he had so often coveted. This boy had a very red face, and his manner was also most insulting and trying.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he said, "so yer looking for yer rose-bud. Why don't yer look under

the pot? May be it have hid itself away there. Look well under the pot—cry-baby!"

In his innocence and anxiety Hermie did stoop down, and peered under the broken pot, at which action the naughty boy laughed louder than ever.

"Oh! please *do* you know who took my rose-bud?" asked the little child. "Oh! it's so dreadful when I wanted it for mother's birthday. Do you know how my plant got broken, and why my lovely bud has all gone quite away?"

"Yes, I know," answered the red-faced boy. "I know werry well indeed. It wor I as did it. I didn't mean to break the pot, nor to do nought to the tree itself. But I wanted that 'ere bud. Why shouldn't I have that bud as well as yer? There! you can see it if yer likes," and he pulled a much crushed and injured rose-bud out of his pocket, where he had hastily thrust it when Hermie's unexpected entrance into the sitting-room at so early an hour had startled him. Now, with a loud and most taunting laugh, he pushed the injured flower into little Hermie's face; then, rushing off with it in triumph, he ran down-stairs.

Poor little Hermie! all his wish not to be a cry-baby, all his anxiety not to disturb his mother, deserted him at that sight. Tear after tear rose to his eyes and rolled rapidly down his cheeks, and at last, in an agony of despair and grief, he flung himself on the floor by the side of the broken flower-pot and mangled tree. There, half an hour afterwards, his father found him.

"Oh! father, it's all, all gone—all my beautiful present for mother," he sobbed, and he pointed to the broken rose-tree; then in gasping words he told his sad little tale.

His father had a very soothing and loving way with this only little son. He took him in his arms and kissed him and petted him; and Hermie, after his dismal lying on the floor, and that cruel, cruel boy's taunting words and looks, felt so soothed and comforted in those kind, strong arms, that presently he forgot his troubles, and fell into a sound sleep.

When an hour later he awoke, his father was still holding him. He was looking at him very tenderly, and when Hermie opened his eyes he stooped down and kissed him.

"My own little son," he said, "I am so sorry for you."

"It was quite stolen away, father," said Hermie. "The boy said he had a right to it, but he hadn't, had he, father? It was my very own rose-bud, wasn't it, father?"

"The boy did very wrong," said his father. "He did not do quite so wrong as you would have done, had you taken it, Hermie. Still, as you say, he stole it. Yes, he did very wrong."

"But why did he not do as wrong as I should have done, father?"

"Because, my laddie, I have seen that poor boy, and I am greatly afraid that he has no kind mother like you have to teach him what is right and what is wrong. Perhaps, Hermie, no one ever told that poor little boy that it was wrong for him to steal."

Hermie raised his thoughtful blue eyes to his father's face. After a time he whispered, "May I say my Lord's Prayer to you, as mother is ill this morning?"

"Yes, my lad."

So Hermie, still keeping his place on his father's lap, got upon his knees, and folding his hands, and with his eyes fixed on his earthly father, began those familiar and most blessed of all words to his heavenly Father. Doubtless his heavenly Father heard the softly spoken words, and looking down into the brave baby heart, comforted and strengthened it. For after a pause, when the little prayer had ended, Hermie whispered again, "My Lord's Prayer says that I've got to forgive that boy?"

"Yes, lad," answered his father, nodding his head.

Hermie still remained on his knees, his hands were still folded.

"I *do* forgive that boy," he said, after a long second pause. "He's a bad, poor boy, but he knowed no better. I forgive him though he was so dreadful, dreadful cruel to my little rose-tree. Now, father, may I pray something else?"

"You may, my little lad, and God bless yer fur as fine a little chap as I've seen fur many a day."

Hermie did not half understand these words of praise.

"Please, Lord Jesus," he said, "give mother another birthday present 'stead of my rose-bud."

At these words Hermie's father smiled, though there were tears very near his eyes. But just then there was a commotion in the next room, and a woman whom Hermie had never seen before, put her head out, and motioned Penfold to enter. He did so, leaving Hermie once more alone in the sitting-room. But before the door had closed upon him, the little boy heard a sound

coming from his mother's bedroom, which startled him very much. The colour rushed into his cheeks, he clasped his hands, and even forgot his rose-bud, when he heard it.

The fact was, that peculiar little sound had brought back to Hermie a very precious memory. Once before a similar cry had fallen on his ear. It had come from the lips of a little baby brother, who had stayed with them all just one day, and then had gone up to God to heaven.

What did that wonderful noise mean? Had God sent back his little brother? Should he have a companion of his own at last?

"Hermie," said his father's voice. He was standing by the open door, and beckoning to him to enter.

The bedroom was darkened, but Hermie saw at once his mother's dear, pale face. She smiled at him, and held out her hand.

"Yes, I am better, darling," she said, answering his anxious look. But before he could say a word or make one inquiry, of the many which were crowding to his lips, that same faint sound was again heard, and this time it came from his mother's bed.

"I have something to show you, my little Hermie," she said, and pushing aside the bedclothes she let the little boy see nestling in her arms such a tiny, tiny pink-faced baby!

"Oh!" he said, and he raised himself on tip-toe to peer into the morsel of a face.

"A little baby-sister sent by God, and she is to be called Rose," said the mother.

"Did God really send her as a birthday present 'stead of my rose-bud?" asked Hermie, in a quick tone of great excitement.

"I believe He did," said the father, "fur she'll be a real rose-bud, ef she's called Rose, eh! wife?"

"And Hermie won't be lonely without a companion again," said the mother.

Just then the baby, opening its eyes, twined its little pink fingers round one of Hermie's. It seemed as if the tiny new-born creature was giving herself into the older child's possession.

"Is she my rose-bud, too?" he asked.

And father and mother smiled and said yes.

* * * *

That is the little story.

Hermie was none the less able to understand his first great joy for having just before borne so bravely his first great sorrow. God, in taking away from him the less, had given him the better. God often does this, and those who love Him know it and are glad. Hermie never again was a lonely boy, and even the rose-tree was forgotten in the joy of this living Rose.

I believe, too, that by-and-by both Hermie and his mother got to know that poor, ignorant little lad down-stairs; and he, too, learned from loving and gentle lips something of true right and true wrong, so much so that never again in his life was he guilty of stealing another rose-bud.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D., and the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus, high in glory." Lesson: Mark 1. 21—34. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me."

YOU must not imagine when you hear of miracles that they were only wrought in Galilee and Judea, and only when Jesus was living on the earth. Miracles never cease. Jesus is working them now, and in this very land. When he was bidding the disciples farewell He said, "I go away; but I will send another Comforter." "Another," He said. That meant, One who should be in His place and carry on His work. In this Other Comforter, who is the Holy Spirit, Jesus is still living among men, still going about doing good—opening the eyes of the blind, making the lame to walk, and raising the dead. It is to the study of one of those miracles I am going to take you this evening. I am about to tell you the story of a man who was raised from the dead.

He was really dead; but the deadness was not in his body. His body was full of life; it was strong, well built, and tall. The deadness was in his soul. Almost everything that God likes to see living in a soul was dead in him—love for God, desire for heaven, concern about salvation, prayer, thankfulness, kindness to wife and children, self-respect, respect for religion and the Church: all these were dead. If the Apostle Paul had known him, he would have called him "a man dead in trespasses and sins."

The things that killed out the life in Joe were gambling and drink. In the cleverness that can move chequers on a draught-board so as to win the game, he was the best in all the district where he lived. Many a match he had played for the county; many a game he had won for it. Although he was only a collier, everybody, rich and poor, called him "the champion." Joe was proud of that. His draught-playing was the pride of his life; and his draught-board with its black and white squares, standing on the kitchen mantelpiece between two brass candlesticks, was the first object he looked at on entering his home.

The evil thing for Joe was that the games in which he took such pride were all played in public-houses. And when a game was over, and especially if Joe had won, his friends who had made money by his winning would order a supper that they might drink to his health. This was the snare in which poor Joe, like a silly bird, was caught. This was the evil that made a dead man of Joe. It was like letting a murderer into the best places of his soul. Everything brave, and good, and reasonable, and kind in him was killed. His good sense, his home-love, his very cleverness as a player: all fell down stabbed to the heart within him. And it was no longer Joe. It was a savage—a monster who, coming home from these suppers, struck at wife and children in a blind fury, until they fled beyond the reach of his blows.

There was one thing in Joe which more than anything else had long since been killed. That was religion. Joe neither went to church nor let his wife or children go. He did not believe in going to church. He had six children, and not one of them was baptized. He spent his Sundays lounging about the house or the fields. In the afternoon the neighbours would come in to have a chat, and would sometimes say with a smile, "Well, Joe, have you been to kirk to-day?" Always when this was said his wife answered for him, "Nay, he's no been at kirk." And then, pointing to the draught-board on the chimney-piece, would add, "Joe's god is a wooden god."

Although Joe only smiled when his wife spoke in this way her words took hold of him. And sometimes, on the Sundays, as he saw his neighbours going past to the village church he would catch himself saying, "Joe's god is a wooden god." But he only hardened himself the more against church-going. "It's all rant," he would say. "Gie me a man that's honest and kind, and I seek nae better." Joe was far from being such a man; but by words like these he deceived himself, and was content to remain among the dead.

I used to be very sorry for his wife. She had known happier days. Her father was an elder in the village church, and she herself had been in the choir before she married Joe. It was for long a hard lot to her to have to stay away from church. She missed the happy Sundays—the sweet singing of the choir and the good words of my friend, who was her minister. It was harder still when she came to have children. She would have liked to have taken them to church to be baptized. Alas! they were never allowed to enter the church. They did not go even to a Sunday-school. "It's all rant, Jeanie," their father would say to her when she pled with him to let them go. Joe was not so bad as that when she married him. Although he did not even then care much about the church, he had not been caught by the snare of drink; and for many years he was as kind as a man could be. The children used to watch for his home-coming and run out to meet him; and Joe would come striding along the road with two of them on his shoulders and the rest running at his side.

But those times were long since past. Everything had changed for Jean. Her home was miserable. Her life was full of sorrow. The church seemed far away from her, out of her reach, in another and distant world. And her children were growing up without learning to worship God. Sometimes, sitting by herself, her eyes would fill with tears as she thought of her life, and she would say, "Is there no hope? Is this to go on from year to year till we die? Is Joe really to perish?"

I cannot say that Jean prayed to God. It is not easy to live in a house like hers, and keep up the habit of praying. But she was afflicted, and she lifted up the cry of the afflicted. And God heard her cry, and was even then on His way to her help.

A. MACLEOD.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Around the throne of God in Heaven." Lesson: Mark i. 33—45. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me."

I think you will like to hear a little more about Joe and the miracle God worked on his heart.

Two things took place which prepared the way for the work of God on Joe.

The first was a revival. There is nothing in our life more wonderful. It comes when

nobody is thinking of it. People are busy in their homes and work-places, as at other times: the peasant in the field; the weaver on his loom; the housewife at her fireside; the merchant in his shop. And suddenly this wonder begins. It begins in the soul. A still small voice is heard speaking to the soul about Christ, about heaven, about eternity. Everybody begins to feel that God is near. It is as if the heaven had opened and some great new thing had come down. It is like the old miracle of the angels in the sky when Christ was born.

There was a sense of something wonderful having taken place. Some were afraid; others said, Can this good thing be real? Then neighbour talked to neighbour about it, and told each other what they felt working in their souls. By-and-by the fear passed and joy came in its place. Homes that had not known prayer or praise for years began to be filled with the sweet music. People who thought it tiresome to speak about religion could now speak of nothing else. Men and women, boys and girls went into quiet places and cried to God for a blessing. Everything took on a new look. Everything common was lifted into the light of heaven. And people who had all their life long loved the Lord felt that they were loving Him now with a better and stronger love, and their hearts were filled with gladness.

It spread as the dawn does. All the country round about was filled with it. Travellers driving along the highways and parish roads in the evening passed many a little company singing hymns as they marched along. As the reapers rested for their mid-day meal they broke out into songs of joy. Even the children coming from the school took up the hymns and sang them as they returned to their homes. The strangest thing of all was the way in which it took hold of the miners. The men went down into the pits daily singing the revival songs. The songs were heard from one and another in the darkness of the pits, and when the men came up again the songs burst out anew. Begrimed, black, disfigured by coal-dust and mining dress, the men marched in little parties along the road singing as they went.

It seemed as if suddenly old things had become new. The Sunday service was new, the sermon was new, and it was a new gospel the people heard. The very Bible became new. It was a delight to go to church. The Communion Sunday when it came round was like a feast-day of heaven. God was felt to be meeting with the people, and t people became more and more eager for H blessing. A strong desire also took hold them to share the joys they had received wi others. Prayer-meetings were opened in t villages round about. A meeting was beg in the village where Joe lived, and in t cottage that stood nearest to his own. N body could tell the happiness which th was to Jean. Although she could not g to the church, the church, through th meeting, had come to her. She tidied u the children and herself, and prepared go to it.

While these wonderful things of the revival were taking place and changing the life of th village, the second event to which I referred was laying hold of Joe. Two or three month before, a man had come forward and sai he would play Joe for the championshi Nobody knew better than Joe himself tha he was not as clever at the game as he used to be. Although he never took drink before playing, the drink he took after was fast hurting him and making him dull and stupid But he could not refuse the challenge Great preparations were made by the friends of the two players. The game was to come off in the inn of a little town about ten miles from his village, and he had to be absent from home a couple of days. He came back on the evening of the second day just as Jean was opening the door to go to the meeting. She saw at a glance that he had lost the game. He had neither sign nor smell of drink, but he was silent and sullen and in one of his cruel moods. Why were they dressed? he asked angrily. Did they mean to go in with the ranters? They should not go if he could hinder. And if they dared to go when he was gone he would beat every one of them when he came back.

The poor mother knew too well when Joe spoke in that way that he would keep his word. She could not speak, she could not even shed tears. She simply took off her bonnet and shawl and sent the children out to play. But as the sound of the psalms which were being sung next door was blown in through the open window, she thought that the very saddest hour of her life had come. But it was not so. Although she knew it not, she was at the end of her weary sufferings. She had heard the last cruel word Joe was to speak either to the children or her. That very night Joe was to be met by God.

A. MACLEOD.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Lord, who hast made me Thy dear child." Lesson: Mark ii. 1—13. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me."

Now let me tell you still more about the wonderful work God did on the heart of Joe. In a coal-mine when there is plenty of trade the miners work day and night. At that time Joe was on the night shift, and so soon as he had changed his clothes and fixed his lamp on his cap, he set out for the pit. There was still some daylight in the sky, and Joe went by back roads where no one could meet him. When he came to the pit's mouth his fellow-miners were waiting for him, and ready to go down. Whether they saw that he was vexed, or were thinking of something better, no one spoke of his failure. And in a minute or two they were all standing in the iron basket, in which they were let down to the bottom of the mine. The mine was very deep, and the coal lay in seams in which a miner could not stand upright when cutting it out. He could only dig out the coal by lying on his side. And usually only one could work in such a seam. Joe crawled to the place in the seam he was working, but somehow or other he could not settle to his work. The cruel words he had spoken about the meeting kept coming into his thoughts. It seemed to him as he lay there in the almost total darkness that they were wicked as well as cruel. And then the shame of losing the championship fell on him, and then scorn of himself that by his own follies he had lost it. And then began, in that total darkness, the great miracle of raising a dead soul to life. God met this poor dead one in the deep pit, and said to him, "Arise from the dead." Now it is God's way, when working a wonder like that which He was about to work on Joe, to use some word from the Bible. But Joe knew almost nothing of the Bible. He had not opened it since he was a boy at school. Therefore God made use of such words as he did know. He took the words he had so often smiled at when his wife spoke them on Sunday afternoon: "Joe's god is a wooden god," and worked these among the man's thoughts. "A wooden god!" The words seemed to him to come back to him out of some world in which they had been treasured up against him. Without knowing what he had done, he had set his lamp on the floor, a little distance from where he lay. And it seemed to him as if it broke into little stars far, far away, which he was trying to come near to, but was kept back from by the words "A wooden god." It was really as Jean had said. He had given himself, body and soul, to the worship of the draught-board. For that, he had turned away from church and home. He thought of his unkind treatment of his wife and children. He thought of the happy times he had cast away from his life. He thought of the waste of years and strength, of wages and happiness in the public-house. Just at that moment a waft of song came to him from another seam in the pit. Two or three men there were singing a hymn together. This added to his misery. Joe had never joined in such a song. For all the years of his married life he had never spoken to his children about God. He had never taken them to the house of prayer. In all this, God was showing him the form of man he had been. He saw himself as he had been living for years, a miserable creature, dead to everything, dead to God. As these visions of his past life swept across his soul, he trembled from head to foot. He could not move. He could not cry. The rock above him seemed to be closing down upon him. He still saw the feeble flicker of his lamp, but it only made the darkness more real for him. In a dim way he began to be aware,

Entrance to Pit.

Joe at work.

and the terror of it fell down into his soul that he was alone with God.

How long this state of things continued

Joe never knew. But when the other miners came up in the morning he did not appear. Nobody had seen him since they went down the night before. Two of the men went down to search for him. They cried at the entrance to his seam, but he made no reply. At last they found him lying as if he were dead, but with his eyes wide open, at the spot where he had gone to work. Going back for help they got him to the top and laid him on the ground. He was breathing, but he could not speak, and every now and again a great quiver went through his body. The men got a stretcher and carried him to his home. There Joe lay for three days, speechless, but little by little coming to himself. And then, as feeble as an infant, he got up. His neighbours were very kind. His wife's old minister also came to see him, and began to tell him of the love of God. Joe thanked him, but said it was thrown away on him. God could never take hold of him. There might be love for everybody else in the world, but not for him. "My god has been a wooden god." Then he broke down, and sobbed like a child. The minister came to see him every day. He was very wise in speaking to men like Joe. He knew how to win them. He did not speak much. He only read little bits of the Gospels and the first Epistle of John. On these occasions Joe sat with his head on his hands; but always when the minister, after reading, asked if they might pray, he replied, "Surely, surely." And thus little by little, this once dead soul, the gates of which had been first pressed open by the words, "Joe's god is a wooden god," received the whole gospel, and he began to live to God. It was nearly six months before he ventured to go to the church. It was a summer day, and the road was full of people going to the service. Everybody was glad to see him. Jean was by his side, and the children came up behind dressed in new clothes. For the six months which followed Joe was never absent. Then, one night, the minister was in his study, and heard a knock at the door. It was Joe. "Would it be too much for him to ask to be received into the Church? Could Jean and he be received?" The minister welcomed him with joy of heart. And at the next communion Joe and Jean were there. Three months more passed, and again he knocked at the minister's door. "Could his children be baptized?" "Certainly," replied my friend, and added, "you would like the baptism to be in the house, Joe? Shall I come next Monday?" But Joe said, "Thanks, minister. It is very kind of you to offer to come; but if it is all the same to you, as I sinned openly, I should like to acknowledge God openly in this, and I will come to the church." And to the church he came with his children. There were few dry eyes in the church that afternoon as Joe and Jean led their children, one by one, up to be baptized.

The neighbours asked Jean, some months after, how she liked the new ways of Joe. "It's just heaven upon earth," she said. Joe was a new man.

That is the story of the man whom Christ raised from the dead.

A. MACLEOD.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "We are but little children weak." Lesson: Luke ii. 39—52. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me."

Let us think about the delight Jesus found in pleasing God. Chief among all His pleasures was this, "I do always those things that please Him." As a boy and as a man, His eye was always bright, and His spirit was always glad in the personal interest and pleasure which He knew God took in His ways. So loving and so beautiful was God to Him that all other wishes were lost in the wish, the passion to please Him.

The very beginning, then, of a life which is to have the wish like Jesus, is to have a God like Jesus. I fear many young minds have a sombre and gloomy, perhaps dreadful, thought when they think of God. To the mind of the boy Jesus thoughts of God could never have been anything but brightness, and beauty, and joy; and it took, oh, so little to please Him! It was He who had made the pretty flowers, and found pleasure in the arrangements and forms of their little petals, and in the soft, fluffy, powdery beauty down there in their hearts where the bee went. He was pleased to see the panting joy of the little thing drinking up the tiny drop of honey He had himself squeezed out for it there, just on purpose to give it that very joy. He was full of sympathy too. Never did a little fledgling sparrow learning to fly, too tired to do any work, settle on the ground to rest, or, sick and done, lie down there to die, but God knew all about it, and saw it all just as well as if there was not one single thing besides to see. God's eye was a gentle and tender eye looking out of a large and beautiful heart, and it was everywhere. Even a tiny bit of moss, growing on its bare hard rock

away in a far corner of the desert, where there was nobody else to watch and admire it, could please Him. He saw the little thing living and working where nothing else could live, making the best of everything, sending up its little forests of tiny fronds, spreading its tiny soft beds and shade for tiny tiny creatures that wearied themselves by their labours there. Yes, little things, very very little things, could please the God and father of our Lord Jesus Christ; He had pleasure in all the works of His hands, and far, far the most of these were very little, so He could take pleasure, of course, in the thoughts and ways of a loving, earnest child. And if you would please God, you must have thoughts of God as bright and beautiful as were the thoughts of Jesus. You will then feel that He can be pleased with little things, and therefore *you* can please Him, and this thought will make you like Jesus. He believed that a child *could* please God.

The next thing beautiful thoughts of God will do for you is, it will make you long to please God, and that wish will make you still more like Jesus, for He longed to please God and did His best. And just because of that, He did please Him; for no one ever wanted to please God and failed. To really want to is to please Him, the want *alone* is a pleasure to Him. So the boy Jesus pleased God, well pleased Him, because He always wanted to do things which pleased Him.

The next thing is to know what kind of things a child can do that will please Him. Well, then, what, when a child, did Jesus do? We are told that He lived a life that carried joy to the hearts of his parents, his companions, and doubtless to all the creatures of God that knew Him. And that is all that we know He did when a child; and that pleased God, for that was all God wanted Him to do, and that is what He wants you to do. He wants you to live so that all who know you shall like you. It may sound very strange to say that what your little companions and your simple neighbours like you to do to them, and what you would like them to do to you, is just what God likes to be done; but it is so; for your parents' hearts, and your companions' hearts, are still so much like the heart of God, in whose image the Bible tells us they were originally made, that, even if they do not *do* what is good and lovely, they like to *see* what is good and lovely done, and especially when it is done to themselves. So Jesus says we may see just what God would be pleased to see us do if we look at what we are pleased with in the doings of other people. Nobody likes to be told stories, to be treated unkindly, so nobody ought to tell any stories or to treat anybody unkindly. And all such things were far from the heart of the boy Jesus. The way He looked, the way He spoke, the way He acted won at once the favour of God and the favour of man.

But do remember this. Favour with man is, after all, much harder to win than favour with God. Man is much slower to give you his good word than is God; just because you are good in your heart before you are good in your life, and God sees your heart, and takes a deep joy in its wishes and wants. The most loving of men see only what you *do*, God sees what you *want* to do. If you love the good, and long to do it, though you are constantly failing in your efforts, He is pleased with the love. So, your heart is right in the sight of God long before your life can possibly be right in the sight of man. So God, at least, sees you at your best, and He loves to do so. Let a boy sincerely strive to do what is right, yet unfortunately fail, and he will find the most loving earthly father, nay, even his own self, a far less kindly judge than is his Father in heaven. Over his breakdown, he himself may be sad, and his father angry, yet God be pleased, well pleased, because He sees the boy's heart, and sees that his wishes are right.

"It's no *use* trying," said a boy one day to his father, when angry with him for an outbreak of temper with a brother, who was a cool and rather provoking fellow. "It's no *use* trying; I've been doing my best, and I get scolded all the same." But when trying is no use in pleasing man, remember it is *always* of use in pleasing God. If you want, and pray and struggle to be true and good, you will always, even amid many faults and failures, yes, *always* do something with which God will be pleased.

B. WAUGH.

FIFTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "I love to hear the story." Lesson: Mark iv. 35—41. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me."

I have often told you the solemn, the glorious truth that God never ceases to love, even the wickedest of us all; and perhaps you have thought enough about this strangely glorious truth to be surprised, indeed a little puzzled, because the Bible contains many terrible, angry words which are

the words of God. You cannot understand how God can be loving people and yet speak to them like that. Strange as it may sound, still it is true: God is love, and more truly is He love than if He had never spoken those angry words. There is no halo around His brow more gloriously loving, and, when it shall have done what it is there to do, men will add, more gloriously *lovely*, than the darkness of His gathering anger.

So does God love us that if we were always good and blessed He would be always happy in us, and His face and voice would never have any other look and sound than brightness and joy; but one thing spoils it all. He sees what harm sin can do us; how miserable and wretched it can make us; and we are so often sinning. It is that that kindles His kind heart with pain. He wants to keep us back from sin because it leads us on to misery. So He pleads and warns; and when men will do the sin, and will go on to the misery, He speaks out of a pained heart and is angry.

But do not suppose that with all sins and every sinner alike God is indiscriminately angry. By putting us into families God has taught us that there are sins *and* sins:—sins which are trifling little naughtinesses, and likely, in a healthy home, to be outgrown by mere increase of the little sinner's sense and love; sins that are more serious and deeply grieving, needing to be firmly, lovingly corrected and checked; and sins of a more serious sort still, which arouse love's pain and anger; and, of all the sins of this last kind, those which risk the children's health and limbs and, *above all*, their lives, arouse the most alarm and hear the most angry words. Now, God is our real father; and as in the families of man, so is it in His family, there are sins and sins; sins which are simply dreadful to Him, what the Bible calls sins "unto *death*," and which arouse His strongest feeling and His most terrible words; and sins which are "not unto death," which, though they do grieve Him, do not provoke His anger; for this is the will of your Father, that not one of His little ones should perish. And, just because God is our real Father, those serious sorts of sins which risk the trust and love—which is to Him His children's life—arouse love's deepest anguish and terrible anger. And where is the surprise?

What would you think of a boy whose naughtiness took the form of striking matches in a tent he had made for himself and his little brother by sitting up under his bedclothes—as I have heard of one doing? It is simply dreadful to think of what might have happened. The wonder is that the bed-clothes did not catch fire, that the little fellows were not burnt to death! But what, too, would you have thought of a mother who, when she found out the performance, smiled? Thought! you do not think at all; for you know such a mother does not exist. It would be impossible for any mother to imagine such a dreadful risk without terrible anguish and anger. You know that where wrong goes on, love cannot be forever smiling. And what we know of the love of our parent on earth we know of the love of our greater parent in Heaven. Least of all the hearts that own and prize you, can the heart of God see you risking soul-injury, suffering, and death, without terrible anxieties and anger. If at such times God were not angry, if He only smiled, then His heart would be a heart of stone and not a heart of flesh.

God's anger, my child, even its very loudest tones, is all love. It is like the bell that rings to the roll of the waves breaking over the top of a sunken rock at sea, on which at night, but for the warning sound, the sailor might strike his ship and lose his life. He cannot see where he is going, but the bell makes him *hear* where he is going; when his ship is safe and far away, he hears no bell at all. The nearer and nearer his ship approaches the rock, the louder and louder sounds the warning. The farther and farther he sails away, the softer and fainter the sounds become; and if he never goes near the sunken rock at all, there is no danger, neither does he hear even the faintest sound from the warning bell. When the sailor hears it, his face turns pale, his heart sickens, and his limbs tremble under him. But do you not see how that bell tells that somebody *cares* for the sailor. Its most angry clang is the voice of kind and thoughtful love.

"Your Heavenly Father careth for *you*." That is the reason why He sometimes speaks in anger. God's anger is but His clanging bell upon a sunken rock! So, my little child of God, give heed to God's anger and thank Him for it. Whenever it is roused it means "danger," and at its loudest thunder it but means "greatest danger," danger of injury to His child and pain to Himself: for He loves too well, to see harm come to His children, even if it be by their own folly, without its coming to Him too. His wrath is agony, pleading against all and everything which would do even the least of His little ones harm.

B. WAUGH.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

"GREAT PAUL."

AT last, after many adventures on the road, the gigantic bell has been safely conveyed from Loughborough to London, and has been hoisted to its place in the tower without accident or injury to any one. From first to last mechanical ingenuity has been most successful in dealing with all obstacles and in meeting all the difficulties entailed by the conveyance of so ponderous a mass along soft roads, and by its elevation in a too confined space. "Great Paul" has the distinction of being the biggest bell in the kingdom, and the greatest swinging bell in the world. At Moscow, and in a few other continental cities, there are larger bells, but they are fixed in their place. The weight of the new bell exceeds sixteen and a half tons; but, in addition to this amount, the weight of the head-stock with its appurtenances and of the clapper with its bolt and staples have to be reckoned in, amounting in all to nearly four tons. The bell is 9 feet high, 9 feet 6¾ inches in diameter, and the thickness of the metal at the bow is 8¾ inches. Its note is E flat, and the sound has been proved by experiment to be audible at a distance of seven miles. On the bell are embossed the arms of the Dean and Chapter, and the text, in Latin, "Woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel." This "peculiar product of the Middle Ages," as Mr. Froude has termed it, seems almost out of date; and it has been suggested with great fairness that the preaching ought to be worthy of the invitation.

"THE LUNGS OF LONDON."

In these days towns spread with such rapidity, and green lanes turn into city streets within so short a time, that it is more essential than ever that open spaces within and around our great towns should be preserved for the health and the recreation of the people who spend their lives in gloomy streets and pent-up courts. In the provinces hardly a year passes in which one or other of the great corporations does not receive some such gift from private munificence; and many others make similar provision at the public cost. A recent report of the Metropolitan Board of Works describes in detail the position of London in this respect. Out of an area of 122 square miles under the jurisdiction of the Board, 1,676 acres, or 2½ square miles, are devoted to this purpose, excluding the royal parks, which, though open to the public, are not under the control of the municipal authorities. These recreation grounds are twenty-five in number, and in extent range from the 267 and 240 acres of Blackheath and Hampstead Heath to the 1 acre of Hackney. Inevitably from the nature of the case, it happens that where there is most space there is least need for it, and if redistribution were possible, it would be most beneficial. One point is clear: that in proportion to its size and population London needs more such places of open-air resort, and that no opportunity of adding to their number by public purchase or private munificence should be let slip. The moral effects are incalculable.

SMACK APPRENTICES AND BOYS AT SEA.

The capital sentence passed upon Otto Brand for the murder of his apprentice Pepper, whom he literally tortured to death, and the facts elicited at the trial of Fisher for the murder of James M'Aulay, have served to draw public notice to the infamous cruelty with which boys at sea are too often treated, both in fishing-smacks and in ocean-going ships. The details of Brand's case are well known, and need not be repeated. In the other trial, in which Fisher, a coloured boy of fifteen, was indicted for stabbing the mate, it was proved that the boy had been beaten and bullied by the mate; that he had been deprived of his rest and set to work while his watch were off duty; that he had been struck in the face with a file by the captain; and that on the night in question it was an act of needless cruelty to send the boy aloft. Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, in a letter to the *Times*, gives other instances of cruelty on Australian liners, and it is abundantly clear that some protective measures are necessary. The appointment of inspectors, who should examine the lads and satisfy themselves that they had not been treated with cruelty, might do some good. In the case of the apprentices on board the fishing-smacks, who return to harbour more frequently, it would be advisable that recourse to other remedies should be tried. Their life is severe and coarse, and they are rough and coarse too; but on the whole it would appear that they do not meet with exceptional cruelty. Many of them come from reformatory institutions, and grow up without one touch of good personal influence; so that when they rise to be masters in turn they do nothing to improve the character of the lads in their charge. Fifty per cent., it is said, of these boys are in prison at some time or other during their apprenticeship; but their offences are due rather to a general neglect than to special hardship. There is no one to care for them, and they grow reckless as well as rough. At Ramsgate, indeed, a Home has been established which takes boys from public institutions, a small sum for their outfit being provided; from these the smack-masters choose their apprentices, with an agreement to defray the cost of the lad's keep in the Home while he is on shore; thus subjecting them for a time to moral influence and restraint, and giving them some slight chance of attaining a certain amount of moral life. The expense of the scheme is its most serious drawback; in other respects it seems admirably suited to meet the necessities of the case.

THE NEW BISHOPRIC OF THE NORTH.

The announcement that Canon E. R. Wilberforce is to be the first Bishop of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, seems to have caused general surprise, popular con-

jecture having in this case fastened upon every name but the right one. The new bishop is the third son of Samuel Wilberforce, the famous Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards of Winchester. His election affords a striking instance of the tendency to appoint young men to high office, for he is only in his forty-second year. His first incumbency was at Middleton Stoney, which he exchanged for the living of Seaforth, near Liverpool, in 1873. In 1878 he was nominated to a canonry in Winchester Cathedral. The duties of his new diocese will try his powers to the uttermost, and perhaps may give him an opportunity of doing a nobler work than any to which he has yet been called. From the peaceful comfort of the quiet cathedral city in the south to the rough strong colliers of the north will be an immense change; but the Wilberforce family have always shown themselves ready and able to endure hardness in a good cause, and have not yielded to the seductions of ease and luxury. At Seaforth, Canon Wilberforce won the affection and sympathy of those employed in commerce; at Winchester his quiet strength and genial charity won golden opinions. For his future work in the great northern diocese it will be of inestimable advantage that he has not spent his entire life in a college, or in a cathedral city, but acted for many years as his father's chaplain and secretary. From him, if from any one, the new bishop should have learned the secret of success in organization and administrative work. Among the pit-men of Northumberland he may do great things. They are rough, but when their confidence is won their loyalty and enthusiasm are boundless. To win them he must go as a Christian man and a brother more than as a bishop.

THE SURGICAL AID SOCIETY.

This society is doing good work on sound principles. Surgical and mechanical science have combined to produce appliances which shall alleviate pain and obviate the effects of disease. Their union has been wonderfully successful, but these ingenious contrivances are for the most part too costly for the purses of the poor. So the aim of this society is to provide such appliances and instruments for those who need them and cannot buy for themselves, or at least cannot provide the entire cost. It supplies appliances of all kinds, and it does not confine its work to any special district. Too many of us have at some time or other fallen victims to an impostor who appealed to our generosity to furnish him with an ear-trumpet or a new pair of crutches; but this society, by insisting on a personal recommendation and a surgeon's certificate in every case, secures itself against fraud. Last year it gave assistance to more than 5,000 sufferers, and since its foundation twenty years ago it has relieved nearly 30,000 patients. Nothing seems beyond its reach; it supplies fingers and feet, noses and palates, air beds, elastic stockings, with fifty other things indiscriminately. Its help keeps many from becoming burdens upon public charity, and enables them in spite of bodily affliction to keep themselves and their family. The head-quarters of the Society are at Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.; Mr. William Tresidder is the Secretary, and to him contributions and subscriptions may be forwarded.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

GARIBALDI.

The death of Garibaldi closes a great career. The men whose names will be inseparably associated with his in the history of Italy's recent regeneration have already passed away—Cavour, the statesman; Mazzini, the conspirator; and Victor Emmanuel, the king. The great insurgent leader was not, in some respects, their equal; and yet he attracted and fascinated the enthusiasm and admiration of Europe above them all. Now that he is gone, the world will forget rash utterances, visionary schemes, and foolish ventures, and remember only the glorious deeds of the simple-hearted and generous patriot, and the great blow he indirectly dealt to the power of the papacy. Into the prosaic world of the nineteenth century he brought an element of the most thrilling romance. In his own experience he reproduced the adventures of fiction and legend. When law, custom, and system seemed to reign supreme, Garibaldi showed the power of a living personal force. He was a seaman, and the son of a seaman, and throughout his life he kept the fresh, frank temper of his race, the dauntless courage, the hopeful resolve, in enduring hardships and in encountering overwhelming force. He inspired others with the same temper. In America he transformed a handful of men into a victorious host; with a pinnace and a crew of twelve he captured a vessel, then turned a vessel into a fleet; was in turn defeated, captured, imprisoned, and tortured, till once more his star shone out more brilliantly than ever. In Europe, it was after the stormy year of 1848, when thrones and powers were shaken from one end of the Continent to the other, that Garibaldi achieved his greatest exploits—when, for three months, he held Rome against the French troops; and, in his marvellous flight, with its tragedy of suffering and bereavement, he proved that climate did not change his power, and that beneath the spell of his glamour a race of slaves might turn to men. His greatest positive success was the raid with his famous "Thousand," in which he defeated the Neapolitans, wrested Sicily from the Bourbons, and united Northern and Southern Italy in one kingdom; nor were the purity and unselfishness of his patriotism ever more conspicuous than when the Dictator laid down his power and handed over the realm he had won with his sword to his master. From first to last his military reputation was unsullied by any act of cruelty or disgrace; and his troops, who served him with a passionate loyalty, and followed him with blind obedience, were worthy of their leader. In his power over them and the people, in the enthusiasm which he excited throughout Europe, Garibaldi will always remain a signal instance of the might of a popular impulse controlled by a kind and unselfish popular leader.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

Recent news from Northern Africa, and the letters from Mr. R. W. Felkin and the Rev. W. Hutley, lately published, make it only too clear that we must not congratulate ourselves prematurely upon the gradual diminution of slavery, and that without prompt and drastic measures the traffic in slaves may assume enormous proportions. In the Egyptian Soudan things have come to a terrible pass. Colonel Gordon, who was a power for good in the district, has left the country. Gessi Pacha, who repressed the rebellion of the slave-owners some time since, has been recalled; and now again we are told the "slave razzias are in full swing" in the Bahr-el-Ghazel district, accompanied by the most horrible atrocities. Moreover a movement is going on, headed by the false prophet Mahdi, to regain the Soudan for the slave-dealers, which has already met with considerable success. A large force was recently marching on Khartoum, but the army at Cairo obstinately persisted in their refusal to move against the rebels. In the place of Gessi Pacha, a Governor-General, with a council of four, holds supreme power over the province; but these men act from Cairo, and even if they were well disposed would be impotent. As a matter of fact, some of them are personally implicated in the iniquitous traffic, and the rest, creatures of Arabi, the military adventurer, are too hostile to foreign influence and European reform to exert themselves to oppose the slave party. If the rule of the "military conspirators" continues, the "dealers will recover the Soudan, the Nile will become the high-road of the slave traffic, and the market of Cairo will revive." From the army and Arabi, his fair professions notwithstanding, no good can be expected. In Zanzibar the situation of affairs is, if possible, still worse; there evil is present, not still in anticipation. The murder of Captain Brownrigg, who was most successful in capturing slave vessels on the coast, thus making the trade between the interior and the islands under the Sultan of Zanzibar precarious, and therefore unprofitable, has removed almost the only obstacle which impeded the traders. In the interior, slaves and ivory are the only commodities for which there is at present any great demand, and Mr. Hutley thus describes the progress of the hateful commerce:—

"Year by year the Arab traders continue to increase in number, and to extend themselves farther into the interior. Ivory is becoming more difficult to obtain, but slaves are becoming more numerous and easily obtainable, the farther westward they get. Every Arab trader owns as many slaves as he possibly can get; and his slaves, in their desire to imitate their masters in the exercise of authority, also possess slaves. I have known instances, too, where these Arabs' slaves' slaves have also had a slave in the person of some little boy or girl who performed such offices as bringing the man water to drink, buying his food, or fetching water from the well. This slave system has become thoroughly ingrained into the system of social life of the natives of Central Africa."

At Unyanyembe, among the tribes of the Wanyamwezi, the Arabs have their chief depôt, and the natives by war upon their neighbours supply the market; there are also other stations from which supplies are sent up to this great commercial centre. And though the individual cruelty of the Arabs to their slaves is so horrible as to pass our conception; though torture, and stripes, and death by protracted suffering are outrages of every-day occurrence, the worst feature in the whole system is the mortality of the slave caravans. From Manyuema the caravans go up to Unyanyembe and Ujiji, two thousand slaves reaching each of these markets in the course of every year. But the death-rate on the journey is usually fifty per cent., and in some instances only fifty men out of three hundred have survived at the journey's end. Such are the scenes which Mr. Hutley has witnessed in person.

"My experience of these Manyuema caravans was obtained chiefly in Uguha, and at that point in it where they embark and disembark in their passage across the lake. Here they are obliged to stay weeks and even months together. The first caravan which I saw was that of an Arab—an adherent of Tippu-tib—one Ali bin Mahommad. He had with him at least 1,000 persons, among whom were several less influential Arabs, with their ivory and slaves. They had during their journey been decimated by the ravages of small-pox and hunger. With them came large swarms of flies, which seem to bring and breed pestilence. Their camp was made upon the same piece of land as our own dwelling, which gave me more opportunity than I desired of seeing the mortality and disease among them. Deaths occurred daily from starvation or as a result of ill-treatment. If we walked far away from our dwelling we were annoyed by the sight and stench of dead bodies. Frequently some poor soul could be seen in the bushes apparently at its last ebb, mere skin and bone. The men in the caravan who had still life and energy would scour the country daily in search of food or the means of earning it. Driven by hunger to steal, they would enter the corn-fields of the natives to satisfy its pangs with the yet unripe cobs. The natives frequently avenged this loss by killing or ill-treating any whom they caught in the act. I have seen these Manyuema day after day coming into camp with a bundle of maize straw or millet stalks, the pay for some firewood gathered for a native. One evening, as I stood looking at these people, a remark was made to me by one of my men, 'Master, it is not wonderful that these men die when such is their food.' In crossing the lake these porters and slaves undergo fresh horrors. They are made to sit doubled up in the bottom of a log canoe as closely as they can be packed, while their master or their slavedrivers superintend the operation, using the sticks which they carry upon the slaves, apparently for the sake of the pleasure it affords them. Thus, when they reached Ujiji fully one-fourth had succumbed, although the distance from one depôt to the other scarcely exceeds 200 miles.

"The largest caravan of slaves and ivory that I ever met was that of Tippu-tib, whose proper name is Hamed bin Mahommad. At the end of 1880 he came to Uguha; travelling with him were several influential Arabs, so that the whole strength of the caravan would be 3,000 souls. The majority of these men were slaves. To provide such an army with food was a task beyond the ability of these Arabs, but in order that they might have no cause for complaint on that head an allowance was made every five days of five cowries. These cowries, if expended in

potatoes, would buy five, the value of a cowry and of a potato being then equivalent to each other. A maize cob was to be bought at the same rate. By dint of hard bargaining, however, occasionally a few more can be obtained. How so many managed to survive I do not know, as then food was scarce even among the natives. Many died from starvation, some from eating poisonous fungi, and disease, as a consequence, was rife among them."

The extension of legitimate trade will have some effect in repressing this iniquitous system; for the chiefs, if they find that agriculture is more profitable than slave-dealing, will turn to new pursuits; and the presence of Europeans, with the influence of a new civilisation, may do still more. Perhaps, however, the village settlements of captured and liberated slaves which have been organized by the Universities Mission at Masasi and elsewhere, may exert a still more powerful influence for good. The prosperity of these communities will impress the natives, and their presence upon the great trade routes will overawe the Arab traders.

III.—MEMORIAL RECORD.

DR. HANNA.

One more conspicuous figure in the Churches of Scotland has been removed. The son-in-law of Chalmers, and the colleague of Guthrie has passed from the peace in which his latter years on earth have been spent into the perfect peace of the unseen world. Dr. Hanna was born in Belfast, and was educated at Glasgow University. He studied divinity under Chalmers, attracted the notice and won the regard of the great preacher, and afterwards married his daughter. From East Kilbride, in Lanarkshire, his first charge, he went to Skirling, where he remained for six years, finally removing to Edinburgh. In the disruption he had quitted the Established Church and carried his congregation with him. At Edinburgh, Free St. John's was the scene of his labours, where he was associated with Dr. Guthrie. In 1868 he gave up ministerial work, and in his retirement devoted his remaining strength to theological literature; it is, perhaps, by some of his books, such as "The Last Day of Our Lord's Passion," the volumes on the Huguenots, and "The Ministry in Galilee," not omitting his "Memoir of Chalmers," that he is most widely known. For many years he was a constant and ever welcome contributor to our own pages. He was not a "solar man" like Chalmers, drawing "after him his own firmament of planets," nor had he Guthrie's charm in humour and pathos; but he was a luminous man, a clear, bright spirit, full of light himself and illuminating the life and thought of others. Among the dead he counted Carlyle and Stanley in the number of his friends; and of the living Principal Tulloch in one Assembly, and Principal Rainy in the other, with the sympathetic assent of their audiences, have paid a noble tribute to the beauty and power of Dr. Hanna's character and work.

DR. FORBES.

Very many English visitors and residents at Paris, must at some time or other have received kindness from Dr. Forbes, who for twenty-two years was chaplain of the English Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. As a preacher he was earnest and sincere, and in private his courtesy and generosity were conspicuous. In the troubles during the siege and under the Commune he remained at his post, and with the courage of a true Christian he visited the Archbishop of Paris in the prison where he was confined with the other hostages. To all his fellow-countrymen who needed his advice or assistance Dr. Forbes was a true friend, and young English girls in houses of business or engaged as governesses found in him a staunch and loyal protector. Only those who have seen from within the work which Dr. Forbes carried on for so many years can measure the value of his service to his Church and to his country, or can fully estimate the loss which the English community has sustained by his death.

DR. JOHN BROWN.

The author of "Rab and his Friends" is perhaps not so widely known among readers south of the Tweed as he is in Scotland and in America. But those to whom he has once spoken, even through the printed page, cannot but mourn for his loss as for that of a friend. It was not the literary finish and grace of his essays and sketches that fascinated every one, but a peculiar personal charm pervading every line that he ever wrote. It was all full of the strength of deep principle—as granite beneath the surface—of a loveable humour and an infinite tenderness. He inherited the virtues of his family; and a noble race it was, as the letter to Dr. Cairns shows them; men raised above the meaner aims of life, with intensity of purpose, an ardent zeal and resolute endurance in the pursuits of knowledge, and strong in that nobility of character that is higher still. The doctor in natural chivalry and purity of thought and aim was like his father, the minister; he had his humour and his gentleness. But in other respects the son and the father were unlike. The affection of the one lay deep down in a well, as he himself said, far below the surface, not easily discovered; but in the author of "Our Dogs" even a child reader felt the love of the man for all human beings and all living creatures around him. And his pitifulness is more touching because it is not the shallow and transient emotion which either is evoked by suffering only as it affects self, or is a mere emotional luxury; in him it was a permanent moral habit of looking at the suffering and sorrow of man, and of tracing its meaning in the purification of the human soul. He saw the light too, and in the midst of tears could light up the dark world with a smile. If he had pity for man's weakness, he had veneration and awe for his greatness. He knew a great and good man when he saw him, and could make others see him too. The springs of his inner life were hidden deep in the peace and the power of God.

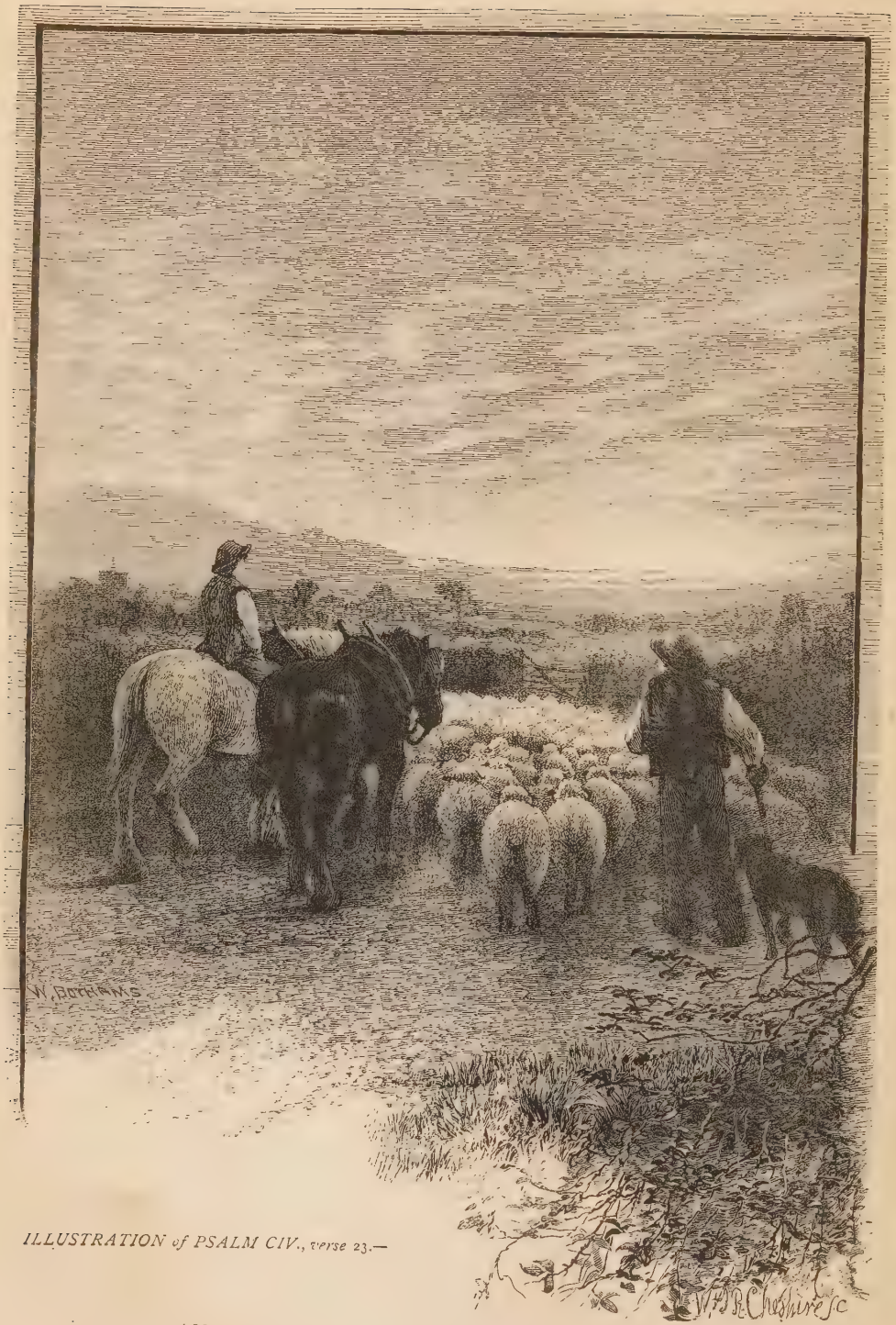


ILLUSTRATION of PSALM CIV., verse 23.—

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening."

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—IN LONDON.

IT was much too early to do anything when they arrived. Nor could Hester go to her uncle's house: it was in one of the suburbs, and she would reach it before the household was stirring. They went therefore to Addison square. When they had roused Sarah, the major took his leave of Hester, promising to be with her in a few hours, and betook himself to his hotel.

As she would not be seen at the bank, with the risk of being recognized as the sister of Cornelius and rousing speculation, she begged the major when he came, to be her messenger to her uncle, and tell him that she had come from her father, asking him where it would be convenient for him to see her. The major undertook the commission at once, and went without asking a question.

Early in the afternoon her uncle came, and behaved to her very kindly. He was chiefly a man of business, and showing neither by look nor tone that he had sympathy with the trouble she and her parents were in, by his very reticence revealed it. His manner was the colder that he was studiously avoiding the least approximation to remark on the conduct or character of the youth—an abstinence which, however, had a chilling and hopeless effect upon the ardent mind of the sister. At last, when she had given him her father's cheque, with the request that he would himself fill it up with the amount of which he had been robbed, and he with a slight deprecatory smile and shrug had taken it, she ventured to ask what he was going to do in regard to her brother.

"When I take this cheque," answered her uncle, "it indicates that I treat the matter as a debt discharged, and leave him entirely in your father's hands. He must do as he sees fit. I am sorry for you all, and for you especially that you should have had to take an active part in the business. I wish your father could have come up himself. My poor sister!"

"I cannot be glad my father could not come," said Hester, "but I am glad he did not come, for he is so angry with Cornelius that I could almost believe he would have insisted on your prosecuting him. You never saw such indignation as my father's at any wrong done by one man to another—not to say by one like Cornelius to one like you, uncle, who have always been so kind to him! It is a terrible blow! He will never get over it—never! never!"

She broke down, and wept bitterly—the more bitterly that they were her first tears since learning the terrible fact, for she was not one who readily found such relief. To think of their family, of which she was too ready to feel proud, being thus disgraced, with one for its future representative who had not even the commonest honesty, and who, but that his crime had been committed against an indulgent relative, would assuredly, for the sake of the business morals of his associates, if for no other reason, have been prosecuted for felony, was hard to bear! But to one of Hester's deep nature and loyalty to the truth, there were considerations far more sad. How was ever such a child of the darkness to come to love the light? How was one who cared so little for righteousness, one who, in all probability, would only excuse or even justify his crime—if indeed he would trouble himself to do so much—how was one like him to be brought to contrition and rectitude? There was a hope, though a poor one, in the shame he must feel at the disgrace he had brought upon himself. But alas! if the whole thing was to be kept quiet, and the semblance allowed that he had got tired of business and left it, how would even what regenerating power might lie in shame be brought to bear upon him? If not brought to *open* shame, he would hold his head as high as ever—be arrogant under the protection of the fact that the disgrace of his family would follow upon the exposure of himself. When her uncle left her, she sat motionless a long time, thinking much but hoping little. The darkness gathered deeper and deeper around her. The ruin of her own promised history seemed imminent upon that of her family. What sun of earthly joy could ever break through such clouds! There was indeed a sun that nothing could cloud, but it seemed to shine far away. Some sorrows seem beyond the reach of consolation, in as much as their causes seem beyond setting right. They can at best, *as it seems*, only be covered over! Forgetfulness alone seems capable of

removing their sting, and from that cure every noble mind turns away as unworthy both of itself, and of its Father in heaven. But the human heart has to go through much before it is able to house even a suspicion of the superabounding riches of the creating and saving God. The foolish child thinks there can be nothing where he sees nothing; the human heart feels as if where it cannot devise help, there is none possible to God; as if God like the heart must be content to botch the thing up, and make, as we say, the best of it. But as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts.

"But what *can* be done when—so and so?" says my reader; for, whatever generalities I utter, his hurt seems not the less unapproachable of any help. You think, I answer, that you see all round your own sorrow; whereas much the greater part of the very being you call yours, is as unknown to you as the other side of the moon. It is as impossible you should understand it, therefore its sorrow, as that you should understand God, who alone understands you. Be developed into the divine idea of you; for your grief's sake let God have his way with you, and not only will all be well, but you shall say, "It is well."

It was a sore and dreary time for Hester, alone in the room where she had spent so many happy hours. She sat in a window, looking out upon the leafless trees and the cold gloomy old statue in the midst of them. Frost was upon every twig. A thin sad fog filled the comfortless air. There might be warm happy homes many, but such no more belonged to her world! The fire was burning cheerfully behind her, but her eyes were fixed on the dreary square. She was hardly thinking—only letting thoughts and feelings come and go. What a thing is life and being, when a soul has become but the room in which ghosts hold their revel; when the man is no longer master of himself, can no more say to this or that thought, thou shalt come, and thou shalt go, but is a slave to his own existence, can neither cease to be, nor order his being—able only in fruitless rebellion to entangle himself yet more in the net he has knotted around him! Such is every one parted from the essential life, who has not the Power by which he lives one with him, holding pure and free and true the soul he sent forth from the depths of his being. I repent me of the ignorance wherein I ever said that God made man out of nothing: there is no nothing out of which to make anything; God is all in all, and he made us out of himself. He who is parted from God has no original nothingness with which to take refuge. He is a live discord, an anti-truth. He is a death fighting against life, and doomed to endless vanity; an opposition to the very power by whose strength yet in him he opposes; a world of contradictions, not greedy after harmony, but greedy for lack of harmony—his being an abyss of positive negation. Not such was Hester, and although her thoughts now came and went without her, they did not come and go without God; and a truth from the depths of her own true being was on its way to console her.

How would her lover receive the news?—that was the agitating question; what would he thereupon do?

She could not at once write to acquaint him with the grief and disgrace that had fallen upon them, for she did not know where precisely he was: his movements were not fixed; and she dreaded the falling of such a letter as she would have to write into any hands except his own.

But another, and far stronger reason against writing to him, made itself presently clear to her mind: if she wrote, she could not know how he received her sad story; and if his mind required making up, which was what she feared, he would have time for it! This would not do! She must communicate the dread defiling fact with her own lips! She must see how he took it! Like Hamlet with the king at the play, "If he but blench, I know my course!" she said. If he showed the slightest change towards her, the least tendency to regard his relation to her as an entanglement, to regret that he had involved himself with the sister of a thief, marry her he should not! That was settled as the earth's course! If he was not to be her earthly refuge in this trouble as in any other, she would none of him! If it should break her heart she would none of him! But break her heart it would not! There were worse evils than losing a lover! There was losing a true man—and that he would not be if she lost him! The behaviour of Cornelius had perhaps made her more capable of doubt; possibly her righteous anger with him inclined her to imagine grounds of anger with another; but probably this feeling of uncertainty with regard to her lover had been prepared for by things that had passed between them since their engagement, but upon which, regarding herself as

his wife, she had not allowed herself to dwell, turning her thought to the time when, as she imagined, she would be able to do so much more for and with him. And now she was almost in a mood to quarrel with him! Brought to moral bay, she stood with her head high, her soul roused, and every nerve strung to defence. She had not yet cast herself for defence on the care of her Father in heaven, who is jealous for the righteousness of those who love righteousness. But he was not far from her.

Yet deeper into the brooding fit she sank. Weary with her journey and the sleepless night, her brain seemed to work of itself; when suddenly came the thought that, after so long a separation, she was at last in the midst of her poor. But how was she to face them now! how hold up her head amongst them! how utter a word of gentlest remonstrance! Who was she to have dared speak to them of the evil of their ways, and the bad influence of an ill-behaved family! But how lightly they bore such ills as that which was now breaking her down with trouble and shame! Even such of them as were honest people, would have this cousin or that uncle, or even a son or the husband *in* for so many months, and think only of when they would have him out again! Misfortune had overtaken them! and they loved them no less. The man or the woman was still man or woman, mother or husband to them. Nothing could degrade them beyond the reach of their sympathies! They had no thought of priding themselves against them because they themselves had not transgressed the law, neither of drawing back from them with disgust. And were there not a thousand wrong things done in business and society which had no depressing effect either on those who did them, or those whose friends did them—only because these wrongs not having yet come under the cognizance of law had not yet come to be considered disgraceful? Therewith she felt nearer to her poor than ever before, and it comforted her. The bare soul of humanity comforted her. She was not merely of the same flesh and blood with them—not even of the same soul and spirit only, but of the same failing, sinning, blundering breed; and that not alone in the general way of sin, ever and again forsaking the fountain of living water, and betaking herself to some cistern, but in their individual sins was she not their near relative? Their shame was hers: the son of her mother, the son of her father was a thief! She was and would be more one with them than ever before! If they made less of crime in another, they also made less of innocence from it in themselves! Was it not even better to do wrong, she asked herself, than to think it a very grand thing not to do it? What merit was there in being what it would be contemptible not to be? The Lord Christ could get nearer to the publican than the Pharisee, to the woman that was a sinner than the self-righteous honest woman! The Pharisee was a good man, but he thought it such a fine thing to be good that God did not like him nearly so well as the other who thought it a sad thing to be bad! Let her but get among her nice, honest, wicked, poor ones, out of this atmosphere of pretence and appearance, and she would breathe again! She dropped upon her knees, and cried to her Father in heaven to make her heart clean altogether, to deliver her from everything mean and faithless, to make her turn from any shadow of ill as thoroughly as she would have her brother repent of the stealing that made them all so ashamed. Like a woman in the wrong she drew nigh the feet of her master; she too was a sinner; her heart needed his cleansing as much as any!

And with that came another God-given thought of self-accusing. For suddenly she perceived that self had been leading her astray: she was tender towards those farther from her, hard towards the one nearer to her! It was easy to be indulgent towards those whose evil did not touch herself: to the son of her own mother she was severe and indignant! If she condemned him, who would help his mother to give him the love of which he stood in the sorer need that he was unworthy of it? Corney whom she had nursed as a baby—who used to crow when she appeared—could it be that she who had then loved him so dearly had ceased and was loving him no more? True, he had grown to be teasing and trying in every way, seeming to despise her and all women together; but was not that part of the evil disease that clung fast to him? If God were to do like her, how many would be giving honour to his Son? But God knew all the difficulties that beset men, and gave them fair play when sisters did not: he would redeem Corney yet! But was it possible he should ever wake to see how ugly his conduct had been? It *seemed* impossible; but surely there were powers in God's heart that had not yet been brought to bear upon him! Perhaps this was one of them—letting him disgrace himself! If he could but be made ashamed of himself there would be hope!

And in the meantime she must get the beam out of her own eye, that she might see to take the mote or the beam, whichever it might be, out of Corney's! Again she fell upon her knees, and prayed God to enable her. Corney was her brother, and must for ever be her brother, were he the worst thief under the sun! God would see to their honour or disgrace; what she had to do was to be a sister! She rose determined that she would not go home till she had done all she could to find him; that the judgment of God should henceforth alone be hers, and the judgment of the world nothing to her for evermore.

Presently the fact, which had at various times cast a dim presence up her horizon without thoroughly attracting her attention, became plain to her—that she had in part been drawn towards her lover because of his social position. Certainly without loving him she would never have consented to marry him for that, but had she not come the more readily to love him because of that? Had it not passed him within certain defences which would otherwise have held out? Had he not been an earl in prospect, were there not some things in him which would have more repelled her, as not manifesting the highest order of humanity? Would she, for instance, but for that, have tried so much to like his verses? Clearly she must take her place with the sinners!

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A TALK WITH THE MAJOR.

While she meditated thus, major Marvel made his appearance. He had been watching outside, saw her uncle go, and an hour after was shown to the room where she still sat, staring out on the frosty trees of the square.

"Why, my child," he said, with almost paternal tenderness, "your hand is as cold as ice! Why do you sit so far from the fire?"

She rose and went to the fire with him. He put her in an easy chair, and sat down beside her. Common, pudgy, red-faced, bald-headed as he was, she came to him, and that out of regions of deepest thought, with a sense of refuge. He could scarcely have understood one of her difficulties, would doubtless have judged not a few of her scruples nonsensical and over-driven; yet knowing this it was a comfort to her to come from those regions back to a mere, honest, human heart—to feel a human soul in a human body nigh her. For the mere human is divine, though not *the* divine, and to the mere human essential comfort. Should relations be broken between her and lord Gartley, she knew it would delight the major; yet she was able to look upon him as a friend in whom she could trust. Unity of *opinion* is not necessary to confident friendship and warm love.

As they talked, the major, seeing she was much depressed, and thinking to draw her from troubled thought, began to tell her some of the more personal parts of his history, and in these she soon became so interested that she began to ask him questions, and drew from him much that he would never have thought of volunteering. Before their talk was over, she had come to regard the man as she could not have imagined it possible she should. She had looked upon him as a man of so many and such redeeming qualities, that his faults must be overlooked and himself defended from any overweighing of them; but now she felt him a man to be looked up to—almost revered. It was true that every now and then some remark would reveal in him a less than attractive commonness of thinking, and that his notions in religion were of the crudest, for he regarded it as a set of doctrines—not a few of them very dishonouring to God; yet was the man in a high sense a true man. There is nothing shows more how hard it has been for God to redeem the world than the opinions still uttered concerning him and his so-called *plans* by many who love him and try to obey him: a man may be in possession of the most precious jewels, and yet know so little about them that his description of them would never induce a jeweller to purchase them, but on the contrary make him regard the man as a fool, deceived with bits of coloured glass for rubies and sapphires. Major Marvel was not of such. He knew nothing of the slang of the Pharisees, knew little of the language of either the saints or the prophets, had, like most Christians, many worldly ways of looking at things, and yet I think our Lord would have said there was no guile in him.

With her new insight into the man's character came to Hester the question whether she would not be justified in taking him into her confidence with regard to Cornelius. She had received no injunctions to secrecy from her father: neither he nor her mother ever thought of such a thing with her; they knew she was to be trusted as they were themselves to be trusted. Her father had taken no step towards any effort for the rescue of his son, and she would sorely need help in what she must herself try to do. She could say nothing to the

major about lord Gartley, or the influence her brother's behaviour might have on her future: that would not be fair either to Gartley or to the major; but might she not ask him to help her to find Corney? She was certain he would be prudent and keep quiet whatever ought to be kept quiet; while on the other hand her father had spoken as if he would have nothing of it all concealed. She told him the whole story, hiding nothing that she knew. Hardly could she restrain her tears as she spoke, but she ended without having shed one. The major had said nothing, betrayed nothing, only listened intently.

"My dear Hester," he said solemnly, after a few moments' pause, "the mysteries of creation are beyond me!"

Hester thought the remark irrelevant, but waited.

"It's such a mixture!" he went on. "There is your mother, the loveliest woman except yourself God ever made! Then comes Cornelius—a—well!—Then comes yourself! and then little Mark! a child—I will not say too good to live—God forbid!—but too good for any of the common uses of this world! I declare to you I am terrified when left alone with him, and keep wishing for somebody to come into the room!"

"What about him terrifies you?" asked Hester, amused at the idea, in spite of the gnawing unrest at her heart.

"To answer you," replied the major, "I must think a bit! Let me see! Let me see!—Yes! it must be that! I am ashamed to confess it, but to a saint one must speak the truth: I believe in my heart it is simply fearlest I should find I must give up everything and do as I know he is thinking I ought."

"And what is that?"

"Turn a saint like him."

"And why should you be afraid of that?"

"Well, you see, I'm not the stuff that saints—good saints, I mean, are made of; and rather than not be a good one, if I once set about it, I would, saving your presence, be the devil himself."

Hester laughed, yet with some self-accusation.

"I think," she said softly, "one day you will be as good a saint as love can wish you to be."

"Give me time; give me time, I beg," cried the major, wiping his forehead, and evidently in some perturbation. "I would not willingly begin anything I should disgrace, for that would be to disgrace myself, and I never had any will to that, though the old ladies of our village used to say I was born without any shame. But the main cause of my unpopularity was that I hated humbug—and I do hate humbug, cousin Hester, and shall hate it till I die—and so want to steer clear of it."

"I hate it, I hope, as much as you do, major Marvel," responded Hester. "But, whatever it may be mixed up with, what is true, you know, cannot be humbug, and what is not true cannot be anything else than humbug."

"Yes, yes! but how is one to know what is true, my dear? There are so many differing claims to the quality!"

"I have been told, and I believe it with all my heart," replied Hester, "that the only way to know what is true is to do what is true."

"But you must know what is true before you can begin to do what is true."

"Everybody knows something that is true to do—that is, something he ought to lose no time in setting about. The true thing to any man is the thing that must not be let alone but done. It is much easier to know what is true to do than what is true to think. But those who do the one will come to know the other—and none else, I believe."

The major was silent, and sat looking very thoughtful. At last he rose.

"Is there anything you want me to do in this sad affair, cousin Hester?" he said.

"I want your help to find my brother."

"Why should you want to find him? You cannot do him any good!"

"Who can tell that? If Christ came to seek and save his lost, we ought to seek and save our lost."

"Young men don't go wrong for the mere sake of going wrong: you may find him in such a position as will make it impossible for you to have anything to do with him."

"You know that line of Spenser's,—

'Entire affection hateth nicer hands'?"

asked Hester.

"No I don't know it; and I don't know that I understand it now you tell it me," replied the major, just a little crossly, for he did not like poetry: it was one of his bugbear humbugs. "But one thing is plain: you must not expose yourself to what in such a search would be unavoidable."

The care of men over some women would not seldom be ludicrous but for the sad suggested contrast of their carelessness over others.

"Answer me one question, dear major Marvel," said Hester: "Which is in most

danger from disease—the healthy or the sickly?"

"That's a question for the doctor," he answered cautiously; "and I don't believe he knows anything about it either. What it has to do with the matter in hand I cannot think."

Hester saw it was not for her now to pursue the argument. And one would almost imagine it scarce needed pursuing! For who shall walk safe in the haunts of evil but those upon whom, being pure, evil has no hold? The world's notions of purity are simply childish—because it is not itself pure. You might well suppose its cherished ones on the brink of all corruption, so much afraid does it seem of having them tainted *before their time*. Sorry would one be, but for the sake of those for whom Christ died, that any woman should be pained with the sight of evil, but the true woman may, even like God himself, know all evil and remain just as lovely, as clean, as angelic and worshipful as any child in the simplest country home. The idea of a woman like Hester being *in any sense* defiled by knowing what her Lord knows while she fills up what is left behind of the sufferings of Christ for her to suffer for the sake of his world, is contemptible. As wrong melts away and vanishes in the heart of Christ, so does the impurity she encounters vanish in the heart of the pure woman: it is there burned up.

"I hardly see what is to be done," said the major, after a moment's silence. "What do you say to an advertisement in *The Times*, to the effect that, if C. R. will return to his family, all will be forgiven?"

"That I must not, dare not do. There is surely some other way of finding persons without going to the police!"

"What do you think your father would like done?"

"I do not know; but as I am Corney's sister, I will venture as a sister may. I think my father will be pleased in the end, but I will risk his displeasure for the sake of my brother. If my father were to cast him off, would you say I was bound to cast him off?"

"I dare say nothing where you are sure, Hester. My only anxiety would be whether you thoroughly knew what you were about."

"If one were able to look upon the question of life or death as a mere candle-flame in the sun of duty, would she not at least be more likely to do right than wrong?"

"If the question were put about a soldier I should feel surer how to answer you," replied the major. "But you are so much better than I—you go upon such different tactics, that we can hardly, I fear, bring our troops right in front of each other.—I will do what I can for you—though I greatly fear your brother will never prove worth the trouble."

"People have repented who have gone as far wrong as Corney," said Hester, with the tears in her voice if not in her eyes.

"True!" responded the major; "but I don't believe he has character enough to repent of anything. He will be fertile enough in excuse! But I will do what I can to find out where he is."

Hester heartily thanked him, and he took his leave.

Her very estrangement from him, the thought of her mother's misery and the self-condemnation that must overtake her father if he did nothing, urged her to find Cornelius. But if she found him, what would come of it? Was he likely to go home with her? How would he be received if he did go home? and if not, what was she to do with or for him? Was he to keep the money so vilely appropriated? And what was he to do when it was spent? If want would drive him home, the sooner he came to it the better! We pity the prodigal with his swine, but then first a ray of hope begins to break through the darkness of his fate.

To do nothing was nearly unendurable, and she saw nothing to do. She could only wait, and it took all the patience and submission she could find. She wrote to her father, told him what there was to tell, and ended her letter with a message to her mother:—"Tell darling mother," she said, "that what a sister can do, up to the strength God gives her, shall be done for my brother. Major Marvel is doing his best to find him."

Next day she heard from her father that her mother was slowly recovering; and on the following day that her letter was a great comfort to her; but beyond this he made no remark. Even his silence however was something of a relief to Hester.

In the meantime she was not idle. Hers was not the nature even in grief to sit still. The moment she had dispatched her letter, she set out to visit her poor friends. On her way she went into Mrs. Baldwin's shop and had a little talk with her, in the course of which she asked if she had ever heard anything more of the Frankses. Mrs. Baldwin replied that she had once or twice heard of their being seen in the way of their profession; but feared they were not getting on.

Hester was sorry, but had many more she knewbetter to think of.

There was much rejoicing at her return. But there were changes—new faces where she had left friends, and not the best news of some who remained. One or two were in prison of whom when she left she was in good hope. One or two were getting on better in the sense of this world, but she could see nothing in themselves to make her glad of their "good luck." One who had signed the pledge some time before she went, had broken out fearfully, and all but killed his wife. One of whom she had been hopeful, had disappeared—it was supposed with another man's wife. In spite of their sufferings the evil one seemed as busy among them as among the world's elect.

The little ones came about her again, but with less confidence, both because she had been away, and because they had grown more than they had improved. But soon things were nearly on the old footing with them.

Every day she went among them. Certain of the women—chiefly those who had suffered most with least fault—were as warmly her friends as before. Amongst them was just one who had some experience of the Christian life, and she had begun to learn long before Hester came to know her: she did not seem, however, to have gained any influence even with those who lived in the same house; only who can trace the slow working of leaven?

CHAPTER XXXV.—RENCONTRES.

THERE was no news of Cornelius. In vain the detective to whom the major had made liberal promises continued his enquiries. There was a rumour of a young woman in whose company he had lately been seen, but she too had disappeared from public sight.

Sarah did her best to make Hester comfortable, and behaved the better that she was humbled by the consciousness of having made a bad job of her caretaking with Cornelius.

One afternoon—it had rained, but the sun was now shining, and Hester's heart felt lighter as she took deep breaths of the clean-washed air—she turned into a passage to visit the wife of a bookbinder who had been long laid up with rheumatism so severe as to render him quite unable to work. They had therefore been on the borders of want, and for Hester it was one of those happy cases in which she felt at full liberty to help with money. The part of the house occupied by them was pretty decent, but the rest of it was in bad repair and occupied by yet poorer people, of none of whom she knew much. It was in fact a little way beyond what she had come to count her limit.

She knocked at the door. It was opened by the parish doctor.

"You cannot come in, Miss Raymount," he said. "We have a very bad case of small-pox here. You good ladies must make up your minds to keep away from these parts for a while. Their bodies are in more danger than their souls now."

"That may very well be," replied Hester. "My foot may be in more danger than my head, but I can better afford to lose the one than the other."

The doctor did not see the point, and thought there was none.

"You will only carry the infection," he said.

"I will take every precaution," answered Hester. "I always take more, I am certain, than it can be possible for you to take. Why should not I also do my part to help them through?"

"While the parish is in my care," answered the doctor, "I must object to whatever increases the risk of infection. It is hard, while we are doing all we can to stamp out the disease, to have you, with the best of motives I admit, carrying it from one house to another. How are we to keep it out of the West End, if you ladies carry the seeds of it?"

The hard-worked man spoke with some heat.

"So the poor brothers are to be left for fear of hurting the rich ones?"

"That's not fair—you know it is not!" said the doctor. "We are set here to fight the disease, and fight it we must."

"And I am set here to fight something worse," returned Hester with a smile.

The doctor came out and shut the door.

"I must beg of you to go away," he said. "I shall be compelled to mention in my report how you and other ladies add to our difficulties."

He slipped in again and closed the door. Hester turned and went down the stair, now on her part a little angry. She knew it was no use thinking when she was angry, for when the anger was gone she almost always thought otherwise. The first thing was to get rid of the anger. Instinctively she sat down and began to sing; it was not the first time she had sat and sung in a dirty staircase. It was not a wise thing to do, but her

anger prevented her from seeing its impropriety.

In great cities the children are like flies, gathering swiftly as from out of the unseen: in a moment the stair below was half-filled with them. The tenants above opened their doors and came down. Others came in from the street and were pushed up by those who came behind them. The stair and entrance were presently filled with people, all shabby, and almost all dirty—men and women, young and old, good and bad, listening to the voice of the singing lady, as she was called in the neighbourhood.

By this time the doctor had finished his visit at the bookbinder's, and appeared on the stair above. He had heard the singing, and thought it was in the street; now he learnt it was actually in the house, and had filled it with people! It was no wonder, especially when he saw who the singer was, that he should lose his temper. Through the few women and children above where Hester sat, he made his way towards the crowd of faces below. When he reached her he seized her arm from behind, and began to raise at once and push her down the stair. He, too, was an enthusiast in his way. Some of the faces below grew red with anger, and their eyes flamed at the doctor. A loud murmur arose, and several began to force their way up to rescue her, as they would one of their own from the police. But Hester, the moment she saw who it was that had laid hold of her, rose and began to descend the stair, closely followed by the doctor. It was not easy; and the annoyance of a good many in the crowd, some because Hester was their friend, others because the doctor had stopped the singing, gave a disorderly and indeed rather threatening look to the assemblage.

As she reached the door she saw, on the opposite side of the crowded passage, the pale face and glittering eyes of Mr. Blaney looking at her over the heads between. The little man was mounted on a box at the door of a shop whose trade seemed to be in withered vegetables and salt fish, and had already had the pint which, according to his brother-in-law, was more than he could stand.

"Sarves you right, miss," he cried, when he saw who was the centre of the commotion; "sarves you right! You turned me out o' your house for singin', an' I don't see why you should come a singin' an' a misbehavin' of yourself in ourn! Jest you bring her out here, pleeceman, an' let me give her a bit o' my mind. Oh, don't you be afeared, I won't hurt her! Not in all my life did I ever once hurt a woman—bless 'em! But it's time th gentry swells knowed as how we're yuma bein's as well as theirselves. We don't like no more'n they would theirselves, havin' ou feelin's hurt for the sake o' what they call bein' done good to. Come you alon down over here, miss!"

The crowd had been gathering from both ends of the passage, for high words draw yet faster than sweet singing, and the plac was so full that it was hardly possible to ge out of it. The doctor was almost wishing he had let ill alone, for he was now anxious about Hester. Some of the rougher ones began pushing. The vindictive little man kept bawling, his mouth screwed into the middle of his cheek. From one of the cross entrances of the passage came the pulse of a fresh tide of would-be spectators, causing the crowd to sway hither and thither. All at once Hester spied a face she knew, considerably changed as it was since last she had seen it.

"Now we shall have help!" she said to her companion, making common cause with him notwithstanding his antagonism. "— Mr. Franks!"

The athlete was not so far off that she needed to call very loud. He heard and started with eager interest. He knew the voice, sent his eyes looking, and presently found her who called him. With his great lean muscular arms he sent the crowd right and left like water, and reached her in a moment.

"Come! come! don't you hurt her!" shouted Mr. Blaney from the top of his box. "She ain't nothing to you. She's a old friend o' mine, an' I ain't a goin' to see her hurt!"

"You shut up!" bawled Franks, "or I'll finish the pancake you was meant for."

Then turning to Hester, who had begun to be a little afraid he too had been drinking, he pulled off his fur cap, and making the lowest and politest of stage bows, said briefly,

"Miss Raymount—at your service, miss!"

"I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Franks," said Hester. "Do you think you could get us out of the crowd?"

"Easy, miss. I'll *carry* you out of it like a baby, miss, if you'll let me."

"No, no; that will hardly be necessary," returned Hester, with a smile.

"Go on before, and make a way for us," said the doctor, with an authority he had no right to assume.

"There is not the least occasion for you to trouble yourself about me farther," said

Hester. "I am perfectly safe with this man. I know him very well. I am sorry to have vexed you."

Franks looked up sharply at the doctor, as if to see whether he dared acknowledge a claim to the apology; then turning to Hester,—

"Nobody 'ain't ha' been finding fault with you, miss?" he said—a little ominously.

"Not more than I deserved," replied Hester. "But come, Franks! lead the way, or all Bloomsbury will be here, and then the police! I shouldn't like to be shut up for offending Mr. Blaney!"

Those near them heard and laughed. She took Franks's arm. Room was speedily made before them, and in a minute they were out of the crowd, and in one of the main thoroughfares.

But as if everybody she knew was going to appear, who should meet them face to face as they turned into Steevens's Road, with a fringe of the crowd still at their heels, but lord Gartley! He had written from town, and Mrs. Raymount had let him know that Hester was in London, for she saw that the sooner she had an opportunity of telling him what had happened the better. His lordship went at once to Addison square, and had just left the house disappointed when he met Hester leaning on Franks's arm.

"Miss Raymount!" he exclaimed, almost haughtily.

"My lord!" she returned, with unmistakable haughtiness, drawing herself up and looking him in the face, hers glowing.

"Who would have expected to see you here?" he said.

"Apparently yourself, my lord!"

He tried to laugh.

"Come then; I will see you home," he said.

"Thank you, my lord.—Come, Franks."

As she spoke she looked round, but Franks was gone. Finding she had met one of her own family, as he supposed, he had quietly withdrawn: the moment he was no longer wanted, he grew ashamed, and felt shabby. But he lingered round a corner near, to be certain she was going to be taken care of, till seeing them walk away together he was satisfied, and went with a sigh.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—IN THE HOUSE.

THE two were silent on their way, but from different causes. Lord Gartley was uneasy at finding Hester in such a position—led into it by her unreflecting sympathies, no doubt, so unbefitting the present century of the world's history! He had gathered from the looks and words of the following remnants of the crowd that she had been involved in some street-quarrel—trying to atone it no doubt, or to separate the combatants. For a woman of her refinement, she had the strangest proclivity for low company!

Hester was silent, thinking how to begin her communication about Cornelius. Uncomfortable from the *contretemps*, as well as from what she had now to do, and irritated at the tone in which his lordship had expressed the surprise he could not help feeling at sight of her so accompanied and attended, she had felt for a moment as if the best thing would be to break with him at once. But she was too just, had she not had too much regard for him, to do so. She felt, however, for that one moment, very plainly, that the relation between them was far from the ideal. Another thing was yet clearer: if he could feel such surprise and annoyance at the circumstances in which he had just met her, it would be well to come to a clearer understanding at once concerning her life-ideal and projects. But she would make up her mind to nothing till she saw how he was going to carry himself now his surprise had had time to pass off: perhaps it would not be necessary to tell him anything about Corney! they might part upon other grounds! In the one case it would be she, in the other it would be he that broke off the engagement: she would rather it were his doing than hers! No doubt she would stand better in the eyes of the world if she dismissed him; but that was an aspect of the affair she would never have deigned to heed had it presented itself.

These thoughts, with what of ratiocination was in them, hardly passed through her mind; it was filled, rather, with a confused mass of tangled thought and feeling, which tossed about in it like the nets of a fishing fleet rolled together by a storm.

Not before they reached the house did lord Gartley speak, and Hester began to wonder if he might not already have heard of Cornelius. It was plain he was troubled; plain too he was only waiting for the coverture of the house to speak. It should be easy, oh, very easy for him to get rid of her! He need not be anxious about that!

It was doubtless shock upon shock to the sensitive nature of his lordship to find, when they reached the house, that, instead of ringing the bell, she took a latch-key from her pocket, opened the door herself, and herself closed it behind them. It was just as a bachelor might enter his chambers! It did not occur to him that it was just such as his bachelor

that ought not to have the key, and such as Hester that ought to have it, to let them come and go as the angels. She led the way up the stair. Not a movement of life was audible in the house! The stillness was painful.

"Did no one come up with you?" he asked.

"No one but major Marvel," she answered, and opened the door of the drawing-room.

As she opened it, she woke to the consciousness that she was very cross, and in a mood to make her unfair to Gartley: the moment she had closed it, she turned to him and said,

"Forgive me, Gartley; I am in trouble; we are all in trouble. When I have told you about it, I shall be more at ease."

Without preamble, or any attempt to influence the impression of the dreadful news, she began her story, softening the communication only by making it as the knowledge had come to her—telling first her mother's distress at Sarah's letter, then the contents of that letter, and then those of her uncle's. She could not have done it with greater fairness to her friend: his practised self-control had opportunity for perfect operation. But the result was more to her satisfaction than she could have dared to hope. He held out his hand with a smile, and said,

"I am very sorry. What is there I can do?"

She looked up in his eyes. They were looking down kindly and lovingly.

"Then—then—," she said, "you don't—I mean there's no—I mean, you don't feel differently towards me?"

"Towards you, my angel!" exclaimed Gartley, and held out his arms.

She threw herself into them, and clung to him. It was the first time either of them had shown anything approaching to *abandon*. Gartley's heart swelled with delight, translating her confidence into his power. He was no longer the second person in the compact, but had taken the place belonging to the male contracting party! For he had been painfully conscious now and then that he played but second fiddle.

They sat down and talked the whole thing over.

Now that Hester was at peace she began to look at it from Gartley's point of view.

"I am so sorry for you!" she said. "It is very sad you should have to marry into a family so disgraced. What *will* your aunt say?"

"My aunt will treat the affair like the sensible woman she is," replied the earl. "But there is no fear of disgrace; the thing will never be known. Besides, where is the family that hasn't one or more such loose fishes about in its pond? The fault was committed inside the family too, and that makes a great difference. It is not as if he'd been betting, and couldn't pay up!"

From the heaven of her delight Hester fell prone. Was this the way her almost husband looked at these things? But, poor fellow! how could he help looking at them so? Was it not thus he had been from earliest childhood taught to look at them? The greater was his need of all she could do for him! He was so easy to teach anything! What she saw clear as day it could not be hard to communicate to one who loved as he loved! She would say nothing now—would let him see no sign of disappointment in her!

"If he don't improve," continued his lordship, "we must get him out of the country. In the meantime he will go home, and not a suspicion will be roused. What else should he do, with such a property to look after?"

"My father will not see it so," answered Hester. "I doubt if he will ever speak to him again. Certainly he will not except he show some repentance."

"Has your father refused to have him home?"

"He has not had the chance. Nobody knows what has become of him."

"He'll have to condone, or compromise, or compound, or what do they call it, for the sake of his family—for your sake, and my sake, my darling! He can't be so vindictive as expose his own son! We won't think more about it! Let us talk of ourselves!"

"If only we could find him!" returned Hester.

"Depend upon it he is not where you would like to find him. Men don't come to grief without help! We must wait till he turns up."

Far as this was from her purpose, Hester was not inclined to argue the point: she could not expect him or any one out of their own family to be much interested in the fate of Cornelius. They began to talk about other things; and if they were not the things Hester would most readily have talked about, neither were they the things lord Gartley had entered the house intending to talk about. He too had been almost angry, only by nature he was cool and even good-tempered. To find Hester, the moment she came back

to London, and now in the near prospect of marriage with himself, yielding afresh to a diseased fancy of doing good; to come upon her in the street of a low neighbourhood, followed by a low crowd, supported and championed by a low fellow—well, it was not agreeable! His high breeding made him mind it less than a middle-class man of like character would have done; but with his cold dislike to all that was poor and miserable, he could not fail to find it annoying, and had entered the house intending to exact a promise for the future—not the future after marriage, for a change then went without saying.

But when he had heard her trouble, and saw how deeply it affected her, he knew this was not the time to say what he had meant; and there was the less occasion now that he was near to take care of her!

He had risen to go, and was about to take a loving farewell, when Hester, suddenly remembering, drew back, with almost a guilty look.

"Oh, Gartley!" she said, "I ought not to have let you come near me! Not that *I* am afraid of anything! But you came upon me so unexpectedly! It is all very well for one's self, but one ought to heed what other people may think!"

"What *can* you mean, Hester?" exclaimed Gartley, and would have laid his hand on her arm, but again she drew back.

"There was small-pox in the house I had just left when you met me," she said.

He started back and stood speechless—manifesting therein no more cowardice than everyone in his circle would have justified: was it not reasonable and right he should be afraid? was it not a humiliation to be created subject to such a loathsome disease? The disgrace of fearing anything except doing wrong, few human beings are capable of conceiving, fewer still of actually believing.

"Has it never occurred to you what you are doing in going to such places, Hester?" he faltered. "It is a treachery against every social claim. I am sorry to use such hard words, but—really—I—I—cannot help being a little surprised at you! I thought you had more—more—sense!"

"I am sorry to have frightened you."

"Frightened!" repeated Gartley, with an attempt at a smile, which closed in a yet more anxious look, "—you do indeed frighten me! The whole world would agree you give me good cause to be frightened. I should never have thought *you* capable of showing such a lack of principle. Don't imagine I am thinking of myself; *you* are in most danger! Still, you may carry the infection without taking it yourself."

"I didn't know it was there when I went to the house—only I should have gone all the same," said Hester. "But if seeing you so suddenly had not made me forget, I should have had a bath as soon as I got home. I *am* sorry I let you come near me!"

"One has no right either to take or carry infection," insisted lord Gartley, perhaps a little glad of the height upon which an opportunity of finding fault set him for the first time above her. "But there is no time to talk about it now. I hope you will use what preventives you can. It is very wrong to trifle with such things!"

"Indeed it is!" answered Hester; "and I say again I am sorry I forgot. You see how it was—don't you? It was you made me forget!"

But his lordship was by no means now in a smiling mood. He bade her a somewhat severe good night, then hesitated, and thinking it hardly signified now, and he must not look too much afraid, held out his hand. But Hester drew back a third time, saying, "No, no; you must not," and with solemn bow he turned and went, his mind full of conflicting feelings and perplexing thoughts:—What a glorious creature she was!—and what a dangerous! He recalled the story of the young woman brought up on poisons, whom no man could come near but at the risk of his life. What a spirit she had! but what a pity it was so ill-directed! It was horrible to think of her going into such abominable places—and all alone too! How ill she had been trained!—in such utter disregard of social obligation and the laws of nature! It was preposterous! He little thought what risks he ran when he fell in love with *her!* If he got off now without an attack he would be lucky! But—good heavens! if she were to take it herself! "I wonder when she was last vaccinated!" he said. "I was last year; I daresay I'm all right! But if she were to die, or lose her complexion, I should kill myself! I know I should!" Would honour compel him to marry her if she were horribly pock-marked? Those dens ought to be rooted out! Philanthropy was gone mad! It was strict repression that was wanted! To sympathize with people like that was only to encourage them! Vice was like hysterics—the more kindness you showed the worse grew the patient! They took it all as their right! And the more you gave, the more they de-

manded—never showing any gratitude so far as he knew!

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE MAJOR AND THE SMALL-POX.

His lordship was scarcely gone when the major came. So closely did the appearance of the one follow on the disappearance of the other, that there was ground for suspecting the major had seen his lordship enter the house, and had been waiting and watching till he was gone. But she was not yet to be seen: she had no fear of the worst small-pox could do to her, yet was taking what measures appeared advisable for her protection. Her fearlessness came from no fancied absence of danger, but from an utter disbelief in chance. The same and only faith that would have enabled her to face the man-eating tiger, enabled her to face the small-pox: if she did die by going into such places, it was all right.

For aught I know there may be a region whose dwellers are so little capable of being individually cared for, that they are left to the action of mere general laws as sufficient for what for the time can be done for them. Such may well to themselves seem to be blown about by all the winds of chaos and the limbo—which winds they call chance! Even then and there it is God who has ordered all the generals of their condition, and when they are sick of it, will help them out of it. One thing is sure—that God is doing his best for *every* man.

The major sat down and waited.

"I am at my wits' end!" he said, when she entered the room. "I can't find the fellow! That detective's a muff! He ain't got a trace of him yet! I must put on another!—Don't you think you had better go home? I will do what can be done, you may be sure!"

"I *am* sure," answered Hester. "But mamma is better; so long as I am away papa will not leave her; and she would rather have papa than a dozen of me."

"But it must be so dreary for you—here alone all day!" he said, with a touch of malice.

"I go about among my people," she answered.

"Ah! ah!" he returned. "Then I hope you will be careful what houses you go into, for I hear the small-pox is in the neighbourhood."

"I have just come from a house where it is now," she answered. The major rose in haste. "—But," she went on, "I have changed all my clothes, and had a bath since. The major sat down again.

"My dear young lady!" he said, the ros[e] a little ashy on his cheek-bones, "do y[ou] know what you are about?"

"I hope I do—I *think* I do," she a[n]swered.

"Hope! Think!" repeated the major i[n]dignantly.

"Well, *believe*," said Hester.

"Come, come!" he rejoined with rud[e]ness, "you may hope or think or believ[e] what you like, but you have no business t[o] act but on what you *know*."

"I suppose you never act where you d[o] not know!" returned Hester. "You alway[s] *know* you will win the battle, kill the tiger[,] take the small-pox, and be the worse for it?"

"It's all very well for you to laugh!" re[-]turned the major; "but what is to becom[e] of us if you take the small-pox! Why, m[y] dear cousin, you might lose every scrap o[f] your good looks!"

"And then who on earth would care fo[r] me any more!" said Hester, with mock[-] mournfulness, which brought a glimmer o[f] the merry light back to the major's face.

"But really, Hester," he persisted, "this is most imprudent. It is your life, not your beauty only you are perilling!"

"Perhaps," she answered.

"And the lives of us all!" added the major.

"Is the small-pox worse than a man-eating tiger?" she asked.

"Ten times worse," he answered. "You can fight the tiger, but you can't fight the small-pox! You really ought *not* to run such fearful risks."

"How are they to be avoided? Every time you send for the doctor you run a risk! You can't order a clean doctor every time!"

"A joke's all very well! but it is our duty to take care of ourselves."

"In reason, yes," replied Hester.

"You may think," said the major, "that God takes special care of you because you are about his business—and far be it from me to say you are not about his business or that he does not take care of you; but what is to become of me and the like of me if we take the small-pox from you?"

Hester had it on her lips to say that if he was meant to die of the small-pox, he might as well take it of her as of another; but she said instead that she was sure God took care of her, but not sure she should not die of the small-pox.

"How can you say God takes care of you if he lets you die of the small-pox!"

"No doubt people would die if God forgot them, but do you think people die because God forgets them?"

"My dear cousin Hester, if there is one thing I have a *penchant* for, it is common sense! A paradox I detest with my whole soul!"

"One word, dear major Marvel: Did God take care of Jesus?"

"Of course! of course! But he wasn't like other men, you know."

"I don't want to fare better, that is, I don't want to have more of God's care than he had."

"I don't understand you. I should think if we were sure God took as good care of us as of him,——"

But there he stopped, for he began to have a glimmer of where she was leading him.

"Did he keep him what you call safe?" said Hester. "Did he not allow the worst man could do to overtake him? Was it not the very consequence of his obedience?"

"Then you have made up your mind to die of the small-pox?—In that case——"

"Only if it be God's will," interrupted Hester. "To that, and that alone, have I made up my mind. If I die of the small-pox, it will not be because it could not be helped, or because I caught it by chance; it will be because God allowed it as best for me and for us all. It will not be a punishment for breaking his laws: he loves none better, I believe, than those who break the laws of nature to fulfil the laws of the spirit—which is the deeper nature, 'the nature naturing nature,' as I read the other day: of course it sounds nonsense to anyone who does not understand it."

"That's your humble servant," said the major. "I haven't a notion what you or the author you quote means, though I don't doubt both of you mean well, and that you are a most courageous and indeed heroic young woman. For all that, it is time your friends interfered; and I am going to write by the next post to let your father know how you are misbehaving yourself."

"They will not believe me quite so bad as I fear you will represent me."

"I don't know. I must write anyhow."

"That they may order me home to give them the small-pox? Wouldn't it be better to wait and be sure I had not taken it already? Your letter too might carry the infection. I think you had better not write."

"You persist in making fun of it! I say again it is not a thing to be joked about," remarked the major, looking red.

"I think," returned Hester, "whoever lives in terror of infection had better take it and have done with it. I know I would rather die than live in the fear of death. It is the meanest of slaveries. At least, to live a slave to one's fears is next worst to living a slave to one's likings. Do as you please, major Marvel, but I give you warning that if you interpose—I will not say *interfere*, because you do it all for kindness—but if you interpose, I will never ask you to help me again; I will never let you know what I am doing, or come to you for advice, lest, instead of assisting me, you should set about preventing me from doing what I may have to do."

She held out her hand to him, adding with a smile,

"Is it for good-bye, or a compact?"

"But just look at it from my point of view," said the major, disturbed by the appeal. "What will your father say if he finds me aiding and abetting?"

"You did not come up at my father's request, or from the least desire on his part to have me looked after. You were not put in charge of me, and have no right to suppose me doing anything my parents would not like. They never objected to my going among my friends as I thought fit. Possibly they had more faith in my good sense, knowing me better than major Marvel."

"But when one sees you doing the thing that is plainly wrong,——"

"If it be so plainly wrong, how is it that I, who am really anxious to do right, should not see it wrong? Why should you think me less likely to know what is right than you, major Marvel?"

"I give in," said the major, "and will abide by the consequences."

"But you shall not needlessly put yourself in danger. You must not come to me except I send for you. If you hear anything of Corney, write, please."

"You don't imagine," cried the major, firing up, "that I am going to turn tail where you advance? I'm not going to run from the small-pox any more than you. So long as he don't get on my back to hunt other people, I don't care. By George! you women have more courage ten times than we men!"

"What we've got to do we just go and do, without thinking about danger. I believe it is often the best wisdom to be blind and let God be our eyes as well as our shield. But would it be right of you, not called to the work, to put yourself in danger

because you would not be out where I am in? I could admire of course, but never quite justify sir Philip Sidney in putting off his cuisses because his general had not got his on."

"You're fit for a field-marshal, my dear!" said the major enthusiastically—adding, as he kissed her hand, "I will think over what you have said, and at least not betray you without warning."

"That is enough for the present," returned Hester, shaking hands with him warmly.

The major went away hardly knowing whither, so filled was he with admiration of "cousin Helen's girl."

"By Jove!" he said to himself, "it's a confounded good thing I didn't marry Helen: she would never have had a girl like that if I had! Things are always best. The world needs a few such in it—even if they be fools—though I suspect they will turn out the wise ones, and we the fools for taking such care of our precious selves!"

But the major was by no means a selfish man. He was pretty much mixed, like the rest of us. Only, if we do not make up our minds not to be mixed with the one thing, we shall by and by be but little mixed with the other.

That same evening he sent her word that one answering the description of Cornelius had been descried in the neighbourhood of Addison square.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—DOWN AND DOWN.

Down the hill, and down!—to the shores of the salt sea, where the flowing life is dammed into a stagnant lake, a dead sea, growing more and more bitter with separation and lack of outlet. Mrs. Franks had come to feel the comforting of her husband a hopeless thing, and had all but ceased to attempt it. He grew more hopeless for the lack of what she thought moved him no more, and when she ceased to comfort him, the fountain of her own hope began to fail: in comforting him she had comforted herself. The boys, whose merriment even was always of a sombre kind, got more gloomy, but had not begun to quarrel; for that evil, as interfering with their profession, the father had so sternly crushed that they had less than the usual tendency to it.

They had reached at last the point of being unable to pay for their lodging. They were indeed a fortnight's rent behind. Their landlady was not willing to be hard upon them, but what could a poor woman do, she said. The day was come when they must go forth like Abraham without a home, but not like Abraham with a tent and the world before them to set it up in, not like Abraham with camels and asses to help them along. The weakly wife had to carry the sickly baby, who, with many ups and downs, had been slowly pining away. The father went laden with the larger portion of the goods yet remaining to them, and led the Serpent of the Prairies, with the drum hanging from his neck, by the hand. The other boy followed, bearing the small stock of implements belonging to their art.

They had delayed their departure till it was more than dusk, for Franks could not help a vague feeling of blame for the condition of his family, and shrank from being seen of men's eyes: every one they met must know they had not a place to lay their heads! The world was like a sea before them—a prospect of ceaseless motion through the night, with the hope of an occasional rest on a doorstep or the edge of the curb-stone when the policeman's back was turned. They set out to go nowhither—to tramp on and on. Is it any wonder—does it imply wickedness beyond that lack of trust in God which is at the root of all wickedness, if the thought of ending their troubles by death crossed his mind, and from very tenderness kept returning? At the last gasp, as it seemed, in the close and ever closer siege of misfortune, he was almost ready, like the Jews of Masada, to conquer by self-destruction. But ever and again the sad eyes of his wife turned him from the thought, and he would plod on, thinking, as near as possible, about nothing.

At length as they wandered they came to a part where seemed to be only small houses and mews. Presently they found themselves in a little lane with no thoroughfare, at the back of some stables, and had to return along the rough-paved, neglected way. Such was the quiet and apparent seclusion of the spot, that it struck Franks they had better find its most sheltered corner, in which to sit down and rest awhile, possibly sleep. Scarcely would policeman, he thought, enter such a forsaken place! The same moment they heard the measured tread of the enemy on the other side of the stables. Instinctively, hurriedly, they looked around for some place of concealment, and spied, at the end of a blank wall, belonging apparently to some kind of warehouse, a narrow path between that and the wall of the next property. Careless to what it led, anxious

only to escape the annoyance of the policeman, they turned quickly into it. Scarcely had they done so when the Serpent, whose hand his father had let go, disappeared with a little cry, and a whimper ascended through the darkness.

"Hold your n'ise, you rascal!" said his father sharply, but under his breath; "the bobby will hear you, and have us all to the lock-up!"

Not a sound more was heard. Neither did the boy reappear.

"Good heavens, John!" cried the mother in an agonized whisper, "the child has fallen down a sewer! Oh, my God! he is gone for ever!"

"Hold your n'ise," said Franks again, "an' let's all go down a'ter 'im! It's better down anywheres than up where there ain't nothing to eat an' nowheres to lie down in."

"'Tain't a bad place," cried a little voice in a whisper broken with repressed sobs. "'Tain't a bad place, I don't think, only I broken one o' my two legs; it won't move to fetch of me up again."

"Thank God in heaven, the child's alive!" cried the mother. "—You ain't much hurt, are you, Moxy?"

"Rather, mother!"

By this time the steps of the policeman, to which the father had been listening with more anxiety than to the words of wife or child, were almost beyond hearing. Franks turned, and going down a few steps found his child, where he half lay, half sat upon them. But when he lifted him, he gave a low cry of pain. It was impossible to see where or how much he was hurt. The father sat down, and took him on his knees.

"You'd better come an' sit here, wife," he said, in a low dull voice. "There ain't no one a sittin' up for us. The b'y's a bit hurt, an' here you'll be out o' the wind at least."

They all got as far down the stair as its room would permit—the elder boys with their heads hardly below the level of the wind. But by and by one of them crept down past his mother, feebly soothing the whimpering baby, and began to feel what sort of place they were in.

"Here's a door, father!" he said.

"Well, what o' that?" returned his father. "'Tain't no door open to us or the likes on us. There ain't no open door for the likes of us but the door o' the grave."

"Perhaps this is it, father," said Moxy.

"If it be," answered his father with bitterness, "we'll find it open, I'll be bound."

The boy's hand had come upon a latch; he lifted it, and pushed.

"Father," he cried with a gasp, "*it is open!*"

"Get in then," said his father roughly, giving him a push with his foot.

"I daren't. It's so dark!" he answered.

"Here, you come an' take the Sarpint," returned the father, with faintly reviving hope, "an' I'll see what sort of a place it is. If it's any place at all, it's better than bein' i' the air all night at this freezin' time!"

So saying, he gave Moxy to his bigger brother, and went to learn what kind of a place they had got to. Ready as he had been a moment before for the grave, he was careful in stepping into the unknown dark. Feeling with foot and hand, he went in. He trod upon an earthen floor, and the place had a musty smell: it might be a church-vault, he thought. In and in he went, with sliding foot on the soundless floor, and sliding hand along the cold wall—on and on, round two corners, past a closed door, and back to that by which he had entered, where, as at the grave's mouth, sat his family in sad silence, waiting his return.

"Wife," he said, "we can't do better than take the only thing that's offered. The floor's firm, an' it's out o' the air. It's some sort of a cellar—p'r'aps at the bottom of a church. It do look as it wur left open jest for us!—You *used* to talk about *him* above, wife!"

He took her by the hand and led the way into the darkness, the boys following, one of them with a hold of his mother, and his arm round the other, who was carrying Moxy. Franks closed the door behind them, and they had gained a refuge. Feeling about, one of the boys came upon a large packing-case; having laid it down against the inner wall, Franks sat, and made his wife lie upon it, with her head on his knees, and took Moxy again in his arms, wrapt in one of their three thin blankets. The boys stretched themselves on the ground, and were soon fast asleep. The baby moaned by fits all the night long.

In about an hour Franks, who for long did not sleep, heard the door open softly and stealthily, and seemed aware of a presence besides themselves in the place. He concluded some other poor creature had discovered the same shelter; or, if they had got into a church-vault, it might be some wandering ghost; he was too weary for further speculation, or any uneasiness. When the slow light crept through the chinks of the door, he found they were quite alone.

It was a large dry cellar, empty save for the old packing-case. They must use great caution, and do their best to keep their hold of this last retreat! Misfortune had driven them into the earth; it would be fortune to stay there.

When his wife woke, he told her what he had been thinking. He and the boys would creep out before it was light, and return after dark. She must not put even a finger out of the cellar-door all day. He laid Moxy down beside her, woke the two elder boys, and went out with them.

They were so careful that for many days they continued undiscovered. Franks and the boys went and returned, and gained bread enough to keep them alive, but it may well seem a wonder they did not perish with cold. It is amazing what even the delicate sometimes go through without more than a little hastening on the road the healthiest are going as well.

LA SOURCE.

CLOSE to the lake, in a lonely glen,
A streamlet ripples, and blithe and gay
It leaps from the rock to the haunts of men;
"I have far to travel," it seems to say.

"What joy!" it murmurs with voice serene,
"It was dark in the sunless depths I knew;
But now my banks are all clothed with green,
And the sky smiles down on her mirrored blue.

"The blue myosotis, peeping out,
Whispers 'forget-me-not' over my face;
The merry young dragon-flies glance about,
And print with their tails a tiny trace.

"The wild bird quenches his thirst in me;
And, after my windings through fields of flowers,
Who knows what a river I yet may be,
Laving the valleys, and rocks, and towers?

"I shall fringe with foam, in the distant town,
The great stone bridges, the dock's grey wall,
As I carry the smoking steamer down
To the soundless ocean, the end of all."

And thus does the young spring chatter and yearn
For a hundred joys it never may know,
As boiling water pent up in an urn
Will simmer, and bubble, and overflow.

For the cradle is close to the silent grave,
The giant, while yet but a babe, expires;
And the spring, just born, is gulfed in the wave
Of the lake that swallows its high desires.

(*From the French.*) G. CHRISTIE.

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF A SLAVE.

SLAVERY in the British dominions was swept away by an outburst of generous and humane feeling. In the United States the same institution was destroyed amid the blood and fire of a tremendous revolutionary convulsion. Easy-going people are now too ready to assume that slavery is a thing of the past, and that to dwell upon its miseries and wrong at this time of day is to rake up an old story which had better be forgotten. There could not be a greater mistake. Those who take the trouble to inquire, or indeed to observe the statements contained in publications of the day, know too well that slavery still exists, and not only so, but that in the interior of Africa and on the African coast the slave-trade goes on in all its enormity. Thousands of men, women, and children are every year captured, sold, driven long distances, chained, beaten, starved, and dying "like flies" by the wayside and on board ship. Slavery is not yet an extinct institution, and it is well that British people should retain a vivid realisation of what slavery means, in order that sentiments of common humanity and compassion may move them to sustain that honourable crusade against this accursed system to which it is the distinction of the British Government to have committed itself. It is therefore no mere old-world narrative, calculated only to harrow the feelings and lead to no practical result, which we find in the pages of the volume which has prompted us to write these lines.

The autobiography of Frederick Douglass, who was once well known in England

as a "fugitive slave" and a lecturer on the subject of slavery, and who for many years past has occupied an honourable position as a public man in the United States, has lately been published in America and in this country.* A more thrilling, tragic, and romantic narrative has seldom been given to the world. The record is brought down to the present year, and it thus includes not only a sketch of an individual career of quite exceptional interest, but also of the course of a great national movement and upheaval, abounding in heroic and terrible episodes, and in illustrations, on a stupendous scale, of the awful penalties of national wrong-doing and of the inexorable certainty with which the wheels of Divine Providence "grind small," although they may, as so often happens, "grind slowly." "Yes," we cannot but say to ourselves as we read these pages, "the cry of the negro in America as certainly and as truly went up into the ears of God as did the cry of the Israelites in Egypt; and the sea of blood through which the slaves of the United States passed to freedom told of the wrath of the Lord against the oppressor not less distinctly and emphatically than did the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in that great catastrophe which called forth Miriam's impassioned song of thanksgiving and of victory."

The child-life of Frederick Douglass, as described in his reminiscences, affords pathetic pictures of sorrows and wrongs, such as, no doubt, millions of slave children had to endure, but which, as we read of them now, seem as if they must have belonged to a far-off age and to a country upon which the light of Christianity had not dawned, instead of belonging, as they do, to our own time and to a social condition professedly, and indeed actually, penetrated by many Christian influences. He was born about the year 1817, on one of the great slave-holding plantations of the Southern States. There were about a thousand slaves on the estate; and however various the outward lot of these might be, from that of the sleek and pampered household servants to that of the hard-driven, ill-fed, overtasked field labourers, all alike were subject to the appalling degradation of being regarded and treated as *property*, and as such were just as absolutely at the disposal of their owner as the cattle, horses, and dogs of the establishment.

Frederick Douglass's first recollections are of a cabin which served as a rough shelter for himself and a number of other children placed with him under the charge of an old slave woman, whom he was taught to regard as his grandmother. His mother was a "field hand," and it was only by a walk of many miles, after her day's labour was done, that she was able to snatch an occasional visit to her little child. Brief and rare as those interviews were, the child caught from them some glimpses of a mother's heart, and the impression made was indelible. He recalls the image of his mother still, and remembers her as "tall and finely proportioned, of dark, glossy complexion, with regular features," and as having been "remarkably sedate and dignified." She was the only slave of the district who could read, and her son's impression, still fondly cherished, is that she was a woman richly endowed by nature, and of tender maternal affections. Her visits, however, broke off abruptly, and her child seems to have learned, in some dimly remembered way, that death had brought her a merciful and comparatively early release from the bitter ignominy and sorrows of her lot. He knew nothing of his father; for under the brutal system of slavery, there was no recognition of fathers. Children were generally separated from their mothers at an early age, often from the birth or nearly so, and were reared as if they were the young of domestic animals.

There is something of heaven about us all in our infancy, and even the poor slave-child had some alleviations in its lot. The old grandmother was kind and affectionate; the simple wants of healthy childhood were easily satisfied, and the little cabin was a palace, and the sunshine and the woods and the birds and the squirrels, and the numberless sights and sounds of nature, free to all, made a paradise which the little slave could enjoy. But with the fuller dawn of intelligence and consciousness, black shadows soon came. The little children used to whisper to each other such hints as they caught up about a certain "old massa," to whom in due time they would be consigned, and about their impending and inevitable destiny as slaves. What terror, and anguish, and apprehension, and tears these thoughts cost some of the quicker and more imaginative of the children; how the idea of slavery brooded like an awful nightmare over those young hearts; Mr. Douglass's narrative helps us painfully to realise. At length the day came when the child had to leave his kind old guardian. He was transferred to the care of a woman, "Aunt Katy," of a very different stamp, who lived on the plantation to which

* "The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass." *Christian Age* Office, St. Bride's Street, London.

he was regarded as belonging. She was bad-tempered, capricious, and cruel, and under her care, if care it could be called, the poor child suffered great hardships. He was half starved, scantily covered by a single garment, often kicked and cuffed, and altogether neglected. He had opportunities now of seeing something of the actual miseries and diabolical cruelties of the slave system. The autobiography supplies many illustrations; a brief reference to one of them is all that we can find space for here. Early one morning the little fellow was awakened by loud screams and voices in the room adjacent to the one in which he slept. Peeping through a crevice he saw a slave girl—"tall, light-coloured, and well formed"—with her arms tightly fastened by a rope around the wrists to a beam above her head, while her owner, the "old master," who had been the terror of his childish imagination, stood beside her, administering, with fierce vindictiveness and many opprobrious epithets, a brutal flogging. The child trembled as he watched the heavy cowhide lash descending again and again upon the bare delicate flesh of the girl's back and shoulders, bringing blood and screams at every blow. The vile wretch who was guilty of this inhuman deed was prompted by the basest motives, and took this method of trying to put a stop to meetings between the young girl and a fellow-slave, to whom she was honourably attached. Alas! this was but a typical instance of experiences with which every slave soon grew familiar, and we dare not blacken these pages by more than hinting at the revolting cruelties and crimes which were constantly committed on every slave estate.

Describing the food, clothing, and general condition of the slaves, with whom he was daily associated in the labours of the field, Mr. Douglass explodes altogether the reports which used to be given by interested or misinformed persons about the happy and contented condition of slavery, and the thoughtful care for their material comforts which made the lot of the slave enviable as compared with that of most of the peasantry of Europe. Besides the brooding shadow of an all-pervading and irresponsible tyranny, of the most absolute and cruel kind, this autobiography tells us of "the close-fisted stinginess that fed the poor slave on coarse corn meal and tainted meat, that clothed him in trashy tow-linen, that hurried him on to toil through the field in all weathers, and that scarcely gave even the young slave-mother time to nurse her infant in the fence-corner." As to his own experiences, as a boy, Mr. Douglass considers that his lot was not a hard one as compared with that of many; but he graphically describes the miseries which he endured from insufficient food and clothing. The pigs had leaves and the horses had straw, but beds for the slave children were never thought of. As for food, he says: "Our corn meal mush, which was our only regular if not all-sufficing diet, when sufficiently cooled from the cooking, was placed in a large tray or trough. This was set down on the floor of the kitchen, or out of doors on the ground, and the children were called like so many pigs, and like so many pigs would come, some with oyster-shells, some with pieces of shingle, but none with spoons, and literally devour the mush. He who could eat fastest got most, and he that was strongest got the best place, but few left the trough really satisfied."

No wonder that Mr. Douglass should say, that as a child he used to wish he had never been born, and would often sadly contrast his condition with that of the blackbirds, whose wild sweet song made him fancy them so happy. He adds, "There are thoughtful days in the lives of children—at least there were in mine—when they grapple with all the great primary subjects of knowledge and reach in a moment conclusions which no subsequent experience can shake. I was just as well aware of the unjust, unnatural, murderous character of slavery, when nine years old, as I am now."

At about this time an unexpected change took place, which Mr. Douglass says he regards as one of the most interesting and fortunate events of his life. He was transferred from the plantation on which he had spent his earlier years to the City of Baltimore, having been handed over in fact to his master's daughter and son-in-law, to serve as a companion and guardian of their little son, a year or two younger than himself. The news of the transfer gave him great delight. He had heard wonderful tales of Baltimore, and in the change from the depressing surroundings of the familiar plantation-life there was the opening up at any rate of a dimly discerned region of possibilities and hopes. The three days before his departure were accordingly the three happiest days he had ever known, and there is a pathetic significance in the statement that he spent the greater part of them in the creek, "washing off the plantation scurf," and trying thus to prepare himself for the hitherto unknown luxury of wearing a pair of trousers! He

was received by his new master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Auld, with kindness; he fell in love at first sight with the rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy who was to be his special charge; and he found himself at once in something more nearly approaching to a home than he had known since he had left the humble cabin of his grandmother. Here, too, however, the iron was soon to enter into his soul.

Under the comparatively favourable circumstances of his new position, the boy's naturally bright intellect evidently began to unfold rapidly. One sign of this was the growth of a strong desire to learn to read. His mistress was kind and was also inexperienced, having never been a slaveholder; she therefore readily consented to teach the boy at his request, and was delighted to find that he made rapid progress. This, however, was a happiness for Frederick Douglass of very short duration. The young wife naturally told her husband of her surprising success with her pupil; "Master Hugh was astounded beyond measure, and probably for the first time proceeded to unfold to his wife the true philosophy of the slave system, and the peculiar rules necessary in the nature of the case to be observed in the management of human chattels." The philosophy and rules referred to were thus summed up. Teaching a "nigger" to read was in the first place unlawful, and in the second place unsafe; for, said he, "if you give a nigger an inch he will take an ell. Learning will spoil the best nigger in the world. If he learns to read the Bible it will for ever unfit him to be a slave. He should know nothing but the will of his master, and learn to obey it. As to himself, learning will do him no good, but a great deal of harm, making him disconsolate and unhappy. If you teach him how to read, he'll want to know how to write. And, this accomplished, he'll be running away with himself." And so the pleasant reading-lessons came to an end, but not the determination of the slave boy to master that invaluable art. He listened to his master's cold and cutting words, and grasped their significance with an intelligence and resolution beyond his years. Mr. Douglass writes: "'Very well,' thought I, 'knowledge unfits a child to be a slave.' I instinctively assented to the proposition, and from that moment I understood the direct pathway from slavery to freedom."

How steep and difficult that pathway was, the pages of this autobiography proceed to tell. But the task of learning to read was achieved, and by yet more strenuous efforts the accomplishment of writing was also added. One of the bitterest experiences connected with this effort was the opposition which the slave lad had to encounter from the very mistress who had taught him his letters. She, having been convinced by her husband's logic, had become in fact more violent in her opposition than her instructor in the law and philosophy of slavery; and what is more, as time passed on, she presented, in her own temper and conduct, a melancholy illustration of the power of the institution of slavery to work havoc in the heart and life of the slaveholder, even when that slaveholder is apparently a sweet, kindly, and pious woman. The predictions of Mr. Auld, the boy's master, as to the dangerous consequences of teaching a slave to read, were, it must be owned, speedily verified. The boy got hold of a volume called "The Columbian Orator," a favourite school-book in those days, which seems to have been almost identical with the "Enfield's Speaker" of our own school-days in this country. His imagination and feelings were greatly roused by the eloquent orations on liberty, the rights of man, and other subjects which he found in that book, and which he eagerly stored in his memory. As light flowed in, he realised more and more fully the wrong that had been done in making him a slave. The sense of that wrong accompanied him like his shadow; he became silent and gloomy, brooding with fierce resentment over his unhappy lot, and chafing angrily against the system and the men responsible for it.

In his desolation and misery he learned from a white Methodist minister, whose teaching was afterwards developed and continued by a good coloured man named Lawson, that in God he would find the friend and protector for which his lonely and sorrowful heart was longing, and through prayer and faith he realised the truth of this message. The religion, which he thus found, was an unspeakable relief and comfort to him. He says: "I loved all mankind, slaveholders not excepted, though I abhorred slavery more than ever." His religious communion with old "Uncle Lawson," however, awakened the wrath and suspicion of his master, who had been so afraid of his learning to read, and who must have perceived that the poor boy was becoming more and more "dangerously" enlightened. The threat of a flogging, however, did not prevent Frederick Douglass from seeking the spiritual sympathy and counsel he so much valued, and he con-

tinued his visits to Lawson as often as possible. About this time he heard the word "abolition," and by dint of perseverance found out its meaning, as understood by that noble band of philanthropists in America, who made it their watchword through many many long years of darkness and trial. He picked up, too, the information that if he could only get away somewhere to the north he might gain his liberty, and the purpose to escape, notwithstanding all difficulties, was formed in his breast. But, boy as he was, he was shrewd enough to see that he must bide his time, and that it would be desirable that he should be bigger and stronger, and know how to write, and many other things, before he could successfully grapple with the difficulty of achieving his freedom. He had indeed many terrible experiences to go through before that day should come, although, happily for him, he could not foresee them.

The first step in this new and sad episode of his life was his removal from Baltimore. Although nominally the property of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Auld, he still legally belonged to his "old master," Captain Anthony, as he was called. After he had been in Baltimore about four years, Captain Anthony died, and as he died intestate, his "property" in flesh and blood, as well as other chattels, had to be divided between his son Anthony, a confirmed drunkard and profligate, and his daughter Lucretia, the wife of Captain Thomas Auld, who was the brother of Frederick Douglass's master in Baltimore. The terror and misery which such a "division of property" often occasioned among unhappy slaves is powerfully described in the autobiography. Referring to his own case, Mr. Douglass says: "The thought of becoming the slave of Andrew Anthony—who, a few days before the division, had, in my presence, seized my brother Perry by the throat, dashed him on the ground, and with the heel of his boot stamped him on the head until the blood gushed from his nose and ears—was terrible! This fiendish proceeding had no better apology than the fact that Perry had gone to play when Master Andrew wanted him for some trifling service. After inflicting this cruel treatment on my brother, observing me, as I looked at him in astonishment, he said: '*That's* the way I'll serve you, one of these days,' meaning, I suppose, when I should come into his possession." Fortunately, Frederick escaped the cruel lot which seemed to threaten him, and by a family arrangement, to his great relief, returned after six months' absence to Baltimore.

The uncertainties of a slave's position were, however, again speedily illustrated; and a variety of circumstances, including the deaths of Andrew Anthony and "Miss" Lucretia, brought him into the possession of Captain Thomas Auld and his second wife, who lived at St. Michael's, on Chesapeake Bay, not far from the plantation on which Douglass was born. The boy's position at Baltimore had become more uncomfortable than formerly, for his master, Hugh Auld, had given way to brandy and bad company, while his once pious and affectionate mistress had been soured and spoiled by slavery and social isolation. Even this, however, was better than the miseries of his new position, for Thomas Auld was wretchedly and cruelly stingy and his wife was cold and hard. Their unfortunate slaves were almost starved and were compelled to steal food in order to live. Thomas Auld was also intensely selfish, weak, and cowardly; in short, "incapable of a noble action." In August, 1833, six months after Frederick Douglass passed into his hands, "Master Thomas" attended a Methodist camp-meeting in the neighbourhood, and "came out with a profession of religion." Alas! his "conversion" seemed to make him worse instead of better, for in truth it would appear that it only turned Thomas Auld into a hypocrite. The slaves generally had very little confidence in the piety of their masters, and such instances as this, which were only too common, abundantly confirmed their scepticism. Any hopes that may have been raised in Frederick Douglass's breast by the news that his master had "got through" were very speedily dashed to pieces; for there was a look upon his master's face which seemed to say in answer to the slave lad's wistful glances, "I will teach you, young man, that though I have parted with my sins, I have not parted with my sense. I shall hold my slaves and go to heaven too." Although Thomas Auld made great professions of piety, and hymns and prayers were constantly heard in his house, his slave testifies, "If religion had any effect at all on him, it made him more cruel and hateful in all his ways." There was no amelioration in the lot of the poor creatures dependent upon him; "no more nor better meal was distributed at the quarters, no more attention was paid to the moral welfare of the kitchen, and nothing was done to make us feel that the heart of Master Thomas was one whit

better than it was before he went into the little pew, opposite the preacher's stand on the camping ground." Notwithstanding the rule of the Methodist Church that no holder of slaves should be admitted to membership, no difficulty seems to have been made on this score with "Master Thomas," and he was advanced to a leading position in the Church, and welcomed the preachers who visited the district to his table and his home.

Soon after Thomas Auld's "conversion," Frederick Douglass was invited to join with one or two others in forming a Sunday-school of coloured children. He joyfully fell in with the proposal; but on the occasion of the second meeting of the school, just as the teachers had got to work, "in rushed a mob, headed by two class-leaders, Mr. Wright Fairbanks and Mr. Garrison West, and with them Master Thomas. They were armed with sticks and other missiles, and drove us off, commanding us never to meet for such a purpose again." Another exemplification of the character of Auld's religion was afforded by his treatment of an unfortunate slave woman who was lame, and who was consequently a burden to him. "I have seen him," says Mr. Douglass, "tie up this lame and maimed woman and whip her in a manner most brutal and shocking; and then with blood-chilling blasphemy he would quote the passage of Scripture, 'That servant which knew his lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes.' He would keep this lacerated woman tied up by her wrists to a bolt in the joists, three, four, and five hours at a time. He would tie her up early in the morning, whip her with a cowskin before breakfast, leave her tied up, go to his store, and returning to dinner repeat the same castigation, laying on the rugged lash on flesh already raw with repeated blows."

We will not pursue this harrowing story into further detail. Through many terrible experiences, and several narrow escapes with his life, the youth grew up to manhood, a striking example of the victory which a strong nature is sometimes capable of achieving over the most adverse circumstances. Not only did his physical frame grow into manliness and vigour, but his intellectual life began to give signs of its capacity of rich development, and his inborn love of liberty and hatred of oppression became a burning fire which was to illuminate a noble career. At twenty-one years of age he made his escape to the north, taking the train in the disguise of a sailor. On the 4th of September, 1838, after an anxious and perilous journey, he arrived in New York. With unconquerable perseverance, great sagacity, and through many severe trials, he grappled with the difficulties of his position, obtained an honest livelihood, made many friends, and became one of the foremost and most powerful advocates of the abolition movement. He has been permitted to see the emancipation of his race, and to exult in the downfall in the United States of the institution which can never be better described than as "the sum of all human villainy."

The whole book is full of interest.

E. L. W.

SONG OF A POOR PILGRIM.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

ROSES all the rosy way,
Roses to the rosier west,
Where the roses of the day
Cling to night's unrosy breast!

Thou who mak'st the roses, why
Give to every leaf a thorn?
On thy highway here am I,
Feet and hands and spirit torn!

Pardon, Lord! full well I know
These same thorns that make me fret:
Down to help us homeward, lo!
Thy untwisted crown is let.

Oft upon the pathway rough,
Sheep-track steep up to thy fold,
In my hands the flowers came off,
But the thorns did keep their hold.

Out of darkness light is born;
Out of weakness make me strong
For the day when every thorn
Breaks into a rose of song.

Like a sparrow sits thy bird,
Chirping on the house-top dark;
Up when comes my morning third,
I shall mount, that morning's lark—

Roses, roses all my song!
Roses in a gorgeous feast!
Roses in a royal throng,
Surging, rosing from the east!

HOMES UNDER THE SEA.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable both small and great."

SEA URCHINS.

THE reader will remember that the Starfishes form a series of links which connect the polypes with the worms. The Five Finger, or Cross Fish, as it is sometimes called, seems to be the central link of the chain.

Fig. 1.—Sea Urchin.

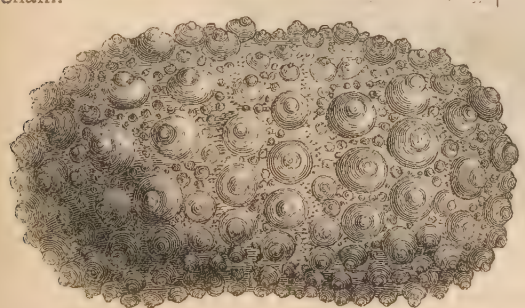


Fig. 2.—Mamillated Urchin stripped of its spines.

The next link towards the higher beings is easily found.

Supposing that the skin of a Five Finger could be flattened and extended as far as the tips of the rays, just as the web of a duck's foot extends between the toes, we should have a creature which, retaining the five rays, their ambulacra, and the mouth in the centre, is yet indicative of another type of form.

Such a creature is found in the Bird's Foot Starfish (*Palmipes membranaceus*), which can be obtained by the dredge on most of our coasts, but is seldom cast upon the shore. It is, by the way, a most beautiful being as far as colour goes, the general hue being light yellow, with scarlet lines running along the rays and continued round the edges of the connecting membrane.

Next, let us imagine that the calcareous skeleton, instead of being composed of movable parts, be soldered together, so that the rays can no longer be bent, we shall have the Cake Urchin, or Shield Urchin (*Echinarachnius*), so called on account of its flatness.

For the next step, let us suppose that before the change of skeleton takes place, the Bird's Foot Starfish were rolled up, so as to bring the tips of the rays in contact, we should have a creature which is well known as the common Sea Urchin or Sea Egg (*Echinus*).

In these creatures ambulacra still retain their places, but are not nearly so conspicuous as in the Starfishes, especially as they are nearly hidden by the remarkable appendages which have earned for the creatures the title of Sea Urchins or Hedgehogs.

The whole external surface of the Sea Urchin is covered with radiating spines very much resembling those of the hedgehog, but having a much more complex mechanism, and being capable of movement in any direction. How they are moved, we shall now see.

We are all familiar with the "ball-and-socket" joint, which is so much used in machinery. Carrying out what I believe to be an universal rule, that all mechanical inventions of men have their prototypes in Nature, the spines of the Echinus afford an absolutely perfect example of the ball-and-socket joint.

Upon nearly the whole external surface of the Sea Urchin are set rows of globular projections, varying in size and number according to the species.

Upon these projections are set the calcareous spines, each of which is furnished at the base with a hemispherical cup, a very little larger than the ball to which it belongs. A muscle surrounds both ball and socket, serving the double purpose of fastening them together and of moving the spine in any required direction.

In the Mamillated Urchin, a figure of which is here given, the spines are comparatively few, but of enormous dimensions. Species of similar Urchins are very common in a fossil state, and go by various popular names. So large are the spines of several species now inhabiting the tropical seas, that, when calcined, they form excellent slate pencils.

In our common Sea Urchins, the spines are very numerous, and very small, slender, and pointed. Being also brittle, they must not be handled roughly, as they are apt to pierce the hand and then snap off, so that they cannot be extracted without the use of the knife.

In the Cake Urchins they are short and as fine as human hair. Yet, each of them has its own ball-and-socket joint with the corresponding muscle, and, when viewed under the microscope, each is seen to be formed of a number of rings edged with radiating spinelets. The common "mare's-tail" of our streams will give a good idea of the shape of a Cake Urchin spine.

The use of the spines is twofold.

In the first place, they act as jointless legs, while the animal is crawling upon a tolerably level surface, the body rolling over and over as the spines are successively raised and depressed. In the next, they act as digging instruments, whereby the creature can sink itself into the sand; an operation which it performs with surprising rapidity.

Not only can they scoop holes in the sand,

Fig. 3.—Mamillated Urchin.

they can even bore into hard rock. The Echinus, like the Limpet, has a sort of home in which it usually lives.

In the Crystal Palace, during the Electric Exhibition, some singularly interesting specimens were shown, of objects that were brought to the surface while mending marine cables. Among them was a block of lime-

stone, with five or six hemispherical holes large enough to contain an ordinary orange, and in each hole was the Echinus which had scooped it.

The structure of these spines is singularly beautiful, but cannot be properly seen unless

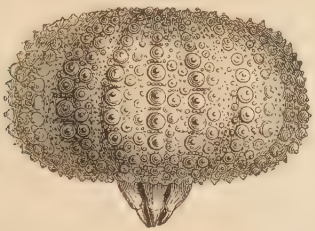


Fig. 4.—Shell of Sea Urchin.

a very thin transverse section is taken, and placed under the microscope. It will then be seen to bear a curious resemblance to the corresponding section of any exogenous tree. The spine of the porcupine presents a very similar appearance.

Should the creature wish to climb a rock, the spines would be useless. It therefore has to make use of the ambulacra, just as the Starfish does. These wonderful instruments of locomotion are kept within the body until they are wanted, and then they are protruded as they are wanted. As they must necessarily pass beyond the spines, they are of considerable length when extended to the utmost.

Generally the Echinus prefers to use those ambulacra which are situated round the mouth. If specimens be kept in an aquarium, they will move freely about, and it is a very interesting sight to watch them gliding along the glass with a movement almost as slow and regular as that of the minute-hand of a watch.

The apertures through which they pass are best seen by opening the shell, holding it up to the light, and looking at it from the interior. They can be very well distinguished, looking like rows of very fine needle-holes. Even in the largest specimens these holes are exceedingly minute. The mechanism of the ambulacra themselves is precisely the same as has been described in the previous paper.

The mouth having been mentioned in connection with the ambulacra, we will examine its structure.

Judging by that of the Starfishes, to which the Urchins are so closely allied, we might naturally expect to see a similar structure. But, in the Echini, we find a form of mouth so widely distinct from that of the Starfishes, that it seems as if it belonged to a totally distinct group of animals.

As the reader may remember, the mouth of the Starfish is simply an aperture at the junction of the rays, without either teeth or jaws. Through this aperture are protruded certain membranous vesicles which have the power of sucking an oyster or other bivalve from its shell.

The Echinus would not be able to feed after this fashion. It has no flexible rays wherewith to grasp its prey, and the mouth is therefore constructed on a totally different principle. It is not easy to give a full description of this wonderful apparatus without more diagrams than can be accommodated within our limits.

If the reader will refer to Fig. 4, he will see a conical projection below, formed of several pointed pieces. In Fig. 5, where the Echinus is shown in section, the same projection is shown, together with its continuation into the interior. Altogether,

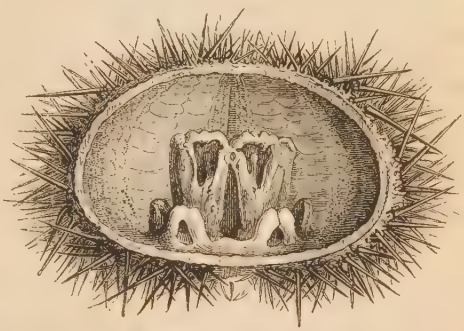


Fig. 5.—Section of Sea Urchin.

there are five of these pieces, corresponding, like the ambulacral apertures, with the five rays. Fig. 5 shows three of these rays, with the apertures slightly indicated.

Again referring to Fig. 4, the reader will see that the points are distinct from the portion immediately above them. In the actual object, the distinction is very conspicuous, the points being shining white, while the upper portions are dead greyish white. These latter are seen within the shell in Fig. 5, two being shown in full, and a portion of a third behind them. Their round points are the tips of the real teeth, and the dull white structures are the sheaths in which the teeth work.

Now we come to a curious and unexpected analogy between the teeth of the Echinus and those of the rabbit, rat, or any other rodent animal.

In the rodent, the gnawing teeth are very long and curved and are almost entirely buried in the jaw, only their tips projecting from the bone. So are those of the Echinus, the sheath taking the place of the jaw.

In the rodent, the teeth are very much harder than the jaw in which they are set, and in the Echinus the teeth are very much harder than the sheath in which they play.

In the rodent, the teeth are constantly worn away at the tips, fresh tooth matter being formed at the bases. Precisely the same provision of nature is found in the teeth of the Urchins.

Now, however, we find ourselves face to face with a curious mechanical problem.

In the rodent, the upper jaw is fixed and the lower jaw moves up and down, carrying the teeth with it. But, in the radiated animals there can be no jaw like that of a vertebrate, and so there must be some other mode of comminuting the food.

On examining the dental apparatus more closely, we shall find that instead of being fixed in the sheath, as the rodent tooth is fixed in the jaw, the sheath is fixed, and the tooth slides up and down in it. Suppose that we cut off three or four inches from the tip of a scimitar or curved sabre sheath, and draw the blade up and down, so that the point is alternately protruded and withdrawn, we shall see how the tooth of the Urchin is worked.

To each tooth is fixed a double set of very powerful muscles, the stronger serving to pull the tooth downwards, and the weaker to draw it upwards.

Another point now comes before us.

There are five of these chisel-like teeth, all passing through a circular aperture, and meeting together at their tips. Now, if we were to set five ordinary chisels in like manner, they could not meet at their tips, and there would be a pentagonal opening in the centre. But if we were to grind away the angles of the tips, keeping the edges still sharp, we should have just such an apparatus as is shown in Fig. 4.

The five teeth and their corresponding sheaths are so firmly bound together by the muscles and ligaments, that the entire apparatus can be easily removed without separating its constituent parts. The whole of this framework is bound to the interior of the Urchin by means of ligaments which are attached to five strong staples made of the same calcareous matter as that of which the shell is composed. These staples are set round the orifice through which the teeth protrude, and are shown in Fig. 5.

After the death of the animal, decay rapidly sets in, so that if the shell be broken, the entire dental framework falls out. This framework is often found on the sea-shore, and is popularly known by the name of "Aristotle's Lantern."

TWO RONDEAUX.

I.—WORKS DEATH SUCH A CHANGE?

WORKS Death such change upon our dead,
Doth it such awe around them spread,
That should they suddenly appear,
At once we'd shrink from them with fear,
Though on their breast we laid our head?

Why should their light and ghostly tread
Thus thrill us with a nameless dread,
If still we hold them all so dear?
Works Death such change?

We kiss'd their cold lips on the bier,
And weeping wish'd the spirit here;
And shall the wish be all unsaid,
If some night, rising near our bed,
They stand within the moonlight clear?
Works Death such change?

II.—I WOULD NOT SHRINK.

I would not shrink if some dear ghost,
One of the Dead's unnumber'd host,
Should rise in silence of the night,
Shrined in an aureole of light,
And pale as snowdrop in the frost.

No! If the brother loved and lost,
For me the silent river cross'd,
For me left worlds all fair and bright,
I would not shrink.

Oh, if I gauge my heart aright,
Dear would the Dead be to my sight.
A vision from the other coast
Of one on earth I cherish'd most,
Would be a measureless delight;
I would not shrink.

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

THE GOODNESS OF A GOOD MAN.

By ALEXANDER McLAREN, D.D.

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."—Acts xi. 24.

II. WE have already seen the character of a good man's goodness. But our text goes a step deeper in its analysis of character. It tells us *the source of true goodness*. "He was full of the Holy Ghost." You remember how once a young man came to Jesus, with much beautiful youthful purity in his life and youthful enthusiasm in his heart, and, in his eager way, prefaced his question with a lightly-uttered "Good Master." Christ answered by trying to make him feel how much more the word meant than he had ever seen. "Why callest thou me good?" said He, not thereby rejecting the term for Himself, but setting the youth to ponder its deep meaning. And whenever we have learned to feel "how awful goodness is," we shall be ready to listen to Jesus saying further, "None is good but one, that is God." By that saying He neither means to deny His own goodness, nor that of men who will take up their cross and follow Him, but only to remind the light-hearted inquirer, who was so ready with his conventional bestowment of the epithet, and so eager to know what he was to do for eternal life, that there was one source—and only one—of goodness, and, therefore, that the only way to be good was to have our emptiness replenished by His fulness.

A good man, then, is a man who draws his goodness from God, the source of all goodness. He himself is the type of all perfection, the home of all things fair. Whatsoever things are lovely and whatsoever things are venerable—all that we call virtue, all to which hearts and consciences ascribe praise—dwell in God as in their native home. In the abyss of His Being the streams of goodness, which part into many heads to fertilise the wilderness and sweeten the salt marshes of human nature, rest undivided. He is the reality of which all our conceptions of goodness are but the fragmentary representations, the substance of which they are but shadows. Not only so, but as all life is an effluence from Him, with whom alone is the fountain of life, and as it is His light in which we see light, so all the goodness which is in men is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights. All light and heat are from the sun, and all goodness is of God. All virtues are radiations from Him. "They are but broken lights of Thee." He alone is good of Himself and by Himself. Drawing His Being from none, He owes his character to none, to no outward helps or occasions His actions, to no importation His beauty. Receiving from none, He gives to all, and every deed of fair goodness that man has ever done, at the last analysis, has been to the doer no less than to the beholders or the hearers the gift of God.

He would not be good unless He delighted in bestowing Himself. Goodness is communicative, and all love has its chiefest delight in giving away itself. As the sun "rejoices to run his race," and as it is the very nature and property of light to radiate, and of gases to diffuse themselves, so He cannot be stayed nor sealed up, but rejoices to impart. And, certainly, there can be nothing in God which He so much delights to bestow as His goodness, since it is that in which most chiefly do we bear His image, and by which we are most closely knit to Him. His highest purpose concerning us all is "that we should be partakers of His holiness." Happiness, wisdom, life itself, all in some measure and fashion, offshoots from His own, He delights to give; but these are but means to an end, and thus moral likeness to Himself is His aim in all His other gifts. God had rather have us good than great, and makes us sometimes glad and sometimes heavy that by both we may be made to desire, and so be able to receive, more resemblance to Himself in holiness. This is the meaning of life. This is the dearest desire of our Father for us. This is the gift which He—the Infinite Love—is ever longing to bestow on us.

This goodness then affords a presumption that He will make us good. That is a profound word of the Psalmist's, "Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will He teach sinners in the way." The more clearly we see the perfect purity and goodness of God, the more conscious shall we certainly be of our own unlikeness to Him. But in that discernment of His lustrous perfectness, and penitent recognition of our own sinfulness, there lies hope, not despair. We may be sure that He loves us too well to keep such sovereign completeness to Himself and leave His poor children stumbling here in the mud

and mire. What He is, He assuredly will desire to make us, so far as it may be. He is the "giving God," and the poorest and most impure of men may be sure that God does desire to give him purity of heart and life, and may lift up the hopeful and bold prayer, "Thy Spirit is good, lead me into the land of uprightness."

Surely, too, it needs but little experience of life to feel that, if we are ever to be made good, a divine power is needed to do it. A very small amount of honest attempt to mend our own characters might teach each of us that the viper has got far too tight a hold on us for us to shake it into the fire, and that its poison is in our blood. If you have ever tried to cure a bad habit, you know how hard it is, and some of us could tell how the sins that we loathe most hold us in a grip none the looser because of our disgust at them and ourselves, and, like a reefer's knot, their cords are tied the tighter by the pressure of our resistance against them. It is as impossible for a man to make himself good, in the deepest sense of the word, as it is for him to lift himself by his own hand laid on his own collar. There must be some power outside him to raise. God only can strengthen us to cast out our sin. God only can enlighten our eyes to see lurking evil; He only can give energy to our wills to root it up, though we drag bleeding fragments of our hearts with it; He only can give the positive goodness which is more than mere freedom from evil, and can fill the empty chamber with a guest strong enough to keep out the returning demon and all his crew.

So His Holy Spirit is given to us, if we will, to make us holy. We may, if we will, have that divine guest in our inmost spirit, moulding us anew, purging the fountains of our will, enlightening our blindness, fixing our love on all things pure and high, burning up all our evil, with which in our own strength we have vainly fought, and kindling in us a flame of self-forgetting love, in which, as in the central fire of the earth, all the elements of the new nature to be formed within us are molten together, ready to crystallize into beauty like precious gems, or to consolidate into strength like the granite mountains. Any man may, if he will, be "full of the Holy Ghost"—as a vessel is filled with precious elixir poured into it. Any man may, if he will, have his whole nature influenced and inhabited by that mighty Spirit, of whom we may all be the temples, and which dwells in us not as the image of the god abides in the shrine, but as our spirits animate our bodies, being diffused through all our nature, the eye of our seeing, the heart of our love, the will of our resolve, and in all of us the source of our goodness, and the life of our better life. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Let us remember that this penetration of all our nature with a divine spirit dwelling within us is *the* promise of Christianity to every man. No mere love of God the father, even if it were brought to us in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, would be enough without the communion of the Holy Ghost. Calvary and Olivet are not sufficient for our victory over sin without the upper room and the rushing mighty wind. And let us not forget that the Spirit thus given to all Christians is the Spirit of illumination indeed, the Spirit of power, rich in his sevenfold energies, and the source of every endowment of mind and hand and tongue and heart that we possess, but that his highest and most universal office is to make us good, and his best name the Holy Spirit. Let us court earnestly the best gifts, but seek more earnestly still that gift which needs no special capacity to receive nor any special circumstances to exercise, but may be claimed by the poorest, and will ennoble the loftiest. Let others seek for gifts; do you pray for graces. Let who will be great, do you try to submit to the working of the good Spirit who makes you good.

III. Our text carries the analysis a step farther, and shows us how Barnabas came to be full of the Holy Ghost. It gives us the *condition of goodness*. He was good because he was full of the Spirit, and he was full of the Spirit because he was full of faith. That is the final explanation of his character.

The Spirit of God dwells in a man through his faith. One text speaks of "the Holy Ghost which they that believe on Him should receive," and everywhere similar language is held as to the connection between faith and the dwelling of the Spirit of goodness in our hearts. By the act of trust in Christ, the Lord of the Spirit, we open our natures for the entrance of that sanctifier, who ever waits to enter in. A man has to shut his door and pull down his blinds to keep the light out. If we open ever so minute a crevice, a beam will come in, and the wider we open, the broader the stream that pours in. So in simple faith we open the door and there pour into our hearts the quickening energies of that good Spirit. The amount of our faith measures the amount of our possession of the Spirit who makes us good.

Thus faith becomes the condition of good-

ness, because it is the condition of the Spirit of God dwelling in us. It brings us into contact with the electric battery, completes the circuit, and as soon as the circuit is complete, the spark comes. It is also the condition of goodness because it implies self-oblivion and self-distrust, and is the opposite of that self-regard which, as we have seen, is the root of all evil. The germ of all holiness is in faith, not only because it brings us under the operation of the divine power which makes holy, but because it is itself the great antagonist of selfishness.

So Christian morality is the very opposite of the practical heathenism which lies at the bottom of so much of the teaching of to-day. Trust thyself, say many voices—it is the beginning of wisdom, strength, freedom. Distrust thyself and trust Christ, says the gospel—thereby alone wilt thou be made pure and blessed. The Babel builders tried to get up to the heavens by their own building. The Titans tried to storm it by piling mountain on mountain, but "no man hath ascended up to heaven." Better for us to rise thither by that ladder which now binds together heaven and earth, even Jesus Christ, our brother and our Lord, by whom all bright-winged angels of help and cleansing will come to minister to us purity and joy, and by whom we at last, perfected in goodness, shall pass into that presence, of which the radiant purity would blast all that had one taint of uncleanness.

Learn the conditions, then, on which you can be good. No goodness without God's Spirit—no Spirit without faith. You cannot make yourself better, cannot hammer or pare your own nature into purity and loveliness. But you can put your confidence in Jesus Christ, who will take your nature into His hands and mould it into fairest likeness to Himself. You can trust Him, who will breathe into you His Spirit to make you holy. If my epitaph is ever to be, "He was a good man," it must first be said "he was full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Let us give up the weary, hopeless work of trying to make ourselves good, and yield ourselves to Him that He may make us like Himself, and that we may have a mightier power ever working in our natures till they are full of beauty and "holy as God is holy."

THE OTHER SIDE OF LOSS.

THE Christian religion is in no sense an aid to stoical endurance of suffering. On the contrary, by its awakening of the higher emotions of human nature, by its softening influences and direct training in the gentler virtues, it opens up possibilities of pain, both mental and spiritual, keener than the deadened sensibilities of worldly souls can imagine. Was it not the Christ of God—the Son of Man, who alone of all men knew the marvellous consolations of a future life—who wept bitter tears of loss beside the grave of His friend, and in so doing justified for all time the natural anguish of a bereaved humanity? Did not Paul, *after* having received a revelation of the unseen, partial indeed, but so grand as to be "unspeakable," dread lest his friend should die and thus bring to his warm heart "sorrow upon sorrow"? With characteristic frankness Paul reminds his converts that "no chastening, for the present, seemeth to be joyous, but grievous;" and while he adds the blessed assurance of future "peaceable fruits" as the result and outcome of present tribulation, there is no rebuke, expressed or implied, for those who feel the pangs of a sorrow which would lose half its virtue if met with stoical indifference.

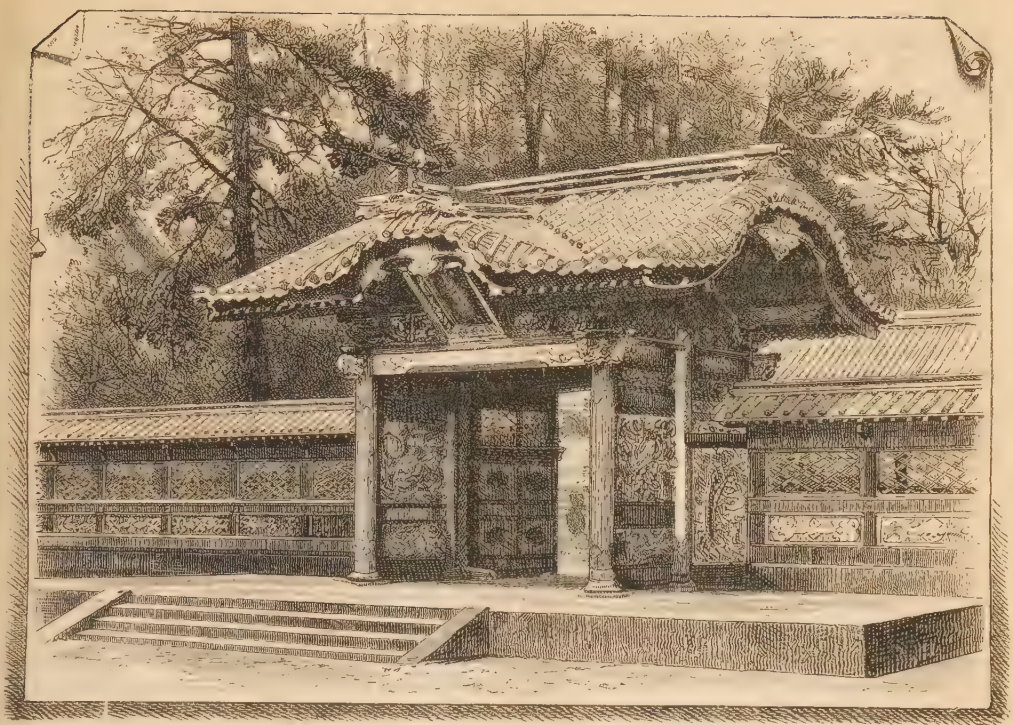
But while the Christian does undoubtedly suffer in all natural afflictions as certainly as the worldly, it is with a difference which changes his grief from a permanent to a temporary pain, from a dead, blank despair to a hopeful and tenderly solaced trial, painful indeed but full of promise. Thus when bereavement, that most terrible of all human experiences, comes, even the first great agony of loss cannot be all loss to the believer. Terrible and new is mighty Death when he first confronts us, new to each bereaved soul as to our first parents when they mourned their eldest born. Before we were smitten death was a matter of theoretic certainty only, and while we looked upon it from a calm distance of inexperience we scarcely troubled ourselves to frame a distinct conception of the possibilities beyond, except in relation to the hope of salvation from sin and the beatitude of beholding the Father's face. But now the gates have opened, and instead of a blessed entrance for ourselves which should end all struggle and conflict for ever, lo! our beloved has passed through into the glory alone, and we stand outside amazed, incredulous, bereft! How strangely this realised fact of death alters all previous

aspects of life! Now the possibilities of life seem shut up to the awful possibilities of loss. It seems marvellous that hitherto this great fact has not been practically foreseen. There seems no reason why the chasm has not opened sooner, no reason why it should not open again and swallow up all other treasures! From henceforth the stability of life is gone, and what remains? Ah! here in the fact of loss begins the Christian's gain. Terrible and certain is death. Alas! we know it; but in the precious experience of souls open to heavenly influences, there comes with the realisation of death an inward revelation beyond all human expression, the certainty of a life that transcends mortal decay and extinction in the very necessity of the case. *Such* a darkness must needs be confronted and overcome by light immortal; death itself bears in itself an assurance of eternal life, and thus becomes a witness to the truth of the Resurrection, a prophecy of its own destruction. And as the whirl and tumult of the soul subside beneath the assurance of things eternal, there dawns for faith a clearer vision of the relative positions of this life and the hereafter. The present gradually sinks to its true proportions of brevity and comparative littleness, while the eternal gathers into itself the shattered hopes, the unanswered yearnings, the weary dissatisfactions of earthly life, gathers them all into a perfection of consummation. Never again can this poor mortal state engage our all of interest and hope, for the heavenly becomes increasingly the goal of aspiration, the reason and completion of the earthly. To those who thus realise the gain of "blessedness" instead of "happiness," the words of the Man of Sorrows become comprehensible; nay, more, they receive the grateful attestation of chastened hearts, for verily "blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Another pang which, alas! can rarely be escaped by the most tender affection, is the sorrowful remembrance of unkindly judgment passed upon the friend who has gone beyond the reach of our criticism or misapprehension. The very depth of love is often the cause of specially keen perception with regard to the failings and errors of our friends. We cannot bear, because we hold them in such high honour, that they should ever lapse from the height on which we place them. We are impatient of the frailties that mingle with so much that is beautiful, noble, and lovable. Something there is in all human affection which still holds us at arm's length from satisfaction, the heart is pained with a constant longing to find that in the human which God has reserved for the eternal only. And in our struggle to attain this unattainable we are apt to hurt ourselves and our dear ones by the expression of a discontent we scarcely comprehend. But now that loss has come—now that we stand at a distance, ah! what a distance, from the companion and friend, how fairly the beautiful nature rounds itself to our longing vision! How we see the reason and rightfulness of much we misunderstood before! How the trifling inequalities smooth away as we get fuller outlines of character from our remote standpoint! And this is not all, but now, at last, we know that the soul passed into the heavens has passed also into a perfectness and beauty infinitely beyond our capacity to imagine. Our friend has seen the Father Immortal, and before that vision the last vestiges of earthly sin and weakness have faded for ever. Is it not a gain, oh heart that mourns, that thus thou canst look forward and upward? Not without pain, for it is the will of an Infinite Fatherhood that thus thou shalt be trained and cultured by suffering to be made meet for eternal blessedness; but what is the present suffering if it bring thee the certainty of endless life? and wilt thou complain at a separation that thus removes the only barrier between thee and the friend gone up higher? For what is death in this new aspect? Not an awful gulf, opening at unawares to swallow up our best treasures, but only a door shut for awhile between the seen and the unseen which shall one day, and soon, open for us and close us also into the eternal glory. And meantime the soul that is weak shall not feel its loneliness while leaning on the help ready for its need. The divine comfortings are not simple condolences, not only tender ministrations such as the love of friends bestows in the impotence of sympathy. Truly the hand that wounds has an infinite healing in its touch, the everlasting arms do more than enfold, they sustain, they impart strength, virtue thrills from them into the fainting spirit till it grows strong and brave to face the saddened but not hopeless future. Faith and patience look forward, foreseeing with eyes made clear with tears a gain that shall transcend the heaviest griefs and losses of this brief life, and sing exultant—

> "By death we shall escape from death,
> And life eternal gain."

A. DENBAR.



Entrance to Court of a Temple.

JAPAN AT HOME AND CHURCH.

By RALLI STENNING.

PART I.

THE interest of curiosity is excited by few people more deeply than by the inhabitants of the island of Japan. For long ages that part of the human family has succeeded in living a hermit's life. It was with all the freshness and novelty of a new discovery that Europeans, now but a few years ago, burst in upon their long seclusion and brought to light their manner of life. It would be impossible for travellers to gather more than the beginnings of knowledge in so short time as has elapsed since they were first allowed to enter Japan. Nations are not understood in a day; their life presents facts which, though quickly seen, require long years to properly understand. Still, their curiosity and fascination remain. Without therefore professing to understand Japan, we shall see a few plain sights in Japanese life in which Christians will take special interest.

We will first suppose ourselves standing on the shore of one of its principal seaports, say at Yokohama. We are sculled there from our ship in one of a shoal of competitors for the job, a clumsy flat-bottomed three-cornered punt, which puts our faith in really reaching Japan after all to a test far more severe than the vicissitudes of a storm on board the ship could do. But the traveller's faith is scarcely so sorely tried as are the patience and skill of the brave little craftsmen who, after sundry bangs and thumps, safely land us.

Our first emotion on putting foot on this strange shore is astonishment, not at people so diminutive, quaint, comical, grotesque, surrounding us, as at the unfamiliar, almost unearthly quiet, a quiet that may be heard, with which all things are proceeding. It occurs to us, too, as a thing altogether without parallel, that during the competition for our patronage at the ship, through all the trials of landing an unwieldy tub, and now among the porters on the shore, we have happily missed a single oath, even a rough or angry word. A shipload of people has landed without anybody swearing! Almost without a sound! Still signs of civilisation are around us. The first blush of Yokohama is almost European. International hotels,

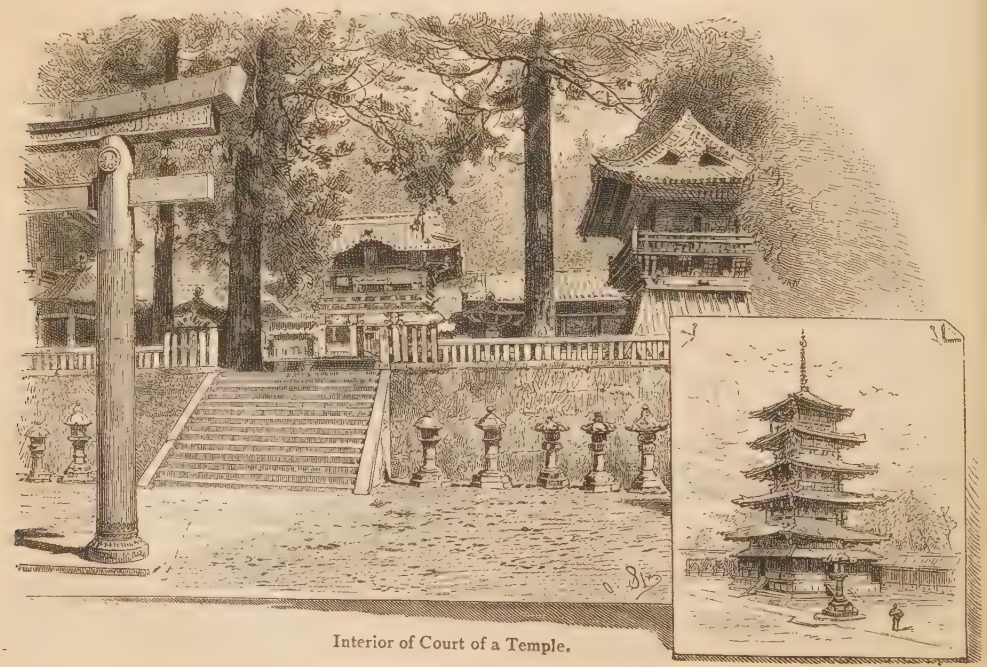
club-houses, English churches, depôts of New York and London firms are conspicuous features of the *Bund* which skirts the quay. As we move farther away from the quay we are in purely Japanese Japan.

These quarters are long, straight, flat roads, crossed by ditches of various widths and depths and odours, and lonely, narrow, monotonous labyrinths of lanes of structures like dull leaden-coloured gipsy vans minus their wheels in long rows face to face, on uneven ground, in fairly straight lines, a few feet apart, rickety dollish structures, where one wonders how their most careful inhabitants can possibly avoid entering half-a-dozen of their neighbours' dwellings before hitting upon their own, such is the interminable monotony.

The people are all yellow-skinned, dark almond-eyed, thin, short, almost tiny, many of the men being a little under five feet, and the women a little over four, covered with dull loose linen blouses, blue, brown, grey. They all have a lost, dreamy, and wondering look, as though they were just now sadly realising that they were wanderers and that their vans had lost their wheels. What should they do in this strange land! It is *you* that somehow seem at home here. Their clean, kindly, wistful little faces awaken emotions of pity.

Male and female dress in blouse and drawers almost alike; and after ample opportunities of seeing what is below the blouse it is clear that nobody here wears underclothing. Both sexes have the same flat withered chest. The adult males wear their hair like dyed combed hemp in a mop and in pigtail; the females wear it tightly drawn back into chignons. Pretty modest-faced little girls, half naked, shrivelled haggish little mothers, children with bare shaven heads moving like automatons. No romping, no shouting, no laughing, not a smile, scarcely a sound except the languid drake-like "Quark, quark" of a few starved talkers, and the slow clatter of a few weary clogs. One is affected to sadness. No heart, no soul, no life! Emotion has the incongruity of a fair and a grave-yard.

Never did streets and peoples, men and women and children, strike us as so comically monotonous and uniform. All wear the dull little blouse with loose sleeves, loosely fastened at the little neck and often still more loosely down the front, exposing the hollow-chested, yellow-skinned, shrivelled, mummy-dried little body. Monotony seems the Japanese pride. Not one face wears a beard. From babe to sire, all have a neat, clean, cold and hungry look, like the children with which professional beggars parade the streets of London. Indeed, we could almost fancy these were children playing at housekeeping—the play missing—or a huge famished charity school where the bigger inmates are leading about their lesser brothers and sisters, with



Interior of Court of a Temple.

RIVER IN JAPAN.

the vague, far-away, lost expression we call "wool-gathering."

Along the more general streets now and again we see glimpses of the Japan of the tea dealers' windows and bazaars. Ladies and children seem to have walked out of a fan. Their dress is like their parents', their dark almond-eyes have an expression inexpressibly sweet and sad, and their whole aspect is that of mirthless miniature old age. Of games and laughter these boys and girls alike seem altogether incapable. Fathers, mothers, children, rich, middle class, and poor alike, all affect us painfully; tiny stature, scanty dress, lean limbs, hollow chests, stooping shaky walk, feeble, weary, hungry zig-zag gait, more or less characterize all Japanese, and all have the same strange bearing as if lost in a feeble effort to remember some far-distant day in the past when they had eaten their last sufficient meal, or in dreamy solicitude as to when and where, if ever, they should partake of their next. Vitality seems at its lowest ebb. Yet all are busy. The appearance of dreamers with their eyes open is not the truth. In the lowest parts of this seaport, there are no loafers. Everybody is quietly about his business. This strange aspect is simply their way of doing things. And there is something about these weary-looking, monotonous, clean little people which quite disarms criticism.

Passing through the city to its various public buildings and temples, we strangely miss novelty. One seems to have seen it all before on fans and screens at home —fantastic wooden houses, massive stone castles, towers, tremendous carved roofs, ornamental gateways, moats, rivers, canals, creeks, ditches and open drains, wooden bridges, lotus leaves, boats with quaint thatched roofs and without, and blue and grey blouses and round black and white faces among them all. Only they are less effective here. The representations one sees in the well-protected depôts at home are in vivid gold and colour. What one sees here, victim of a rainy climate, is unfortunately flat and dull, always excepting the bright open faces and glossy hair of a few young girls. There is something unspeakably sweet about the beginning and unspeakably sad about the ending of Japanese woman life. But of this at another time. Even the figures in the quaint straw cloaks and with paper umbrellas cannot compare with their English images in the painted china of the cabinet or the floss silk work of the rice-paper screens on the mantel-board.

Middle-class Street.

The conveyances of the streets are few. The horse seems to be little used. The waggon, dray, and cart of the people is a vehicle run by six skinny panting men, who pull and push their loads all day long. The cab of the place is, in form, like a cross between the movable hand watering-tank familiar in English gardens and a hansom. It is open down the front, with a seat midway between top and bottom. Man here, too, is the horse. This human runner through sun and dust, doing horses' work on far less than horses' feed, runs his fares from street to street, mere horse-flesh, till he dies his early death to leave behind him a pair of straw sandals and a worn-out blouse, and his place in the shafts for another to fill.

The moral and religious side of the people and the field open for Christian missions we shall see in further papers.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Stepping Stones," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

SEVEN years had come and gone since the death of Henry Jervaux, and it was March again. A sunshiny, blustering March, dealing with the world in a mood of rough good-humour; but taking due care of the young flowers that were timidly opening in sheltered spots, and blowing away unwholesome vapours with its healthy breath.

The Bushes stood enclosed in a large meadow, which some people dignified with the name of a park. But it was not a park, only a breezy meadow, well planted with trees, and separated from the highway by light iron railings, through which you could get a full view of the house with its terrace and lawn. As to the mansion itself, it was neither a baronial hall nor an overgrown modern villa, but a substantial yet pretty dwelling, with French windows opening upon a verandah.

The place was well cared for. No dead leaves encumbered the carriage-sweep; the flower-beds were always kept in perfect order. Even the cattle feeding in the meadow partook of the general prosperity of the place. They were cows of the Devon breed, with hides of rich, warm red; and little Estella Jervaux could look out upon them from her nursery window.

The Bushes stood only two miles from a large and fashionable town, and was close to a railway station. Visitors were continually coming and going, and the spare chambers were often filled with guests. But the nursery was one of the pleasantest rooms in the house, and no pains were spared in ministering to the wants and luxuries of Miss Estella Jervaux.

This important personage, a young lady of seven, was seated at the table, drinking her tea at four o'clock in the afternoon. She was a graceful child, slim and hazel-eyed; her soft little face charmingly framed in flossy hair of a dark auburn hue. She wore a purple merino frock, and a pinafore of spotted muslin, fresh and white, and tastefully trimmed with lace. A rich purple sash was tied round her waist, her tiny feet were encased in shoes fit for a fairy queen, and she sat in her high chair with an evident consciousness of her own dignity and consequence.

Two women were taking their afternoon tea in the august presence of this small princess. One, who presided over the tray, was Harper, the nurse, whose comely face was beginning to show the traces of advancing age. The other was Mrs. Budd, who had once lived at the Bushes as cook, and was now the wife of a small tradesman in the neighbouring town.

"Nurse," said Estella, pausing, with a slice of cake in her fingers, "are you going to finish Goldie's frock before bedtime?"

"Not to-night, Miss Essie," rejoined Harper gently. "It's Saturday, you know, and there's all the mending to be done. On Monday——"

"Don't talk about Monday. Is Goldie to wear a shabby old frock all day Sunday? It's quite too a-bom-in-able!"

Mrs. Budd compressed her lips to hide a smile; but Harper answered with praiseworthy gravity—

"I'm sorry, Miss Essie, dear. But as Goldie isn't played with on Sundays, it doesn't matter much what she wears."

"Oh yes, it does matter, nurse. I am surprised at you. It hurts my feelings to see her badly dressed."

"I'm sorry, Miss Essie," said Harper again. "But your own things must be looked after before dolls' clothes are attended to. And there's Jetty, she isn't half so well dressed as Goldie, yet you never complain of her shabbiness."

"Jetty has a bad heart," responded the child, shaking her flossy head. "She mustn't be made much of. To-day she has no sugar in her tea."

As Essie spoke, her glances were directed to a miniature table and two tiny chairs, placed near the window. Each chair contained a doll; and both dolls were of an expensive kind, having "real hair" and well-modelled features. Their waxen hands were extended stiffly over their little china tea-things; and they stared and smirked at each other after the manner of their race.

It was difficult to tell why Goldie was the favourite with her mistress. Jetty, with her brown eyes and dusky tresses, had the more animated countenance and the warmer com-

Afternoon tea in the nursery.

plexion. But there was a sentimentalism about the blue-eyed Goldie, an angelic brightness in her yellow locks, and a mild pathos in her perpetual smile. Moreover, she was supposed to be the gentle victim of Jetty's tyrannical temper, and the dark doll was always being punished for her offences against her fair sister.

Essie carried her favouritism so far as to make a difference in their dress. While Jetty's throat was unadorned, Goldie wore a pearl necklace, and her crimson velvet frock cast Jetty's sky-blue cashmere into the shade. The child continued to gaze at the pair in silence for a few seconds, and then slipped down from her high chair to go to them.

"I don't want any more tea, nurse," she remarked. "Dear me, Jetty, what manners! Don't you see that you're sticking your fingers into your cup? And your hair isn't properly brushed, and you're glaring dreadfully. You must be sent to bed."

And Essie knitted her brows and pursed up her soft little mouth as she took Jetty by the arm to remove her from her seat. The two women watched these proceedings with a good deal of quiet amusement; but Jetty was destined to escape punishment for that evening. The door opened quickly, and a girl of twenty came suddenly into the room.

"Essie," she said, "I will sing to you if you like. Come down into the drawing-room, pet; there is nobody there this afternoon."

In a moment the dolls were forgotten, and the child danced across the floor to the speaker's side. The door closed behind the aunt and niece, and Harper and her companion were left to themselves.

"Miss Essie is quite the darling of the house," observed Mrs. Budd, who felt more at her ease now that the child had withdrawn. It was not altogether pleasant to the good woman to be conscious that her manners were criticized by watchful hazel eyes; and she had never before had the honour of drinking tea in Miss Estella's company. Harper very seldom entertained her visitors in the nursery; but Mrs. Budd was an old friend and a distant relation.

"She is a lovely little thing," said nurse, refilling the cups.

"Oh, no doubt of that. But just a wee bit spoiled, I fancy. She's got a commanding kind of way with her, hasn't she?"

"Perhaps she has. You see, we have all humoured her a good deal; and it's quite

natural that she should be so petted. Her poor young father's story was such a sad one."

"Ay, it was very sad. I left, and was married before Mr. Henry went away from home, as you know. But it was quite a shock to me when I heard of his death."

"It was a shock to every one here," said Harper, her eyes filling with tears. "No one knew that he was in the least ill. The clergyman who had been his tutor (a Mr. Powell) wrote to Mrs. Jervaux, and told her that Mr. Henry was dead, and that his young widow was fast dying."

"Better for the child's sake that it's mother should be taken away," Mrs. Budd remarked. "I only heard bits and scraps of news about the matter; but it was said that poor Mr. Henry had married somebody very low. Some young woman that the family couldn't notice at all."

"People love to make the worst of everything," said the nurse, with some heat. "It's true that the wife was only a humble village girl; but she had always led a good life. And there was nothing low about her. When I saw her I was very much surprised. She was quite like a lady."

"Did she ever come here, then?" asked Mrs. Budd, in astonishment. "I thought that Mr. Henry never dared to enter this house after his marriage."

"The family never saw her; they never knew anything of the marriage till the General was taken ill," said Harper sadly. "Poor Mr. Henry behaved very foolishly from first to last. When the General's illness began to look serious, Mr. Jervaux went to Deanwood to fetch his brother; but he came back alone. Mr. Henry, he stated, had made a terribly low match, and was afraid to face his father. The General was dying then, but he had strength enough left to cut Mr. Henry out of his will."

The nurse paused in her tale. And by mutual consent the two women left the tea-table and drew their chairs nearer to the fire.

"After his father's death," Harper continued, "we heard no more of Mr. Henry till Mr. Powell's letter came. On his death-bed, poor fellow, he had charged the clergyman to write to Mrs. Jervaux and beg her to adopt the child. He knew that his wife would soon follow him, and he was full of anxiety about their little one."

"And the mistress hadn't the heart to refuse," said Mrs. Budd.

"I believe that Mr. Jervaux wanted her to refuse; his heart is as hard as a millstone. But the mistress had always had a longing after babies; and she took kindly to the notion of bringing up a little girl. Miss Myra, too, was quite delighted with the idea; and then, too, there was the feeling of regret that Mr. Henry had died unforgiven. I think my mistress's conscience accused her of harshness at that time."

"And then the baby came here?"

"Not till it was six months old. The young widow's illness was of a lingering kind, and she lived longer than the doctor expected. But at last Mr. Powell wrote to say that she was much worse, and then I was sent to Deanwood to fetch the child."

"'Twas a painful errand for you, Jane," said Mrs. Budd, wiping her eyes.

"Mrs. Jervaux had consented to adopt the baby on one condition," Harper went on, "and that condition was of Mr. Lucian's putting in; it was just like him to think of it. It was this: if the mother ever got over her illness she was to understand that she had parted with her child for good and all. If she recovered, she must never write or come to the Bushes. She must never seek to see her daughter till Miss Estella had attained the age of twenty-one."

"But all that was quite unnecessary as the poor thing was dying."

"It seemed as if Mr. Lucian wanted to torture her. Anyhow, they made her sign a formal paper, consenting to the condition. The paper had been signed by her poor feeble hand before I was sent to Deanwood."

There was a little pause while Harper dried her tears. It was seldom that she spoke of the affairs of the family, and Henry Jervaux's sad history had left a deep impression on the kind heart of his old nurse.

"Deanwood is an out-of-the-way little place," she resumed at last. "I got there in a carrier's cart on an evening in July, and then, for the first and last time, I saw Mrs. Henry Jervaux. As for the cottage she lived in, it was like nothing but a bird's nest, smothered in flowers; pretty enough, but terribly out of repair."

"And Mrs. Henry?"

"I'm coming to her. Mr. Powell, the clergyman, took me up-stairs to the little room where she was lying. She lay outside the bed, supported by pillows, and wearing a white wrapper; and I knew at the first glance that she was something more than an ordinary pretty country girl. Such a fragile creature; but as lovely as a lily of the

valley! The deepest blue eyes I ever saw, and the most wonderful auburn hair. I tell you, Ann Budd, that if she'd been born a lady, there would have been no end of a fuss about her beauty!"

"And her manner, Jane? There's such a deal in a manner."

"I only wish our Miss Myra was half so gentle and refined. She said, 'I am glad to see you, Nurse Harper. My dear husband often talked of you, and he wished you to have the charge of our baby. There will be no objection made, I hope, to your speaking to her of her father sometimes. When she grows older you will tell her that you nursed him; and you will describe him to her, will you not? As for me—well, she will know me one day, when she meets me in heaven.'"

"And is she in heaven now?" asked Mrs. Budd in a subdued tone.

"Oh yes, there's no doubt at all about that. I don't know how long she lingered after I saw her; but not long, I'm sure. About once a year Mr. Powell writes to know of the child's welfare. He was Mr. Henry's oldest friend, and it is natural that he should wish to hear of Miss Essie. But he never once mentioned the mother, and my mistress made no inquiries."

"Miss Essie will ask a lot of questions by-and-by," remarked Mrs. Budd. "She is the sort of girl who'll want to know everything."

"She will know everything when she is old enough. I often wish that Mr. Henry could see how she is petted and loved. Mrs. Jervaux just worships her. My mistress used to seem a hard kind of woman years ago, but the baby softened her heart. In all her life she had never had anything to do with infants, and that was a sad pity. You may depend upon it, Ann, that a baby's touch can open a door that has been locked for years."

A housemaid entered to carry away the tea-things, and Mrs. Budd rose to take her leave. Nurse Harper was not altogether sorry to be left alone; her thoughts had gone back to the past, and a musing mood had come upon her that evening.

The light of a red sunset was shining through the trees, and casting a warm glow upon the nursery walls. The room was gay with pretty coloured prints; a large doll's house had a corner to itself; in another corner was a cabinet well stored with a variety of toys. There was a big rocking-horse with a side-saddle, and a book-case filled with nursery literature. Nothing was wanting that could minister to a child's delight, and the nurse smiled sadly when she thought of that poor cottage where this spoiled darling was born.

"Such a tumble-down little place," she murmured, "and everything was so mean and humble in the room where that poor thing was lying. Ah well, I dare say she is better off now. And her little daughter is our Queen of Hearts."

CHAPTER V.—"TOO BROWN FOR A FAIR PRAISE."

ALTHOUGH the Jervaux family had good reasons for being proud of their lineage and high breeding, it could scarcely be said that Myra showed many of the traces of gentle blood. Long ago her brother Henry had remarked her childish resemblance to a hurdy-gurdy boy, and womanhood had wrought very few changes in her general aspect.

She was a short girl, very brown, with a face of an apple-like roundness, and black hair growing low upon the forehead. Her mouth was large; her teeth remarkably white and even; her eyes dark as night. No matter how she was dressed, she had always the air of a strolling musician from the sunny south. At fancy balls she looked bright and picturesque as an Italian peasant, but in the ordinary garb of a young lady of the period she was almost, if not quite, a failure.

There are certain girls who always have the look of being in the wrong sphere. Their faces and persons refuse to harmonize with the customary attire of the day, and they walk about in society in garments which are manifestly unsuitable for their wear. It is not unusual to see the demure visage of a devotee under a jaunty little hat, or to meet the untamed eyes of a gipsy glancing beneath a Paris bonnet. And some of Miss Jervaux's friends had been heard to say that she would never look like her natural self until she donned the gay costume of a contadina, and carried a tambourine with merry tinkling bells.

"And have you really decided on getting a governess for Essie?" she said, speaking in a discontented tone. "It will be very disagreeable, mamma, to be bored with such a person in the house."

The day had now closed in. Essie had returned to her nursery, and her aunt Myra having dressed for dinner, was sitting with her stepmother in the drawing-room.

The hands of the timepiece pointed to ten minutes to seven, and the dinner-gong had

not sounded yet. Mrs. Jervaux, a stately woman in black, sat in an arm-chair by the fire, and quietly knitted. Myra's unoccupied hands fidgeted with every object that came within their reach, and the dignified calm of her companion seemed to irritate her temper. She hated the eternal knitting that was always produced when there was a spare moment to be filled up, and she even hated the results of that unflagging industry. Why should Myra's idleness be silently put to shame by her stepmother's woollen socks and petticoats? The poor were all the richer for Mrs. Jervaux's labours; but Myra's attentions to the poor were of a very fitful kind, and she had never thoroughly entered into their personal needs.

"A lady need not necessarily be a bore because she is a governess," Mrs. Jervaux replied calmly.

"A lady!" repeated Myra scornfully. "Do you suppose that a lady will come and waste her acquirements on a child of seven?"

"Ladies are often glad to secure the comforts of a home at any sacrifice. And I mean to offer special advantages; it is not my intention to have an ordinary nursery governess."

"I don't see why you cannot let me go on teaching Essie, mamma! You know how I love the child."

"My dear, you were never intended for a teacher. You are always either too harsh or too indulgent; there is no middle course with you."

"Then why not teach her yourself?"

"Because I have even less capacity for teaching than you have. I lack the power of imparting anything. If I had had children of my own, perhaps I might have acquired that power, but now it is too late."

The last words were spoken with a touch of sadness that would have softened some girls at once. But Myra was not a person of quick sympathies.

"Well, I am sure the governess will turn out to be a nuisance," she said pettishly, "and I dare say Essie will hate her."

"I hope you will carefully abstain from any remarks that may prejudice the child," said Mrs. Jervaux with some earnestness. "Essie is very quick; she takes in all that you say."

"She is a darling. It's great fun to see her mimicking all my ways."

"She does mimic. And that is why I wish you would be on your guard in her presence, Myra."

"Oh, life wouldn't be worth having if we had to be always on our guard."

Mrs. Jervaux sighed and was silent. Could Henry have come back to earth nothing would have surprised him so much as the change in his stepmother. In his boyhood he had found her unyielding and cold; making no allowance for his little weaknesses; ever on the watch for his faults. And if the truth must be confessed, Mrs. Jervaux had been all the sterner with the lad because she had been intensely jealous of his mother.

In his early days General Jervaux had been a gay soldier, much loved of women. He was one of those men who combined martial daring with a certain silken softness of manner, and few girls were proof against such a combination. Men found him strictly honourable and truthful; but he was less scrupulous, perhaps, in dealing with the weaker sex, and he used them unfairly, as such successful triflers often do.

The chief among his victims was Isabella Beaumont, a girl whose beauty and social standing made her a woman of mark, and it is certain that his first attentions to her were paid in earnest. But afterwards, when the soft face of Estella Marshall captivated his fancy, he began to falter in his allegiance to Miss Beaumont, and finally neglected her altogether.

Isabella took the slight very quietly, and went on living her life in the world in the usual way; but her intimate friends knew that she suffered. Soon after the General's marriage with her rival, Miss Beaumont became the wife of Mr. Douglas, a man old enough to have been her grandfather. But the match was not an unhappy one; Mrs. Douglas, with her cold dignity of manner, was more fitted for the lot she had chosen than a woman of gayer temperament would have been. Her first experience of wedded life, however, was destined to be brief, for Mr. Douglas died two years after he had married her.

And then General Jervaux became a widower; and the old lovers met again. In him there was a slight renewal, perhaps, of former feelings, but in her those feelings had never died out, and needed no revival. She had found nothing in life so sweet as her first love-dream. He had half-forgotten his early fancy, but it flattered him to find that she had not ceased to remember. And so it came to pass that he proposed to Isabella Douglas, and her hungry heart was satisfied at last.

Yet not quite satisfied. She bore no chil-

dren to the man she loved, and Estella had been the mother of three. Of these, Henry most resembled the first Mrs. Jervaux; and his stepmother could not, or would not, conquer her dislike to the boy who had been the darling of her successful rival.

But sorrow and time had done their silent work upon Mrs. Jervaux's character, and sickness had laid its chastening hand upon her. She was no longer the haughty, vigorous woman of old; she now knew sometimes what it was to have a headache, and would often steal away from the drawing-room when Myra's singing and playing were too much for her nerves. Quite unconsciously, Myra was avenging the wrongs of her brother Henry in these days; her will was strong, her temper violent, and she enjoyed making scenes. And altogether the stepmother felt herself hardly able to cope with this passionate girl, who did not want to tread any of the ordinary paths of life.

In engaging a governess for little Essie, Mrs. Jervaux secretly hoped that she might secure a companion for herself. Then, too, she thought it possible that daily intercourse with a lady, young, intelligent, and refined, might have a softening influence upon her stepdaughter. Of course Myra had plenty of young lady friends, or rather acquaintances, but she was not particularly well loved by any of them. If they displeased her she did not scruple to show her temper; if she was not in the mood to make herself agreeable she preserved a gloomy silence. In short, she did not care to exercise the self-control that good breeding demands, and the girls of her set were half-afraid of her.

Moreover she was an accomplished musician —and her performances almost always threw her companions into the background. Her consciousness of her superiority was too pronounced; she had no notion of retiring into the shade that another might come out into the light. She would not endure a false note with tranquillity rather than hurt the singer's feelings. And so there was often a subdued flutter of nervousness among the young ladies of her circle when they were asked to sing or play in her presence.

Myra was fond of reading, and firmly believed herself to be a person of superior intellect. But hers was by no means a well-stored mind, nor was it rich with any undeveloped power. She read books without drawing the marrow out of them, and she was not sufficiently cultured to enjoy the works of any but modern authors. Still, by dint of assuming the airs of a clever woman, and exclaiming loudly against the frivolities of her sex, she gained a reputation for cleverness, and inspired some shrinking souls with awe.

Yet her stepmother was far from ignoring the fact that there were good points in Myra's character. She was royally generous, invariably truthful, ever ready to fly to the aid of the distressed. She might have been hated at afternoon teas; but in the time of any startling calamity or danger she would have been clung to and beloved. Such as she was, however, she had to be accepted as the daughter of the house, and the standing difficulty of Mrs. Jervaux's life.

The sound of the gong broke the silence that had fallen on the two ladies, and they took their way to the dining-room. It was a handsome room, furnished richly, in sober taste, with hangings of olive and dull gold; on its walls hung the most important of the family portraits, and a Jervaux in armour looked down haughtily from his station over the chimney-piece. At the end of the apartment the late General, in uniform, smiled a dreamy smile that often sent his widow's thoughts wandering into the past; and Lucian and Henry, in a brotherly attitude, were posed with little Myra at their feet. The child was depicted in a scarlet frock, playing with an overturned basket of primroses, and the painter had not scrupled to give the defiant look in her dark eyes.

"We miss Lucian, although he is not very lively when he is at home," remarked Myra, busy with her soup. "Do you think he will really return to-morrow?"

"Yes; he is sure to be here," Mrs. Jervaux replied. And then after a pause she added—

"He has met a lady who is willing to come to us as Essie's governess."

"Where did he pick her up?" demanded Myra, in her most abrupt manner.

"He did not pick her up," rejoined Mrs. Jervaux, who knew that the solemn butler was listening. "He has been staying with the Thorndykes, and naturally told them of my wishes with regard to Essie. Mrs. Thorndyke is acquainted with a Mrs. Mornington, a rich widow who has a lady living with her——"

"Oh, spare me the details, mamma," cried Myra with a deep sigh. "Doubtless Mrs. Thorndyke and Mrs. What's-her-name have selected a very desirable young woman to fill the post."

"You are rude, Myra," said Mrs. Jervaux.

As she spoke she looked coldly and steadily

into her stepdaughter's face, and the girl's colour rose.

"If Mrs. Rose comes to us," Mrs. Jervaux went on, "she will not consent to receive any salary. It seems that her own means are quite sufficient for her wants; but she has long wished to have the charge of a little girl. She is a young widow, and she lost her own baby very early in life."

"Has Lucian seen her?" asked Myra in a gentler tone.

"Yes; he dined with her at the Thorndykes' house. She is, he says, one of the most beautiful and accomplished women he has ever seen; a great favourite in society. Mrs. Mornington will be very sorry to lose her."

"Lucian is not often rapturous about ladies," observed Myra thoughtfully. "She really must be remarkable if he admires her. When are we to see her, mamma?"

"The day after to-morrow. I have asked her to come and stay with us."

Myra was silent; and Mrs. Jervaux did not exert herself to talk any more during dinner. She had said all that she wanted to say, and not being a garrulous woman she was able to wait and let her words take effect. When she rose from the table she went back quietly to her chair by the drawing-room fire, and resumed her eternal knitting. And Myra betook herself to the piano and played and sang till bedtime.

The years that had wrought such marked changes in Mrs. Jervaux had done very little to alter the character of her stepson. At thirty he was the same as he had been at three-and-twenty; a shade more genial in manner, but quite as hard of heart. He was a handsome man, taller and stronger than poor Henry had ever been; yet lacking that grace of movement and bearing which had made Henry so attractive.

He was fond of money, and although there was no stint at the Bushes, every member of the household knew that Mr. Jervaux had a keen eye for waste, and was ever on the watch for superfluous expenses. They knew, too, that he cleverly contrived to give less to charities than any other man of his standing in the neighbourhood, and yet no one had ever openly accused him of being stingy.

He continued to live on excellent terms with his stepmother. She had ample means of her own, and was therefore entitled, he felt, to the greatest respect and consideration. He had at first opposed her scheme of adopting the orphan baby; but, finding that she was set upon it, he gave in gracefully, and made a point of always being kind to the child.

As to Myra, her faults were as patent to him as they were to the rest of the world, and they annoyed him greatly. When she snubbed people, his family pride was wounded; he was anxious that his sister should be as pleasing and popular as a Jervaux ought to be.

"She needs a governess quite as much as Essie does," he said confidentially to his stepmother. "Mrs. Thorndyke was struck with her want of manner; many a schoolgirl is more presentable."

"I have done my best for her," sighed Mrs. Jervaux.

"But for you, *belle-mère*, she would have been far worse," replied Lucian.

"I hope much from Mrs. Rose," Mrs. Jervaux said earnestly. "She is young and beautiful, you say; and her manners are perfect?"

"Quite perfect; every one raves about her. She has only lately returned from abroad with Mrs. Mornington."

"I met Mrs. Mornington years ago when my husband and I were staying with the Thorndykes. Your father was pleased with her, Lucian; he thought her a clever woman. She must be getting old now."

"Yes; she is getting old, but she is still a very interesting person. She must be rich, I think."

"Oh, yes; and she has travelled everywhere. There is a very good tone about her, and she cultivates people worth knowing. I wish she would ask Myra to pay her a visit."

"There is no hope of such a thing, *belle-mère*. Having been accustomed to Mrs. Rose, she would never endure my poor sister. By-the-way, Myra did not greet me very amiably. She thinks I am to blame for bringing a new face into the house."

CHAPTER VI.—"SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A SUMMER'S DAY?"

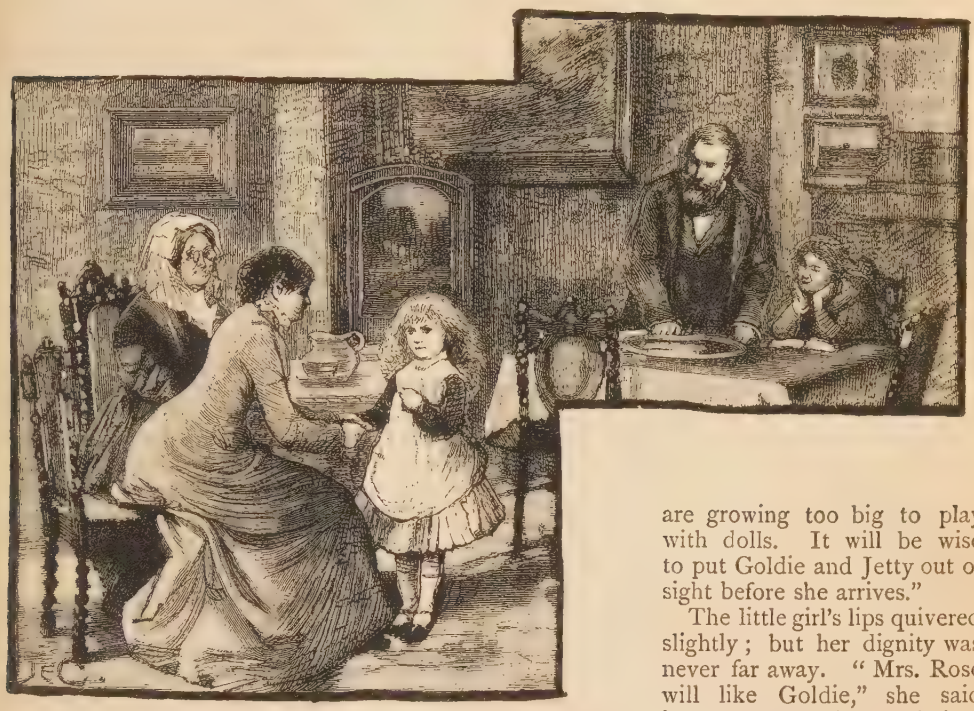
THE Queen of Hearts was not in the least disturbed by the thought of the expected governess. At four o'clock in the afternoon she drank her tea and ate her bread-and-butter as tranquilly as usual, although she knew that a carriage had gone to the railway station to meet the stranger.

So accustomed was this little princess to be perpetually adored, that she was prepared to

regard Mrs. Rose merely as an addition to her long list of worshippers. She condescended, however, to express a hope that Goldie would produce a favourable impression on the new-comer. As to Jetty, she added, shaking her dainty head, of *course* nobody could ever like a doll with such a bad heart.

Essie was half-way through her second slice when the nursery door opened; and Miss Jervaux, looking as black as a thunder-cloud, abruptly presented herself.

"Poor darling Essie!" she said, shutting



"And this is little Essie?"

the door and standing with her back against it. "You won't look so contented to-morrow. The governess is coming to teach you how to behave!"

"Essie knows how to behave," replied the child with great composure.

"Oh, the governess won't think so. She'll make you learn long pieces of poetry to repeat to people, and they'll be bored to death with listening to you. And she'll certainly say that you are too much indulged; Harper won't be allowed to spoil you any more."

Essie's hazel eyes grew very large, and Harper flushed with honest indignation.

"You will not have such long play-hours," Myra went on, venting her spleen in this fashion. "She will be sure to say that you are growing too big to play with dolls. It will be wise to put Goldie and Jetty out of sight before she arrives."

The little girl's lips quivered slightly; but her dignity was never far away. "Mrs. Rose will like Goldie," she said in a tone of conviction. "And perhaps Jetty won't be very naughty if I talk to her before the lady comes."

"The lady won't understand any doll-talk. Governesses are always irritated by the sight of dolls; and as to the rocking-horse, Mrs. Rose will put him out of the nursery, I think. She'll say that he makes the room look like a stable."

"Dapple *san't* go out of the room," said the Queen of Hearts, with hot cheeks. And Harper could stand the scene no longer.

"Miss Myra," the nurse remarked quietly, "it isn't fair nor kind to tease a child; and it certainly is not right to give wrong impressions."

"What do you know about wrong impressions, Harper?" demanded Myra, turning upon her angrily.

"I know, Miss Myra, that no one is

coming here to make our little queen miserable," returned the old woman firmly. "Everything will go on in the old way, the mistress says. Miss Essie will learn her little lessons, and then go to play with the dolls and Dapple as usual. And the governess is going to love her almost as much as we do."

Essie met her nurse's reassuring glances with a smile. But Myra was not easily silenced, and was just about to recommence the attack, when there was a sound of wheels on the carriage-drive. Curiosity and sulkiness struggled within Miss Jervaux's breast for a moment; and curiosity gained the mastery. She shut the nursery door with a sharp bang, and hurried off down-stairs to get her first glimpse of Mrs. Rose.

A tall, elegant woman was responding to the greetings of Mrs. Jervaux, while Lucian stood by with a smile of unwonted satisfaction on his face. The new-comer wore a travelling costume of brown homespun, bordered with dark fur, and a small toque of the same colour fitted closely to her shapely head. The afternoon sunlight streamed fully upon the spot where she stood, shining on coils of rich auburn hair, and bringing out the delicate contour of a perfectly-cut face. A veil of the finest net scarcely screened her features; and Myra was struck at once by the beauty of the deep-blue eyes that were turned upon her with a look of earnest interest. But it was impossible for Miss Jervaux to be gracious just then. No one knew that she felt desperately ashamed of herself as she went through the ceremony of introduction. Lucian bit his lips with annoyance, and a faint colour stole into the stepmother's faded cheek. What would their guest think of this sallow girl who welcomed her with a scowl and a jerky bow?

But it was difficult to divine Mrs. Rose's thoughts. She met Myra with all the natural ease and grace of a highly-bred woman; and Myra, stung by the sense of contrast, showed temper plainly in her face. It was a relief to everybody when the young widow was conducted up-stairs to her room, and Miss Jervaux retired into a corner of the drawing-room.

Mrs. Rose reappeared in about ten minutes, and sat down to drink afternoon tea by the fireside. Lucian himself placed a tiny table near her chair, and hovered over her with an irrepressible desire to render service. She was more beautiful than ever without the toque and veil, for hers was a kind of beauty that can bear the closest inspection. The homespun gown adapted itself gracefully to the soft curves of her figure, and its subdued tints served as a foil to the bright colouring of her face.

A deep rose-flush burnt upon each cheek; the richly-coloured hair caught the light upon every ripple; the blue eyes shone like gems. A practised glance would have read these signs of inward fever at once; but the manner was so composed, the voice so steady that neither Mrs. Jervaux nor her son detected any token of subdued excitement. Myra, still keeping at a distance, wondered and reluctantly admired, trying to think that rouge must have something to do with the brilliancy of that complexion.

By-and-by the door softly opened, and Essie, with her pretty hair freshly brushed and her frock in the nicest order, came fearlessly into the room. There was nothing bold in the child's demeanour; it was the natural easy bearing of one who had lived in an atmosphere of love from her cradle, and had never known the chill breath of harshness or neglect. She looked frankly at Mrs. Rose for an instant; then advanced at once with smiling lips and eyes, won, as all the household was won, by the lady's uncommon beauty.

Mrs. Jervaux, who was watching her guest with quiet admiration, was startled to see a sudden change in that lovely face. The rich flush died out of Mrs. Rose's cheeks in an instant, leaving them as colourless as a white rose; the lips, too, assumed a paler tint, and the breathing became quick and laboured. In much alarm Mrs. Jervaux half rose from her seat; but in the next moment Mrs. Rose was herself again. The bright colour did not wholly return; but the face resumed its natural look, and the smile had all its usual sweetness.

"And this is little Essie?" she said.

The child slipped into the vacant seat by Mrs. Rose's side, and calmly examined her with intelligent eyes that expressed the profoundest satisfaction. A pang of jealousy shot through Myra's heart as she saw how quickly Essie succumbed to this new influence. She loved her little niece in her own passionate way, better perhaps than she loved any one else in the house. And Essie, if she had been questioned, would have said that she loved Aunt Myra almost every day; but not on the days when aunty banged doors and didn't look pretty.

"I must show you Goldie to-morrow," re-

marked the Queen of Hearts to her new friend.

After spending about half an hour in the drawing-room, Essie went back to the nursery of her own accord. Bedtime was drawing near—that is, her bedtime, it being usual for this small queen to retire to rest when the grown-up people sat down to dinner. And as there was a room in the doll's-house to be set to rights before she betook herself to repose, Essie was constrained to tear herself from Mrs. Rose, and return to her own quarters.

"I can see that you have won her heart," said Mrs. Jervaux, turning to her guest with a pleased look. "You will find it easy to manage her now."

"Not very easy if Harper works against you," observed Myra, coming out of her nook. "You should have begun by winning Harper's heart, Mrs. Rose."

The flush deepened again on the soft oval of Mrs. Rose's cheek. Myra had spoken sportively, but there was a faint ring of malice in her tone.

"What are you talking about, Myra?" asked Lucian, with more displeasure than he usually showed to his sister. "Harper is merely the nurse; there is no need to trouble Mrs. Rose with any mention of her."

"She is an old and faithful servant," said Mrs. Jervaux. "And I know she will gladly receive any suggestion from Mrs. Rose. Harper is privileged; but she never forgets her place."

"I mean to get on with Harper," remarked Mrs. Rose, with a pretty air of determination. "Her heart must be worth winning. I always respect old servants; they are often the truest of friends."

"Harper is thoroughly true," Mrs. Jervaux replied. "She came here when Lucian and his brother and sister were children. One could not possibly find a more trustworthy woman."

And then the ladies separated to dress for dinner; and Mrs. Rose had a little interval of quietness in her own room.

It was easy to find out that the nurseries were in the same corridor. The Queen of Hearts was going to bed in high spirits, and her sweet, shrill tones came faintly to the ears that eagerly listened for them. Now there was a little burst of musical laughter; then high-pitched exclamations. Essie was bestowing a good-night lecture on her dolls, and they required a great deal of talking to. The governess had sunk into a chair near the door, and sat drinking in the sounds with hands clasped tightly over her breast.

She rose at last, and unlocked a large portmanteau with hasty fingers; there was no leisure yet for musing and rest, and her first appearance at the dinner-table of the Bushes was no trifling event. She was not a vain woman. It is a true saying, on the whole, "that the plainest are the vainest," and Mrs. Rose had learnt to accept the fact of her beauty in a matter-of-fact way. But to-night it must be confessed that she took more pains with herself than usual, and felt considerable satisfaction in seeing how fair she looked in her black satin gown.

Just for one moment in the course of that memorable evening her self-possession was severely tried. As she took her seat at the dinner-table her glance chanced to fall on the picture of the two brothers in their boyhood, with Myra at their feet. For an instant the table, with its lights and flowers and the forms of her host and hostess, seemed to vanish in a mist; only one face stood out of the chaos in startling distinctness—the face of a boyish lover who came wooing a girl bride among the roses, many and many a year ago.

There is a perfume in the memory of a first love that time is powerless to destroy. The stately dining-room was filled with the odour of roses; their summer sweetness overpowered Mrs. Rose's senses for a little space. And then the mist cleared away, and she saw no roses; it was still early in March, and violets were clustering under the shade of the cool green ferns that decorated the table. Mrs. Jervaux was looking at her anxiously; Myra's dark eyes had widened as they turned upon her; Lucian was speaking.

"A glass of sherry at once, Mrs. Rose. You are over-tired; we have let you exert yourself too much."

"I am only a little tired," replied the guest, mixing the sherry with water. "It is strange that so short a railway journey should have fatigued me. I have felt less weary after travelling for days."

"Mrs. Mornington is fond of moving about," remarked Mrs. Jervaux. "I heard her say, years ago, that she did not care to remain too long in England."

"I think she will stay in town for some time," Mrs. Rose answered. "She is growing old now, and likes the thought of a settled home."

"How dull she will be without you! I suppose you have known her for years?"

"Yes; we have grown quite used to each other's ways; and it was a trial to part. But she has found a young orphan girl who will fill my place."

"Surely it will be impossible to fill your place," said Lucian.

"Her young friend will interest her very much," Mrs. Rose rejoined quietly. "Mrs. Mornington likes to watch over a girl's studies, and see her progress. It is likely that she will settle in town, and then all her old friends will gather round her. I think I shall not be painfully missed."

"London is the best place for her if she retains her old tastes," said Mrs. Jervaux. "She was always seeking out literary people and artists."

"She is as fond as ever of that kind of society," Mrs. Rose answered. "We have a great many literary friends."

Myra looked up with a flush of animation. The guest was beginning to assume a new importance in her eyes.

"Did you ever meet Mary Dorchester?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, I know her intimately. She has travelled with us a great deal."

"It must be an immense privilege to know her!" Myra cried rapturously. "I love her books; I could kiss every page that she has written! If I knew her I believe that she would sway me like a reed, and influence every act of my life. She is the very friend I am always pining for."

"Forgive me for saying that I don't think she *is* the friend you pine for. In fact I am sure she is not."

"You do not understand me," replied Myra, with haughtiness. "You fancy that I am a mere every-day girl. But I hate frivolity; I am always in earnest."

"I thought so. You are always in earnest; and that is just why you wouldn't get on with Mary Dorchester."

"But you can't have read her books. There is such a high tone about them. Think how she satirises society and its follies!"

"Yet she enjoys society, and says that she likes to 'frivol.'"

Myra's face expressed bewilderment and indignation. Mrs. Rose looked at her with eyes brimming over with amusement.

"Do you mean that Miss Dorchester's life contradicts her writings? Does she teach that which she does not practise?" demanded Myra solemnly.

Mrs. Rose grew grave in an instant.

"Every moral teacher preaches and writes ahead of his life," she replied. "He gives his readers the best part of himself—his aspirations. Here and there you get a glimpse of that weary self that comes lagging after the high desires; and you sympathize with it, and love it. In her books, Mary Dorchester gives you all that is best and finest in her nature; the author charms and exalts you; the woman would disappoint you. Yet she is a truly noble woman, and my dear friend."

"You are trying to puzzle me," said Myra.

"I beg pardon; it is not easy to make my meaning clear. There is a side to Miss Dorchester's character that you would misunderstand; and if you sought her acquaintance that side would probably be turned towards you. After long hours of mental work she shuts her study-door, and comes out into the world, to enter into some of its amusements as heartily as a child. In truth, I never saw so child-like a woman. You would speak to her of the high moral influence of her works, and she would answer you with a jest. You would begin to tell her how that sentence struck you—how you marked that chapter—and she would say a few courteous, commonplace words, and gently detach herself from your grasp."

"But you tell me that she is your dear friend. Is it only the gay side that she turns to you?"

Mrs. Rose sighed a little before she answered the question.

"I have had deep sorrows; and so has Mary Dorchester. There is a kinship that sorrow alone can create. But for that gift of childish mirth—that half-babyish faculty of being amused with the veriest trifles, she must have broken down long ago."

"I should think she must be happy now. So widely appreciated—so successful!"

"Success has broken a great many of her chains. But you cannot wear heavy fetters for years without getting scarred limbs, Miss Jervaux; and if Miss Dorchester wants to forget the scars, and rejoice in her freedom, who can blame her? For a long time there was no play in her life. She was shut up—imprisoned with people who took the gloomiest views of religion, and saw a snare in every poor little pleasure that she would fain have enjoyed. They could not crush out her vitality; they could not darken her clear insight into Divine love; but they

could load her with restrictions, and goad her with upbraidings. Can you wonder if she shrinks, nowadays, from those who are *always* in earnest?"

Myra was silent. For the first time in her life she was beginning to realise that even frivolity might be good sometimes.

"Myra has always been enthusiastic about authors, particularly about Miss Dorchester," remarked Mrs. Jervaux. "I have often reminded her of Miss Edgeworth's story of the unknown friend. But she says it is old-fashioned."

"Isn't it absurd to quote that exaggerated old story?" said Myra, appealing to Mrs. Rose. "I don't believe an Araminta Hodges could ever have existed. Anyhow there are no Aramintas nowadays."

"There are a great many Angelinas," Mrs. Rose replied. "I always advise girls not to seek the acquaintance of their favourite writers. Youth invariably expects too much from its idol."

"I know of nothing sadder than a disappointed worshipper," said Myra.

"But I think the idol deserves a share of compassion," Mrs. Rose responded; "especially a literary idol. It would pain an honest, hard-working author to know that he had destroyed his own spell. It has taken years of thought to weave the charm that holds his reader; a word lightly spoken, even a look or trick of manner may break that charm. I am always sorry for the poor idol when it comes down from its shrine."

"But it has lots of shrines," Myra said.

"Very likely; but one can't have too many hearts to reign over, you know."

"That sounds dangerous, Mrs. Rose," said Lucian, as the ladies rose from the table.

But she only gave him one of her bright smiles in reply.

AMONG MOSSES.

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.

PART II.

WE have already found the key to the social habits of the moss to be man; and as man is the key that explains the meaning and use of the social condition of all the lower organisms, so the Church of the living God is the key that explains the social condition of man. It is for the purpose of bringing out and educating to the utmost the nature of man that the social life and social worship of the Church are designed. As members of the Church we find ourselves partakers of a corporate life and a history larger than our own. By association with our fellow-members our view-point is elevated and our horizon widened. Our own experience is individual and special; our own capacities are narrow and limited, and therefore it is but a small part of the love that passeth knowledge that we know, and of the fulness of God that we are filled with. Others possess qualities in which we are deficient, and are led in ways that we know not; others bring out new relations of God that we have not realised, and enter into larger and wider fields of thought and action. The members of each congregation, the members of each Church, through their communion with one another, rise to higher conceptions of the Divine nature, and attain to richer experiences of the Divine grace than would be possible to any one of them in a separate isolated state. This great truth is beginning to be more recognised than it ever was before. Christians of different names and denominations are feeling the need of confederation and co-operation; and are realising that their differences may help to bring out new or forgotten aspects of Christian truth, and to enlarge their view of it as a whole, and at the same time may be the means of imparting a fuller manifestation of the life of Christ to the world. And thus the churches, "with all saints," are knowing more of the length and breadth, and height and depth, of the love that passeth knowledge, and are being filled with all the fulness of God.

Closely connected with the social habit of the moss is its power of branching—multiplying itself by self-extension. Some species of moss have simple stems; and these are more fugacious, having a less hold upon the supplies of life, and smaller forces to overcome its enemies. Others are much branched and last for years. Examples of the two kinds are found in the little peculiar group

to which the Mungo Park moss belongs. As a rule the mosses that produce their seed-vessel from the summit of the stem are simple and unbranched, and may therefore be said to be analogous to annuals among flowering plants, which perish whenever they have produced their blossom and seed; while mosses that send forth their seed-vessel from the side of the stem are much branched and are analogous to perennial plants, which are provided with the means of continuing not only the species but the individual, and therefore last for many years. The family of the Mungo Park moss, though it produces the seed-vessel from the top of the stem, nevertheless branches profusely by innovations, or with the tops of the fertile stems several times divided. This family therefore is very enduring, and forms one of the principal features in the mossy decoration of the woodland banks and trees. In this branching of the tiny moss we have the earliest premonition of the corporate relationships of life. We are so familiar with this fact that it has become a commonplace and uninteresting truism which lies bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul. But when we trace it back to its first feeble beginning in the first kind of life that rose out of the forces and forms of the inorganic world, we realise something of its wonder and significance. All beginnings have a strange interest to us, whether it be the source of a mighty river in the little mountain well or the beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the performance of the first miracle or the formation of the Christian Church. The thought that there was a time when these things had no existence gives a vividness to the feelings with which we regard them, and brings back the freshness that has evaporated with long familiarity. We are familiar with the relations of human life; but it is strange to go back to a time when there was nothing like them,—when life consisted of units. The angels that were in existence before man had no corporate life. They were created as mere individuals, whose number from the first was fixed and perfect. They came direct from the hand of God; and thus were the sons of God, but were not the sons of one another. They had no father or son, or brother—no blood-relationship. And therefore we can understand how the Lord Jesus could not have taken upon Him the nature of angels. Between Him and these beings there could be no federal tie through the possession of a common nature acquired by hereditary descent. And we can understand with what profound interest the angels would desire to look into the mystery of the creation of a being who should be so different from themselves, who should inherit the divine blessing of being fruitful, and multiplying and replenishing the earth, with all that it involves of sorrow and joy—of spiritual education and probationary discipline. Through the social relationships of man a way was prepared for the incarnation of the second Adam, "the Lord from heaven," in whom creation and the Creator met together —not in semblance but in reality—in whom all fulness dwells—the fulness of the creature as well as the fulness of the Creator. And through this relationship resting on a participation of our flesh and blood, man has the hope of nearer and more blessed communion with God than even angels or archangels can ever know. Regarding the organization and the highest social well-being of man then as the ultimate end of creation, and taking specially into account the manifest uniformity and continuity in the plans observed by the Creator throughout all the formations of the earth, it is surely not a vain imagination to suppose that in the constitution of the lower forms of vegetable and animal life, which were made by Him long ages before man, He who seeth the end from the beginning, and to whom a thousand years are as one day, should have had an eye to the constitution of the wonderful being that was one day to occupy the highest place in the organic world. We cannot but suppose that God worked up to this new thing in His universe, as His manner always is, by hints and forecasts of it in lower and earlier forms. He traced, in the structure and habits of the first emerald tuft of moss that crept over the newly-formed soil, the first faint indication of the idea that was to be unfolded in all its wonderful fulness of meaning in the human world. The moss-tuft composed of its branching and mutually related individuals, had its real origin in man, its primary source in man's moral nature, and its true meaning in the institution of man's social condition; that condition for which God made provision in the formation of man, which He inaugurated when He gave him a help-meet, taken as a rib from his side, and which He means to perfect and complete in that heavenly "city" towards which from the first the desires of man and the preparations of God have been alike directed.

A compact tuft or cushion of moss is a solid mass that has a smooth surface and a rounded outline. It is like the uniform pile

of plush or velvet, as even and as closely pressed together. We know how the velvet or the plush pile is produced, by the sharp knife of the manufacturer passing over the woven and rugged threads under heavy pressure. But what shears of Atropos cut each individual thread of life in those smooth, soft, rounded cushions of green and gold to the same size? How much has been sacrificed to gain that uniformity of surface! No single moss is allowed to grow at its own sweet will, but is trimmed in its Procrustes' bed by an inexorable law—by the same law which has shaped the crystals in the rock upon whose surface it grows. Each individual is adapted to its own place in the mossy mound, diminishing in size from the centre where the cushion is thickest to the edge where it is thinnest! The separate filaments, though independent of each other, are subdued to the same spherical obedience as the round dome of the full-foliaged tree whose branches and twigs radiate from a common central stem. We have the interpretation of this peculiarity in the economy of the moss-tuft in the higher world of man, where the same social law moulds the tastes, characters, and habits of the individuals who live together. They grow to one uniform likeness. Should each individual insist upon having his mathematically exact due, there can be no such thing as general harmony or social life at all. Should each be determined to stand upon his absolute rights, there will be painful discord throughout the community; but, on the other hand, if each yields a little to his neighbour, and circumscribes a little of his own individuality in order to make room for his neighbour's, there will be an agreeable unity of sentiment and unanimity of life. It is no more possible to secure harmony among Church members unless in honour they prefer one another, than it is to secure harmony among musical notes unless each is tuned a little lower than its exact due to suit the next note. Only when the ends of God's discipline in us and with us here are accomplished, shall we be brought to the perfect *enharmonic* condition in heaven, in which each shall have his exact absolute right, and yet be in perfect accordance and sympathy with all others.

And this self-sacrifice of its own fair proportions which each single moss in the tuft must make in order to accommodate its neighbour, is still further carried on in the way in which the whole tuft is developed. Take to pieces and examine carefully any little cushion of moss from the nearest wall, and you will find that it consists of two layers; the upper of a rich vivid green, and the lower of a dark brown or black colour. The former is living and growing, and the latter is decaying or dead. The moss-tuft grows in what is called a proliferous manner, that is by young shoots springing from the sides or summits of the old ones, and thus often increasing many feet in depth, and forming layer above layer, the uppermost stratum alone being vital, the rest decomposed into peat forming a rich organic soil for its nourishment. Ruskin calls the dark colour of the lower layer "the funeral blackness" of the moss-tuft, inasmuch as it is in that way that the moss-leaves die, not of a visible decay and falling, like the leaves of trees, but invisibly in continual succession beneath the ascending crest. Their final duty is to die; their main task is not, like other leaves, in their life, but in their death: to form by their decay and decomposition the soil out of which first the topmost crest of the moss-tuft, all green and bright, may be formed, to drink in the dew and to gleam in the sunshine, and then higher forms of life, the flowers to assume the colours of the rainbow, and the cedars to cover the earth with their shadow. "None teach so well the humility of death;" the sacrifice of one generation that another may come in its place; the sacrifice of one epoch of thought and effort that a higher stage of progress may be reached; the self-sacrifices that respond to a parent's tenderness and a friend's devotion, the root of which is love; the presenting ourselves a living sacrifice, which is the ground of all true performance of duty to the family, the Church, and the world. The moss-tuft interprets in higher form what the rock crumbling away in death in order that its dust may afford support to the plant — itself proclaims. All lower things live unconsciously for the sake of higher things. Everywhere beneath is life unfolding through struggle, suffering, and death. And the highest sacrifice of all, the laying down of His own life upon the cross of the Son of God, that we might not perish but have everlasting life, is the key that explains the mystery hid from the foundation of the world—the growth of the first moss-tuft on the rock whose green leaves above, that never withered, were nourished by the dark leaves beneath that existed but to wither—and the germination of the first corn of wheat that fell into the ground and died, and so brought forth much fruit.

A GARDEN REVERIE.

ALL silent is the garden
Where the children used to stray;
The children, men and women now
Grown up and gone away,
Amid the strife and toil of life
Have never time to play!

Here in the rustling beeches
Once the linnet loved to sing;
The bird still seeks the old home-nest
While human hearts take wing,
For man has less of faithfulness
Than any living thing.

Oh heart, grown sour with sorrow
While the swift years fly apace,
Is there no everlasting Love
That knows not time nor space?
All loves revive, and grow and thrive
In God's great resting-place.

The treasures of His kingdom
Are our old things all made new,
Old hopes, old scenes, and faded flowers
Baptized with heavenly dew;
The sin and doubt He washes out,
And leaves the pure and true.

Wait in the quiet garden
While the linnet trills its song;
The other voices, silent now,
Shall come to thee ere long;
Earth's weakness past, love's tone at last
Shall ring out clear and strong!

I. L. COSHAM.

"KING ROY."

By L. T. MEADE.

PROLOGUE.

How did it all just come to be you?
God thought about me and so I grew.
How did you come to us, you dear—
God thought of you, and so I am here.
GEORGE MACDONALD.

I FIRST saw King Roy on a lovely summer's evening near Hyde Park. It was a Sunday evening, and I recollect there was a light pleasant breeze, which just tempered the heat, and once in a playful moment caught King Roy's small velvet cap and tossed it off his curly head. Then ensued a race, a scuffle, and a laugh, in which I, although a stranger to his Majesty, joined. This induced me to consider him more attentively, and thus to study well one of the bonniest baby faces it has ever been my lot to behold. For—yes, it is true—King Roy was only a king in right of his babyhood, being no higher up in this world's social scale than a carpenter's son.

A brawny, large, and handsome man was the father, on whose shoulder the little fellow was riding, while a demure, pale-faced sister of about ten, walked by the side of the two. Father and little sister might have been met with anywhere, any day, but the baby once in a lifetime.

He was a rounded and curved creature—not an angle anywhere about him; his chin was a dimple, his lips rose-buds, his eyes sapphires; his little head was a mass of tangled golden curls; sunshine seemed to kiss him all over—hair, eyes, lips, even to the small pink toes—for he had pulled off his shoes and stockings, which were held tightly in two fat hands. He was full of heart-sunshine too, for his gay voice babbled continually, saying words, to our deaf ears meaningless, but which, doubtless, the angels understood very well.

"Ah, boo!" was his remark to me, and he pointed with his small finger. Following the direction of the tiny finger, I saw a fly sailing slowly through space. Between King Roy and that fly there was doubtless some untold sympathy. As though attracted by his admiration it came nearer. Yes, he must have been giving it some message, for he babbled more sweetly than before. The fly sailed away; it looked important with big tidings, as it went higher into the blue, and the little group of three turning Hyde Park Corner disappeared from my sight.

I never saw King Roy again, but afterwards I heard a story about him—a story which so moved me that it may some others; so I tell it here.

"The bird still seeks the old home nest, while human hearts take wing."

CHAPTER I.

JOHN HENRY WARDEN was a carpenter by trade; he was a well-to-do workman, employed constantly in a profitable and money-making business. God had also endowed him with excellent mental and physical powers. Sickness was unknown to this man, and as to the many heart-aches which come into the daily measure of most other lives, they were strangers to his nature. He did not understand moping; he had no sympathy with gloom. He considered himself a successful man, he was also ambitious; he meant, if he lived, to leave this world in a much higher position than when he had entered it. He was very much respected by his neighbours, for he was a strictly honourable, upright, and honest man. But though respected he was not loved. It was his misfortune that never yet in all his life had he either awakened or given love. And yet he was not without those closest ties which knit hearts to hearts. He had been a husband; he was now a widower and a father. He had married a young and beautiful girl, a sensitive creature who needed love as the plants need sunshine. She lived with him for a little over ten years, all the time, year after year, fading slowly but surely. Then she died; no one said she died of a broken heart—Warden least of all suspected it. He regretted her loss, for he considered a mother the right person to bring up her children, and he felt it a pity that she should have left all the good things of this life, which by-and-by he might have provided for her. He had even expressed this regret to her as she lay on her death-bed, and her answer had surprised him.

"But there'll be love up in heaven. I'm so *hungry* for love."

The wife and mother died, and Warden did not fret. Yet, he was outwardly a model character: he worked early and late; he saved money; he was never in debt; he defrauded no man; his evenings were spent either in attending lectures for working men like himself or studying the subjects he loved at home; he never drank; he never swore; he was looked up to, and brought forward as an example to follow for many a poor drunken wretch. But yet he had never yet known love, human or divine.

Warden's wife died, leaving to his care two children. Faith, the elder, nine years of age at the time, was a pale, silent child. She knew enough of her father's character to suppress all her real self before him. Roy, the younger, aged three months when his mother left him, showed from his earliest moments a disposition differing widely from either father or mother. By-and-by that sweet soul would develop the love of the one parent without her weakness, the strength of the other without his hardness. Warden, in reality loving no one, having never in all his existence experienced either the joy or the pain of true love, yet believed that he had this feeling for his boy. He was undoubtedly very proud of the little child; he was his son, he was beautiful. Warden, when he looked at him, dreamed dreams, in which he saw himself the founder of a house and a name. He would make his boy a gentleman; he worked ever harder and harder as this thought grew and gathered strength within him. As to Faith, she was useful in helping and training Roy. For her own individual existence he had no special thought. She was but a girl; she would grow up another weak, good, loving creature like her mother. She might or might not marry. It did not greatly matter. Of course he would do his duty by her—for whenever had John Warden, in his own opinion, neglected that? She should be educated; she should have her chance in life. But he had no high opinion of women, and, though he thought he loved his son, he did not even pretend to his own heart that he cared for little Faith.

Yet such men—hard, hard men—may at length hear the voice of love. Whirlwind and tempest may lead them to catch even its stillest, smallest accents.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a Sunday morning—nearly a year after my first and last sight of King Roy. He was nearly two years old at the time, and his little sister Faith was laboriously and with infinite care dressing him to accompany her for a walk. Warden was out, and the two children had the pleasant and cheerful sitting-room to themselves. The moments of Warden's absence were the moments of Faith's sunshine. Her object now was to get out before he returned, and take Roy with her. She thought her father a very good and wonderful man; but it was quite impossible for her to feel absolutely at home with him. She had a keen perception of his real indifference to her; she was not surprised, for Faith thought very humbly of herself. But his absence took away a sense of restraint which she could not shake off, and now the glorious sunshine of this autumn morning seemed to beckon her out, to beckon

and lure her into the fulness of its own beautiful life. No summer's day that ever came was too hot for little Faith; she would get into the full power of the sun herself, and Roy should have the shelter of the trees. Yes, it was Sunday morning; there was nothing whatever to keep them at home; they would go into Regent's Park, and sit under the trees, and be very, very happy. "'Tis *such* a lovely day, Roy," she said to her little brother. Roy, seated on the floor, was rebelling at his shoes and stockings being put on, and Faith had to use all her powers of imagination in describing the outside world, to induce him to submit to the process. At last, however, he was ready, and, taking his hand, they went down together into the street. Roy was such a lovely child that people turned to look at him as he trotted along. Those who often saw him have told me that he had by no means perfect features, but the brightness and sweetness of the little face were simply indescribable. He babbled as much as of old; but his babbling was now intelligible to other creatures besides the flies. Faith looked nearly as happy as he did as they walked together. In process of time, as fast as the little legs would permit, they arrived at Regent's Park, and Faith, choosing a sheltering tree, placed her little brother in a shady corner, and came close to his side. Roy picked bits of grass, which he flung into Faith's lap. Faith laughed and caressed him. They were both in a most blissful child-world, and thought of no darker days at hand.

"Please, I *should* like to kiss the baby," said a voice suddenly quite close to Faith's ear.

It was a thin, high-pitched voice, and raising her head at the sound Faith saw a very white-faced, very ragged girl a little older than herself standing near.

"I'm so afraid as you mayn't be clean enough," she answered anxiously.

"Oh, but I'll run to mother, and she'll wash my lips. Just wait, and I'll be back in a jiffy."

The ragged girl flew across the grass, came to a woman who was seated with some other children round her, stayed away for a very short time, and quickly returned.

"Now, ain't I h'all right?" she said, showing a pair of pretty rosy lips enough, in the midst of an otherwise black and dirty little face. "You'll kiss me now, pretty, dear little boy?" she said.

"I tiss 'oo once," replied King Roy solemnly, and allowing his little rose-bud mouth to meet hers.

"Oh, but ain't he a real duck?" said the girl. "We 'ad a little 'un somethink like him wid us once. Yes, he wor *werry* like him."

"Ain't he with you now?" asked Faith.

"No, no; you mustn't speak o' it to mother. But he died; he tuk the 'fecti'n, and he died."

"Wor it fever?" asked Faith.

"Yes, perhaps that wor the name. There's a many kinds o' 'fecti'n, and folks dies from they h'all. I don't see the use o' naming 'em. They're h'all certain sure to kill yer." Here the ragged girl seated herself on the grass quite close to Faith. "You'll never guess where I'm a-going this afternoon," she said.

"No; how could I guess?" replied Faith.

"Well, now, you're *werry* neat dressed, and folks like you have a kinder right to be there. But for h'all that, though I'm desperate ragged, I'm goin'. You're sure you can't guess, can you?"

"No, I can't guess," answered Faith. "I a'nt going nowhere particular myself, and I never wor good at guessing."

"Well, now, ain't it queer?—I thought h'all the 'spectable folks went. Why, I'm going to Sunday-school—'tis to Ragged Sunday-school, to be sure; but I like it. I ha' gone twice now, and I like it wonderful well."

"I know now what you mean," replied Faith. "I often wished to go to Sunday-school, but father don't wish it; he'd rayther I stayed to take care o' Roy."

"I guess as my father wouldn't wish it neither. But, lor bless yer! I don't trouble to obey him. 'Tis werry nice in Sunday-school. Would you like to hear wot they telled us last Sunday?"

"Yes, please," answered Faith, opening her eyes with some curiosity.

"Well, it wor a real pretty tale—it wor 'bout a man called Jesus. A lot o' women brought their babies to Jesus and axed him to fondle of 'em, and take 'em in his arms; and there wor some men about—ugh! I guess as *they* wor some'ut like father—and they said to the women, 'Take the babies away as fast as possible; Jesus is a great, great man, and he can't no way be troubled.' And the mothers o' the babies wor going off, when Jesus said—I remember the exact words, for we was got to l'arn 'em off book—'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and don't forbid 'em;' and he tuk them 'ere little babies in his arms and kissed 'em. I guess as some of 'em worn't too clean neither."

"I wish ever so as I could take Roy to him," answered Faith. "That's a real lovely story. Mother, afore she died, telled me

"Please, I *should* like to kiss the baby."

'bout Jesus; but I don't remember 'bout him and the babies. Now I must be going home. Thank you, little ragged girl. If you like you may kiss Roy once again, and me too."

CHAPTER III.

FAITH and Roy were late, and their father was waiting for them. He was very particular about his meals, which were never entrusted to Faith's young efforts at cooking, but were sent from a cook-shop close by. Now the potatoes and a little piece of roast beef smoked on the table, and Warden, considerably put out, walked up and down. When the children entered, Roy ran up to his father confidently—he had never been afraid of any one in his life—and wanted a ride now on the tall, strong shoulder.

"Up, up," said the little fellow, raising his arms and pointing to his favourite perch.

Warden endeavoured to get out of his way, but Roy clasped his little arms round his knees.

"Fader, up, up," he said.

"No; I can't, Roy. Don't be troublesome. Faith, that child is in every one's way. Take him and put him in the bedroom until his dinner is ready."

Little Roy was very hungry, and there was that in his father's hard tone which caused him to raise his baby-blue eyes in wonder and some shadowy alarm. Faith took him, sobbing, into the bedroom, from which she returned with a very sad heart to her own dinner. Warden helped her sullenly; but to eat while her little brother was alone seemed to choke her. She found she could not swallow her nice Sunday dinner. She was always terrified of her stern father, but now for Roy's sake she must brave his anger.

"Please, father, may little Roy have his

dinner first? He's sech a baby, and he's so hungry."

"No, Faith; I make a rule, and I won't break it. 'Tis a very proper punishment for you for being so late."

Roy's little sobbing voice at the other side of the door, for the bedroom was inside the sitting-room, saying "Open, open," made it almost impossible for Faith to sit quiet, and she was much relieved when her father rose from the table and went out. Then what petting followed for little Roy! what feeding him with the choicest bits! until at last the little fellow, worn out from his walk and fit of crying, fell asleep in his sister's arms.

Faith laid him tenderly on the horse-hair sofa, covered him over, and sat down by his side. She sat on a low seat and, folding her hands on her lap, gazed straight before her. Faith was nearly eleven years old now, but she was small for her age—small, thin, and very sad-looking. Only when playing with Roy, or tending Roy, did her little sallow face grow childish and happy in expression. Faith possessed her mother's sensitive temperament. Love alone could make this child bright and happy; without love she must pine and die, perhaps as her mother died. Tears gathered slowly in her eyes as she recalled the little scene between her father and Roy. After a time, hearing steps in the street, she rose and went to the window. Some children, with their parents, were walking up the street—happy children, in their Sunday best, and happy parents, caring for and loving them. Faith watched one little group with special interest. There were four in this group—a father and mother, and boy and girl. The girl held her father's hand, and danced as she walked. The boy, a very little child, was led most tenderly by his mother. Faith turned away with a great sigh, and the tears now rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"Ain't it a hard, hard thing when a little child loses of his mother?" she said to herself. "Oh! my little darlin' Roy, if mother had bin there he wouldn't a bin kep' waiting fur his dinner."

She went over, knelt down by her little brother, and kissed his soft cheek. Then a further thought occurred to her. That was a pretty story the ragged girl in Regent's Park had told her to-day. She had never heard it before, though her mother, when alive, had often spoken to her about Jesus, but somehow this story, the sweetest of all, had never reached her ears before to-day.

"I wish as Jesus wor alive now, and I could take Roy to him," she said to herself. She felt that if Jesus took Roy in his arms and blessed him, that then he might not miss his mother so much; that the great fact of his having received the blessing of Jesus would make up to him for the loss of his mother.

"But wot's the use," continued Faith very sadly to herself, "when Jesus be dead years ago?"

At this juncture in the little girl's thoughts, the room door was opened, and a neighbour, who had often been kind to both the children, came in. She had come to borrow a saucepan, and was in a hurry; but seeing the tears on Faith's cheeks, she stopped to inquire the cause.

"There be nothink wrong wid the little 'un, I 'ope, Faith," she said.

"Oh, no," answered Faith. "Roy's well enough. 'Tis only as I'm so sorry as Jesus is dead."

Mrs. Mason, the neighbour, stepped back a pace or so in some astonishment.

"Bless us and save us!" she exclaimed. "Wot a queer child! But it ain't true, Faith, fur Jesus ain't dead. He's as alive as possible!"

"Do the Bible say that?" asked Faith.

"Yes, the Bible says it h'over and h'over."

"And could I go to him, and take Roy? Could I, Mrs. Mason?"

"Bless us, child, you're a queer 'un; but the Bible sartin' do say as He'll receive all as come to Him. Yes, in course you can go; but I can't tell you the exact way. There, Faith child, why don't you go to Sunday-school, same as the other little lads and lasses about? They teach everythink about coming to Jesus in Sunday-school."

"I wish wid h'all my heart I could go," answered Faith.

"Well, child, I see nothink agen it. There's one jest round the corner, and the bell's a-ringing now; but there, I can't stay another moment."

Mrs. Mason hurried away, and Faith still sat still; but a devouring wish was now possessing her. If she only could just once go to Sunday-school and hear about Jesus, and learn that He was really alive and that she could take Roy to Him! Oh! if only it were possible that Roy might receive this great and wonderful blessing, why it would be worth even her father's great anger, should he learn that she had disobeyed him. Faith trembled and hesitated, and finally rose to her feet. If only Roy would wake, she could take him with her. But no; Roy was very tired and very sound asleep. By the time little Roy awoke, Sunday-school would

be over, and she would have lost all hope of hearing of Jesus for another week.

Suppose she left Roy just for once—just for the first and last time in all her life—she would only be an hour away, and in that hour what possible harm could happen to the little child? and she would learn so much, oh! so much, which could help him by-and-by.

She thought she might venture. She would have returned long before her father came back, most likely long before Roy awoke. It was worth the little risk for the sake of the great gain. She placed the fire-guard carefully before the fire, kissed her little brother, and with a beating heart slipped out.

There was no possible fear for little Roy.

CHAPTER IV.

Before Faith had been gone quite half an hour, her father returned. This was an unusual proceeding, for generally he spent his Sunday afternoons in a working men's club round the corner. He was one of the most influential members of this club—its most active and stirring representative. He organized meetings, got up debates, and did, in short, those thousand and one things which an energetic, clever man can do to put fire and life into such proceedings. Warden felt very virtuous and very useful as he sat down with pen and paper before him. No one could say of him that he spent his time for nought.

A little restless movement, and faint, satisfied baby sigh from the sofa, interrupted these self-satisfied meditations. He looked round and saw little Roy. "Bless us! is the child there? and wherever is Faith?" he said to himself. He got up and approached his boy. The child was looking as beautiful as such a lovely creature would look in his sleep. Warden went on his knees to watch him more earnestly. Yes; the golden-brown eyelashes, the tangled mass of bright hair, the full pouting lips, the rounded limbs, made up a picture which might well cause any father's heart to beat with love and pride; and doubtless there was much of both in Warden's soul just then. He gazed long and earnestly. Before he rose to his feet he even bent and kissed the little flushed cheek.

"Yes," he said to himself; "he's a very, very lovely boy. If ever a man had cause for ambition I have. With God's help, that boy shall take his place with any gentleman in the land before I die."

He sat down again by his table, but instead of continuing his work he remained for a time, one hand partly shading his eyes, while he indulged in a meditation. Yes; he must save as much money as possible; for Roy's education must begin early. Roy must have this, Roy must have that. He did not think of Faith at all. Faith was but a girl. He began to consider by what means he could add to his earnings, by what means he could retrench his present expenses. The rooms they now lived in were comfortable, but far from cheap. Ought they not to go into poorer lodgings? for now they spent all he earned, and where, if that was so, would be the money to put little Roy to school by-and-by?

In the midst of these thoughts, the door was pushed softly open, and a man's face appeared. It just appeared above the frame of the door, and looked in with timid, bloodshot eyes.

"I cannot assist you, Peter Davis," called out Warden in his full, loud tones. "There's no manner of use in your waiting here. You know my opinion of such conduct as yours."

"Yes; but I means to reform—I do indeed," replied Davis. He had so far gathered courage now as to advance a step or two into the room. "'Tis h'all so 'ard on a feller. When he's down h'every one throws a stone at him. I'm h'ever so sorry fur givin' way to the drink, and I'm goin' to take the pledge—I am indeed."

"It is disgusting, any man drinking himself into the condition of a beast—lower, far lower than a beast," answered Warden, in his most bitter tones. "There now, Davis, you know my opinion. I am pleased, however, to hear you mean to change your ways."

"Yes, indeed, indeed I do—Mr.—Mr. Warden; and wot I made bold to come yere fur were to ax ef you'd may be help me. I don't mean fur myself, but fur the poor wife. We h'an't never a sup nor a bite in the house. I thought, may be, Mr.—Mr. Warden, as seeing we belonged to the werry same club, as you'd may be let me have the loan of five shillings, or even harf-a-crown, jest one harf-crown, and returned most faithful, Mr. Warden." Warden laughed loudly.

"No; not a shilling, nor a sixpence," he said. "I never encourage drunkards; and as to your belonging to our club, you won't have that to say long unless you mend yer ways."

"But 'tis fur the wife," continued Davis. "The wife, as honest a body as h'ever breathed, and she's starving. No, no, it aint, indeed it ain't, to spend on drink. Will lend us jest a bit of bread and a bit of tea for the love of Almighty God! How 'ud you like ef yer h'own little lad there were starving?"

"Look here," said Warden, rising to his feet, "I'm busy, and I can't be interrupted. If you don't leave the room at once I must just put you out."

"Then God furgive yer," said poor Davis.

Warden laughed again disagreeably, and, shutting the door on Davis, returned to his work; but the little incident and the burning, angry words of the despairing man shook him unpleasantly, and his temper, never one of the best, was in such a ruffled condition, that it only wanted the faintest provocation to kindle it into a blaze. This provocation (not a very slight one) came in the shape of his little son. Roy had awakened, and after looking round in vain for Faith, had slid down off the horse-hair sofa. He was thoroughly refreshed by his sleep, and was just in the mood when a very little child, in its eager desire for occupation, may do incalculable mischief.

Warden did not know that the little fellow had awakened. He sat with his back to the sofa, and was now thoroughly absorbed in his work. He was drawing up a prospectus for a new society, and his head was bent low over the paper. By his side lay, in a neat and complete form, a prize essay, which he had taken some three months of hard work and hard thought to put together. The subject was one of the popular subjects of the day. The prize was only open to working men. Warden had every hope of gaining the prize. If so, he would win £50. His essay was complete. He had sat up late the night before, finishing it, and it was to be posted to its destination that very evening. Now, with an unconscious jerk of his elbow, he tossed the neatly pinned-together pages on to the floor. He knew nothing of this fact; but as they lay wide open from their fall on the floor, they presented a very tempting spectacle to the eager eyes of little Roy. He approached the precious manuscript softly, sat down on the carpet, and began the delicious work of tearing it into pieces. For a quarter of an hour there was perfect stillness, at the end of which time nothing whatever remained of Warden's prize essay but a pile of scattered fragments which surrounded little Roy. When the deed of mischief was fully done, and not before, the little fellow gave utterance to a deep sigh of satisfaction, and, raising his clear, baby voice, exclaimed, in a tone of triumph—

"'Ook, fader, 'ook!"

Warden did look, and comprehended at a glance. His essay was hopelessly lost! He had no other copy! A quieter and better man might have felt provocation. Into Warden's breast there entered a devil. He caught the little child roughly in his arms, dealt him several sharp blows, and rushed with him into the adjoining bedroom.

"There, you bad, bad boy! Get out of my sight! I never want to see you again."

He locked the door on Roy, and might have been heard pacing up and down his sitting-room. He was in a furious rage, and would scarcely have minded then had any one told him that he had seriously injured his child.

Meanwhile the little child, stunned by the blows, terrified by the rough, hard words, totally uncomprehending what he had done wrong, for Faith had many times given him old papers to tear, lay for a moment or two trembling on the floor. Then he began to sob loudly; then he rose to his feet. It was growing dark in the bedroom, and Roy hated the dark. He ran to the door which divided bedroom and sitting-room, and, shaking it, cried loudly—

"Open, open."

No regard was paid to his eager little voice, and his cries and distress were redoubled. Where was Faith? What did it all mean? He was confused, frightened, pained. He could not comprehend how or why. Turning his back at last to the inhospitable closed door, and standing, a pitiable little object, with all his golden curls lying in a tangled mass on his forehead, he saw a welcome light in another part of the room. This light came from the door which opened on to the passage, and was but very seldom used. Now, through some accident, it was about an inch or two ajar.

Roy saw the light in the passage beyond, and ran to it with a glad cry. When he got there, the thought entered his baby head that he would go and look for Faith. His father had turned him away; his father had hurt him and not been at all nice. Roy, heaving a great sob, felt he did not at all understand his father. Yes; he would go and look for Faith. When she was neither in the sitting-room nor in the bedroom she was out. He would go out to look for her, for *she* was always very nice.

Down step after step he stumbled, no one meeting him, no one observing. Down the long hall at the end he ran, and out through the open door. His head uncovered, his little round arms bare, he ran quickly away from his home. A baby, of two years, to be lost in the London streets!

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Lord, a little band and lowly." Lesson: 1 Samuel xvii. 20—37. Concluding Hymn: "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing."

I WANT to speak to you of the beautifulness of the ways of parents with their young. Under the influence of their little ones, even in savage beasts, ugly selfishness and savagery give place to lovely tenderness and patient care. No longer do the strongest brutes seem grand for their power, by reason of the prouder grandeur of their gentleness. Whatever it touches the parent-spirit beautifies. And as God has strewn the morning with dewy drops that each reflects the sun, so He has strewn the world with parent hearts that each reflects Himself.

Look at the hen with her chickens under her wings. How proud, serene, and happy! A little fluffy head peeps out and chirps its hunger, and then another. She rises and seeks a place to scratch for food, where she works like a little slave, till some hand is put out to touch one of them. Then in an instant she stops. Bumfling herself up to look as formidable as she can, and hurling her cawing threatenings, she flings herself between her young and danger. Brave mother! The timidest of fowls is at once a daring hero. Till she had young she would have fled from a child, now she will fly at a man.

Just as beautiful is the parent spirit among wild, even savage beasts. Yonder away amid the dreary plains of snow and rocks of ice, the gloomy, peevish bear has a heart bright and warm for her young. Men who have thoughtlessly shot them down have seen big tears roll down the bereaved mother's cheeks and heard her lift up her now almost human voice in lamentation, and mourning, and woe, almost breaking their hearts and making them feel how much they would give to bring back the dead cubs to life again.

Inspired, too, by the spirit of their young, brutes of heavy limbs and lumbering gait become quite light and playful. The huge, clumsy hippopotamus which lives in the wilds and rivers of Africa, which can tramp to ruin a rice-field or bite a canoe in two with its enormous jaws, Livingstone saw taking its baby a ride on its back and taking it out a little sail on the river. Terrible she-wolves, dreaded by even armed travellers in the forests of Russia, have pretty ways with their young. The handsome, sly, cruel, and crafty tiger, which generally runs at the approach of danger, her hunters tell us, turns hero when a mother. Seek only her own life, and she will sneak away; seek the life of her cubs, and she boldly stands and forbids. She becomes grand as a human parent, "standing and talking with the enemy in the gate." With the passion of her heart quivering in every limb, with raised head and distended nostrils, she breathes defiance to the danger. If robbed of her young, she becomes the terror of the neighbourhood, and will run any risk to recover them. The story is told of a tigress whose cubs, captured in her absence, and safely conveyed from her lair to a cage in the distant hut of some sportsmen, were rescued by that mother's courage and suffering. She tracked the hunters, found their cage, broke it, wounding her paw in the doing of it, seized them one by one, and carried them in her mouth back, first to the nearest point in the jungle, then to their distant home. She saw that she was watched by armed men, and clearly knew the dread meaning of the smell of powder and the sight of guns; for she threw her own body awkwardly between the little ones which she carried and the men with the guns; but they were too captivated by her brave, motherly pluck, limping away with her treasures, to do her one bit of harm. Or watch the gentle chamois spring its way along the edges of inaccessible mountains followed by its young kid. Danger appears—a hungry vulture in the air is seeking food. The mother sees. Now watch her ways. The huge bird descends, beating his powerful wings, setting his sharp talons, uttering his terrifying screams, to seize her kid and bear it away to devour. But the vulture has to reckon with the mother first. She signs to her young. It crouches behind her, almost underneath her. Now a struggle begins, and a terrible one it is. Beating with his wings, tearing with his claws, the huge bird dashes itself against the tiny kid's defender. Her standing ground is but a narrow ledge. The furious vulture would dislodge her to dash her to pieces below, but she stands like the very rock itself. Deep gashes are made in the mother's flesh. The beak and talons of the vulture are quickly covered with bits of hairy skin and are dripping with blood.

While he withdraws a space, she glances a quick eye beneath her and sees that it is *hers* and not her kid's. Nerved with this joy she digs her curved horns into his breast as he batters down on her again. So the battle goes on. Naturally timid she is now undaunted. Far gentler and feebler than her savage foe, she is now more mighty. Her babe and suckling has transformed her. God has ordained her strength in it. At length she is the victor, and disheartened, exhausted, the vulture goes away shrieking with vexation and wounds. And, surely, never did plumes become a conqueror or crown beautify a king as the blood and feathers on the horns and brow of that brave mother. They are the diadem of a mother's glory.

And David speaks of the parental spirit of the lion, the most savage, most cruel and remorseless of beasts. What miles will it travel, what risks will it run, what enemies will it dare, that its little ones may not "lack and suffer hunger!" He had himself seen it, in the lambing time, leap the wall of the sheepfold, dare the shepherds and dogs, and clubs and spears, and arrows and stones, to capture a kid and carry it away for their supper; and one of them had once lost its life at his own hands in the attempt. He slew the lion, and rescued the kid, and that night at least the young lions did lack their meal and suffer hunger, but only because the brave father was dead.

And why have I told you all this? Why because there is not a single young thing born into the world with the riches of a parent's love that does not call upon us to rejoice in God. Each and all have wealth of love enough, and more than enough, to defend them, to train them to feel, to care, to labour, and out of a willing and patient heart to supply all their needs. Riches enough for children in all parents—in the snarling wolf and the roaring lion, and the silly barn-door fowl! What, then, must be the riches for us in the heart of our Father God? If that name meant to us—and we are all His offspring—all that it ought to mean: what it meant to David at the time when he wrote the idea of my text, what parent means even to beasts that perish—we should not be contented only; we should shout aloud and clap our hands for joy. As we said Our Father which art in heaven, our rapture at the simple truth would be what Jesus meant, when He said Hallowed be Thy Name.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "All things bright and beautiful." Lesson: Psalm xxxiv. Concluding Hymn: "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing."

I have spoken to you about the beauties which may be seen in the spirit of the parent beasts of the field; but after all, beautiful as they are, they are not to be compared with the beauties of the same kind which exist in the hearts of the fathers and mothers of the children of men. Let me show you what I mean, for I want you to climb from the lower kind of parental glory up to the higher, and through that to the highest—the glory of God.

So think of the fact that, after all, the young of the animal world "*may lack*." The bravest, strongest, most glorious heart *may* turn cold. Shot through the heart by the huntsman's

gun, the tiger defending her crouching little ones, thrilling with bravery and love for them, may fall dead. David's lion, with the meat for its young already grasped, returned to its home no more. That night his cub's bright eyes peered out into the darkness, but looked for him in vain. They waited long, but he tarried still. Hunger grew pinching, but the accustomed carrier came not with their meat. Eagerly they laid their tiny ears that they might catch the most distant sound of his footsteps, but their ears heard not, for their joy and their love had perished; their father's heart was cold and still in death. And the children of the very monarch of the kingdom of beasts "lacked their meat and suffered hunger." Their father was dead.

But the love of the brute to its offspring does not last even as long as life.

Let the fluffy little chicken get its feathers and become able to care for itself, and you may catch it and hurt it and even kill it and its mother will only run away. Had the very bears I told you of, over which the mother wept and wailed her almost human woe, lived but another year, she would have looked at them both lying stretched in death with as little feeling as the men who shot them. Wait till the cubs of the lion have grown to maturity, then let them vex him, and he himself will tear them limb from limb. That they should be in weakness and in want, or wounded and ill and hungry, to their own once patient and tender mother will now matter nothing at all. Thinking only of herself, she will leave them to die.

Beautiful, then, as is the parental fidelity and tenderness of huge brutes while it lasts, it soon changes and dies. The playfulness and prettiness of babyhood once over, love is all over; and ever after, parents and children are each for themselves. Brother no longer knows brother, nor sister sister. How different is it among *men*, where sisters love all their life long: where a father finds joy in his children's children, and a mother, with love which lasts even longer than her children's life, sits weeping by their grave.

Mere animal love is soon gone. The days of less than one brief year can separate, do separate, and for ever, the lover and the loved. Then what a change! Love gives place to wrath and envy and malice and strife and all hardness of heart! Selfishness, cowardice, and craft now win the day. The maxim of parents and children henceforth is "Every one for himself;" "Hurt me and I'll fight you;" for "Tit for tat" is the prime law of the fallen brute, when the beauty of tenderness is gone and the glory of love is departed.

In passing, let me remind you how the Bible warns us—boys and girls, and men and women, against all such ways as these, calling them the ways of "brute beasts." "Quit you like *men*" is its cry. Love; be kind; be forgiving; love always; love your enemies, do good to them, if such there be, that hate you and despitefully use you. Brute beasts know nothing of doing to others as they would that others should do to them. Only *men*, true men, and Christ and God do such glorious deeds as these, and who does them most naturally, constantly, and joyfully is most a man, most like Christ, most pleasing to God.

But go back now and think once more of the parent brute in its first Paradise, while its babes and sucklings inspire it with pure, unselfish strength, and it tastes the pleasures of using its power for its young. Think of that Paradise with its million of lovely sights: little fledglings in all the nests on clefts of rock and tufts of grass and branches of trees throughout all the world, lulled to sleep by the notes of their father's voice, softened as it filters through the down of their mother's wings. Think of the countless little whelps and cubs of bears and wolves and lions in lairs of grass and caves of hills lying beside their mother's breast smiling in their sleep, as they dream of the dear brooding, purring sound that last they hear at night, that first wakes their sense at morn, that somehow wins their joyful trust. Think of this vast charming kingdom of love lying down with love. That scene of beauty might change this night, and to-morrow find all the love and beauty of each bosom in that whole parent world cold, cowardly, cruel to those now sweetly, safely sheltered beneath it, and the air be filled with the universal cries of their neglected young, suffering the pain of want, dying of hunger. Yes, all *that* is possible before God could cease to be kind to you. More; even tender mothers of human children and their more faithful fathers might thus change, and, joining with the brute creation, suddenly cease to have compassion on their young, and even their tiniest baby be left to die for lack and hunger. Yet, were that too to happen, one love would be still the same, the love of God.

This is only a strong way of putting the grandeur of the love of God. Lions will not, *cannot* turn cowards to their children, and long as old nature lasts, they will joy to

seek their meat for their hungry young. Fathers and mothers will not cease to have compassion on their helpless babes; ever will it be the fulness of a new delight to live for their good, and in this let all rejoice. But fuller still is the delight, brighter still is the glory of the fact that our Father God is better, tenderer, stronger than all.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Dear Jesus, ever at my side." Lesson: Luke xv. 11—32. Concluding Hymn: "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing."

The most beautiful of the beautiful hearts God has made is the heart of a parent in love with its sick and its sinful child. Walking the other day towards a green hill with many clumps of trees upon it, admiring its soft beauty as it lay in the early evening twilight, suddenly one of my little companions cried, "Oh, look, look!" pointing to a place in the trees on the top of the hill, which had just begun to sparkle and glow with the blazing fires of a huge diamond. "What is it?" he continued; "the trees are on fire!" It was the large sweep of a curved roof of glass, high enough up to catch the rays of the sun which had already set to us. His level beams had played upon it, kindling it with some of the splendour of his own exceeding glory. It was *one bit* of the fire of the hidden sun. And such, my child, is the glory of the love which glows and burns in the devotion of a parent's heart, brooding and yearning over a sick and sinful child. It is a flash of the hidden glory of God, and living as we do in a world where so many children are sick and so many do wrong and sin, and where *all*, yes, all God's children are sick and sin and do wrong, such tidings as mothers' hearts and fathers' bring are surely glad tidings of great joy; and to all people, too. How lovely was the love of our own dear Princess Alice, as in her home at Darmstadt she fought with the death that would take her child away. His disease was loathsome, it was dreadfully catching and therefore dangerous to her, being almost sure to kill, yet these things could not turn her away. See how she watches and tends and yearns over and kisses the little sufferer, though no smile, no look, no word comes back to cheer her on, for that little pinched and weary child scarcely knows even that his mother is there, and the more still and deathly and indifferent he seems, the more does the woe of her sorrow increase, the more lovingly she kisses, the more yearningly she watches, the more tenderly she tends; till, at length, poor nature fails, the zeal of her love has shattered her frame, she herself falls ill, sickens, suffers, and dies. Look, my little child, look there, in that glowing burning love, is a shaft of the fires of the love of God.

Still lovelier is a lovely scene in an aged farmer's house on the plains of Syria. Round about it are groups of graceful, feathery palm-trees and curious humped-back camels, and the quaint wooden ploughs of a now ancient by-gone world. But within it are the eternal beauties of God, for there is a father with a true father's heart. One of his sons has pained him and left him, and wasted all his kind gifts, and sent no tidings of where he is. He has sinned against his love and injured his health, and spoilt the joys of his life. It is now long years ago since he left his father's roof, and through them all every thought of him has brought only pain. He is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Never a word has he asked even through all those years as to whether his father is alive or dead. He has been a grievous, cruel, and worthless son. Poor, hungry, and in want, he at length comes home, to find that the heart he had grieved and pained for these many wicked years loved him still, loved him with a love that stuck far closer than his brother's, from which his many and shameful sins and wrongs, nothing indeed could separate; loved him richly, as when he played at home a loving, chubby, pleasant boy. Look, my child, look at that father's heart, for it glows and burns with the fires of the hidden love of God. The bigger the heart and the brighter its love, the longer it lasts, the more full is it of the love of our Father in heaven.

Still, big and bright with the glory of God as human hearts sometimes are, like the big sweep of that roof of glass kindled by the light of the setting sun, they are even then never more than a tiny patch, a single spark, compared with that glory of which they speak. And that broad expanse of the roof of glass soon lost its glory, and was black as the night, for the light of the sun had gone. But, gone from that roof, where was it still? Where!—it was still the sun; the glorious fires were still burning there. And now for my grandest truth. Should all parents' hearts turn black and do no longer one deed of light and love; should young lives lack, and untended children die, and prodigals find no looks but cruel vengeance, still, God would be Love and all the world might find a refuge in Him.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "It is a thing most wonderful." Lesson: Matthew vii. 1—12. Concluding Hymn: "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing."

Our last talk on this young lion text shall be on its closing words, "But they that seek the Lord shall lack no good thing." What is it to "seek the Lord?" Well, we all know that we seek what we value, and only that; and we seek long what we much value and much want. The Bible has many words which mean almost the same thing: Seeking the Lord, Waiting upon God, and the like, all of which are better expressed by the favourite word of Jesus, "faith." So I shall use His word in preference to David's.

Well, what then is faith in God? In the first place it is a *feeling towards God*. So let us take a picture of the monarch of the desert and see how his offspring feel towards him. The African lion will be most worthy for our illustration, for he is the king of beasts. Look at him then in his native wilds in the hour of his terror. It is night, and dark. He rises from his day's resting-place, shakes his shaggy mane, leisurely swings his tail from side to side meditating his plans. Huge horned buffalo would tremble at the sight; but look, those tiny cubs lying beside him with little upturned faces have not one trace of fear. Suddenly he lifts up his voice, which is like the deep roar of thunder rolling over the plain. At that sound all other voices far and wide are hushed in terror except his little ones, which are actually purring like happy kittens. Now he prowls abroad. From before him the whole animal world flees. Huge brutes hurry away on every side to humbly hide themselves, crouching and trembling in a breathless silence, in the dark shadows of rocks and thickets, till his footsteps have long died away; yet those very footsteps are ever the welcomest sounds to those tiny cubs in his den, and among their few regrets is that their return will sometimes tarry so long. He makes for a drinking-place, creeps softly, marks an unwary antelope bending to the water, and, with deep-toned roar and flashing eyeballs, leaps upon it, seizes it in his enormous jaws and drags it away to his home. That roar, and those flashing eyeballs which petrify all other beasts with fear, are lamps of love and comfort and sounds of joy and music to the tiny beasts at home. While others shun him and fly at his coming, their little eyes peer out into the night and their hearts go forth to meet him. Armed men, too, will dread him. A whole village will be sickened at the tidings that he is approaching their home. Suddenl in the dusk, right at their feet, they see t flash of his eye, hear his growl, and feel c their limbs the brush of his shaggy man as he plunges in among them, and before the can know what is happening, with one boun he is off and away, dragging one of them wi him. The terror of the whole world, he is ye his children's strength and confidence.

In all this you see what faith is. Nov could we but feel towards God our Father i heaven as those young lions feel toward that monarch of the African forest, we to should have faith; faith in God. The is not a single cub of only a few weeks o in all the lion lairs of the world which doe not know in its own heart what faith is, whic does not put faith to practice, too, every day o its life; and though they know neither the wor "faith" nor "Father," they know that swee pleasant feeling of satisfaction when they se him, which is the meaning of them both.

So faith is first a feeling towards anothe a feeling of quietness and happiness in on whom we trust.

But now what makes those little heart thus trust? Why do those lions' eyes ever looking love make only their *children*, *thei* children trust? For the same reason tha rose-trees, and only rose-trees, open roses t the sun: God made them so. Deep down in every offspring lion's heart, the world round, born with its birth, is faith and love in parents; and there they wait like bright rose-leaves packed in the hard green bud, til something comes, God made, to open them; till they are touched by that lovely touching sight—a parent lion's spirit. In the deep, tender, glowing look of both father and mother there is a scene of beauty to them they do not understand, but which they *must* both love and trust. Then faith becomes not only faith in what *another* and bigger lion is, but faith in what their tiny *selves* are. That spirit witnesses with their spirit that they are *children*. They have no other knowledge. God made them so, and He has made every child of man the same. How does any child know whose child it is but by the witness of the parent's spirit with its own spirit! That faith comes by *feeling*.

So, too, comes the faith of the children of God. He is a scene of beauty, the beauty of Jesus is his. To see it is to love and trust it, and to love and trust it is to *feel* that we are His offspring. As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the children of God. Look on Jesus and feeling will come, and faith too.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

SUMMER IN SHOPS.

THE claims of shop-assistants to consideration have been urged in the past with such satisfactory results for many of them that appeal is encouraged on behalf of those who are still the victims to far too long hours. Appeal is the more necessary as their sufferings, though severe, are not prominent through assuming grossly repulsive forms. The facts are these. In many places of business, especially where shops are small and exposed to sharp competition, youths and young girls are at work for twelve, thirteen, and even fourteen hours a day, with the shortest break for meals, and no chance of obtaining rest during the time of business. They are penned up in the confined space of dark and ill-ventilated shops; and it is just where the conditions are most unhealthy that the narrow limits of accommodation make seats an impossibility. In such cases the strain on the system is terrible, of an intensity almost past conception, as exhausting as labour in the mine or on the treadmill. Of course the amount of suffering to which this neglect leads is immense. It is a serious evil for the physical welfare of the nation, as Earl Cairns pointed out at a recent meeting, that at the critical period of life an excessive strain should be put upon the girls who will be the mothers of the future. There is sufficient cause for indignation on purely utilitarian grounds, but our sympathies will be touched more deeply by the thought that the freshest and brightest days of the year, the loveliness of spring and the genial warmth of summer, only embitter the lot of thousands who are chained to the counter and in their "brazen prison pent." Many of these poor sufferers are injured for life. A medical man at Islington, who has had much experience among this class, asserts that he has now on his books "more than a dozen patients, young girls whose ailments are entirely attributable to the excessive hours which they are obliged to work, and to their being constantly on their feet." He goes on to say that his patients are so strictly tied to business all the week that Sunday is the only day on which they are free to visit him, and that for their convenience his dispensary is kept open on Sunday mornings. The individual keepers of such shops are perhaps as much to be pitied as to be blamed, for there can be no doubt that the lateness of a vast proportion of their late business arises from the mere habit into which their customers have fallen, not of necessity, but from mere thoughtlessness. When people understand that such thoughtlessness becomes towards others a cruelty and a crime, they will do their business early, then shops will close themselves.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

The Salvation Army has entered upon a new phase in its history. The Judges of the Crown have decided that its public processions are strictly legal demonstrations, and have reversed with the most contemptuous criticism the sentences of the local magistrates. The authorities of the Church are following on the same road. In Convocation the success of the Army has been discussed in the most friendly spirit. Bishop Benson of Truro and Canon Westcott have had an interview with Mr. Booth to discuss the relations of the "Army" to the Church. Services in connection with the movement have been held in several churches, in some of which the Bishop of Bedford has taken a prominent part. Finally, the Primate, though in guarded terms, has expressed general approbation of the attempt which Mr. Booth and his supporters are making to turn haunts of vice into halls of worship, and has given a contribution to the fund for purchasing the Grecian Theatre and the Eagle Tavern in the East End of London. On all sides there is an evident inclination to recognise the effect which has been produced among the irreligious masses of the country. In the past suspicion and coldness have brought their own punishment, and those errors will not be repeated now. One fact, however, is clear—that mere eccentricity can never be a permanent power. If the superficial effervescence subsides, and leaves only the ardent and enthusiastic faith in which the real power of the new crusade consists, then the work may produce results transcending even our highest hopes. At the same time, reality —not respectability, nor we may add, by way of warning to some of the leaders, vulgarity—is the supreme, the only requisite, and the one must not be sacrificed for the other.

THE A. F. D. SOCIETY.

"Eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send a portion to him for whom nothing is provided," is one of those hospitable precepts which all generous-hearted natures delight to obey. Miss Hinton, the secretary and superintendent of this society, has interpreted the command in its finest sense. She is an invalid, and liable to attacks of severe suffering, but finds joy and comfort in ministering to the needs and afflictions of others. Twenty-four years ago this society was established for the relief of poor clergymen and their families. The correspondence with the applicants was at first anonymous; it was "A FrienD" that administered the bounty, and "A FrienD" the society has continued to this day; though, as it has been suggested, "A Friendly Deed" would interpret the letters of its title with no less fidelity. The society does a great amount of good work with the least amount of fuss or pretension. In 1858 its income for the year was £8, which was divided between two recipients; it also sent out six parcels of clothes and other gifts. Last year it divided £3,714 among 212 cases, and distributed 672 packages. The work of relief is manifold. Sickness, accident, and education have the first claim, but it is positively painful to realise the vast amount of

unobtrusive personal distress existing among a class whose calling ought to put them above pecuniary anxieties of the meaner kind.

Again and again cases occur in which these families need ordinary household stores and furniture, carpets, coals, and even clothing. And how is it possible to provide for the wants of children, to feed, and clothe, and educate them, on a mere £120 or £150 a year, which certainly is not an exceptionally small income for a parish clergyman, who at the same time is probably compelled to live in a position where economy and retrenchment when possible present serious difficulties? We find just what might have been expected; serious and sometimes permanent mental injury due to the strain of this terrible overwork and anxiety; and just now the agricultural depression has aggravated the existing distress. Glebe lands are vacated by their occupants; no new tenants can be found, and so no tithe is paid. When need is greatest, it is impossible for the society to undertake fresh cases, at any rate for the time being, though many urgent applications have been refused. Among them is one of a vicar with a living of £130. He is suffering from a slight attack of paralysis; he has eight children, and the two eldest daughters are delicate. What can the father do? Yet the case is not one of very exceptional hardship. In face of facts it is idle to talk vaguely of economy and prudence, to suggest that incapacity is always impecunious; it is still more monstrous to talk of an idle and overpaid priesthood. Here we have a body of men whose life and strength and thought are devoted to the service of God and of man; who bear the cares and anxieties of thousands in their charge; comfort in sickness, console in death; and yet find few to share their distress or to relieve their necessities. The inadequate remuneration of most of the clergy of all churches is a scandal in our national life. It may be a survival from the times of a celibate priesthood, but the priesthood is celibate no longer, and if the "hungry sheep" may "look up" for food, far more may the hungry shepherds. At present it is but too notorious that very few clerks would change salaries with the clergy. To remove this scandal by personal effort is our first duty; to support societies such as this is our second; and those who would do their part in the work should communicate with Miss Hinton, at 4, York Place, Clifton, Bristol, where the headquarters of the organization are established.

GARFIELD MEMORIALS.

A true memorial is a noble treasure. It is good, if it preserves the memory of a great man; it is better, if it perpetuates his work: the one keeps his fame in the world, the other his goodness. Just now memorials of Garfield are in progress on either side of the Atlantic. At William's College, with which the late President was so intimately associated, Mr. Cyrus Field is erecting a memorial window, representing an Angel showing Moses the Land of Promise. In the Capitol at Washington, Salviati, an Italian artist, who to express the "sympathy and homage" of his country presented the American Governme with a mosaic portrait of Lincoln on Venetian gla now sends a companion portrait of Lincoln's successo In London sympathy has expressed itself in anoth form. A new home for working girls has been open at Brixton, the sixth of its kind now established London, which is to bear the title of "Garfie House." It cost £1,000, and will accommoda eight-and-thirty inmates. Institutions of this ch racter, it has been repeatedly shown, are the on sure defence for young girls, engaged in houses business, against the dangers and temptations solitary life in great cities. Employers—even t best of them—are not careful enough as to wh becomes of their servants when work is over; a cheap lodgings are dangerous as well as nasty. It only too easy for girls, children as many of them a and thrown on the world alone without guidance or e perience, to come to absolute ruin through a sing false step. Even if they do not suffer in this way, life of loneliness is one of sorrow and anxiety, all t more intense because there is no companion an friend with whom trouble may be shared, and who sympathy makes the burden lighter. Homes li these and the Peabody institutions at New York, t which Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, referred i his address at the inaugural ceremony, surround th solitary ones with some of the safeguards of hom and give them family affection of adoption if not c birth. Would it not be pleasant and easy for thos who live near institutions of the kind to do somethin to brighten what, even under the best condition must be a somewhat dull and monotonous life? A kind heart will soon find out a way.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

MRS. BEECHER STOWE'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe has recently been celebratin her seventieth birthday with her friends; *celebrating* because in fact the day actually occurred severa months ago. The celebration, however, was reserve till June; and if Mrs. Stowe's English friends wer not represented on the occasion, their absence wa not due to any want of affection. No one did mor to stir the heart and conscience of our land upon th question of slavery than Mrs. Stowe; and "Uncl Tom's Cabin," the great classic romance of th struggle, and her other pictures of gentler and kindlie life, have taken fast hold upon our sympathies. The birthday celebration was a noble one. On the same spot J. G. Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes ha received the same honours on similar occasions, an both were then present, not without due tribute o song, to do honour to their sister. Whittier's poem was full of quiet beauty; the stanzas of Wendel Holmes had all the freshness and vigour of youth and were as true as they were beautiful.

Mrs. Stowe's declining years are calm and bright and full of peace. "She has the peculiar beauty," write one who was present, "which belongs to the quie

evening of a consecrated old age." Those who have endured hardship for Christ's sake and his brethren in the early years of life, ever find that the Divine Presence is with them when "it is towards eventide and the day is far spent."

THE EDUCATION CONFLICT IN FRANCE.

The action of the French Government in secularising the public elementary schools is working and seems likely to work in a direction which the anti-papal authors of the movement had but little conceived. Mr. Percy Bunting, in a letter to the *Spectator*, says that while up to the beginning of this year, 134 schools in Paris and its suburbs have been withdrawn from the superintendence of the religious communities and established on a purely lay foundation, the Catholic party have founded new schools almost sufficient to balance this loss, having raised £200,000 by subscription, and £80,000 by loan. All the monarchical and clerical organs have taken up the case with vehement ardour, and the notorious *Figaro* on the same page with scandalous jests and licentious *feuilletons*, prints articles under the heading "They shall not have the child's soul," with immense subscription lists to back their projects of resistance. The schools which the monks and nuns have established are full; even at present they contain 50,000 pupils, or one-third of the children of school age in Paris. This may be due to the superior character of the education which they give, but it is far more probable that even sceptical parents are anxious, like some we have known, that their children shall "learn religion;" and as they cannot teach it at home themselves, they will come back in the end to the schools of the religious orders. It does not seem likely therefore that the action of the Government will at present do much to free young France from the influence of the papal priest.

GAMBLING ON BOARD MAIL STEAMERS.

The Rev. J. Mountain and some of his companions on a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope have made an energetic protest against a very serious evil. At sea, and especially when the ship's run is unusually long, ingenuity is severely taxed in devising new methods for beguiling the tediousness of too protracted leisure, and when books and games, songs and plays, are all exhausted, the weary passengers too often fall back upon less innocent pastimes. On board many steamers a most serious amount of gambling goes on; not the reckless play of Monte Carlo and other notorious haunts of European vice, but more pernicious for the permanent effects of the pursuit than for the intrinsic value of the stakes. As a rule, the losers are those who can least afford to throw away even the comparatively small sums which they forfeit; and many have become habitual gamblers who elsewhere would never have yielded to the temptation. The experience of Mr. Mountain and his friends, according to our personal knowledge, has been only too common during recent years.

"For the last three or four days," he says, "the ship, so far as many of her first-class passengers are concerned, has been little better than a gambling-saloon. Stakes of a shilling have been daily made by ladies as well as gentlemen, with regard to the daily run of the vessel, and the winner has pocketed the 'sweeps.' This form of betting has been made the means of yet more bets for and against certain numbers: and this morning the tickets were sold by public auction on the quarter-deck, which raised the 'sweeps' to £7 12s. 6d. Moreover, from morning till evening card-playing for money is going on in almost every part of the deck, and numerous bets are made as the games proceed."

It is to be hoped that the protest will be effectual. For not only is the practice a positive breach of law, but when carried on under such conditions it is terribly pernicious. Young men, in some cases even girls, join in the game, and on their way out lose the money which was intended to give them a start in a new home. If they do not land penniless, the case is as bad; for then they have just escaped the stern but wholesome warning which might have served as a check and a cure; while the habits which they have acquired cling to them through life, and ruin them sooner or later. For those passengers, on the other hand, who have sufficient courage and self-respect to refuse to countenance gambling, the position is one of extreme discomfort and annoyance. Two or three gamblers will corrupt the little community, and make the voyage intolerable to their involuntary associates. It rests with the officers and managers of the great companies to act with rigour and energy in suppressing a folly that is the sure beginning of crime, and travellers who find themselves in Mr. Mountain's position will do well in repeating and enforcing his Christian protest.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

MISSIONS IN GREENLAND.

Dr. Brodbeck, one of the Moravian Missionaries in Greenland, has recently published a most interesting account of a trial expedition along the east coast of the country. The greater part of the land is a desert of snow and ice. The population is very small, and the civilisation of the most primitive order. On the west coast the Danes have established themselves to the number of about three thousand, in thirteen colonies. Their Lutheran churches and the missions of the Moravians are the sole Christian element throughout the land. Their work, strange to say, is one of reconquest; for Greenland was in bygone ages a Christian realm. About the year 1,000 A.D., the son of King Erik introduced the new faith among the heathen Norsemen who had previously settled there; converts were numerous; the religion flourished; several churches and a cathedral were built. How the tide turned, and the disappearance of the Norse colonists, history does not record; but the native Eskimoes of the present day show no trace of that early teaching. Where life is precarious, intelligence is debased; but, though degraded, they are not destitute of all spiritual conceptions.

"Their religion," says Dr. Brown, "is a belief in spirits of various degrees of power. The chief one is 'Torngarsuk'—the great spirit, or devil, as the name signifies, who, though only known to the common people by name, is constantly consulted by the Angekoks. Whether he is the shape of a bear or a man, or of no form at all, is disputed among the hyperborean wise men, but that he lives in the interior of the earth or under the waters, in a land of abundance and everlasting sunshine, is generally conceded. Yet he is not worshipped by the people, all intercourse with him being left to the Angekoks, who affect great familiarity with him, and claim that he gives them power to heal sickness, obtain wealth, success in the hunt, and indeed anything which they can be paid for procuring for their votaries. In addition, the Eskimo lives in a perfect atmosphere of gods. In every wind that blows he hears spirits; in the darkness of the night their whispers reach him; every animal has its guardian angel; the aurora, as it lights up the snow and rustles in the Arctic air, is the spirits of the dead fighting in the air; the very moon which gladdens the long Arctic night provides for their necessities, giving the Labrador Eskimo reindeer, seals, and other good things."

Dr. Brodbeck started from Friedrichsthal in the west, and made his way up to Narssak in the remote east. He met with less difficulty than might have been anticipated, considering the dangerous state of the ice-bound sea, and the feuds which divide the two portions of the natives. Such is the hostility between East and West that two Danish explorers, whom the missionary met, could not induce their crews to accompany them on their way. Dr. Brodbeck's crew, however, gave him no trouble of this kind. The natives with whom they conversed were friendly, and listened to the new teaching with eager surprise. "*Does God see me every day?*" "*Will my dead body become alive again?*" were the first questions to be asked; and then came that inevitable and pathetic demand, which our human affection is always putting in some form or other, "*What will become of my husband, who died last year, without having heard the good news? If I were to become a Christian, should I see him again in that other life?*" When poor ignorant souls are thus stirred on first hearing the gracious news of God and His Son, Jesus Christ, a longer and deeper acquaintance with the truth will yield a bounteous harvest. A permanent mission station will, if possible, be established on the east coast, for the distance makes communication with the more civilised parts a matter of difficulty, and to remove from one coast to the other would be to sacrifice the means of livelihood.

ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

American Christianity has for many years been carrying on a work of the highest importance in South-Eastern Europe. The schools and colleges which have been established through its agency are exercising a most powerful influence in combating the ignorance and vice of Moslem communities and in winning Turkey for Christ. Among these institutions Robert College, which bears the name of its founder, Mr. Christopher Robert, of New York, holds the first rank. It stands on the shore of the Bosphorus, not far from Constantinople, at the very centre of national life. It has large and commodious buildings, an excellent library, and well-fitted laboratories, which enable its professors to give an education of the widest and soundest character, the religious element, however, being always kept supreme. Already the college has securely established its reputation, and students, many of them from Moslem families, are flocking in, not unwilling to listen to Christian teaching, if only they can acquire the culture and the morality which they recognise in their fellow-countrymen who have passed through the college course. Poverty is not permitted to bar the way to intelligence, and help is extended to deserving students. Though Robert College has only been open for eleven years, it has already contributed substantially to national progress and enlightenment; and when Bulgaria secured her independence, it was to its students that the new State turned: in default of the men whom it had trained, the highest posts of Government must have fallen into foreign or into incapable hands. Happily the college had anticipated the coming need, and the men were ready. There can be no doubt but that these students, as they pass away into the wider life of the nation, will do much to purify the corrupt society of the East, and to insure the final victory of Christian faith over Mohammedan superstition.

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

THOMAS JONES OF SWANSEA.

Thomas Jones was a preacher of a type rare in these days, if not actually extinct. He had not the commanding intellect nor the speculative subtlety possessed by some of his compeers, but the heart and soul and voice of a poet. His preaching was Christian poetry; not pretty, not fanciful, but tender, inspiring, and pathetic: his thoughts on human life and on Divine revelation were such as "involuntary move harmonious numbers." He was a poet-preacher, in a new sense one of "the sweet singers of Israel." In London, at Melbourne, and in Swansea, he never failed to attract those who knew the loveliness of Christian life. The miners of Wales and men like Robert Browning listened to him with equal delight. His chief charm, perhaps, consisted in the earnestness of his conviction, and in the frankness and freedom with which he expressed his thoughts and feelings without disguise and without restraint; for the ceremony and conventionality of social and Christian life he had an intense repugnance; but he warred against it not with the scathing fires of indignation and scorn, but with the persuasive power of gentle tenderness. He was a man much loved of all who knew him: he had many friends, and few if any foes. In his life met all the brightest, and truest, and sweetest elements of Christian manhood.

From a photograph] [by A. Debenham, Southsea.

Yours very truly
Sarah Doudney.

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—DIFFERENCE.

ABOUT noon the next day, lord Gartley called. Whether he had got over his fright, or thought the danger now less imminent, or was vexed that he had *appeared* to be afraid, I do not know. Hester was very glad to see him again.

"I think I am a safe companion to-day," she said. "I have not been out of the house yet. But till the bad time is over among my people, we had better be content not to meet, I think."

Lord Gartley mentally gasped. He stood for a moment speechless, gathering his thoughts, which almost refused to be gathered.

"Do I understand you, Hester?" he said. "It would trouble me more than I can tell to find I do."

"I fear I understand you, Gartley!" said Hester. "Is it possible you would have me abandon my friends to the small-pox, as a hireling his sheep to the wolf?"

"There are those whose business it is to look after them."

"I am one of those," returned Hester.

"Well," answered his lordship, "for the sake of argument we will allow it *has* been your business; but how can you imagine it your business any longer?"

Indignation, a fire always ready "laid" in Hester's bosom, but seldom yet lighted by lord Gartley, burst into flame, and she spoke as he had never heard her speak before.

"I am aware, my lord," she said, "that I must by and by have new duties to perform, but I have yet to learn that they must annihilate the old. The claims of love cannot surely obliterate those of friendship! The new should make the old better, not sweep it away."

"But, my dear girl, the thing is preposterous!" exclaimed his lordship. "Don't you see you will enter on a new life! In the most ordinary cases even, the duties of a wife are distinct from those of an unmarried woman."

"But the duties of neither can supersede those of a human being. If the position of a wife is higher than that of an unmarried woman, it must enable her to do yet better the things that were her duty as a human being before."

"But if it be impossible she should do the same things?"

"Whatever is impossible settles its own question. I trust I shall never desire to attempt the impossible.

"You have begun to attempt it now."

"I do not understand you."

"It is impossible you should perform the duties of the station you are about to occupy and continue to do as you are doing now. The attempt would be absurd."

"I have not tried it yet."

"But I know what your duties will be, and I assure you, my dear Hester, you will find the thing cannot be done."

"You set me thinking of more things than I can manage all at once," she replied in a troubled way. "I must think."

"The more you think, the better satisfied you will be of what I say. All I want of you is to think; for I am certain if you do, your good sense will convince you I am right."

He paused a moment. Hester did not speak. He resumed.

"Just think," he said, "what it would be to have you coming home to go out again straight from one of these kennels of the small-pox! The idea is horrible! Wherever you were suspected of being present, the house would be shunned like the gates of death."

"In such circumstances I should not go out."

"The suspicion of it would be enough. And in your absence, as certainly as in your presence, though not so fatally, you would be neglecting your duty to society."

"Then," said Hester, "the portion of society that is healthy, wealthy, and—merry, has stronger claims than the portion that is poor and sick and in prison!"

Lord Gartley was for a moment bewildered—not from any feeling of the force of what she said, but from inability to take it in. He had to turn himself about two or three times mentally before he could bring himself to believe she actually meant that those to whom she alluded were to be regarded as a portion of the same society that ruled his life. He thought another moment, then said,

"There are the sick in every class: you would have those of your own to visit. Why not leave others to visit those of theirs?"

"Then of course you would have no objection to my visiting a duchess in the small-pox?"

Lord Gartley was on the point of saying that duchesses never took the small-pox, but he did not, afraid Hester might know to the contrary.

"There could be no occasion for that," he said. "She would have everything she could want."

"And the others are in lack of everything! To desert them would be to desert the Lord. He will count it so."

"Well, certainly," said his lordship, returning on the track, "there would be less objection in the case of the duchess, in as much as every possible precaution would in her house be taken against the spread of the disease. It would be horribly selfish to think only of the person affected!"

"You show the more need that the poor should not be deserted of the rich in their bitter necessity! Who among them is able to take the right precautions against the spread of the disease? And if it spread among them, there is no security against its reaching those at last who take every possible care of themselves, and none of their neighbours. You do not imagine, because I trust in God, and do not fear what the small-pox can do to me, I would therefore neglect any necessary preventive! That would be to tempt God: means as well as results are his. They are a way of giving us a share in his work."

"If I should have imagined such neglect possible, would not yesterday go far to justify me?" said lord Gartley.

"You are ungenerous," returned Hester. "You know I was then taken unprepared! The small-pox had but just appeared—at least I had not heard of it before."

"Then you mean to give up society for the sake of nursing the poor?"

"Only upon occasion, when there should be a necessity—such as an outbreak of infectious disease."

"And how, pray, should I account for your absence—not to mention the impossibility of doing my part without you? I should have to be continually telling stories; for if people came to know the fact, they would avoid me too as if I were the pest itself!"

It was to Hester as if a wall rose suddenly across the path hitherto stretching before her in long perspective. It became all but clear to her that he and she had been going on without any real understanding of each other's views in life. Her expectations tumbled about her like a house of cards. If he wanted to marry her, full of designs and aims in which she did not share, and she was going to marry him, expecting sympathies and helps which he had not the slightest inclination to give her, where was the hope for either of anything worth calling success? She sat silent. She wanted to be alone that she might think. It would be easier to write than talk further! But she must have more certainty as to what was in his mind.

"Do you mean then, Gartley," she said, "that when I am your wife, if ever I am, I shall have to give up all the friendships to which I have hitherto devoted so much of my life?"

Her tone was dominated by the desire to be calm, and get at his real feeling. Gartley mistook it, and supposed her at length betraying the weakness hitherto so successfully concealed. He concluded he had only to be firm now to render future discussion of the matter unnecessary.

"I would not for a moment act the tyrant, or say you must never go into such houses again. Your own good sense, the innumerable engagements you will have, the endless calls upon your time and accomplishments, will guide you—and I am certain guide you right, as to what attention you can spare to the claims of benevolence. But just please allow me one remark: in the circle to which you will in future belong, nothing is considered more out of place than any affectation of enthusiasm. I do not care to determine whether your way or theirs is the right one; all I want to say is, that, as the one thing to be avoided is peculiarity, you would do better not to speak of these persons, whatever regard you may have for their spiritual welfare, as *your friends*. One cannot have so many friends—not to mention that a unity of taste and feeling is necessary to that much-abused word *friendship*. You know well enough such persons cannot be your friends."

This was more than Hester could bear. She broke out with a vehemence for which she was afterwards sorry, though nowise ashamed of it.

"They *are* my friends. There are twenty of them would do more for me than you would."

Lord Gartley rose. He was hurt.

"Hester," he said, "you think so little of me or my anxiety about your best interests, that I cannot but suppose it will be a relief to you if I go."

She answered not a word—did not even look up, and his lordship walked gently but unhesitatingly from the room.

"It will bring her to her senses!" he said to himself. "— How grand she looked!"

Long after he was gone, Hester sat motionless, thinking, thinking. What she had vaguely foreboded—she knew now she had foreboded it all the time—at least she thought she knew it—was come! They were not, never had been, never could be at one about anything! He was a mere man of this world, without relation to the world of truth! To be tied to him for life would be to be tied indeed! And yet she loved him—would gladly die for him—not to give him his own way—for that she would not even marry him; but to save him from it—to save him from himself, and give him God instead—that would be worth dying for, even if it were the annihilation unbelievers took it for! To marry him, swell his worldly triumphs, help gild the chains of his slavery, was not to be thought of! It was one thing to die that a fellow-creature might have all things good! another to live a living death that he might persist in the pride of life! She could not throw God's life to the service of the stupid Satan! It was a sad breakdown to the hopes that had clustered about Gartley!

But did she not deserve it?

Therewith began a self-searching which did not cease until it had prostrated her in sorrow and shame before him whose charity is the only pledge of ours.

Was it then all over between them? Might he not bethink himself, and come again, and say he was sorry he had so left her? He might indeed; but would that make any difference to her? Had he not beyond a doubt disclosed his real way of thinking and feeling? If he could speak thus now, after they had talked so much, what spark of hope was there in marriage?

To forget her friends that she might go into *society* a countess! The thought was as contemptible as poverty-stricken. She would leave such ambition to women that devoured novels and studied the peerage! One loving look from human eyes was more to her than the admiration of the world! She would go back to her mother as soon as she had found her poor Corney, and seen her people through the small-pox! If only the house was her own, that she might turn it into a hospital! She would make it a home to which any one sick or sad, any cast out of the world, any betrayed by seeming friends, might flee for shelter! She would be more than ever the sister and helper of her own—cling faster than ever to the skirts of the Lord's garment, that the virtue going out of him might flow through her to them! She would be like Christ, a gulf into which wrong should flow and vanish—a sun radiating an uncompromising love!

How easy is the thought, in certain moods, of the loveliest, most unselfish devotion! How hard is the doing of the thought in the face of a thousand unlovely difficulties! Hester knew this, but, God helping, was determined not to withdraw hand or foot or heart. She rose, and having prepared herself, set out to visit her people. First of all she would go to the bookbinder's, and see how his wife was attended to!

The doctor not being there, she was readily admitted. The poor husband, unable to help, sat a picture of misery by the scanty fire. A neighbour, not yet quite recovered from the disease herself, had taken on her the duties of nurse. Having given her what instructions she thought it least improbable she might carry out, and told her to send for anything she wanted, she rose to take her leave.

"Won't you sing to her a bit, miss, before you go?" said the husband beseechingly. "It'll do her more good than all the doctor's stuff."

"I don't think she's well enough," said Hester.

"Not to get all the good on it, I daresay, miss," rejoined the man; "but she'll hear it like in a dream, an' she'll think it's the angels a singin'; an' that'll do her good, for she do like all them creaturs!"

Hester yielded and sang, thinking all the time how the ways of the open-eyed God look to us like things in a dream, because we are only in the night of his great day, asleep before the brightness of his great waking thoughts. The woman had been tossing and moaning in undefined discomfort, but as she sang she grew still, and when she ceased lay as if asleep.

"Thank you, miss," said the man. "You can do more than the doctor, as I told you! When he comes, he always wakes her up; you make her sleep true!"

CHAPTER XL.—DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP.

In the meantime yet worse trouble had come upon the poor Frankses. About a week after they had taken possession of the cellar, little Moxy, the Serpent of the Prairies, who had been weakly ever since his fall down the steps, by which he had hurt his head and been sadly shaken, became seriously ill, and grew worse and worse. For some days they were not much

alarmed, for the child had often been ailing—oftener of late since they had not been faring so well; and even when they were they dared not get a doctor to him for fear of being turned out and having to go to the workhouse.

By this time they had contrived to make the cellar a little more comfortable. They managed to get some straw, and with two or three old sacks made a bed for the mother and the baby and Moxy on the packing-case. They got also some pieces of matting, and contrived to put up a screen betwixt it and the rickety door. By the exercise of their art they had gained enough to keep them in food, but never enough to pay for the poorest lodging. They counted themselves, however, better off by much than if they had been crowded with all sorts in such lodging as a little more might have enabled them to procure.

The parents loved Moxy more tenderly than either of his brothers, and it was with sore hearts they saw him getting worse. The sickness was a mild small-pox—so mild that they did not recognize it, yet more than Moxy could bear, and he was gradually sinking. When this became clear to the mother, then indeed she felt the hand of God heavy upon her.

Religiously brought up, she had through the ordinary troubles of a married life sought help from the God in whom her mother had believed:—we do not worship our fathers and mothers like the Chinese—though I do not envy the man who can scorn them for it—but they are, if at all decent parents, our first mediators with the great father, whom we can worse spare than any baby his mother;—but with every fresh attack of misery, every step further down on the stair of life, she thought she had lost her last remnant of hope, and knew that up to that time she had hoped, while past seasons of failure looked like times of blessed prosperity. No man, however little he may recognize the hope in him, knows what it would be to be altogether hopeless. Now Moxy was about to be taken from them, and no deeper misery seemed, to their imagination, possible! Nothing seemed left them—not even the desire of deliverance. How little hope there is in the commoner phases of religion! The message grounded on the uprising of the crucified man, has as yet yielded but little victory over the sorrows of the grave, but small anticipation of the world to come; not a little hope of deliverance from a hell, but scarce a foretaste of a blessed time at hand when the heart shall exult and the flesh be glad. In general there is at best but a sad looking forward to a region scarcely less shadowy and far more dreary than the elysium of the pagan poets. When Christ cometh, shall he find faith in the earth—even among those who think they believe that he is risen indeed? Margaret Franks, in the cellar of her poverty, the grave yawning below it for her Moxy, felt as if there was no heaven at all, only a sky.

But a strange necessity was at hand to compel the mother to rouse afresh all the latent hope and faith and prayer that were in her.

By an inexplicable insight the child seemed to know that he was dying. For, one morning, after having tossed about all the night long, he suddenly cried out in tone most pitiful,

"Mother, don't put me in a hole."

As far as any of them knew, he had never seen a funeral—at least to know what it was—had never heard anything about death or burial: his father had a horror of the subject!

The words went like a knife to the heart of the mother. She sat silent, neither able to speak, nor knowing what to answer.

Again came the pitiful cry,

"Mother, don't put me in a hole."

Most mothers would have sought to soothe the child, their own hearts breaking the while, with the assurance that no one should put him into any hole, or anywhere he did not want to go. But this mother could not lie in the face of death, nor had it ever occurred to her that no *person* is ever put into a hole, though many a body.

Before she could answer, a third time came the cry, this time in despairing though suppressed agony,—

"Mother, don't let them put me in a hole."

The mother gave a cry like the child's, and her heart within her became like water.

"Oh God!" she gasped, and could say no more.

But with the prayer—for what is a prayer but a calling on the name of the Lord?—came to her a little calm, and she was able to speak. She bent over him and kissed his forehead.

"My darling Moxy, mother loves you," she said.

What that had to do with it she did not ask herself. The child looked up in her face with dim eyes.

"Pray to the heavenly father, Moxy," she went on—and there stopped, thinking what she should tell him to ask for. "Tell him,"

she resumed, "that you don't want to be put in a hole, and tell him that mother does not want you to be put in a hole, for she loves you with all her heart."

"Don't put me in the hole," said Moxy, now using the definite article.

"Jesus Christ was put in the hole," said the voice of the next elder boy from behind his mother. He had come in softly, and she had neither seen nor heard him. It was Sunday, and he had strolled into a church or meeting-house—does it matter which?—and had heard the wonderful story of hope. It was remarkable though, that he had taken it up as he did, for he went on to add, "but he didn't mind it much, and soon got out again."

"Ah, yes, Moxy!" said the poor mother, "Jesus died for our sins, and you must ask him to take you up to heaven."

But Moxy did not know anything about sins, and just as little about heaven. What he wanted was an assurance that he would not be put in the hole. And the mother, now a little calmer, thought she saw what she ought to say.

"It ain't your soul, it's only your body, Moxy, they put in the hole," she said.

"I don't want to be put in the hole," Moxy almost screamed. "I don't want my head cut off!"

The poor mother was at her wits' end.

But here the child fell into a troubled sleep, and for some hours a silence as of the grave filled the dreary cellar.

The moment he woke the same cry came from his fevered lips, "Don't put me in the hole," and at intervals, growing longer as he grew weaker, the cry came all the day.

CHAPTER XLI.—DELIVERANCE.

HESTER had been to church, and had then visited some of her people, carrying them words of comfort and hope. They received them in a way at her hand, but none of them, had they gone, would have found them at church. How seldom is the man in the pulpit able to make people feel that the things he is talking about are things at all! Neither when the heavens are black with clouds and rain, nor when the sun rises glorious in a blue perfection, do many care to sit down and be taught astronomy! But Hester was a live gospel to them—and most when she sang. Even the name of the Saviour, uttered in her singing tone and with the expression she then gave it, came nearer to them than when she spoke it. The very brooding of the voice on a word, seems to hatch something of what is in it. She often felt, however, as if some new, other kind of messengers than she or such as she, must one day be sent them; for there seemed a gulf between their thoughts and hers, such as neither they nor she could pass.

In fact they *could not* think the things she thought, and had no vocabulary or phrases or imagery whereby to express their own thinkings. God does not hurry such: have we enough of hope for them, or patience with them? I suspect their teachers must arise among themselves. They too must have an elect of their own kind, of like passions with themselves, to lift them up, and perhaps shame those that cannot reach them. Our teaching to them is no teaching at all; it does not reach their ignorance: perhaps they require a teaching that to our ignorance would seem no teaching at all, or even bad teaching. How many things are there in the world in which the wisest of us can ill descry the hand of God! Who not knowing could read the lily in its bulb, the great oak in the pebble-like acorn? God's beginnings do not *look* like his endings, but they *are* like; the oak *is* in the acorn, though we cannot see it. The ranting preacher, uttering huge untruths, may yet wake vital verities in chaotic minds—convey to a heart some saving fact, rudely wrapped in husks of lies even against God himself.

Mr. Christopher, thrown at one time into daily relations with a good sort of man, had tried all he could to rouse him to a sense of his higher duties and spiritual privileges, but entirely without success. A preacher came round, whose gospel was largely composed of hell-fire and malediction, with frequent allusion to the love of a most unlovely God, as represented by him. This preacher woke up the man. "And then," said Christopher, "I was able to be of service to him, and get him on. He speedily outgrew the lies his prophet had taught him, and became a devout Christian; while the man who had been the means of rousing him was tried for bigamy, convicted, and punished."

This Sunday Hester, in her dejection and sadness about Gartley, over whom—not her loss of him—she mourned deeply, felt more than ever, if not that she could not reach her people, yet how little she was able to touch them; and there came upon her a hopelessness that was heavy, sinking into the very roots of her life, and making existence itself appear a dull and undesirable thing. Hitherto life had seemed a good thing, worth holding up as a heave-offering

to him who made it; now she had to learn to take life itself from the hand of God as his will, in faith that he would prove it a good gift. She had to learn that in *all* drearinesses, of the flesh or spirit, even in those that seem to come of having nothing to do, or from being unable to do what we think we have to do, the refuge is the same—he who is the root and crown of life. Who would receive comfort from anything but love? Who would build on anything but the eternal? Who would lean on that which has in itself no persistence? Even the closest human loves have their only endurance, only hope of perfection, in the eternal perfect love of which they are the rainbow-refractions. I cannot love son or daughter as I would, save loving them as the children of the eternal God, in whom his spirit dwells and works, making them altogether lovely, and me more and more love-capable. That they are mine is not enough ground for enough love—will not serve as operative reason to the height of the love my own soul demands from itself for them. But they are mine because they are his, and he is the demander and enabler of love.

The day was a close, foggy, cold, dreary day. The service at church had not seemed interesting. She laid the blame on herself, and neither on prayers nor lessons nor psalms nor preacher, though in truth some of these might have been better; the heart seemed to have gone out of the world—as if not Baal but God had gone to sleep, and his children had waked before him and found the dismal gray of the world's morning full of discomfortable ghosts. She tried her New Testament; but Jesus too seemed far away—nothing left but the story about him—as if he had forgotten his promise, and was no longer in the world. She tried some of her favourite poems: each and all were infected with the same disease—with common-place nothingness. They seemed all made up—words! words! words! Nothing was left her in the valley but the shadow, and the last weapon, All-prayer. She fell upon her knees and cried to God for life. "My heart is dead within me," she said, and poured out her lack into the hearing of him from whom she had come that she might have himself, and so be. She did not dwell upon her sorrows; even they had sunk and all but vanished in the gray mass of lost interest.

The modern representatives of Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar would comfort us with the assurance that all such depression has physical causes: right or wrong, what does their comfort profit! Consolation in being told that we are slaves! What noble nature would be content to be cured of sadness by a dose of medicine? There is in the heart a conviction that the soul ought to be supreme over the body and its laws; that there must be a faith which conquers the body with all its tyrants; and that no soul is right until it has that faith—until it is in closest, most immediate understanding with its own unchangeable root, God himself. Such faith may not at once remove the physical cause, if such there be, but it will be more potent still; in the presence of both the cause and the effect, its very atmosphere will be a peace tremulous with unborn gladness. This gained, the medicine, the regimen, or the change of air may be resorted to without sense of degradation, with cheerful hope and some indifference. Such is perhaps the final victory of faith. Faith, in such circumstances, must be of the purest, and may be of the strongest. In few other circumstances can it have such an opportunity—can it rise to equal height. It may be its final lesson, and deepest. God is in it just in his seeming to be not in it—that we may choose him in the darkness of the feeling, stretch out the hand to him when we cannot see him, verify him in the vagueness of the dream, call to him in the absence of impulse, obey him in the weakness of the will.

Even in her prayers Hester could not get near him. It seemed as if his ear were turned away from her cry. She sank into a kind of lethargic stupor.

I think, in order to convey to us the spiritual help we need, it is sometimes necessary—just as, according to the psalmist, "he giveth to his beloved in their sleep"—to cast us into a sort of mental quiescence, that the noise of the winds and waters of the questioning intellect and roused feelings may not interfere with the impression the master would make upon our beings. But Hester's lethargy lasted long, and was not so removed. She rose from her knees in a kind of despair, almost ready to think that either there was no God, or he would not hear her. An inaccessible God was worse than no God at all! In either case she would rather cease!

It had been dark for hours, but she had lighted no candle, and sat in bodily as in spiritual darkness. She was in her bedroom, which was on the second floor, at the back of the house, looking out on the top of the gallery that led to the great room. She had no fire. One was burning away unheeded in the drawing-room below.

She was too miserable to care whether she was cold or warm. When she had got some light in her body, then she would go and get warm!

What time it was she did not know. She had been summoned to the last meal of the day, but had forgotten the summons. It must have been about ten o'clock. The streets were silent, the square deserted—as usual. The evening was raw and cold, one to drive everybody in-doors that had doors to go in at.

Through the cold and darkness came a shriek that chilled her with horror. Yet it seemed as if she had been expecting it—as if the cloud of misery that had all day been gathering deeper and deeper above and around her, had at length reached its fullness and burst in the lightning of that shriek. It was followed by another and yet another. Whence did they come? Not from the street, for all beside was still; even the roar of London was hushed! And there was a certain something in the sound of them that assured her they rose in the house. Was Sarah being murdered? She was half-way down the stairs before the thought that sent her was plain to herself.

The house seemed unnaturally still. At the top of the kitchen stairs she called aloud to Sarah—as loud, that is, as a certain tremor in her throat would permit. There came no reply. Down she went to face the worst: she was a woman of true courage—that is, a woman whom no amount of apprehension could deter when she knew she ought to seek the danger.

In the kitchen stood Sarah, motionless, frozen with fear. A candle was in her hand, just lighted. Hester's voice seemed to break her trance. She started, stared, and fell a trembling. She made her drink some water, and then she came to herself.

"It's in the coal-cellar, miss!" she gasped. "I was that minute going to fetch a scuttleful! There's something buried in them coals as sure as my name's Sarah!"

"Nonsense!" returned Hester. "Who could scream like that from under the coals? Come; we'll go and see what it is."

"Laws, miss! don't you go near it now. It's too late to do anything. Either it's the woman's sperrit as they say was murdered there, or it's a new one."

"And you would let her be killed without interfering?"

"Oh, miss, all's over by this time!" persisted Sarah, with white lips trembling.

"Then you are ready to go to bed with a murderer in the house?" said Hester.

"He's done his business now, an' 'll go away."

"Give me the candle. I will go alone."

"You'll be murdered, miss—as sure's you're alive!"

Hester took the light from her, and went towards the coal-cellar. The old woman sank on a chair.

I have already alluded to the subterranean portion of the house, which extended under the great room. A long vault, corresponding to the gallery above, led to these cellars. It was rather a frightful place to go into in search of the source of a shriek. Its darkness was scarcely affected by the candle she carried; it seemed only to blind herself. She tried holding it above her head, and then she could see a little. The black tunnel stretched on and on, like a tunnel in a feverish dream, a long way before the cellars began to open from it. She advanced, I cannot say fearless, but therefore only the more brave. She felt as if leaving life and safety behind, but her imagination was not much awake, and her mental condition made her almost inclined to welcome death. She reached at last the coal-cellar, the first that opened from the passage, and looked in. The coal-heap was low, and the place looked large and very black. She sent her keenest gaze through the darkness, but could see nothing; went in and moved about until she had thrown light into every corner: no one was there. She was on the point of returning when she bethought herself there were other cellars—one the wine-cellar, which was locked: she would go and see if Sarah knew anything about the key of it. But just as she left the coal-cellar, she heard a moan, followed by a succession of low sobs. Her heart began to beat violently, but she stopped to listen. The light of her candle fell upon another door, a pace or two from where she stood. She went to it, laid her ear against it, and listened. The sobs continued a while, ceased, and left all silent. Then clear and sweet, but strange and wild, as if from some region unearthly, came the voice of a child: she could hear distinctly what it said.

"Mother," it rang out, "you *may* put me in the hole."

And the silence fell deep as before.

Hester stood for a moment horrified. Her excited imagination suggested some deed of superstitious cruelty in the garden of the house adjoining. Nor were the sobs and cries altogether against such supposition. She recovered herself instantly, and ran back to the kitchen.

"You have the keys of the cellars—have you not, Sarah?" she said.

"Yes, miss, I fancy so."

"Where does the door beyond the coal-cellar lead out to?"

"Not out to nowhere, miss. That's a large cellar as we never use. I 'ain't been into it since the first day, when they put some of the packing-cases there."

"Give me the key," said Hester. "Something is going on there we ought to know about."

"Then pray send for the police, miss!" answered Sarah, trembling. "It ain't for you to go into such places—on no account!"

"What! not in our own house?"

"It's the police's business, miss!"

"Then the police are their brothers' keepers, and not you and me, Sarah?"

"It's the wicked as is in it, I fear, miss."

"It's those that weep anyhow, and they're our business, if it's only to weep with them. Quick! show me which is the key."

Sarah sought the key in the bunch, and noting the coolness with which her young mistress took it, gathered courage from hers to follow, a little way behind.

When Hester reached the door, she carefully examined it, that she might do what she had to do as quickly as possible. There were bolts and bars upon it, but not one of them was fastened; it was secured only by the bolt of the lock. She set the candle on the floor, and put in the key as quietly as she could. It turned without much difficulty, and the door fell partly open with a groan of the rusted hinge. She caught up her light, and went in.

It was a large, dark, empty place. For a few moments she could see nothing. But presently she spied, somewhere in the dark, a group of faces, looking white through the circumfluent blackness, the eyes of them fixed in amaze, if not in terror, upon herself. She advanced towards them, and almost immediately recognized one of them—then another; but what with the dimness, the ghostliness, and the strangeness of it all, felt as if surrounded by the veiling shadows of a dream. But whose was that pallid little face whose eyes were not upon her with the rest? It stared straight on into the dark, as if it had no more to do with the light! She drew nearer to it. The eyes of the other faces followed her.

When the eyes of the mother saw the face of her Moxy who died in the dark, she threw herself in a passion of tears and cries upon her dead. But the man knelt upon his knees, and when Hester turned in pain from the agony of the mother, she saw him with lifted hands of supplication at her feet. A torrent of divine love and passionate pity filled her heart, breaking from its deepest God-haunted caves. She stooped and kissed the man upon his upturned forehead.

Many are called but few chosen. Hester was the disciple of him who could have cured the leper with a word, but for reasons of his own, not far to seek by such souls as Hester's, laid his hands upon him, sorely defiling himself in the eyes of the self-respecting bystanders. The leper himself would never have dreamed of his touching him.

Franks burst out crying like the veriest child. All at once in the depths of hell the wings of a great angel were spread out over him and his! No more starvation and cold for his poor wife and the baby! The boys would have plenty now! If only Moxy—but he was gone where the angels came from—and theirs was a hard life! Surely the God his wife talked about must have sent her to them! Did he think they had borne enough now? Only he had borne it so ill! Thus thought Franks, in dislocated fashion, and remained kneeling.

Hester was now kneeling also, with her arms round her whose arms were about the body of her child. She did not speak to her, did not attempt a word of comfort, but wept with her: she too had loved little Moxy! she too had heard his dying words—glowing with reproof to her faithlessness who cried out like a baby when her father left her for a moment in the dark! In the midst of her loneliness and seeming desertion, God had these people already in the house for her help! The back-door of every tomb opens on a hill-top.

With awe-struck faces the boys looked on. They too could now see Moxy's face. They had loved Moxy—loved him more than they knew yet.

The woman at length raised her head, and looked at Hester.

"Oh, miss, it's Moxy!" she said, and burst into a fresh passion of grief.

"The dear child!" said Hester.

"Oh, miss! who's to look after him now?'

"There will be plenty to look after him You don't think he who provided a woman like you for his mother before he sent him here, would send him there without having somebody ready to look after him?"

"Well, miss, it wouldn't be like him—I don't think!"

"It would *not* be like him," responded Hester, with self-accusation.

Then she asked them a few questions about their history since last she saw them, and how it was they had sunk so low, receiving answers more satisfactory than her knowledge had allowed her to hope.

"But oh miss!" exclaimed Mrs. Franks, bethinking herself, "you ought not to ha' been here so long: the little angel there died o' the small-pox, as I know too well, an' it's no end o' catching!"

"Never mind me," replied Hester; "I'm not afraid. But," she added, rising, "we must get you out of this immediately."

"Oh, miss! where would you send us?" said Mrs. Franks, in alarm. "There's nobody as 'll take us in! An' it would break both our two hearts—Franks's an' mine—to be parted at such a moment, when us two's the father an' mother o' Moxy. An' they'd take Moxy from us, an' put him in the hole he was so afeared of!"

"You don't think I would leave my own flesh and blood in the cellar!" answered Hester. "I will go and make arrangement for you above, and be back presently."

"Oh, thank you, miss!" said the woman, as Hester set down the candle beside them. "I do want to look on the face of my blessed boy as long as I can! He will be taken from me altogether soon!"

"Mrs. Franks," rejoined Hester, "you mustn't talk like a heathen."

"I didn't know as I was saying anythink wrong, miss!"

"Don't you know," said Hester, smiling through tears, "that Jesus died and rose again that we might be delivered from death? Don't you know it's he and not Death has got your Moxy? He will take care of him for you till you are ready to have him again. If you love Moxy more than Jesus loves him, then you are more like God than Jesus was!"

"Oh, miss, don't talk to me like that! The child was born of my own body!"

"And both you and he were born of God's own soul: if you know how to love, he loves ten times better."

"You know how to love anyhow, miss! the Lord love you! An angel o' mercy you been to me an' mine."

"Good-bye then for a few minutes," said Hester. "I am only going to prepare a place for you." Only as she said the words did she remember who had said them before her. And as she went through the dark tunnel she sang with a voice that seemed to beat at the gates of heaven, "Thou did'st not leave his soul in hell."

Mrs. Franks threw herself again beside her child, but her tears were not so bitter now; she and hers were no longer forsaken! She also read her New Testament, and the last words of Hester had struck her as well as the speaker of them:

"And she'll come again and receive us to herself!" she said. "—An' Christ 'ill receive my poor Moxy to himself! If he wasn't, as they say, a Christian, it was only as he hadn't time—so young, an' all the hard work he had to do—with his precious face a grinnin' like an angel between the feet of him, a helpin' of his father to make a livin' for us all! That would be no reason why he as did the will o' *his* father shouldn't take to him. If ever there was a child o' God's makin' it was that child! I feel as if God must ha' made him right off, like!"

Thoughts like these kept flowing through the mind of the bereaved mother as she lay with her arm over the body of her child—ever lovely to her, now more lovely than ever. The small-pox had not been severe—only severe enough to take a feeble life from the midst of privation, and the expression of his face was lovely. He lay like the sacrifice that sealed a new covenant between his mother and her father in heaven. We have yet learned but little of the blessed power of death. We call it an evil! It is a holy, friendly thing. We are not left shivering all the world's night in a stately portico with no house behind it: death is the door to the temple-house, whose God is not seated aloft in motionless state, but walks about among his children, receiving his pilgrim sons in his arms, and washing the sore feet of the weary ones. Either God is altogether such as Christ, or the Christian religion is a lie.

Not a word passed between husband and wife. Their hearts were too full for speech, but their hands found and held each the other. It was the strangest concurrence of sorrow and relief! The two boys sat on the ground with their arms about each other. So they 'waited.

CHAPTER XLII.—ON THE WAY UP.

HEARING only the sounds of peaceful talk, Sarah had ventured near enough to the door to hear something of what was said, and set at rest by finding that the cause of her terror was but a poor family that had sought refuge in the cellar, she woke up to better, and was ready to help. More than sufficiently afraid of robbers and murderers, she was not afraid of infection: "What should an old woman like me do taking the small-

pox! I've had it bad enough once already!" She was rather staggered, however, when she found what Hester's plan for the intruders was.

Nothing more, since the night of the concert, had been done to make the great room habitable by the family. It had been well cleaned out and that was all. Now and then a fire was lighted in it, and the children played in it as before, but it had never been really in use. What better place, thought Hester, could there be for a small-pox ward! Thither she would convey her friends rescued from the slimy embrace of London poverty!

She told Sarah to light a great fire as speedily as possible, while she settled what could be done about beds. Almost all in the house were old-fashioned wooden ones, hard to take down, heavy to move, and hard to put up again: with only herself and Sarah it would take a long time! For safety too it would be better to hire iron beds which would be easily purified—only it was Sunday night, and late! But she knew the little broker in Steevens's Road: she would go to him and see if he had any beds, and if he would help her to put them up at once!

The raw night made her rejoice the more that she had got hold of the poor creatures drowning in the social swamp. It was a consolation, strong even against such heavy sorrows and disappointments as housed in her heart, to know that virtue was going out of her for rescue and redemption.

She had to ring the bell a good many times before the door opened, for the broker and his small household had retired for the night: it was now eleven o'clock. He was not well pleased at being taken from his warm bed to go out and work—on such a night too! He grounded what objection he made, however, on its being Sunday, and more than hinted his surprise that Hester would ask him to do such a thing. She told him it was for some who had nowhere to lay their heads, and in her turn more than hinted that he could hardly know what Sunday meant if he did not think it right to do any number of good deeds on it. The man assented to her argument, and went to look out the two beds she wanted. But what in reality influenced him was dislike to offending a customer: customers are the divinities of tradesmen, as Society is the divinity of society: in her, men and women worship themselves. Having got the two bedsteads extracted piecemeal from the disorganized heaps in his back shop, he and Hester together proceeded to carry them home—and I cannot help wishing lord Gartley had come upon her at the work—no very light job, for she went three times, and bore good weights. It was long after midnight before the beds were ready—and a meal of coffee, and toast, and bread and butter, spread in the great room. Then at last Hester went back to the cellar.

"Now, come," she said, and taking up the baby, which had just weight enough to lie and let her know how light it was, led the way.

Franks rose from the edge of the packing-case, on which lay the body of Moxy, with his mother yet kneeling beside it, and put his arm round his wife to raise her. She yielded, and he led her away after their hostess, the boys following hand in hand. But when they reached the cellar door, the mother gave a heart-broken cry, and turning ran and threw herself again beside her child. They all followed her.

"I can't! I can't!" she said. "I can't leave my Moxy lyin' here all alone! He ain't used to it. He's never once slep alone since he was born. I can't abear to think o' that lovely look o' his lost on the dark night—not a soul to look down an' see it! Oh Moxy! was your mother a leavin' of you all alone!"

"What makes you think there will not be a soul to see it?" said Hester. "The darkness may be full of eyes! And the night itself is only the black pupil of the Father's eye.—But we're not going to leave the darling here. We'll take him too, of course, and find him a good place to lie in."

The mother was satisfied, and the little procession passed through the dark way, and up the stair.

The boys looked pleased at sight of the comforts that waited them, but a little awed with the great lofty room. Over the face of Franks, notwithstanding his little Serpent of the Prairies had crept away through the long tangled grass of the universe, passed a gleam of joy mingled with gratitude: much was now begun to be set to rights between him and the high government. But the mother was with the little body lying alone in the cellar.

Suddenly with a wild gesture she made for the door.

"Oh, miss!" she cried, "the rats! the rats!" and would have darted from the room.

"Stop, stop, dear Mrs. Franks!" cried Hester. "Here! take the baby; Sarah and I are going immediately to bring him away, and lay him where you can see him when you please."

Again she was satisfied. She took the baby, and sat down beside her husband.

I have mentioned a low pitched room under the great one: in this Hester had told Sarah to place a table covered with white: they would lay the body there in such fashion as would be a sweet remembrance to the mother: she went now to see whether this was done. But on the way she met Sarah coming up with ashy face.

"Oh, miss!" she said, "the body mustn't be left a minute: there's a whole army of rats in the house already! As I was covering the table with a blanket before I put on the sheet, there got up all at once behind the wainscot the most uprageous hurry-scurry o' them horrid creaturs. They'll be in wherever it is—you may take your bible-oath! Once when I was——"

Hester interrupted her.

"Come," she said, and led the way.

She looked first into the low room to see that it was properly prepared, and was leaving it again, when she heard a strange sound behind the wainscot as it seemed.

"There, miss!" said Sarah.

Hester made up her mind at once that little Moxy should not be left alone. Her heart trembled a little at the thought, but she comforted herself that Sarah would not be far off, and that the father and mother of the child would be immediately over her head. The same instant she was ashamed of having found this comfort first, for was he not infinitely nearer to her who is lord of life and death?

They went to the cellar.

"But how," said Hester on the way, "can the Frankses have got into the place?"

"There is a back door to it, of course!" answered Sarah. "The first load of coals came in that way, but master wouldn't have it used: he didn't like a door to his house he never set eyes on, he said."

"But how could it have been open to let them in?" said Hester.

When they reached the cellar, she took the candle and went to look at the door. It was pushed to, but not locked, and had no fastening upon it except the lock, in which was the key. She turned the key, and taking it out, put it in her pocket.

Then they carried up the little body, washed it, dressed it in white, and laid it straight in its beauty—symbol—passing, like all symbols—of a peace divinely more profound—the little hands folded on the breast under the well-contented face, repeating the calm expression of that conquest over the fear of death, that submission to be "put in the hole," with which the child-spirit passed into wide spaces. They lighted six candles, three at the head and three at the feet, that the mother might see the face of her child, and because light not darkness befits death. To Hester they symbolized the forms of light that sat, one at the head and one at the foot of the place where the body of Jesus had lain. Then they went to fetch the mother.

She was washing the things they had used for supper. The boys were already in bed. Franks was staring into the fire: the poor fellow had not even looked at one for some time. Hester asked them to go and see where she had laid Moxy, and they went with her. The beauty of Death's courtly state comforted them.

"But I can't leave him alone!" said the mother; "—all night too!—he wouldn't like it! I know he won't wake up no more; only, you know, miss—"

"Yes, I know very well," replied Hester.

"I'm ready," said Franks.

"No, no!" returned Hester. "You are worn out and must go to bed, both of you: I will stay with the beautiful thing, and see that no harm comes to it."

After some persuasion the mother consented, and in a little while the house was quiet. Hester threw a fur cloak round her, and sat down in the chair Sarah had placed for her beside the dead.

When she had sat some time, the exceeding stillness of the form beside her began to fill her heart with a gentle awe. The stillness was so persistent that the awe gradually grew to dismay, and fear, inexplicable, unreasonable fear, of which she was ashamed, began to invade her. She knew at once that she must betake her to the Truth for refuge. It is little use telling one's self that one's fear is silly. It comes upon no pretence of wisdom or logic; proved devoid of both, it will not therefore budge a jot. She prayed to the Father, awake with her in the stillness; and then began to think about the dead Christ. Would the women who waited for the dawn because they had no light by which to minister, have been afraid to watch by that body all the night long? Oh, to have seen it come to life! move and wake and rise with the informing God! Every dead thing belonged to Christ, not to something called Death! This dead thing was his. It was dead as he had been dead, and no otherwise! There was nothing dreadful in watching by it, any more than in sitting beside the cradle of a child yet unborn! In the name of Christ she would fear nothing! He had abolished death!

Thus thinking, she lay back in her chair, closed her eyes, and thanking God for having sent her relief in these his children to help, fell fast asleep.

She started suddenly awake, seeming to have been roused by the opening of a door. The fringe of a departing dream lay yet upon her eyes: was the door of the tomb in which she had lain so long burst from its hinges? was the day of the great resurrection come? Swiftly her senses settled themselves, and she saw plainly and remembered clearly. Yet could she be really awake? for in the wall opposite stood the form of a man! She neither cried out nor fainted, but sat gazing. She was not even afraid, only dumb with wonder. The man did not look fearful. A smile she seemed to have seen before broke gradually from his lips and spread over his face. The next moment he stepped from the wall and came towards her.

Then sight and memory came together: in that wall was a door, said to lead into the next house: for the first time she saw it open!

The man came nearer and nearer: it was Christopher! She rose, and held out her hand.

"You are surprised to see me!" he said, "—and well you may be! Am I in your house?—And this watch! what does it mean? I seem to recognize the sweet face! I must have seen you and it together before!—Yes! it is Moxy!"

"You are right, Mr. Christopher," she answered. "Dear little Moxy died of the small-pox in our cellar. He was just gone when I found them there."

"Is it wise of you to expose yourself so much to the infection?" said the doctor.

"Is it worthy of you to ask such a question?" returned Hester. "We have our work to do; life or death is the care of him who sets the work."

The doctor bent his head low, lower, and lower still, before her. Nothing moves a man more than to recognize in another the principles which are to himself a necessity of his being and history.

"I put the question to know on what grounds you based your action," he replied, "and I am answered."

"Tell me then," said Hester, "how you come to be here. It seemed to my sleepy eyes as if an angel had melted his own door through the wall! Are you free of ordinary hindrances?"

She asked almost in seriousness, for, with the lovely dead before her, in the middle of the night, roused suddenly from a sleep into which she had fallen with he thoughts full of the shining resurrection c the Lord, she would have believed him a once if he had told her that for the service c the Lord's poor he was enabled to pass wher he pleased. He smiled with a wonderfu sweetness as he made answer:

"I hope you are not one of those who s little believe that the world and its way belong to God, that they want to have his pre sence proved by something out of the usua way—something not so good; for surely th way he chooses to work almost always, mus be a better way than that in which he only works now and then because of a special necessity!"

By these words Hester perceived she wa in the presence of one who understood the things of which he spoke.

"I came here in the simplest way in the world," he went on, "though I am no less surprised than you to find myself in your presence."

"The thing is to me a marvel," said Hester.

"It shall not be such a moment longer. I was called to see a patient. When I went to return as I came, I found the door by which I had entered locked. I then remembered that I had passed a door on the stair, and went back to try it. It was bolted on the side to the stair. I withdrew the bolts, opened the door gently, and beheld one of the most impressive sights I ever saw. Shall I tell you what I saw?"

"Do," answered Hester.

"I saw," said Christopher with solemnity, "the light shining in the darkness, and the darkness comprehending it not—six candles, and only the upturned face of the dead, and the down-turned face of the sleeping! I seemed to look into the heart of things, and see the whole waste universe waiting for the sonship, for the redemption of the body, the visible life of men! I saw that love, trying to watch by death, had failed, because the thing that is not needs not to be watched. I saw all this and more. I think I must have unconsciously pushed the door against the wall, for somehow I made a noise with it, and you woke."

Hester's face alone showed that she understood him. She turned and looked at Moxy to calm the emotion to which she would not give scope.

Christopher stood silent, as if brooding on what he had seen. She could not ask him to sit down, but she must understand how he had got into the house. Where was his

patient? "In the next house, of course!" she concluded. But the thing wanted looking into! That door must be secured on their side! Their next midnight visitor might not be so welcome as this, whose heart burned to the same labour as her own! "But what we really want," she thought, "is to have more not fewer of our doors open, if they be but the right ones for the angels to come and go!"

"I never saw that door open before," she said, "and none of us knew where it led. We took it for granted it was into the next house, but the old lady was so cross,——"

Here she checked herself; for if Mr. Christopher had just come from that house, he might be a friend of the old lady's!

"It goes into no lady's house, so far as I understand," said Christopher. "The stair leads to a garret—I should fancy over our heads here—much higher up, though."

"Would you show me how you came in?" said Hester.

"With pleasure," he answered, and taking one of the candles, led the way. "I would not let the young woman leave her husband to show me out," he went on. "When I found myself a prisoner, I thought I would try this door before perilling the sleep of a patient in the small-pox. You seem to have it all round you here!"

Through the door so long mysterious Hester stepped on a narrow, steep stair. Christopher turned downward, and trod softly. At the bottom he passed through a door admitting them to a small cellar, a mere recess. Thence they issued into that so lately occupied by the Frankses. Christopher went to the door Hester had locked, and said,

"This is where I came in. I suppose one of your people must have locked it."

"I locked it myself," replied Hester, and told him in brief the story of the evening.

"I see!" said Christopher; "we must have passed through just after you had taken them away."

"And now the question remains," said Hester, "—who can it be in our house without our knowledge? The stair is plainly in our house."

"Beyond a doubt," said Christopher. "But how strange it is you should know your own house so imperfectly! I fancy the young couple, having got into some difficulty, found entrance the same way the Frankses did; only they went farther and fared better!—to the top of the house, I mean. They've managed to make themselves pretty comfortable too! There is something peculiar about them—I can hardly say what in a word."

"Could I not go up with you to-morrow and see them?" said Hester.

"That would hardly do, I fear. I could be of no farther use to them were they to suppose I had betrayed them. You have a perfect right to know what is going on in your house, but I would rather not appear in the discovery. One thing is plain, you must either go to them, or unlock the cellar-door. You will be taken with the young woman. She is a capable creature—an excellent nurse. Shall I go out this way?"

"Will you come to-morrow?" said Hester. "I am alone, and cannot ask anybody to help me because of the small-pox; and I shall want help for the funeral. You do not think me troublesome?"

"Not in the least. It is all in the way of my business. I will manage for you."

"Come then; I will show you the way out. This is no. 18, Addison square. You need not come in the cellar-way next time."

"If I were you," said Christopher, stopping at the foot of the kitchen stair, "I would leave the key in that cellar-door. The poor young woman would be terrified to find they were prisoners."

She turned immediately and went back, he following, and replaced the key.

"Now let us fasten up the door I came in by," said Christopher. "I have got a screw in my pocket, and I never go without my tool-knife."

This was soon done, and he went.

What a strange night it had been for Hester—more like some unbelievable romance! For the time she had forgotten her own troubles! Ah, if she had been of one mind with lord Gartley, those poor creatures would be now moaning in darkness by the dead body of their child, or out with it in their arms in the streets, or parted asunder in the casual wards of some workhouse! Certainly God could have sent them other help than hers, but where would *she* be then—a fellow-worker with his lordship, and not with God—one who did it not to *him!* Woe for the wife whose husband has no regard to her deepest desires, her highest aspirations!—who loves her so that he would be the god of her idolatry, not the friend and helper of her heart, soul, and mind! Many of Hester's own thoughts were revealed to her that night by the side of the dead Moxy. It became clear to her that she had been led astray, in part by the desire to rescue one to whom God had not sent her, in part by the pleasure of

being loved and worshipped, and in part by worldly ambition. Surer sign would God have sent her had he intended she should give herself to Gartley! Would God have her give herself to one who would render it impossible for her to make life more abundant to others? Marriage might be the absorbing duty of some women, but was it necessarily hers? Certainly not with such a man! Might not the duties of some callings be incompatible with marriage? Did not the providence of the world ordain that not a few should go unmarried? The children of the married would be but ill cared for were there only the married to care for them! It was one thing to die for a man—another to enslave God's child to the will of one who did not know him! Was a husband to take the place of Christ, and order her life for her? Was man enough for woman? Did she not need God? It came to that! Was he or God to be her master? It grew clearer and clearer as she watched by the dead. There was, there could be no relation of life over which the Lord of life was not supreme! That this or that good woman could do this or that faithless or mean thing, was nothing to her! What might be unavoidable to one less instructed, would be sin in her! The other might need the sufferings and confusions that resulted; but for her must remain a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation!

When the morning came and she heard Sarah stirring, she sent her to take her place, and went to get a little rest.

CHAPTER XLIII.—MORE YET.

But she could not sleep. She rose, went back to the room where the dead Moxy lay, and sent Sarah to get breakfast ready. Then came upon her an urgent desire to know the people who had come, like swallows, to tenant, without leave asked, the space overhead. She undid the screw, opened the door, and stole gently up the stair, steep, narrow, and straight, which ran the height of the two rooms between two walls. A long way up she came to another door, and peeping through a chink in it, saw that it admitted to the small orchestra high in the end-wall of the great room. Probably then the stair and the room below had been an arrangement for the musicians.

Going higher yet, till she all but reached the roof, the stair brought her to a door. She knocked. No sound of approaching foot followed, but after some little delay it was opened by a young woman, with her finger on her lip, and something of a scared look in her eye. She had expected to see the doctor, and started and trembled at sight of Hester. There was little light where she stood, but Hester could not help feeling as if she had not merely seen her somewhere before. She came out on the landing, and shut the door behind her.

"He is very ill," she said; "and he hears a strange voice even in his sleep. A strange voice is dreadful to him."

Her voice was not strange, and the moment she spoke it seemed to light up her face: Hester, with a pang she could scarcely have accounted for, recognized Amy Amber.

"Amy!" she said.

"Oh, Miss Raymount!" cried Amy joyfully, "is it indeed you? Are you come at last? I thought I was never to see you any more!"

"You bewilder me," said Hester. "How do you come to be here? I don't understand."

"*He* brought me here."

"*Who* brought you here?"

"Why, miss!" exclaimed Amy, as if hearing the most unexpected of questions, "who should it be?"

"I have not the slightest idea," returned Hester.

But the same instant a feeling strangely mingled of alarm, discomfort, indignation, and relief crossed her mind.

Through her whiteness Amy turned whiter still, and she turned a little away, like a person offended.

"There is but one, miss!" she said coldly. "Who should it be but him?"

"Speak his name," said Hester almost sternly. "This is no time for hide-and-seek. Tell me whom you mean."

"Are you angry with me?" faltered Amy. "Oh, Miss Raymount, I don't think I deserve it!"

"Speak out, child! Why should I be angry with you?"

"Do you know what it is?—Oh, I hardly know what I am saying! He is dying! he is dying!"

She sank on the floor, and covered her face with her hands. Hester stood a moment and looked at her weeping, her heart filled with sad dismay, mingled with a kind of wan hope. Then softly and quickly she opened the door of the room and went in.

Amy started to her feet, but too late to prevent her, and followed trembling, afraid to speak, but relieved to find that Hester moved so noiselessly.

It was a great room, but the roof came down to the floor nearly all round. It was lighted only with a skylight. In the farthest corner was a screen. Hester crept gently towards it, and Amy after her, not attempting to stop her. She came to the screen and peeped behind it. There lay a young man in a troubled sleep, his face swollen and red and blotched with the small-pox; but through the disfigurement she recognized her brother. Her eyes filled with tears; she turned away, and stole out again as softly as she came in. Amy had been looking up at her anxiously; when she saw the tenderness of her look, she gathered courage and followed her. Outside, Hester stopped, and Amy again closed the door.

"You *will* forgive him, won't you, miss?" she said pitifully.

"What do you want me to forgive him for, Amy?" asked Hester, suppressing her tears.

"I don't know, miss. You seemed angry with him. I don't know what to make of it. Sometimes I feel certain it must have been his illness coming on that made him weak in his head and talk foolishness; and sometimes I wonder whether he has really been doing anything wrong."

"He must have been doing something wrong, else how should *you* be here, Amy?" said Hester with hasty judgment.

"He never told me, miss; or of course I would have done what I could to prevent it," answered Amy, bewildered. "We were so happy, miss, till then! and we've never had a moment's peace since! That's why we came here—to be where nobody would find us. I wonder how he came to know the place!"

"Do *you* not know where you are then, Amy?"

"No, miss; not in the least. I only know where to buy the things we need. He has not been out once since we came."

"You are in our house, Amy. What will my father say!—How long have you—have you been——"

Something in her heart or her throat prevented Hester from finishing the sentence.

"How long have I been married to him, miss? You surely know that as well as I do, miss!"

"My poor Amy! Did he make you believe we knew about it?"

Amy gave a cry, but after her old way instantly crammed her handkerchief into her mouth, and uttered no further smallest sound.

"Alas!" said Hester, "I fear he has been more wicked than we knew! But, Amy, he has done something besides very wrong."

Amy covered her face with her apron, through which Hester could see her soundless sobs.

"I have been doing what I could to find him," continued Hester, "and here he was close to me all the time! But it adds greatly to my misery to find you with him, Amy!"

"Indeed, miss, I may have been silly; but how was I to suspect he was not telling me the truth? I loved him too much for that! I told him I would not marry him without he had his father's leave. And he pretended he had got it, and read me such a beautiful letter from his mother! Oh, miss, it breaks my heart to think of it!"

A new fear came upon Hester: had he deceived the poor girl with a pretended marriage? Was he bad through and through? What her father would say to a marriage, was hard to think; what he would say to a deception, she knew! That he would like such a marriage, she could ill imagine; but might not the sense of escape from an alternative reconcile him to it?

Such thoughts passed swiftly through her mind as she stood half turned from Amy, looking down the deep stair that sank like a precipice before her. She heard nothing, but Amy started and turned to the door. She was following her, when Amy said, in a voice almost of terror,

"Please, miss, do not let him see you till I have told him you are here."

"Certainly not," answered Hester, and drew back, "—if you think the sight of me would hurt him!"

"Thank you, miss; I am sure it would," whispered Amy. "He is frightened of you."

"Frightened of me!" said Hester to herself, repeating Amy's phrase, when she had gone in, leaving her at the head of the stair. "I should have thought he only disliked me! I wonder if he would have loved me a little, if he had not been afraid of me! Perhaps I could have made him if I had tried. It is easier then to wake fear than love!"

It may be very well for a nature like Corney's to fear a father; fear does come in for some good where love is wanting; but I doubt if fear of a sister can be of any good.

"If he couldn't love me," thought Hester, "it would have been better he hadn't been afraid of me. Now comes the time when it renders me unable to help him!"

Then first it began to dawn upon Hester that there was in her a certain hardness of character distinct in its nature from that un-

bending devotion to the right which is imperative—belonging in truth to the region of her weakness—that self which fears for itself, and is of death not of life. But she was one of those who, when they discover a thing in them that is wrong, take refuge in the immediate endeavour to set it right—with the conviction that God is on their side to help them; for wherein, if not therein, is he God our Saviour?

She went down to the house, to get everything she could think of to make the place more comfortable: it would be long before the patient could be moved. In particular she sought out a warm fur cloak for Amy. Poor Amy! she was but the shadow of her former self, but a shadow very pretty and pleasant to look on. Hester's heart was sore to think of such a bright, good, honest creature married to a man like her brother. But she was sure, however credulous she might have been, she had done nothing to be ashamed of. Where there was blame it must all be Corney's!

It was with feelings still strangely mingled of hope and dismay, that, having carried everything she could at the time up the stair, she gave herself to the comfort of her other guests.

Left alone in London, Corney had gone idly ranging about the house when another man would have been reading, or doing something with his hands. Curious in correspondent proportion to his secrecy, for the qualities go together, the moment he happened to cast his eyes on the door in the wainscot of the low room, no one being in the house to interfere with him, he proceeded to open it. He little thought then what his discovery would be to him, for at that time he had done nothing to make him fear his fellow-man. But he kept the secret after his kind.

Contriving often to meet Amy, he had grown rapidly more and more fond of her—became indeed as much in love with her as was possible to him; and though the love of such a man can never be of a lofty kind, it may yet be the best thing in him, and the most redemptive power upon him. Without a notion of denying himself anything he desired and could possibly have, he determined she should be his, but from fear as well as tortuosity, avoided the direct way of gaining her: the straight line would not, he judged, be the shortest: his father would never, or only after unendurable delay, consent to his marriage with a girl like Amy! How things might have gone had he not found her even unable to receive a thought that would have been dishonourable to him, and had he not come to pride himself on her simplicity and purity, I cannot say; but he contrived to persuade her to a private marriage—contrived also to prevent her from communicating with his sister.

His desire to please her, his passion for showing off, and the preparations his design seemed to render necessary, soon brought him into straits for money. He could not ask his father, who would have insisted on knowing how it was that he found his salary insufficient, seeing he was at no expense for maintenance, having only to buy his clothes. He went on and on, hiding his eyes from the approach of the "armed man," till he was in his grasp, and positively in want of a shilling. Then he borrowed, and went on borrowing small sums from those about him, till he was ashamed to borrow more. The next thing was to *borrow* a trifle of what was passing through his hands. He was merely borrowing, and of his own uncle! It was a shame his uncle should have so much and leave him in such straits!—be rolling in wealth and pay him such a contemptible salary! It was the height of injustice! Of course he would replace it long before any one knew! Thus by degrees the poor weak creature, deluding himself with excuses, slipped into the consciousness of being a rogue. There are some, I suspect, who fall into vice from being so satisfied with themselves that they scorn to think it possible they should ever do wrong.

He went on taking and taking until at last he was obliged to confess to himself that there was no possibility of making restoration before the time when his *borrowing* must be embezzlement. Then in a kind of cold despair he laid hands upon a large sum and left the bank an unconvicted felon. What story he told Amy, to whom he was by this time married, I do not know; but once convinced of the necessity for concealment, she was as careful as himself. He brought her to their refuge by the back way. She went and came only through the cellar, and knew no other entrance. When they found that, through Amy's leaving the door unfastened when she went to buy, there being no way of securing it from the outside, others had taken refuge in the cellar, they dared not, for fear of attracting attention to themselves, warn them off the premises.

A REMEMBERED VOICE.

In Memoriam.

I SAT alone in the sunset,
When the light was rich and dim,
And sang in the solemn stillness
The notes of an Easter* hymn.
My tones were feeble and shaken,
I sighed with a thrill of pain—
"Oh, would that her voice could waken
To sing me the song again!"

Her life was a life of singing;
While sorrowful years went by,
The voice of that happy spirit
Rose up to her God on high.
She sang through the night of weeping,
She sang when the day was long,
And desolate hearts, upleaping,
Took strength from her hopeful song.

* "The strife is o'er, the battle done

In hours of sadness and weakness,
When faintly the pulses beat,
She sang, and though life was failing,
The tone was tender and sweet;
Her clouds had a silver lining,
Her burdens were bravely borne;
She died when the sun was shining,
In the calm of Sunday morn.

I know that the voice is silent,
I know that the lips are cold;
Yet she seems to come at sunset,
To sing me the song of old;
She chants of the battle's ending,
She sings of the soul's release,
Till I find my thoughts ascending
From earth to her home of peace.

I. L. COSHAM.

BILLY BRAY, "THE KING'S SON."

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

THE King's son! Yes, such was the title a poor miner claimed for forty-five years on earth, and died in confident expectation of entering into immediate possession of his royal inheritance. Billy Bray was born in a small thatched cottage—one of the few which formed the village of Twelveheads, near Truro—on the 1st of June, 1794. In the grammar school of that town a delicate, sensitive child of twelve years was being bullied. Henry Martyn was to become one of the uncanonised saints of the Church of England—Billy Bray of the Dissenters of Cornwall. Billy Bray's father was a miner; John Martyn had been one. Yet though their descent was humble, each has left a princely name, as the glory of the Church Militant. No two men in themselves could present a greater contrast and yet affinity. Henry Martyn, always a pure and refined boy, became a highly polished gentleman and scholar, whose brilliant University honours and immense acquisitions were only of value to him in that he might lay them at his Saviour's feet. He "lighted a candle (in India) which by the grace of God shall never be put out," and went to receive the fulfilment of the promise, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," before he was thirty-two years of age.

Billy Bray, on the contrary, although his father also was a pious man, grew up, in spite of conscience, a bad young fellow, and at the age of twenty-five had become old in sin—a vile, impure, blaspheming drunkard. "The Lord was good to me," he often afterwards said, "when I was the servant of the devil, or I should have been in hell now." Indeed, even then he could not help sometimes feeling the shielding mercy of God, for he had many hair-breadth escapes.

"Once," he tells us, "I was working underground and I heard a 'scat' (rent) overhead; I ran out, and I think forty tons fell down where I had been working but a minute before." But no mercies softened him. He went to lodge with other miners (for to the end of his life he never rose above this humble employment) at a beer-shop; "There with other drunkards I drank all night long. But I had a sore head and a sick stomach, and, worse than all, horrors of mind that no tongue can tell. I used to dread to go to sleep for fear of waking up in hell, and though I made many promises to the Lord to be better, I was soon as bad, or worse, than ever. After being absent from my native country seven years I returned a *drunkard*." He married a young woman who had once been converted, but who had fallen away. She was not happy; she told her husband, "No tongue could tell what they enjoy who serve the Lord." "Why don't you begin again?" he asked, "for then I may begin too." Bunyan's "Visions of Heaven and Hell" roused his attention, and the words that "they who love one another on earth will hate one another in hell" brought him to his knees, for he had a mate, and he thought, "Shall Sam Coad and I, who like each other so much, *torment* each other in hell?" The more Billy prayed the more he felt. Days and nights of agony followed, of "strong supplication and tears;" he cried for mercy even in the mine, and his wicked companions tried to persuade him to silence, but he thought, "I had rather be crying for mercy than living in sin." On went the fight, and he presently received the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. Now "everything looked new to me," he said; "the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a new man in a new world." His old companions said, "I was a *mad* man, but they meant I was a *glad* man; and, glory be to God, I have been glad ever since." Well might Billy be glad; he was free from a woeful burden.

No sooner did Billy feel the joys of freedom than he longed that others should enjoy them

also. How few Christians would have dared to work for God at once and openly as Billy did! How his conduct shames ours! There was not another praying man in the mine, and yet Billy when he went down with six or ten others would say, "Now, if you will hearken to me, I will pray for you before we go to work, for if I did not pray with you, and any of us should be killed, I should think it was my fault." When praying he used to say, "Lord, if any of us must be killed or die to-day let it be *me;* let not one of these men die, for they are not happy, but I am; and if I should die I should go to heaven." Soon his influence spread, and many of the other miners became "praying men."

A year passed by, and Billy was appointed a local preacher, and then began that remarkable ministry which brought hundreds of souls to God.

In appearance Billy Bray was a little, spare, wiry man, with sharp deep-set eyes, the mouth resolute almost to hardness, but all the face softened by the brightness of expression and the constant smile which lurked there.

He wore a dress of orthodox black and a white tie on his preaching rounds; yet sometimes he hardly knew how to find respectable apparel, but then a gift would come, which made him all right. One Sunday evening, coming home, he stuck in the mud, and the sole of his shoe came off; he held it up and turned to his one resource, "Here, Father, thou knows I have worn out these shoes in Thy cause, and I have no money to buy new ones; help me." A friend, before the next Sunday came, asked Billy to walk with him into Truro, and bought him, unasked, a new pair. Another friend said to him, "The Lord has told me to give you a coat and waistcoat, but I do not know if they will fit you." "If the Lord told you to give them to me they will fit me all right, for He knows *my size* exactly," returned the preacher.

In a long and frequently extremely poor lifetime, the Cornish miner showed the same single-minded and reliant faith in God as was displayed by Sammy Hicks, the Yorkshire Blacksmith. Indeed, in many respects, these two men strongly resembled each other; they did so in the quaintness of their thoughts, the originality of their expressions, their trustfulness, and wide, even imprudent charity, and in their love of prayer and praise.

But it is only fair to acknowledge that Sammy Hicks was a man of very much larger brain, and that Billy Bray had no share in the quiet grandeur of the Yorkshireman's character. People laughed *with* the blacksmith; he never gave them cause to laugh *at* him. This cannot be said of the miner.

Billy Bray possessed all the excitability which marks the devotions of Cornishmen and Welshmen; and it is painful to hear of some of the ways in which he gave his emotion vent. We must reluctantly confess there is neither sense nor beauty in his dragging a brother preacher whose sermon met with his approval round and round the pulpit, in the sight of the congregation; or going into a clergyman's house early in the morning and showing his affection for that gentleman by seizing him up in his arms and running with him round the breakfast-table, and when he had deposited the victim in his chair again, flinging himself on the floor and "rolling for joy;" or dancing so wildly early in the morning, in a house where he was being entertained, as to send his heels through the bedroom floor. Such actions as these must be felt as blemishes.

Billy Bray, when he first became a converted man, joined the sect of Bible Christians, or, as they are called, Bryanites; and in this communion he remained to the end.

Wherever it was known the miner was about to preach thither crowds flocked to hear. He did not generally select a text, but began his addresses by reciting a verse of a hymn, a little of his own experience, or some telling anecdote. "He had the happy art of pleasing people, and profiting them also, so that persons of all ages, the young as well as the old, the rich as well as the poor, and the worldly as well as the pious, flocked to hear him, and he retained his popularity to the last." From one end of Cornwall to another no name is even now more familiar than that of Billy Bray. His illustrations were striking, and often beautiful. Preaching to a crowd of miners, in whose neighbourhood there were two mines, one very prosperous, and the other quite the reverse, for the work was hard and the wages low, he represented himself as working at the second mine, but on the pay-day going to the first for his wages. But had he not been at work at the other mine? the manager asked. "Yes, but he liked the wages at the good mine best." He pleaded earnestly, but in vain, being dismissed at last with the remark, from which there could be no appeal, that he must come there to work if he came there for his wages. The effect was irresistible when he turned upon his congregation, saying that they must serve Christ here if they would share His glory hereafter; but if they would serve the devil now, to him they must go for their wages

presently. Billy Bray never preached over the heads of his audience, but right to their hearts. He believed intensely in the personality of God, to whom he would refer every passing incident, calling Him simply "Father;" and he likewise believed as fully in the personality of the devil. And he made his hearers believe too. A friend of his tells us, "Many a time when he and I have been leaving home together he would say, 'Now, friend Maynard, let us pray a minute before we go, or else the devil will be scratching me on the way. If I leave without praying this is the way he serves me, but when I get on my knees a minute or two before leaving I cut his ould claws, and then he can't harm me; so I always like to cut his claws before I go.'" If people remarked Billy knew little of temptation, for he always looked so happy, he would quietly reply, "The devil knows where I live."

He gave graphic accounts of his encounters with his enemy; here is one of them: "Friends, last week I was a-diggin' up my 'taturs. It was a wisht poor yield sure 'nough; there was hardly a sound one in the whole lot. An' while I was a-diggin' the devil come to me, and he says, 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?' 'I should reckon He do,' I says. 'Well, I don't,' says the old tempter in a minute. If I'd thought about it, I shouldn't ha' listened to 'em, for his 'pinions ben't worth the least bit o' notice. 'I don't,' says he; 'and I tell 'ee what for: if your Father loved you, Billy Bray, He'd give you a pretty yield o' 'taturs; so much as ever you do want, and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist; for it ben't no trouble to your Father to do anything, and He could just as easy give you plenty as not, an' if He loved you He would too.' Of course I wasn't going to let he talk o' my Father like that, so I turned round 'pon 'em. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'who may you happen to be, comin' to me a-talking like this here? If I ben't mistaken, I know you, sir, and my Father too. And to think o' your a-comin' and a-sayin' He don't love me! Why, I've gotten your written character home to my house; and I do say, sir, that you are a liar from the beginning! An' I'm sorry to add that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you faithful as any poor wretch could, and all you gave me was nothing but rags to my back and a wretched home, an' achin' head, an' no 'taturs, and the fear of hell for to finish up with. And here's my dear Father in heaven. I've been a poor servant of His, off and on, for thirty years. An' He's given me a clear heart, an' a soul full o' joy, an' a lovely suit o' white as'll never wear out; and He says that He'll make a king o' me before He've done, an' that He'll take me home to His palace to reign with Him for ever and ever. An' now you come up here a-talkin' like that! Bless 'e, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—I do *wish he had*—and he never had the manners to say good morning."

As years went on Billy Bray became more less, but more the property—the possession of God. All he had, all he wished for were God's—life and death, present needs and future possessions were in God's hands. All was well, and all was right, because it came from his Father. This consciousness made him an intensely happy man, and he always represented the *bright* side of religion to his fellows. "The dear Lord made the people very happy and me happy with them," he would say. He would commonly address his fellow-Christians with, "You praise God and I will praise God, and we will both praise God together," or, "You be the parson and I'll be the clerk. You say, Praise the Lord, and I'll say, Amen." If the person thus addressed did not begin at once he thought they were *dead*, "for is not the Lord worthy to be praised from the rising of the sun to its setting? And yet *you* will not praise Him at *all*." One day he showed his inability to appreciate a *silent* religion by the remark he made to a dying saint, whose character had been unblemished for years, but whose natural disposition was modest and retiring almost to a fault. His face wore a look of ineffable dignity and repose, lit up with a strange unearthly radiance and glory. He was just on the verge of heaven; he could only speak in a whisper. He murmured, "I wish I had a voice, so that I might praise the Lord." "You should have praised Him, brother, when you had one," was Billy's quiet but slightly satirical comment. Going one day to preach at Highway Chapel, Tywarnhaile, the place was so full he with difficulty squeezed himself up into the pulpit, but when safely there began to dance and shout, because "little Billy Bray was again at Highway," and then gave out the hymn—"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing!" saying, "Just think, that's nine hundred and ninety-nine more than I have got."

"Then you are a singer, Billy?" said Mr. Gilbert to him.

"Oh yes, bless the Lord, I can sing. My heavenly Father likes to hear *me* sing. I

can't sing so sweetly as some; but my Father likes to hear the *crow* as well as the *nightingale*, for He made them both."

Billy Bray's pervading joy could not find sufficient expression in his voice, so he pressed his feet into the service. He believed it a religious duty as well as pleasure to leap and dance, and he certainly did not stint this exercise. He jumped about in public with wonderful vigour, and he likewise did it in private just as earnestly; this habit led him into trouble one day.

"I went into Truro to buy a frock for the little maid, and coming home I felt very happy, and got catching up my heels a little bit, and I danced the frock out of the basket. When I came home Polly (his wife) said, 'William, where's the frock?' I said, 'I don't knew—es-en-a in the basket?' 'No,' said Polly. 'Glory be to God,' I said, 'I danced the frock out of the basket.' The next morning I went to the class meeting, and one was speaking of his trials, and I said, 'I've got trials too, for yesterday I went into Truro and bought a frock for the little maid. Coming home I got catching up my heels a little bit, and I danced the frock out of the basket.' So they gave me the money I had paid for the frock, and two or three days afterwards some one picked up the frock and brought it home; so I had two frocks for one. Glory!"

"Here," he would say, "we have a *little bitter*, but it is mixed with a *great deal of sweet*." He had trials as well as others; but it was not worth while to speak about them. Was he not on the road to heaven? Why should he not praise *every step* of the way? "I have been taking vinegar and honey, but, praise the Lord, I've had the vinegar with a *spoon* and the honey with a *ladle*. I have a heaven while going to heaven," he would say, and he called sudden death "the *field's* way to heaven."

But his own happy experience of the joys of religion did not puff this good man up and produce self-confidence; far otherwise, God gave him the brightest jewel in a Christian's crown—humility. "Soon after I was converted the devil said to me, 'Billy Bray, you'll be a great man;' but I sunk *into nothing*, and in that way slipped through the devil's hands." He explained his own idea of his place in the Church of Christ, and why he was there at all, thus: Gentlemen in Cornwall often make collections of specimens and other curiosities, and arrange them so as to make things beautiful in themselves more beautiful by grouping them.

This collection Billy called "a grotto." "Most gentlemen have a grotto; in the middle of it they often put a coarse ould spar—to show off the beauty of the others—somewhere. So the Lord has His 'grotto'—the Church—in which He places His own people as so many beautiful specimens." And Billy is the "coarse ould spar" amongst the rest.

Billy Bray constantly used the expression, "the Lord has told me." The miner's daily life was less a walking by faith than sight. Soon after he became a changed man, "The Lord put it into my mind (he tells us) to build a chapel." His mother gave him a little bit of her land, and he began the work with absolutely nothing else. Before Billy got one stone to the spot—which was far away from any other place of worship—he called the chapel that was to be Bethel. He dug out the foundation, and had some money given by the neighbours; one of them would not give anything, and a horse which he owned was taken lame and could not work. "The people said it was because he would not give anything to Billy Bray's chapel; but the people must know it was not mine, but the dear Lord's chapel, and it may be the Lord punished him for not giving anything to *His* chapel." After many struggles, and when the walls were partly built, "the devil entered into some of my class mates," as Billy plainly stated, "and they said it was not the Lord's will" that the chapel should be erected there, and said another spot which they pointed out was better. They agreed, however, to draw lots for three sites. The lot fell for the one where the foundations were placed; but still they would not help. But now Billy's conscience was easy, and he went on with the building. He laboured in the mine for his daily bread, and every spare moment at the chapel, and also "the dear Lord and me in this place kept but one purse, and I paid any money that I earned at the mine to the chapel when I wanted it." But now another sore trial came. He had £2 put by to roof in the chapel, and one of his little girls was taken ill. The child, he thought, might die, and then £1 would have to go for her funeral, and the other was sorely needed. God raised the child up again almost by a miracle. Then the Lord sent him a few shillings for the thatcher or the carpenter just as he needed them; even a horse which was lent him to drag the timber for the seats, with the warning that she "would not draw," did her work admirably. "I never saw such a thing," said her owner; "she will not draw for any one

else." But Billy told him, "The Lord said, The horse shall work, for the timber is to seat my house; and what the dear Lord says horses, angels, men, and devils must obey." At last the chapel was opened, and, indeed, Bethel became a house of God, for hundreds there became new creatures, and rose to the dignity of the lives of children of God.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties of this his first attempt, Billy tried again and again to build chapels, and always succeeded. At his second venture Billy was alternately at work in the mine by day or night; whichever was the case, he worked the rest of the time that it was light at building. Often he laboured for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. He was also "planned" every Sunday, having to walk twenty miles or more and preach three times. "Had not the Lord helped me I could not have done it." But by that mighty upholding hand, the poor miner "did it." A third essay, during which he was again and again helped in a remarkable manner, was engaged in. Working day and night, even to an extent which seems beyond the possibility of human endurance, the poor miner still could not do without money to pay the masons, and he went about collecting the needed sum, and, after visiting at other places, arrived at St. Ives. This was in the year 1838. The season was a poor one, and but very little fish had been caught; but Billy Bray shall tell his own tale.

"Some of the people were almost wanting bread. 'It was poor times,' I said, 'with Peter when the Lord told him to let down the net on the other side of the ship.' We went up to the Wesleyan chapel; there were a great many lively members, and we had a good meeting. We prayed to the Lord to send some fish, and He did. After the meeting was over we went into the coffee-house to get some refreshment; then we began *our* meeting, and continued it till midnight, praying the Lord to send in the fish. As we came out of the meeting to go to our lodging, there were the dear poor women with the pilchards on their plates, and the fish was shining in the moonlight. The women were smiling, and the moon was smiling, and we were smiling; and no wonder, for the dear Lord put bread on many shelves that night and blessed many families. We asked the women what fish were taken, and they told us that many boats had taken ten thousand, and some twenty thousand. Against the next day there were, if I mistake not, eight thousand casks taken. And here I must speak it to their credit, though the people had so many fish and were so poor they rested on the Sunday, and left it till Monday before they went about their fish and they lost none. Some of the fishermen said to me, 'Now you shall have some money for your chapel, and if you will get a boat and come out we will give you some fish.' A friend with me, a carpenter, a bit used to the sea, got a boat and rowed me to the place where the fish were. They looked pretty, for they were shining and leaping about, and the fishermen dipped up the fish and threw them into our boat. When we came to land the carpenter told up the fish to the people that bought them, and I took the money, which amounted to £6 15s."

Just as strictly as he desired to see others keep the Sabbath holy, Billy Bray kept it himself. He had "lighted his candle," and resolved that his conduct as well as his words should give light to all that were in the house. His religion was not a *safety-lamp*, laid by till he should be going down into the dark valley. He sturdily adhered to his resolution of not working on Sunday; therefore he was turned away from the good place he occupied in the mine, and put by the "captain" in a bad spot, which filled with water and prevented the men from working who were appointed there. Billy took his trouble to his dear Lord, and when he and his mates resumed work they heard a sort of gurgling; the water sank, and whereas in his former place "I got only £2 a month, in this new place I had £5 and more, and had not to work so hard by a great deal; and so the Lord cleared my way for ever from working on a Sunday. I did not lose by serving the Lord, but got £3 a month more than I got before, and did the will of the Lord, which is better than all the money in the world."

The miner longed after a closer and more complete union with God; and to encourage a spiritual frame of mind, and in obedience, as he believed, to a voice which bade him do it, he made a practice of fasting on the Sabbath day; he said, "I got my breakfast and dinner from the King's table—two good meals too—and I would not exchange this food from heaven for the richest dinner on earth." He never suffered from weakness in consequence, though working hard, preaching, praying, singing, jumping, and walking all day long. After one very heavy Sabbath he said to a friend, "How strong I am! I am as strong as a lion; I could run up to St. Austell (twelve miles), I am so strong."

As he never indulged himself, frequently

giving away his last penny, and out of deep, often pinching poverty relieving the wants of others or helping on God's cause, so he found no excuse for the follies or weaknesses of others, and set his face like a flint not only against drinking, calling public-houses "hell-houses," but against smoking, saying "the pipe has robbed Christians of hundreds of chapters and prayers;" he said "it is an idol, a lust," and "worship the Lord with clean lips." He considered bazaars, choir-singing, and wearing beards, all conformities to the world, and therefore wrong for Christians, and he told women whose bonnets were smart, "that flowers only grew in soft places." Once when he was sent for to visit a rich man who was dying he exclaimed, looking not at the sufferer but round on the costly furniture, "Did Jesus Christ ever live in such a fine place as this, or spend money to gratify fleshly desire or worldly taste?"

Billy Bray always enforced the principle that the best should be given to the Lord, and not the blind, the lame, or the sick. At one time at a missionary meeting he seemed quite vexed because there was something said in the report about money received for "rags and bones," and when he rose to address the meeting he said, "I don't think it's right supporting the Lord's cause with old rags and bones. The Lord deserves the best and ought to have the best. However, He's very condescending, for when a person has a little chick that is likely to die, puts it into a stocking and lays it by the fire, saying, 'If that chick lives I will give it to the missionaries,' it is not long before it says, 'Swee, swee, let me out, I am better.' I knew a woman down at St. Just some years ago who had two geese, and though she might have a good flock to begin with, she could never rear above two or three. At last she promised the Lord that if He would increase her flock she would give every *tenth* goose to the missionaries. Now I reckon," he concluded, "you will say that that woman was a good heart, but I don't think so, for if she gave every *fifth* goose to the missionaries she would then have more than she had before. However, the Lord took her at her word, and the next year she had *eleven*, and they all lived till they grew up nearly as good as the old ones. Then the Lord tried her faith: one of the geese died, and what do you think the devil said? '*That's the missionary goose.*' That's as the devil would serve the missionaries; he would give old, dead, stinking geese to them to eat; but what do they want of an old, dead, stinking goose? But she knew him, and she said, 'No, Devil, I have ten left now, and the missionaries shall have one of them.' And the next year she had eleven again. They were out swimming about the pond with their great long necks and their beautiful white feathers—*they were the most respectable-looking geese I ever saw.*"

The longer "The King's son" lived the more happy and holy he grew, and though an old man now, he was ever in labours more abundant; the only change that could be noticed in him was that his regular seasons of prayer turned themselves oftener into times of praise. At a meeting which lasted till a very late hour he said, "We could do nothing but praise, for the Spirit was poured out in such a wonderful manner. I was as happy as I could be and live. It was one stream of glory." He was very weak in body then. "I think I shall be home to Father's house soon," he said, smiling. After that he rapidly sank and seemed to be in the last stage of consumption. A doctor was called in who examined him. Billy asked—

"Well, doctor, how is it?"

"You are going to die."

"Glory, glory be to God! I shall soon be in heaven." He then added in a low tone, and in his own peculiar way, "When I get up there shall I give them your compliments, doctor, and tell them you will be coming too?"

On Friday, May 22, 1868, he came down stairs for the last time. To one of his old friends, a few hours before his death, who asked if he had any fear of death or of being lost, he said, "What! me fear death! me lost! Why, my Saviour conquered death. If I was to go down to hell I would shout Glory, glory, to my blessed Jesus, until I made the place ring again, and the miserable old Satan would say, 'Billy, Billy, this is no place for thee, get thee back.' Then up to heaven I should go, shouting Glory, glory, praise the Lord." A little later he whispered, "Glory," and then the brightness of heaven burst upon his sight. Royally crowned at last! In that home many children, safely gathered in, yet doubtless regret the half-hearted service, the divided tone of their probation days, but no such dimness lessens the warmth of the sunshine for Billy Bray. He went to be with Christ on May 25, 1868, in his seventy-fourth year.

Did the great King of kings welcome the poor old Cornish miner with the words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world?" Doubtless, yes.

STRIVING.

THERE is no rest without the toil,
The patient, strong endeavour;
'Tis he who wins divides the spoil,
The coward takes it never.

'Tis he who climbs the rugged height,
Who finds the clouds below him;
And he who reads the stars by night
Spells out the deep ELOHIM.

'Tis not the idle, humming drones
That store the hive with honey;
Men must be kings who sit on thrones,
And manhood's more than money.

We cannot all the prizes take,
We cannot all be thriving;
We can our evil self forsake,
We always can be striving.

To dare is better than to doubt,
For doubt is always grieving;
'Tis faith that finds the riddles out,
The prize is for believing.

To do is better than to dream—
Life has enough of sleepers;
To be is better than to seem—
The sowers are the reapers.

And when the Master calls us in,
Our deeds, and not our feeling,
Will tell the heaven that each shall win,
The endless glory sealing.

HENRY BURTON.

FORMED FOR HIMSELF.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A FRIEND'S FREQUENT QUOTING OF THE LINES—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

CAN there be "desert" where His Spirit breathes?
Or "dark unfathom'd cave" beyond His ken
Who made it—and the deep that round it seethes—
And lov'd unto the death the sons of men?

Nay, brother, take not from our life the joy,
E'en to the humblest, the great Father gives;—
That though their praise no human tongue employ,
They're ever dear to Him who ever lives.

He, *for Himself*, hath form'd us—not for Fame!
And for His praise He prunes, and tends, and trains.
Let the Beloved to His garden come,
And eat the pleasant fruit of all His pains!

O soul-rejoicing thought, not aught is lost!
His will fore-ordering hath embraced the whole.
The shadow'd path, the loyal purpose crost,
Both have been needed to attain the goal.

Those in His love eternally content,
With swift, glad feet fulfilling His behest,
We bless the lonely, weary hours of earth,
That made *Himself* our centre and our rest.

E. S. H.

"Here tender green, there warm brown."

"LEAVES, LEAVES, NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

THE parable of the barren fig-tree, and the incident of the tree that withered away at the rebuke of Christ, have in some sort cast a kind of disrepute over leaves, at least so far as the language of the sanctuary and religious symbolism are concerned. Yet

in both cases the crime, if we may so speak, of the fig-tree was, not that it brought forth leaves, but that it brought forth nothing else. Without the leaves figs would be impossible; and these portions of the gospel might be taken as illustrative of the words, "These ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone." In God's works, which are all progressive, every stage of growth, if healthy, is beautiful; yes, not even excepting that often abused period of "hobbledehoyism," between boyhood and manhood, when the tailed but beardless youth is supposed to be a plague to himself and intolerable to all the rest of the world, except his own mother. Leaves represent a stage on the way to fruit, and they are beautiful for their own sake, as well as beneficent.

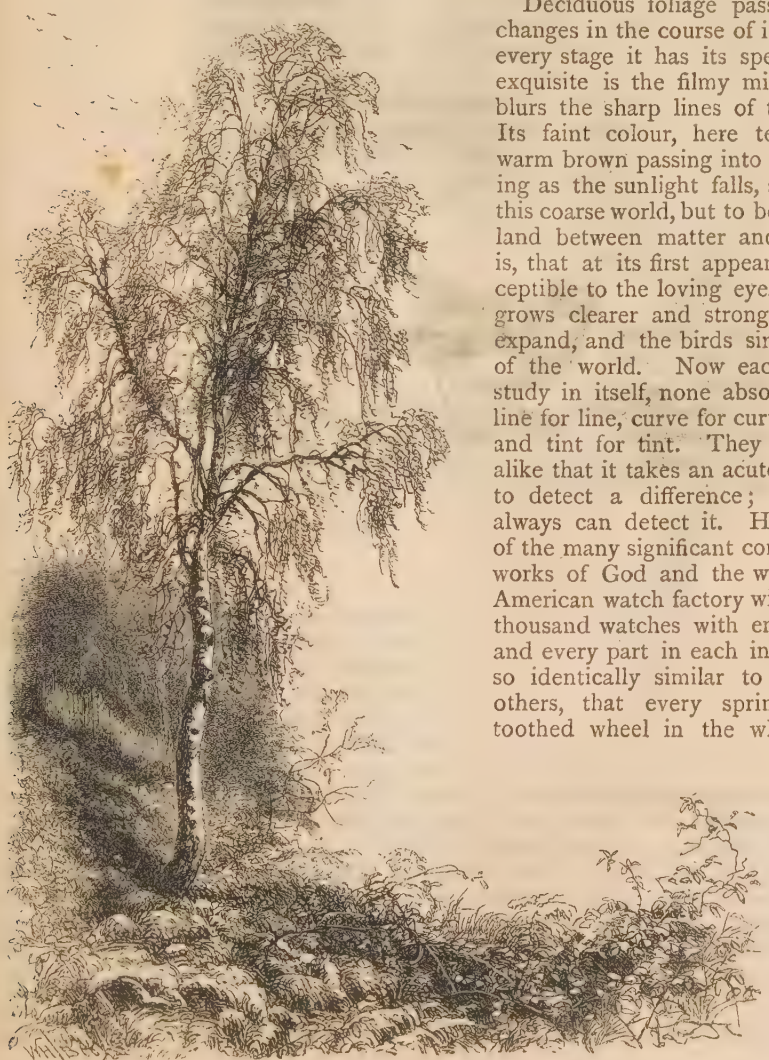
Amongst the words of the Lord Jesus which are often so pathetically suggestive of His interest in, and sympathy with, the life of Nature, is another reference to the fig-tree and its leaves. "*Now learn a parable of the fig-tree; when his branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh.*" Surely the speaker of those words had often watched the softened branches redolent of sap, swaying languidly in the warm breeze, swelling into great buds, and spreading out their deep green leaves, the consummation of spring's triumph over winter. In the final chapter of the Bible, the tree of life is described as bearing twelve manner of fruits, and yielding her fruit every month. But it is not the fruit, it is the leaves that are "for the healing of the nations." In the bright and telling picture of the just man in the first psalm, the swelling foliage of the symbolic tree is as conspicuous as its fruit. "*He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*" Homer's comparison of the dying generations of men to falling leaves is commended to all schoolboys as a type of literary beauty. But it scarcely touches the fountain of tears within us with so tender a hand, as Isaiah's briefer utterance, "*we all do fade as a leaf.*" Who that has watched the long lingering death of a chestnut leaf, the richer in colour as it decays, can fail to appreciate the wealth of suggestiveness in those few words? The leaf fades because as winter draws on the bark shrinks round the point of its insertion in the branch or stem; the leaf-stalk is loosened, ready to be blown away by any rough breath, and so the passage of the vital sap is stopped. But meanwhile the colour changes to a rich brown or to a golden tint and the veining and structure of the leaf is shown distinct in its delicate beauty. So an old man loses his hold on life, while at the same time the wealth of long experience brightens the gifts of grace, and the lines of character are traced the more clearly as the carnal nature dies. "*The outward man perisheth, but the inward man is renewed day by day.*"

Thus leaves have their place among the works of God that are used by the Divine Word as symbols of things spiritual. And surely they deserve it; for among things of living beauty there are few that unite such breadth of effect in the mass with such an endless variety of grace, lustre, and tenderness in detail. Flowers have more splendour of colour, at least in our own country. But a bank of flowers does not give that repose to the eye and heart which is yielded by the billowy foliage of a wooded hill. The mass of water that tumbles over Niagara, or rolls shoreward in the ocean, is impressive. But each drop in it is like every other drop. It is not so with leaves. Grand in the mass, they are also inexhaustible in the interest of their minutest details.

On a hillside that I know there towers aloft, above a thick wood of smaller trees, a giant elm whose far-spreading arms have swept a clear space amongst its weaker brethren. And here as we lie on the moss or sit on the gnarled roots when the torrent of sunlight beats on the leafy tower above, the world about us is like a dreamland. Looking up through height over height of shining foliage that catches the sunbeams and subdues them before they softly creep round us in the twilight below, we can easily fancy ourselves mermen and mermaids dwelling in a palace of the sea. The breath of the wind makes a murmur like the sound of many waters; and the glints of light that shiver and dance above us seem caused by waves on the surface of the clear green sea, that refract the rays at various angles as they pass. The fancy takes us that we have only to spread our arms and lightly spurn the ground, in order to float upwards and ever upwards till we emerge on the sparkling surface above.

Very different is the experience of walking down the solemn avenues of a great forest, where in the jostle and struggle for light and air every trunk shoots aloft bare of branches for thirty, forty, or fifty feet. Here the interlaced boughs and cloudy foliage far above are so like the fretted roof of

a vast cathedral that the origin of "Gothic" architecture, as it used to be called, has been fancifully traced back to the ideas and feelings inspired in our Teutonic forefathers by their wanderings through the forests covering ancient Germany. Within such forests we do not think of the sea; they are too sombre and still. The shivering of the leaves stirs the nerves with a nameless fear. The feeling of "eeriness" must have been first experienced in a forest. But looked at from its borders, how grand is the leafy ocean, rolling in great waves over the hills, and pouring its flood of greenery down the valley sides! Regarded thus it has something of the volume and the movement of a sea. But then it is a living ocean, in which every drop is an organized cell with a distinct life of its own.



Myriads upon myriads, beyond all count, beyond all imagination, these living cells, each with its drop of chlorophyle, are born, and flourish, and die, self-centred, struggling each to do the best for itself. Yet not one of them has any perceptible beauty by itself, only what is merged in the green expanse. Its poor little store of chlorophyle—such a treasure to the separate cell—would be invisible only that it merges in that of millions of rivals. To us they are nothing while they live, save as they help to make up the whole; and when they die they feed the new generations to come. Do we not indeed all "fade as a leaf"? Yet not wholly—no: but it needs some heavenly wisdom both to learn the lesson thus suggested, and to stop short of carrying it too far.

Deciduous foliage passes through several changes in the course of its short life, and in every stage it has its special charm. How exquisite is the filmy mist which in spring blurs the sharp lines of the skeleton trees! Its faint colour, here tender green, there warm brown passing into palest gold, according as the sunlight falls, seems not to be of this coarse world, but to belong to the borderland between matter and spirit. So shy it is, that at its first appearance it is only perceptible to the loving eye. But each day it grows clearer and stronger, while the buds expand, and the birds sing the resurrection of the world. Now each infant leaf is a study in itself, none absolutely like another line for line, curve for curve, point for point, and tint for tint. They may be so nearly alike that it takes an acute and watchful eye to detect a difference; but such an eye always can detect it. Herein we have one of the many significant contrasts between the works of God and the works of man. An American watch factory will turn you out ten thousand watches with engine-turned cases, and every part in each individual sample is so identically similar to the same part in others, that every spring or balance or toothed wheel in the whole ten thousand might be interchanged without disturbing the working. But God does not do so. He produces a billion leaves by apparently the same process, all so much alike that they are

"By a bank of leaves."

instantly recognised as belonging to the same species or variety; and yet no two are in all respects absolutely identical. Surely there is something more than machinery at work in the life of the woods. But if the variety in the same species is interesting from its minuteness, the differences between various kinds of trees are profuse in endless contrasts. How sober is the russet infancy of the oak-leaf, like the pensive childhood of the predestined philosopher! How exuberant is that of the chestnut, like the boyhood of a passionate poet! How delicate and fragrant is that of the birch, like the babyhood of a beautiful girl!

Then comes the summer with its burden of heat, and subdues all tints to a modest green. The capricious play of childhood is over; the work of the year is on hand. Not a leaf but is busily engaged, inhaling, exhaling, and incorporating the gases of the air with the sap and tissues of the tree. If the amount of work thus silently done in a great forest were to be described mechanically, it would be expressed in millions of "foot-pounds." But, alas! it is not given to human ingenuity to imitate this calm and noiseless

work. Yet in the processes of grace, the same God works in the same way. The trees of the Lord's planting, after the first exuberance of their spring, subside into a work-a-day dress, and grow, they know not how, only by breathing night and day the atmosphere of divine love in which they live and move and have their being. There are no more flashes into life: and few are the flushes of ecstatic joy. But the breath they breathe is always being inwardly stored up in the flow of affection and in the solid tissues of character.

After the toil of summer a weariness creeps over nature; not a discontented, fretful weariness, but the satiety which comes after every stage of achievement. And with the cessation of activity there comes the glory of a peace, acquiescent in whatever God may send. Surely autumn ought not to be gloomy except to misanthropy and unbelief. For a while the leaves put on the gaiety of their first childhood. The tints of their infancy and of their first decay are nearly alike. But these pass into deeper hues, and the greater breadth of surface unfolded gives a majesty to autumn foliage wholly unlike the shy pinks and browns and gold of spring. A glance down a tawny avenue of autumn chestnuts toward the evening sun setting in clouds of crimson and gold, amidst a sky that shades from grey to almost invisible green, recalls the visions of Patmos. But the splendour is fleeting. The night comes on, and a cold blast despoils the trees. Everywhere leaves are heard falling with a melancholy shiver; and when the morning arises, the wreck of the woodlands, with twintered leaves fluttering here and there, makes us long for the sleep of winter. So the end of a noble life is richer in moral glory than either youth or middle age; but when age verges toward decrepitude, the prayer of Elijah rises to our lips: "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers." But happier they in whom the whisper of the falling leaf awakens Simeon's song, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

W. C. PROCTER.

THE NEW HEART.

By DONALD FRASER, D.D.

"Make you a new heart and a new spirit."—Ezek. xviii. 31.

THE command to repent strikes one as thoroughly reasonable. Even those who do not obey it will admit that it is a just and proper requirement in religion. But the injunction to make in one's self a new heart does not seem so reasonable. Self-renewal or transformation! How can such a thing be?

Yet between the former requirement and the latter, it is difficult to point out any material difference. To change one's mind towards God, and to make one's heart and spirit new towards God—where lies the distinction? How is the one command reasonable, and the other not?

Let it be at once acknowledged that a new heart towards God comes from God. He promised it to the House of Israel, saying, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you" (Ezek. xxxvi. 26). King David prayed for it: "Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me" (Ps. li. 10). But the fact that a blessing, natural or spiritual, comes from God, does not relieve man from the necessity of pursuing it, or the duty of obtaining it. What God gives is bestowed on some plan and principle which we are bound to study. So, after it is admitted that a new heart is the gift of God, the question remains, How is it conferred by Him; how is it conveyed to us? On what plan, or according to what law?

Is it by baptism? Now let us use plain words. We have nothing to say at present of what is called hypothetical or potential regeneration in baptism. Our question is this, Is it God's plan and rule to give new hearts in, by, or through baptism with or into water? Obviously this cannot have been the mind of the Lord in His command by the mouth of Ezekiel which we have placed above this paper, for the ordinance of baptism had not been instituted when men were bidden to make a new heart and a new spirit. Circumcision, it is true, was in several respects the predecessor of baptism, and had a similar significance, but the blessing of a new heart was not conveyed by circumcision in the flesh, for the command of self-renewal was addressed to a people already circumcised. We hold that circumcision under the old covenant, and baptism under the new, agree

as religious rites in having reference to moral and spiritual cleansing. But it is clear to us as a matter of fact, that neither the one rite nor the other has secured to those who observed it the divine boon of a new heart. It is only too evident that thousands of baptized persons now, like thousands of circumcised persons of old, have hard and wicked hearts. The blessing is not tied to the baptismal rite, or conferred through it. Facts are conclusive against that theory; and facts are serious things. It must be in some more inward manner that God gives, and men make, "a new heart and a new spirit."

Is it by prayer? Sometimes it has been taught that what man can do towards his own regeneration is, to use the means of grace diligently, and to pray for the Holy Spirit. But this is rather to shift the problem than to solve it. A man may well ask, "How am I to bring into my mind due reverence for God, a relish for His word, and an appreciation of what are called means of grace? And then how am I to pray aright, with absolute honesty of purpose, with intelligent and intense desire, and with that faith without which it is impossible to please God?" Surely all this is just about as difficult as to make a new heart. Indeed, when a man uses the means of grace wisely and earnestly, and when he truly and humbly prays, he proves that he has got a new heart and a new spirit. It is useless to tell an impotent man that he will grow quite strong if he will stretch his legs and take walking exercise daily. If he can do these things, he is no more impotent, but sound as other men.

Perhaps we may see our way through this question more clearly if we slightly alter the familiar phraseology. By the heart we mean the habitual state and bent of the affections. He whose affections are set on evil things has a bad heart. He whose affections are on things beneath, and not those above, has a worldly heart. He who loves good has a good heart. He who follows after righteousness has a right spirit. The question then is, how to get rid of our bad likings, to rise above our inferior desires, and to attain to a supreme love for what is consummately good and right, and pure and true, *i.e.* for God.

This carries with it every question concerning the mould of character and conduct of life, for the predominant affection governs everything. How to get the predominant affection raised to God—how to love Him above all—this is our problem.

We say nothing here of the regeneration of infants, for they are not required to make to or in themselves a new heart. Nor do we allege that the way in which we are now putting the question covers the whole subject of regeneration, even in the case of adults. If the inquiry be concerning the divine act or operation, then we answer that there must be a quickening of the human spirit into a higher and purer life by the power of the Holy Ghost. But when the question is as to human duty in the matter, our position is that man makes in himself "a new heart and a new spirit" when he begins to love God above all.

But how to begin? How to change the current of one's own affections? Is not this just the old weary, fruitless struggle to make ourselves good? Not at all. We do not advise you to fight and struggle with your own heart. You are far more likely to succeed by turning away your thoughts from the heart that ought to love, and fastening them on the person or object that ought to be loved.

Suppose that there is one among my fellowmen against whom I am prejudiced, but who really deserves to be honoured and loved. How may my heart be turned to him, or made new in its regard for him? In vain should any one tease me with exhortations to this as my duty, or menace me with the loss I may suffer if I treat such a man with indifference, or show him disrespect. But let some one who knows this person better than I do show him to me in a true light, display to me his lovable qualities, and give me proofs of his noble and upright character. Better still, let me meet this person, and see for myself how unjust my prejudice has been, and let me discover that though my ill-will has been known to him, he is full of generous good-will to me; and my heart is surely changed towards him—my wrong spirit is turned into a right spirit, and I yield to him willing homage of admiration and gratitude. On the same principle do we gain a new regard for things which are fitted to be objects of intellectual and sympathetic appreciation. Suppose the case of one who has read little poetry, and derived little pleasure from what he has read. He has let his mind fall into a mood of indifference to all poetry, and it is of little use to tell him that this is wrong, or stupid, or contemptible. But let him hear some competent person read or recite some of the best passages from the best poets, pointing out their characteristic beauties, and insensibly his feeling is changed. If he has any innate sentiment or imagination, he begins to appreciate what he had ignorantly or obstinately disliked.

It is on this principle, and no other, that men begin to love God. The enmity to Him which St. Paul attributes to "the fleshly mind" lives on alarm and on ignorance—the alarm of an evil conscience, and the ignorance of a clouded heart. Now these are not removed by affirmations ever so vehement that we ought to love God and must love Him; or by narratives of saintly persons who have loved Him with rapturous enthusiasm; or by warnings of a fiery judgment awaiting those who do not love Him. Such preachments do nothing to relieve the conscience or to touch and turn the affections. What is needed is a discovery of God's worthiness to be loved.

For this it is not enough to contemplate the works of His hands, though one who profoundly studies the exquisite adaptations and sublime order of nature can hardly be heedless or profane. Such revelation of God, however, is not so bright or winning as to change the moral affections in men; nor has it any power to relieve that terror of conscience which, as much as anything, turns them away from Him whom they should trust and love. It is necessary to know God according to His Word—to behold His glory in the face of Jesus Christ, and the provision made for the purging of sin-laden consciences in Christ's atoning sacrifice.

One may read or hear much of the necessity of regeneration and be in nowise helped towards that great inward change, save that self-complacency is disturbed, and the conscience subjected to a wholesome pressure. He must read or hear the gospel. And it is not gospel to say, "You must be born again." That solemn saying is a law of the kingdom of heaven, and one that is grounded on the intrinsic and immutable character of that kingdom. The gospel is the proclamation of God's love and saving grace in Jesus Christ our Lord. So the Saviour taught the Pharisee, Nicodemus. He began by impressing upon him that he must be born again; but, as no statement of its necessity could produce the change required, He proceeded to unfold to Nicodemus that love of God to man which alone can draw man's responsive love to God; in other words, which can make in man "a new heart—and a new spirit." He told to him that gospel of salvation which relieves the troubled conscience, and warms the heart to wonder, love, and praise. Therefore if a man would be born again, let him attend to this gospel of God. It is quite true as respects the divine grace of regeneration, that man must get a new heart in order to the belief of the gospel. But it is also true as respects the action of the human faculties and feelings, that a man gets or makes to himself a new heart in and through the belief of the truth.

It deserves to be gravely considered whether inattention to this has not been the reason of much continuance in unregeneracy among hearers of evangelical doctrine. They know that they must be born anew, "begotten of God;" and, separating this from other truths, wait in a sort of stupor till it may please God to change their hearts, or, at the most, pray for a right spirit week after week, year after year, intending to believe the gospel so soon as they can be sure that they have got the new heart. Thus they confound the warrant for believing with the fitness to believe; and in fact set up the very doctrine of regeneration as a wall between themselves and Christ.

If men would only study simplicity, and observe the divine order, all would go well, for in the spiritual as in the natural sphere, there is order, and no caprice. Christ is lifted up; the Spirit's part is to reveal Christ: man's part is to look to Christ. There is no need to tell men that they cannot look; for they will not do that which is impossible. But let them attend to their own part, and God will open their eyes. Then in order to the looking, and in the act and continuous habit of looking to Jesus Christ, all the affections are graciously and wonderfully changed. Men make to themselves a new heart and a new spirit: yet they will take to themselves no credit for this, but render all the praise to Him from whom the regenerating power proceeds, the Holy Ghost, the Author and Giver of Life.

RAMBLINGS AMONG OBSCURE CHARITIES.

By J. EWING RITCHIE.

III.—INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR CRIPPLED BOYS.

IN the course of my wanderings the other day I came to a fine red brick building at the end of a lane close to the Kensington Railway Station, and just a few steps from the High Street of what Leigh Hunt loved to call the Court Suburb. I knew not a soul in that red brick building, which attracted me nevertheless. It had the inscription in large letters which had caught my eye as I travelled by the train, "National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys," and to see them was the object of my journey. I knocked at the door; it was opened by a young man who was evidently a cripple. He ushered me into the presence of another similarly afflicted. "Could I look over the place?" I asked. "Undoubtedly," was his reply, "if the manager could be seen." In a minute or two the latter gentleman made his appearance, smiling, and we commenced a tour of inspection together. Mr. Bovis, the gentleman alluded to, was anxious that I should see everything, and I believe I did. The buildings have been fitted for the purpose to which they are applied, and as regards arrangement there is little to complain of. At your right as you enter is a fine public hall, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Princess Louise, and which is devoted to meetings and lectures; beyond that are the premises set apart for the preparation of the food of the inmates—a rather important matter when you remember how many of the inmates owe their deformity or crippled condition if not actually to want of good wholesome food, at any rate, partly to the improper nourishment of themselves, or their fathers and mothers before them. On the left were the workshops with their stores. Above, behind us, were class rooms and sleeping apartments. On the basement were lavatories and baths, and lockers for such of the lads as required them. In the quadrangle thus formed—which was an open space concreted, and with a verandah, and a little garden at the far end—was a kind of playground for the lads. A few of them, as I entered, were seated in the shade on benches enjoying the genial breath of spring as it came to them laden with the perfume of distant park and gardens. They seemed to enjoy the quiet; each had a crutch in h hand, but there was no one there to jeer a their infirmity, to point at them the finger c scorn. Outside they ran a risk of ill-treatmen The British rough is by no means particula out of whom he makes fun when in hi playful moods. A crippled boy or girl ofte forms the subject of his mirth. We are tol that when Sir Roger de Coverley came t town, as he did occasionally, he always availe himself of the services of the crippled i preference to any other. But then Sir Roge de Coverley was a fine old English gentleman.

As I sat there in that cheerful quadrangle it seemed to me that again the spirit of Sir Roger de Coverley walked the earth. The idea of the institution was at any rate worthy of his benevolent mind, and he, I doubt not, would have been a liberal subscriber. First of all I think the notion of some such home was suggested with regard to girls, and finding what a boon and blessing it was with regard to them, the next thing was to make a similar provision for much-to-be-pitied boys. In 1865 a public meeting was held at Willis's Rooms, and it was resolved to found a Home for Crippled Boys; the president, of course, being the Earl of Shaftesbury who, past his eightieth year, is still as active as ever in the work of bettering the condition of his fellow-creatures. The institution was commenced with little more than £300 in hand. A matron was secured, a tradesmaster appointed, and three poor crippled boys were put in the way of earning an honest penny. The great difficulty was of course to find the proper trade. It is not every kind of work that a cripple can do—the spirit may be willing, but the flesh is weak. It was, in due time, resolved to make carpenters, and tailors, and die-stampers of the boys. It was resolved also that none should be admitted under twelve or over eighteen years of age. The course of instruction was to last three years, and a payment of £10 a year for two years was required with each; in addition to three suits of clothes and such mechanical appliances as were deemed necessary. The benefits of such an institution are to be within the reach

"Trees by rivers of water."

of all qualified by accident or by birth. These are more numerous than the reader would at first imagine. The number of crippled children in the United Kingdom has been reckoned at one hundred thousand. Under these circumstances, as was to be expected, the committee were soon cramped for want of room, and hence the present site was secured, and the present building erected, at a total cost of £10,000. There are now sixty inmates, but there is provision for a hundred, and there ought never to be less that that number in the house. A donor of two hundred guineas may nominate a lad. Poor Law Guardians can also, by the payment of £10 a year, relieve their ratepayers of the expense of supporting a pauper, and thus give a poor cripple a fair chance in the world. Thus the humblest need not despair, and there is hope for all; and in the busy world there are many now occupying a respectable place in society, and making a comfortable home, who but for the teaching and training of the Home would have been a misery to themselves and a heavy burden especially to their parents and friends.

A boy approaches me, and we enter into conversation. He comes from a country workhouse school. He has been in the place two months, and already, he says, he has more power in his foot. As to the rest of his body he is in capital condition. He has not been fed on pauper fare, at any rate, since he has come to Kensington. He is learning to be a cabinet-maker, and, besides, is taking lessons in music—on the harmonium. He is happy here, he tells me, because, in his own words, "There are more on 'em about." There, I own, he is affectingly right. When work is over the scene is gay. The cripples love to play cricket and climb trees like other lads; they also play lawn-tennis. The sports and pastimes of the lads are muscular — though they may not be compared with those of joyous and healthy youth. There is a nice library for the boys, and a handsome, because large and lofty, sitting-room; but when the days are long and the weather is fine they, like other lads, love to be out of doors. At Kensington they do not take their pleasures sadly, as some writers are never tired of telling us the English people do; but in many of the cripples you miss that vigorous play—almost horse-play—of ordinary village lads, as they come bounding out of school, to quote Tom Hood's happy phraseology. When I add that there is a committee of large-hearted English ladies who carefully superintend the domestic arrangements of the place, it is needless to say that the boys have little to complain of, that the influence of the Home is excellent in every way. Crippled boys are often unduly sensitive. At home many of them have been too often unduly indulged or unduly chidden. One of the few passages of Byron's "Memoranda," which relate to his early days, describes graphically his own sentiments on the subject of his deformed foot, and the feeling of horror and humiliation which came to him when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him "a lame brat;" and it may be fairly argued that to that original lameness of the noble lord we owe much of cynicism and affectation which marred his genius, and which in our day has impaired his renown. In his "Deformed Transformed" what an utterance we have of his aching heart! The memory of it makes the scene before me really beautiful. Look at those lads basking in the summer sun, watching the unfolding foliage, looking up at the blue sky and the flying clouds, listening, it may be, to the roar of the city far away! You need not ask them if they are happy. To such, Christianity offers a real boon, as it teaches them how the yoke, whatever it may be, is patiently to be borne; how the curse may become a blessing in disguise; how God has touched the hearts of men and women to see how best the bitterness of their lot can be alleviated and allayed, and bids science labour for them.

But what about the workshops? Ah! I had quite forgotten them. There they are on our left, well lighted and well ventilated. As we enter we find the lads hard at work qualifying themselves for the battle of life. For many trades they are of course unfitted; hitherto the choice has been rather limited, but I am glad to find that harness-making and saddlery are to be added to the industrial curriculum. There is nothing like leather after all, and the cripples know that. Why they are not set to shoemaking and mending to my mind is not very clear. Of a crippled shoemaker I have a very good idea, and it seemed to me, when a village lad myself, that he was one of the most learned of the learned, and one of the most logical of the logical reasoners of my native village. Somehow or other I always associated his lameness and his cleverness with his worldly calling, and still fancy that it is as natural for a cripple to be a shoemaker as it is for an investment to pay a dividend of five per cent. It has, however, been ordered otherwise at Kensing-

ton. But if shoemaking is eschewed, tailoring is not. I was glad to see some twenty or thirty lads seated on boards stitching away as hard as their fingers could go. They have a light and airy room in which they work, and an attentive master, who seemed quite proud of the efficiency of his pupils as he carefully handed me specimens of their work. Well, I have seen a good deal of tailoring done by lads in reformatories and ragged schools, and it seemed to me that that of the cripples was quite equal to the best I had seen elsewhere. The boys at their work seemed thoroughly happy; they had something to do, something to think about, and something to hope for. Time does not hang heavy on their hands, as it did before they came there. In another department many of the lads were engaged in stamping and embossing envelopes and note paper, and in printing address and other cards. Up at Kensington there is a good deal of demand for this kind of work, which pays, and at the same time is light and easy. I cannot say I was so much struck with the carpentering. It seemed too amateurish, and the physical condition of many of the lads unfits them for some branches of the work. But the question is, is there demand for that kind of work? I remember being much pleased with some specimens I saw at the Little Boys' Home; but the other day, happening to be there, I was sorry to learn that it was given up on the plea that it was unprofitable. But carpentering implies mending as well as making, and the demand in that respect is practically unlimited. Besides, carpentering, as far as it goes, is a healthy exercise and a useful occupation. At the institution orders are taken for any description of plain furniture in deal, mahogany, &c., repairs of all kinds are executed, and furniture repolished. It may be as well to note that, in order to develop the business done, the trademasters call for orders. In the cash account I see the proceeds from work done for the year are as follows: — Carpenters, £361 16s. 9d.; stampers, £417 19s. 5d.; tailors, £326 7s. 6d., making a total of £1,106 3s. 8d.; a decent sum surely to be earned by cripples.

Life passes away happily in that secluded yet busy spot. The place, it is to be remembered, is not a hospital for the sick, nor a home for the destitute, nor a criminal reformatory for our roughs, but a home fo the tender care and wise training in industry and morals, and religion of those who, fro no fault of their own, are helpless and afflicte In the evening there is a school kept, i which the inmates are taught reading, writing arithmetic, geography, singing, and scriptur by a certificated master of a neighbourin Board School. On Sundays the lads ar taken to church, and in the afternoon ar indulged with a walk in the neighbourin gardens. And now and then in the summe they have a day's outing in the country, o the invitation of a sympathetic friend. I the winter evenings interesting lectures ar delivered, in which the boys take great inte rest. The Home, perhaps, may at first sig seem a little too imposing. It is certai a good many of our charities do spend to much money on bricks and mortar, an the inmates are accustomed to a style o doing things such as they were strangers t in their respective homes, and such as the cannot expect to see realised in after life Too many of us have to put up with indiffe ent accommodation and defective sanitar arrangements; but this criticism is more a parent than real. It stands to reason, if public building is to be erected it is quite a easy to make it imposing and comfortable a the reverse, and to keep it in order is no much more costly in the long run than to le it become shabby and dirty and in need o repair. It may also be said that growing lad require all that can be done for them, an especially the crippled and infirm. So afte all, the expenditure is not to be condemne and undoubtedly a good building adds not little to the pleasure of its inmates, and it i to be hoped that they in after years, when ou in the world, may thus help to keep u attention to such sanitary arrangements an comfortable appliances as they become hab tuated to in the Home. The whole aim modern life is, or ought to be, not to lev down but to level up; and so we may hop to see the brightness and the joyousness o the life at Kensington, as far as possibl maintained when the lads come to have home of their own. There is no telling how far man may rise in the world, or what even cripple may become. It is a fact that th Institution has done much good—that at th moment there is many an old boy who wa trained in it doing a man's work and earnin a man's wages.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," BY MICHAEL MUNKÁCSY

By the Author of "Raphael's Cartoons."

WE live in the days of the exhibition of single pictures. We have to remember however, that isolation, with all its advantages, is not absolutely essential for a great work of art. A great picture is likely to be at its best when presented alone, and we ourselves may be more ourselves at a private interview. But a great picture may be exhibited anywhere, for it may be seen anywhere. It is one of the characteristics of a great picture that it can be seen; and it can be seen because the painter has fulfilled one of the first conditions of painting, which is to represent or make visible some scene which he has chosen for his subject.

Our first impression as we looked at Munkácsy's "Christ before Pilate" was, that we saw it. Just as in listening to a good speaker, we hear what he has got to say, and we know at once the topic of his discourse. And on looking again to see how it was that we saw so readily what was before our eyes, we found that the artist had fallen back on one of the oldest and truest principles of art, "ars celare artem." The size of the canvas is some thirty feet by twenty, and while every inch is covered, so that there is not any appearance of blankness or vacuity, it is but barely half this great space that is occupied with figures. This is no chance estimate, for we have just measured a photograph of the picture which is now lying by our side as we are writing. The next point is, the figures are life-size, and the figures are all placed on the line of sight, and can therefore be easily seen; and they become more visible by the dark expanse of the neutral architecture above them, and by the lighter tesselated pavement on which they stand and sit.

The artist is justified in thus utilising the architecture, for the scene he had to depict occurred within doors; and on looking into its darkness you discover an arch and other forms, which remind you of the late discoveries of the Palestine Exploration Society. A further proof of his remembrance of the realistic principles he has evidently adopted, is to be found in the Pavement. You are somewhat staggered at first at the presence of some Jews, in close contact with Pilate, who plainly belong to the Sanhedrim. You remember the record which distinctly tells you that they objected on religious grounds to enter the Judgment Hall. We are, however, told afterwards in the same record, that there was a judgment seat in a place called "*The Pavement.*" To accommodate the prejudices of the Jews, their tribunal, or judgment-seat, was in the stadium, or open court before the palace, of some height, and therefore called in the Hebrew "Gabbathan," and paved with mosaic work, with a door or passage communicating with the palace. From this tribunal the Governor could address the Jews without their apprehension of defilement.

Having looked at the place where the scene is laid, and how it has been turned to the artist's purpose, we may now consider his figures and the manner in which he has disposed them. It is in his composition that Munkácsy's great strength lies, and it is here also that we discover the school in which he was trained. The art critics of France claim him to be "French." He has indeed been a resident among them for some ten years, but it was at Munich and Dusseldorf that he studied, and we have long been in possession of a reproduction of his first great work, "The Last Day of a Condemned Criminal."

On comparing this with his present picture, we find the same careful drawing and the same idea of composition, and these characteristics are emphatically German. Munkácsy, however, belongs to no school; and this fact, which is suggested by his work, is corroborated by his history, and we may, perhaps, be helped in our criticism of his picture, by a rapid glance at the romance of his life.

Munkácsy is an Hungarian.

"Having been deprived of a mother's care, he also lost his father when hardly four years old. The father had taken part in the insurrection of Hungary in the year 1848, and was thrown into prison, where he fell sick and died.

"Five helpless orphans were left before the prison gate; but happily there was an equal number of uncles and aunts. One of the aunts takes little Miska to her home and becomes his second mother. But one night a band of robbers breaks into the house, plundering and killing, and leaving the lad between the four empty walls with the corpse of his foster-mother. Miska found a new asylum at the house of one of his uncles, the lawyer Reoek. But the latter had also lost all his wealth during the revolution. Being too poor to give the boy a public school education, he apprenticed him to a joiner. After an apprenticeship of four years, Munkácsy became an independent journeyman. He had to work hard

now, but he felt happy, because he was able to dispose of his leisure hours and satisfy his longing for instruction and knowledge."

The young carpenter is led to exchange his plane for a brush, through meeting with an artist who gives him some first lessons. Painting two or three pictures, which he sells,

"The young artist directed his steps to Vienna, where he studied in the Museums; and in the year 1866 he returned again to Pesth. There he was troubled with a disease of the eyes, which had almost put an end to his hardly-begun career of a painter. He passed six months at the hospital, being half blind. When he left it, his first thought was to apply himself to his studies more than ever. With twenty florins in his pocket, he went to Munich, where he stayed for two years, and then to Dusseldorf. It was in the latter city that he painted, 'The Last Day of a Condemned Criminal,' with which he laid the foundation of his reputation. The painter Knaus, to whom he had communicated his plan, disapproved greatly of the daring undertaking of a beginner, risking himself with such an important group of figures. But Munkácsy, undismayed, quietly executed his painting; and in proportion as it advanced, his reputation spread in the city, till at last Knaus called at Munkácsy's studio and could not refrain from bursting forth in exclamations of admiration at the sight of the almost completed composition.

"Following the advice of his friends, Munkácsy sent his painting to Paris, where it caused excitement at the Salon of 1870, and was medalled by the jury."

We may now turn again to the picture, and we shall be all the more able and willing to see the genius which is to be found in it, as we look at it in the light of this episode.

The line of composition commences with a curve, forming an arc of a circle in which Pilate is sitting, with the Jews on either side. At the point where this curve ends, the Christ stands; and the line, somewhat more broken, is carried out of the picture by a vista through a porch, where we catch a view of the tops of some of the buildings in the city. The two rabbis, sitting in profile, in the corner of the picture nearest the spectator, are amongst the quietest in the assembly. The stolid, handsome countenance of the one who is looking at the Christ, and can do so without moving a muscle, is evidently the foil to Pilate, who dares not lift his eyes, but, with downcast look, is the picture of perplexity. The perplexity of Pilate is one of the chief points of the picture, and we find that this prominence is given by the elevation of the figure, the contorted countenance, the right hand nervously grasping the body and half hiding itself under the left arm-pit, and the left hand with its uncertain twitching fingers. The quietness and dignity which you would expect in a governor sitting in judgment on a criminal, is here to be found in the accused. The self-possession of our Lord, which takes the form of self-assertion and which is the prevailing expression of his face, is the point of the whole picture. It is this characteristic of Munkácsy's Christ that gives the character to his work. This conception has been challenged, and the challenge has been accepted by the artist, for we are told that the face of the Christ has been repainted, so that we have here his corrected and final judgment. It is very plain from the absence of the orthodox nimbus, as well as from other signs, that this is not intended to be an ecclesiastical work of art. There is no trace of the traditional portrait. The physiognomy is not Jewish. It is human. It is the portrait of a man, and of a man who believes in the truth which has been contested, and who as plainly believes in Himself. This is told by the language of the eye, and is corroborated by the suppressed irony that plays about the mouth. There is a compassion in the glance of the eye as it looks into the troubled, criminal heart of Pilate, which tells us that insulted as He feels Himself to be, He is ever ready to have mercy and to forgive. The political French papers have said that we have here a Nihilist before a Czar. Nearly every art critic has been arrested by this unusual expression of character. And we have here, doubtless, in Munkácsy's "Christ before Pilate," a new Christ. It is this that has impressed us, and believing as we do that this would have been an expression passing over our Lord's face, once and again, during this trial; and believing that the Christ in our day is again on His trial, and that He is the same to-day as He was yesterday, we take this picture, whether it was painted for this purpose or not, as *a picture for the times*.

We may, at first sight, demur to accept this representation of our Saviour, for we have been long acquainted with the typical portrait of the Old Masters, and also with the feeble and characterless conceptions of modern art. Our Saviour, however, is also our Lord; and we can imagine that the expression of His countenance would have been once and again somewhat similar to the present one; for instance, at the time when he expressly reminded His disciples of this fact. Such sayings, and such exhibitions of feeling, are perhaps more numerous in the record than we imagine. It is an opinion of many that the Christ of the Gospels is not the Christ of the painters. There are notable exceptions, but even these are only accepted

when the historic circumstances are remembered. This is not an ideal portrait. And the Christ is not presented alone. Munkácsy had to paint Christ before Pilate, and if our criticism is to be worth anything, it must be in keeping with some of His own words that we know He uttered. Such a physical type as is chosen by the painter always possesses what we call "an expressive countenance." And as we look at this face, we find its physiognomy justified by such words as these:—"I am a king." "To this end was I born, and for this cause I came into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

Whatever the emotions that may be moving the other features, the eye, whilst harmonizing with them, still retains an indelible trace of the abiding character of a person. And so this eye of the Christ before Pilate tells us also that even Pilate is not beyond His pity. And Pilate indeed was to be pitied, and the artist has set him before us as a most pitiable object. Pilate would have heard about this Jesus of Nazareth once and again, and must have been conversant with the opinions respecting Him. There would seem also to have been some personal feeling in the matter, for he evidently shrinks, at the first, from entertaining the case, and passing a judgment upon it. When the Christ is brought before him, he tells the Jews to take Him and judge Him themselves. The Jews betray their animus by reminding Pilate that they cannot inflict capital punishment. He is forced to examine the case, and to examine it privately, and notwithstanding he is well aware how unwelcome his verdict will be, he is obliged to tell the Jews that he finds no fault in Him. The Jews clamour, and he finds what seems to be a way of escape. Jesus is said to be a Galilean; Herod of Galilee is in Jerusalem, and the responsibility shall rest with him. The Christ is sent, and sent back again, scourged indeed, but neither absolved nor condemned. Pilate again confronts the Jews, telling them again that he finds no fault in the accused, "no, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and behold nothing worthy of death hath been done by Him." Adopting for the nonce a Jewish custom, Pilate washes his hands and proposes a compromise, but just as he is doing this, he receives the well-known message from his wife. The compromise fails. As a last resource, he takes Jesus and scourges Him, and gives Him into the hands of the soldiers, and he then appeals to the Jews for pity on Him, as he presents Him with the mock crown and the mock robe. This appeal renders the Jews desperate, and they take political and personal ground with Pilate, and Pilate succumbs. "Then he delivered Him up therefore unto them to be crucified."

Look on this picture, and that presented by the times in which we live. We have never been obliged before to-day to give our verdict either for or against the Christ. Now a necessity is laid upon us. The adversaries of Christ press upon us to give our verdict against Him. We are troubled and perplexed, for we have long heard about Him, and have had each of us our own convictions. We would still remain neutral. We try, and try in vain, to escape from the spirit, the conversation, the literature—the question of the times. Again and again we wash our hands. But neither our silence, nor our words, nor our actions are of any avail. And so we are found sitting, conscious of the presence and of the claims of our Saviour, and like Pilate not daring to look at Him, as we puzzle over the answer which we must give to the question that is being forced upon us, "What think ye of Christ?"

We must not conclude this short paper without some reference to the subsidiary figures, and to the crowd and to the surging rabble. And just as we have not found any of the melodrama that has so offended us in other so-called great pictures, so we shall not find any of their tautology and their want of drawing. We shall see, on the other hand, that great painters are again like great speakers. They are thoughtful and careful from the beginning to the end of their work. There are no superfluous words, no unmeaning sentences. Once and again, as we have looked at this picture, we have been reminded of Raphael. Take, for instance, the group to be seen under the arm of the public accuser. They are having the argument to themselves just in the same way as the debaters in the "Paul at Athens." The fat man, straddling as he stands behind Paul, is here straddling as he sits somewhat also behind the Christ. The one is resting his hands in his girdle, the other rests them upon his thighs. The woman and babe we find in "The Beautiful Gate," with the babe's head placed as a foil to the gnarled head of the beggar, has strolled into this picture, and their faces are used again as a foil, bringing out the impudence of one of the rabble, who rudely pushes before her to get a look at the Christ. The man with his arms a-kimbo, hidden under his toga, and his head bent with thought, as he stands before Paul, is not listening to

what Paul is saying, but to what Paul has said. And such a man, in such an attitude, and doing the same thing, is to be found at Pilate's right hand. The use of the back of a figure, so common amongst the great masters, is here found in the soldier who is thrusting aside with his pike those of the rabble who are forcing themselves to the front. The crowd and the rest of the rabble, with one or two exceptions, are all there, but they are not seen. Their presence and their purpose are told by the rough who, with extended arms, is clamouring, in his ignorance, for the crucifixion of our Lord. There is another of them who has succeeded in climbing on some elevation, and is pointing frantically to the chief figures. By not making the crowd and rabble more conspicuous, the painter has made what we ought to see plainly, more visible. And by painting with equal individuality and carefulness every figure that is in the line of sight, we listen to him to the last, till he has told his tale.

We have thus taken the chiaroscuro and the composition of the picture, and tried to show our readers their character and purpose, as far as we have seen them. We will not attempt to describe its colour, for colour is one of those things which can only be understood by being seen.

HOMES UNDER THE SEA.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches; so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable both small and great."

SEA URCHINS.—II.

YET another point in the structure of these wonderful beings, the Sea Urchins. They may be found of all sizes, from that of a pea to that of a melon. They retain the same shape throughout their lives, and therefore must have some means of increasing in size with absolute regularity. The solution of this problem may readily be found by opening the Urchin and looking at the inside of the shell. The structure will then be seen to consist of hexagonal plates, two sides being very much longer than the others, thus <⟷>. Each plate is slightly hollowed.

The interior of the shell is lined with a membrane which passes between the plates and secretes the calcareous matter of which they are composed. Additional material is constantly added to the *edges* of the plates, so that the growth of the entire structure must necessarily be equable in every direction, and its shape preserved unaltered.

These hexagonal plates are slightly indicated in Fig. 5 (Page 517).

A similar provision for equal growth may be seen in the shell of a common tortoise, the concentric lines showing the manner in which the additional material has been deposited.

On some of our coasts, and especially in the Channel Islands, the Urchin is used as food. At the proper season of the year, the interior is almost entirely filled with eggs. These Urchins are boiled, and go by the popular name of Sea Eggs.

One of the most interesting points in the life history of these creatures is the mode of their development. When hatched from the egg, they bear as little resemblance to their perfect form as a caterpillar does to the brilliant insect into which it will in time be changed.

All these animals, whether Starfishes or Urchins, or Holothures, assume, when they first issue from the egg, a form so totally unlike that of their parents, that only of late years has their real status been known. The young of the Starfishes and Urchins had long been known to naturalists under the name of *Pluteus*, and are so similar in form that the description of one will answer very fairly for the other.

About August or September, according to the warmth of the season, the water is full of these Plutei. They are scarcely distinguishable to the unassisted eye, partly on account of their transparency, and partly by reason of their minute size, which scarcely exceeds the thirty-sixth of an inch in diameter.

Their shape is very remarkable, and not easy of description.

Let the reader try to imagine a wooden office stool standing on four long diverging legs. Then, let there be four rods rather longer than the legs, screwed into the edges of the seat, and diverging much farther than the legs, so that their ends are off the ground. Then let there be two short rods fixed to the under part of the seat and pointing down-

wards, and two rather longer rods fixed to the upper edge of the seat and pointing upwards and outwards. Lastly, let a much thicker rod be fixed into the middle of the seat and point directly upwards. This will give some idea of the form of the Pluteus, which has sometimes been compared to the framework of a skeleton clock.

Now for its material.

Change the whole of the stool, legs, and rods into glass, except the seat. Let this be of white chalk, and let a thread of the same material run up the centres of the rods nearly as far as their tips. Strange as it may seem, this is the appearance of the Pluteus when viewed under a microscope.

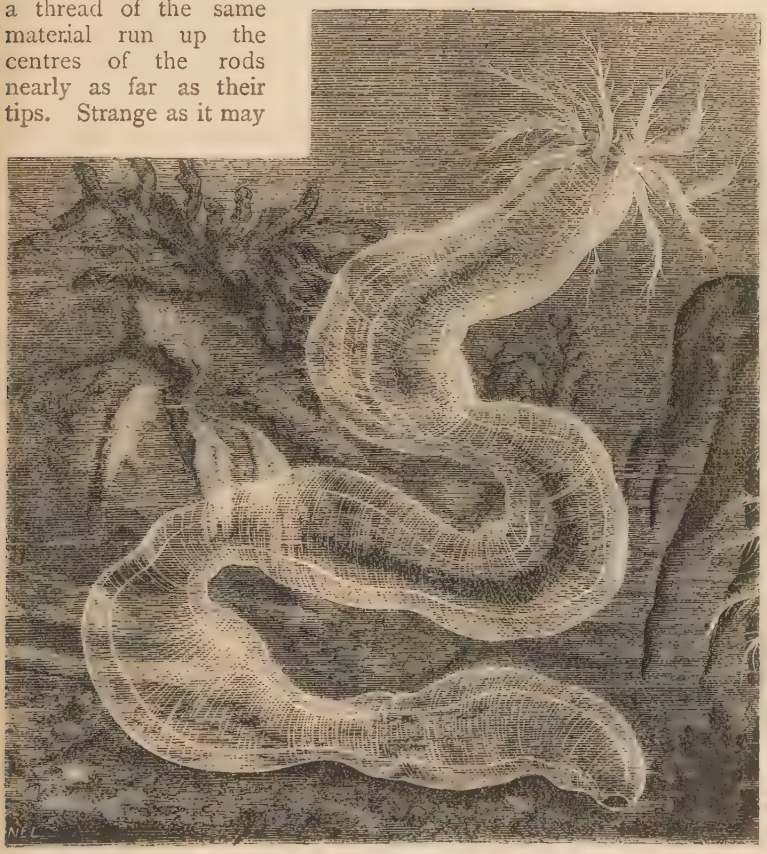


Fig. 6.

During this phase of existence, the Pluteus enjoys considerable power of locomotion.

There are many aquatic creatures which, when adult, are either fixed to one spot, or, at all events, can move but slowly, and yet, when in their preliminary stages of existence, are able to move at will through the water. The sponges, barnacles, and oysters are familiar examples of this fact.

We find the same phenomena in these creatures. The perfect Starfish or Urchin can only crawl very slowly, but when it was a Pluteus, it could swim with considerable rapidity. The long arms of the Pluteus are covered with cilia, which, by their regular and successive vibrations, drive the animal through the water.

As the little creature proceeds in development, the centre increases in thickness and density, the arms, with their cilia, gradually disappear, their place being taken by spines and ambulacra, and so the swimming Pluteus becomes a crawling Urchin.

We now come to the last group of Echinoderms, showing how they are linked to the worms.

On reference to the illustrations Figs. 6 and 7, the reader will see two remarkable objects, each having a tuft of tentacles at one end. These are Synaptas, a species of Holothure, and are chosen because in general form they approach the worms.

The Holothures are found in most of the warmer seas, and many of them are highly valued as food, under the name of Trepang, Sea Slug, or Sea Cucumber.

They are prepared for sale by being boiled, pressed and dried, and differ greatly in their value. To an unskilled eye they are scarcely more inviting than so many scraps of shoe leather, and all look very much alike. Yet all are important articles of commerce, and while one will cost but a penny or two, another, to all appearance exactly like it, can be sold for its weight in silver.

In the British Museum there is a fine

collection of the various qualities of trepang. In these creatures, the body is much elongated, and, instead of being covered with calcareous plates and spines, has no real spines, and only a few very small thin plates round the mouth. To these plates are attached the muscles which enable the creature to lengthen or shorten its body. The ambulacra, however, are retained, and by their presence show that the creature belongs to the same group as the Starfish and Urchin.

Round the mouth is placed a set of

Fig. 7.

feathery tentacles, which are used in procuring food.

A few years ago, I think in 1878 or 1879, some fishermen who were trawling in the Bay of Halifax, Nova Scotia, found in their net a creature which they did not know. At first they dubbed it a Devil Fish, but at last decided that it was a mermaid. They dared not touch it, but towed it into Halifax, where it was publicly exhibited as a living mermaid. A lady actually told me that she had seen it, and that it had a face, arms, and hands like those of a human being.

I wrote to a friend at Halifax, and then learned, to my great amusement, that the "mermaid" was nothing but a large Holothure which had been brought by the Gulf Stream.

These Holothures possess a very singular habit.

When they are alarmed, or otherwise discomposed, they will throw off their crown of tentacles, and empty their bodies of all the internal organs, including the stomach. They will then lie in a perfectly quiescent state for several months, at the expiration of which time they will have grown a new crown of tentacles and a fresh set of internal organs. Sometimes the creature will go still farther, and, by violently contracting the body in several places, will actually cut itself into pieces.

The Synaptas exhibit a beautiful set of appendages to the skin. They are, however, so minute that their forms cannot be seen without the aid of a microscope.

The skin is nearly covered with little tubercles, and upon the tubercles are set a number of transparent spicules formed almost exactly like the anchors used by the ancients. The shank of the anchor is affixed to a little shield composed of the same material, which is pierced with holes arranged so as to produce a definite pattern.

Each species of Synapta has its own pattern of anchor and shield, so that a collection of them forms a singularly interesting set of microscopic objects.

The object of these tiny appendages is at present a total mystery. Their very presence shows that they must subserve some use, and the elaborate care with which they are formed shows that the use must be an important one. But Creation is so large, and man is so small, that a nebula of the skies and a spicule of the Synapta are equally beyond man's grasp, the one from its immeasurable magnitude, and the other from its extreme minuteness.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

SILENTLY, watching and fearing
The signs of a fever's ban;
The mother perceives the danger,
As only a mother can.

Tenderly, soothing her patient,
Restless, and suffering much;
Comforting her with the comfort
That comes with a mother's touch.

Night and day, nursing and praying,
Quietly bearing her part;
Hiding her fear and her feeling,
For she has a mother's heart.

Dreading the crisis that's pending—
The breath of death in the air;
She pours out her soul in silence,
And prays with a mother's prayer.

And hope appears with the morning,
Darkness has passed with the night;
The tide of life is returning—
It gladdens the mother's sight.

And may be, a further blessing,
From the fountain of blessings above:
The child may learn how *God* loves her,
Thro' knowing a mother's love.

R. H. S.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Stepping Stones," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—"WHAT SAY'ST THOU, MY DEAR NURSE?"

EVERYBODY went to bed early at the Bushes. The ladies never sat up after ten; and Mrs. Rose retired a quarter of an hour before them.

But although she had complained of weariness she was in no haste to go to rest. When she had closed her door, she sat down quietly to think.

There were only three occupied rooms at her end of the long corridor; one was her own, and the other two were the nurseries. Her door was exactly opposite to the door of the day nursery. A light was still burning in the room, and one or two gentle sounds betokened that Harper was sitting up still. What if she were to begin her acquaintance with the nurse that very night! As she proposed the plan to herself her colour went and came, and her hands were pressed nervously together; and yet it was a very simple thing that she proposed to do.

Only to cross the passage and open the nursery door. Only to introduce herself to an elderly woman, who was prepared to receive her with all due respect. But Mrs. Rose got up and paced the floor before she could decide on doing this simple thing.

"It will be best," she said to herself, "to get it over to-night."

She left her chamber quietly, closing the door behind her, and looking down the corridor to see that no one was in sight. Just for one moment she stood irresolute before the nursery door, then knocked softly; and Harper's voice bade her come in.

There was a lamp on the table; the fire burnt brightly; and between the table and the fire sat Harper, busy with her needle. All the warm colours of the room were glowing in the cheerful light; Essie's toys and gaily-bound books were arranged in perfect order, her dolls were put to bed, and an open door at the end of the apartment afforded a glimpse of her own sleeping-room. Harper looked up quickly as the lady entered, and instantly rose from her chair.

"You have heard of me, nurse," said the visitor, and her sweet voice shook a little. "I am Mrs. Rose."

"Yes, ma'am, I've heard of you, and I am glad to see you."

As Harper spoke she looked earnestly at the beautiful face before her, looked until a half-troubled expression began to steal over her own comely old features. She drew a long breath, her lips parted and closed again, she grew visibly pale.

"I beg pardon, ma'am, but—it seems strange. I must have seen you somewhere before!"

"Are you quite sure of that, nurse?"

The deep blue eyes were looking steadily into Harper's eyes; the voice was now calm and clear. The old woman drew back a step and began to tremble.

"Oh, ma'am," she whispered, "I'm *quite* sure. But I feel as if the dead had come back to life. It's you, God bless you, really you!"

"Who am I, nurse?"

Harper paused a moment, came nearer, and dropped her voice to the lowest whisper.

"You are Mrs. Henry Jervaux."

Mrs. Rose smiled, and laid both her hands on the woman's shoulders.

"I am glad you remembered me, Harper," she said. "And now, will you promise to keep my secret?"

"I don't like secrets, ma'am," the nurse answered gently. "But no true mother could keep away from her child," she added, with tearful eyes.

"We will talk it all over," Mrs. Rose said quietly. "Are we sure of being undisturbed for an hour? I can tell you everything to-night."

"We shan't be interrupted, ma'am. My mistress seldom comes here before she goes to her room. Please to take a seat by the fire; I'm feeling a little scared, you see; my head hasn't got quite steady yet."

"I knew I should give you a shock," said Mrs. Rose. "And I wanted to get it over to-night. I wished to see you first alone, and put your memory to the test. Indeed I hardly thought you would recognise me; I fancied myself greatly changed."

"You are greatly changed, there's no doubt of that," Harper answered, still trembling. "But it isn't wonderful that I should know you again; I never could get your face out of my mind. Often and often it's been clearer to me than the faces of those around me."

For a moment or two Mrs. Rose was silent. The old woman's words had recalled the past vividly to her own memory. She

saw again the little rose-scented chamber where she had lain, in the last extremity of weakness, waiting to rejoin her husband in the unknown world. She remembered how the light came golden-green through the leafage about the window, and the coo of the culver sounded softly from the old copse which Henry had loved so well. She had believed then, that every day brought her nearer to the passionately-desired reunion; and even when the days had lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months, she had never ceased to think that the end was close at hand.

"A little more patience," she would say. "But, poor Henry! he must be tired of waiting."

Her desire to depart, and her fixed belief in her own approaching death, had had a natural effect upon all about her. The old parish doctor had thought it impossible that one so weak could rally her forces; and moreover no similar case had ever come under his notice. He did not realise the subtle under-current of vitality that was flowing on in spite of her unalterable conviction. His experiences, like those of many country doctors, had all been of the commonest kind, and here was a nature too delicate and nerves too highly strung for a mind like his to comprehend. As to the good curate, he had accepted Rosa's own view of her condition in perfect faith and simplicity, and had never once dared to dream that she would be given back to every-day life.

As Mrs. Rose sat by the nursery fire, she could distinctly recall the summer evening when Harper had come to the cottage. She remembered her first glance at the woman's honest face, and the sense of trust that was inspired by that gentle, motherly tone. The sight of that face and the sound of that voice had helped Rosa to bear the parting with her baby; and the recollection of Harper's look and manner had soothed many a bitter pang of anxiety in after years. The child was safe and well cared for, safe in the hands of a good woman, she had told herself a thousand times. And she had come to the Bushes to find that every hope had been fulfilled, and every prayer answered in her little daughter's life.

While she mused, the nurse was quietly recovering her self-possession, and trying steadily to realise the difficulty in which she had so suddenly found herself placed.

Harper was a thoroughly conscientious woman. She did not attempt to trifle with the truth; if she made up her mind to keep Mrs. Rose's secret, her mistress, when the facts were discovered, would have just cause for complaint. Mrs. Jervaux would say, naturally enough, that Harper had not fully deserved all the confidence reposed in her by the family. She would think it unfair and dishonourable of the old servant to let Henry Jervaux's widow steal into the house under a false name. She would resent Harper's want of frankness bitterly: for was not Harper the only member of the household who had ever seen Mrs. Henry Jervaux?

Busy as she was with these troubled thoughts, the old woman's gaze never wandered from that graceful figure by the fireside. The young widow was indeed greatly changed, and yet her beauty had lost none of those touches which Harper remembered so well. The cheeks had filled out, the complexion was softly, yet freshly tinted with healthy rose; but the deep blue eyes still kept their indescribable pathos, and still seemed to look far beyond the confines of earth and time. The rich satin gown could not make a stranger of the woman who wore it, and Harper told herself that she should have recognised Mrs. Henry Jervaux even in the robes of a queen.

"Why not declare yourself at once, ma'am?" she asked, suddenly breaking the silence. "You want nothing of the family now, saving your own child. Why not have come here boldly under your right name?"

"I have not given a false name, nurse," replied the widow patiently. "My name is Rosa Rose Jervaux, and you must not forget that I have come by invitation. I did not apply in the usual way for the post of governess; I was asked, as a favour, to take it."

"You will pardon me, ma'am, if I speak too plainly," said Harper in her gentle tone. "It seems to me that one so beautiful and gifted as yourself could make her own terms without hiding anything."

Mrs. Rose shook her head and sighed.

"If I had been certain of making my own terms," she answered, "I would have hidden nothing. But if I had come here boldly, and asked for my child, do you think my little one would have loved me? No; my only chance of winning Essie's heart was to make myself familiar with her daily life, and draw her to me patiently by the influence of daily intercourse. If I had snatched her suddenly from those who have sheltered and loved her, I should have broken her spirit. Remember that this is the only home that she

has ever known; remember that she has no memories of the mother that bore her. And lastly, remember the cruel conditions under which they received her here."

"I do remember," Harper said sadly.

"I think you know," Mrs. Rose continued, "that if I had ever dreamed of living, I should never have given her up! When I parted with her I thought I was going to her father in heaven. And even now—now that I am well and prosperous—I feel as if my Henry must be missing me and waiting for me still. I feel as one who has failed to keep an appointment with the dead. But oh, Harper, it was not my fault that I lived on."

She wrung her hands as she spoke; all the old passionate yearning to rejoin her husband trembled in her voice; all the old tenderness was in her tears.

"Don't talk so, my dear," said the nurse, sobbing. "It frightens me to hear you speak as if you thought you wronged your husband by living."

"But I promised to go to him," Rosa cried. "He died in the belief that I was soon to follow. What if he is missing me now!"

"Poor soul!" said Harper gently; "it isn't for me to preach; but if he misses you, my dear, it's in no painful way. There must be rest where he is; and where there is rest there can be no fretting. And he knows, perhaps better than you do, why you were kept here. He sees that you were left for the child's sake, and he is satisfied."

Mrs. Rose dried her tears, and resolutely quieted herself. She had put her secret into Harper's keeping, and she felt that it was due to the old servant to explain how time's changes had been wrought. Harper had last seen her as a helpless invalid, whose only home was a poor cottage. William Powell was her sole friend; her father was her only relative; there had not been in those days the slightest hint of coming prosperity.

"The changes began very soon after the baby left me," said Rosa, speaking calmly now. "I will tell you my story as briefly as possible; it is growing late, and I must try to sleep to-night." She paused, and sighed heavily before she went on. "The first thing that happened, after the child's departure, was my father's death. No one had suspected that he was ill, and he died very suddenly, without pain, without leave-taking. Oh, nurse, I cannot tell you what I suffered then! My husband was gone; the dear old man was gone; the baby was given up; and I was still left living on. Yet the shock seemed, strangely enough, to bring back some of my lost strength. I could not li any longer in my little room, waiting for th end that would not come. I got up an dragged myself down-stairs; and then at las I grew calm enough to listen to Mr. Powell' words of comfort. He spoke of patience; h bade me submit my will to Him, who is th Lord of life and death. And I began to fee that I must wait, humbly and prayerfully not in fretfulness and bitterness of spirit."

"It was a hard lesson," said Harper softly.

"Yes; but I learnt it at last. Sometimes even now, I am troubled by the thought that Henry has had long to wait. The old agony comes back in full force now and again; you must forgive me if I speak wild words. I was very young to bear sorrow." She looked appealingly at Harper; but the old woman could only answer her with tears. "I am sorry to have distressed you," she continued. "I will get on quickly to the more cheerful part of my tale. About three weeks after my father's death I met the friend who was to change the whole course of my life. That friend was Mr. Powell's aunt, Mrs. Mornington. She came to Deanwood, saw me, and liked me far better than I deserved to be liked; and then she took the whole charge of me upon herself. I was carried away to other lands; I saw new scenes; I was encouraged to take up studies, and to cultivate such gifts as I had. And so, by degrees, the unformed girl became a presentable woman." Harper was smiling now through her tears. It did not surprise her that Mrs. Mornington's protégé should have turned out to be a success. "Last year," resumed Rosa, "I found myself an heiress. These things happen in real life sometimes, as well as in the novels. An uncle of mine, a man I had never seen, died abroad, and his fortune came to me. And then it was that Mrs. Mornington and I took counsel together, and laid the plan that brought me here. There was very little plotting to be done, the stars in their courses fought for the mother who had been so long parted from her child. I was introduced to the Thorndykes, knowing them to be old friends of the Jervaux family. Through Mrs. Thorndyke I heard that Mrs. Jervaux was seeking a governess for her grandchild. I met Lucian, and all the rest followed naturally enough. My husband's brother could not be satisfied until he had gained my promise to come to the Bushes. In coming here I had but one thing to fear, and that was your memory.

And yet, nurse, I should have been more than half disappointed if you had failed to recognise me. You loved my husband, you love my child; and I want you to love me too."

"I do love you, my dear," said Harper tenderly. "I loved you, years ago, when I first saw you in the little cottage. And I'll do your bidding now, and keep silence; only—only I hope no harm will come of it."

"What harm can possibly come of it?" asked Rosa, in unfeigned surprise. "I seek nothing but my child; I want to watch over her, and give her a mother's training. Some day, when a fitting opportunity comes, I shall declare the truth. But surely there is not the remotest chance of my doing any mischief here?"

She rose as she spoke; her gown falling in graceful folds about her slight, queenly figure, her bright coils of hair shining in the lamplight. Harper looked at her intently, meeting the frank gaze of the beautiful eyes, and finally deciding to keep any vague doubts and fears within her own trusty bosom.

"God grant you may be a blessing to the house, ma'am," said the old woman heartily.

"You will let me look at Essie before I go to rest," pleaded the mother, moving towards the door of the night-nursery. "Oh, if I might only lie down by her side, and hold her in my arms all night! You don't know, you never can know, how I have hungered for a sight of her."

She crept softly into the chamber, and approached the little white bed where Essie lay. Nearly all children are beautiful in slumber; and Essie's little face was perfectly angelic in repose. The long dark lashes rested on the soft cheek, one fairy hand lay outside the coverlet, the other was pressed against the dimpled chin. There are hereditary likenesses which betray themselves most distinctly when the features are at rest. In sleep Essie bore a strong resemblance to the father whom she had never known.

It was a resemblance which thrilled the widow's heart with a sweet pain. The double sense of yearning for the dead and the living overpowered her as she bent over that little bed. Never, perhaps, had she mourned more deeply for her husband than she mourned at this moment; yet never had she felt such compensation for his loss.

"Nurse," she whispered, "I know now why God let me live on, and Henry knows why I am staying here. I am glad I stayed; I hope I shall stay till Essie needs me no more. I have come here to my child's side to have every doubt set at rest."

CHAPTER VIII.—"HER NOBLE HEART WAS MOLTEN IN HER BREAST."

Little Estella Jervaux was by no means a fickle child. She had a keen intellect and a strong will, and her affection, when once bestowed, was not easily withdrawn.

In spite of many efforts, Myra had never been able to gain a complete mastery over her little niece's heart. The child enjoyed Myra's music, and could always be lured away from her toys by the promise of a song. But when the song was done, Essie ran back again to Harper's side, and could seldom be induced to give Myra much of her society.

The fact was that the Queen of Hearts was somewhat slow in forgetting past offences. Aunt Myra had not been, and never could be, a patient teacher: and on one occasion, when her pupil had been especially exasperating, she had administered a hasty slap by way of correction. The slap was not a heavy one; and it hurt nobody but Harper, who wept copious tears over Essie's chastised arm.

"To strike a dear little friendless orphan!" sobbed the nurse. "To beat a poor tender lamb! Oh, Miss Myra, I can't think what your heart is made of!"

In vain Myra protested that her slap would hardly have flicked off a fly; in vain did she declare that the tender lamb had promptly returned the blow. Harper continued her wailings, and Essie, lying cuddled up in her nurse's arms, glowered at her aunt with resentful hazel eyes, until Mrs. Jervaux appeared upon the scene.

"Mamma," cried Myra, almost crying with wrath, "do look at Harper, pretending that I have done Essie a deadly injury!"

"My arm is quite wed," observed Essie, who had been furtively rubbing it against nurse's gown, and now triumphantly displayed a slight rosiness on the injured limb.

Mrs. Jervaux endeavoured to calm the troubled waters, feeling all the time that she was not equal to the occasion. The piteous tears of Harper completely overcame her mistress; in spite of the evidence of her senses, Mrs. Jervaux could scarcely help believing that Essie had been cruelly wronged. She drew her stepdaughter away from the nursery, and said, with all possible gentleness, that Essie's lessons had better be discontinued for the present.

And the lessons were never taken up again. Although Myra strove to propitiate the offended queen with gifts, although she drew terrible pictures of Essie as a grown-up dunce,

the little girl was not to be won back to her books. She studied a little with Mrs. Jervaux; but Mrs. Jervaux was conscious of her own inability to teach, and matters were in this unsatisfactory condition when it was deemed advisable to seek for a governess.

Every one was struck with the curious meekness with which Harper received Mrs. Rose. It was quite evident that the nurse was determined to back up Mrs. Rose's authority by every means in her power, and it was also clear that the young widow did not require much backing up. She had won the child's heart to begin with, and she understood the art of making lessons attractive. To Mrs. Rose those early spring days were very happy days. She spent her mornings in the pleasant nursery, and devoted herself, heart and soul, to the training of her child. Essie still had her small tempers and whims, but her governess knew how to deal with them. Very firm, very patient, and always infinitely tender, this unacknowledged mother was guiding her daughter's little feet through green pastures, and beside still waters. And the faithful old nurse looked on in silence, with a secret joy in her heart.

Later in the day Mrs. Rose was claimed by the other members of the household. In spite of prejudice, Myra had begun to take a doubtful kind of pleasure in the company of Essie's governess; and Mrs. Jervaux was anxious to let all her acquaintances know that Mrs. Rose was treated as an equal and a guest. As to Lucian, his whole bearing had changed since the new comer had taken her place in the family. He was brighter; all the little formalities of his manner seemed to be wearing off; he had learnt to laugh, and even to jest. She had created an atmosphere of summer around her; small courtesies throve rapidly where she moved; good-humour became as common as the sunshine; and Myra, whose jealousy was fast being charmed away, was gradually learning to consult Mrs. Rose on a hundred important trifles, and be guided by her taste.

Very soon the outer world was asking, "Have you seen the young widow who is living at the Bushes?" "The most perfect beauty." "Finished manners." "Ample means of her own." "Sings and plays charmingly; not in Myra's grand professional style, you know; one doesn't care to hear *that* out of a concert-room, but far better than most people." "Really hope she is softening Myra a little and making her more agreeable."

Thus society prattled; and Mrs. Rose soon found that she was not to be permitted t devote herself solely to Essie. Mrs. Jervau took her into confidence as a friend, an spoke to her frankly about Myra.

"Lucian and I are hoping much from you influence, dear Mrs. Rose," said the step mother. "Our Myra is not a popular girl she is blunt, and has a temper, I am afraid We do so want her to be liked. If her fathe had lived, that abrupt manner of hers would have been a trouble to him."

"She does not take pains to please," Mrs Rose admitted quietly.

"No; I sometimes fear that she likes to displease. She vexes Lucian; he naturally wishes his sister to be attractive. We hope she will let herself be guided by you."

"I will do my best," said Mrs. Rose thoughtfully. "But one must not let her see that one is trying to guide her."

"You have so much tact," remarked Mrs Jervaux. "I have never quite succeeded in managing Myra; but then of course I stood in the odious position of a stepmother. I always thought an elder sister might have had an excellent influence on her, or even a sister-in-law. But Lucian doesn't seem to entertain the idea of marriage; I sometimes fancy that he was disgusted by his poor brother's wretched match."

Mrs. Rose was silent.

"I dare say you may have heard something about it," continued Mrs. Jervaux. "Our darling Essie's mother was quite a low person. Poor Henry was, in an unaccountable way, entrapped into marrying a village girl, and we never knew of his marriage till my husband lay on his death-bed. Then we sent Lucian to his brother to break the news of his father's illness, and we expected, of course, that he would bring back Henry. But he returned alone. Henry was married, and dared not show his face here. It was a dreadful shock to us."

"And did General Jervaux die without seeing his son?" Mrs. Rose put the question in her soft voice, while her hands were busy, working silken flowers on a strip of cloth.

"Yes; it was terribly sad. If Henry had had any love for his father he would have braved everything to have seen him once more and begged for his forgiveness. But Lucian said that he was completely under the spell of the low girl he had married. It was plain that he did not want to come here."

"Did you ever see the low girl?" inquired Mrs. Rose, still intent upon her needle.

"Oh no. We held no communication with her till after poor Henry's death, and then we agreed to take the child on condition that she would entirely give it up. She was then lying at the point of death herself, and readily complied with our proposal."

"And did she die?"

"Oh yes, she is dead. Harper, who went to fetch the baby, said it was impossible that the poor creature could have recovered. For Essie's sake it is well that she is no longer in this world; the existence of such a mother would have been a cloud on our darling's future life."

"Was she then a hopelessly wicked person?" said Mrs. Rose, who had come to a knot in her silken thread.

"I don't know; Lucian seems to have had the impression that she was a bad young woman. Harper saw her under the refining influence of sickness, and thought her beautiful. She was a rustic belle, I suppose, toned down by ill-health. But of course if there had ever been any good in her she would not have laid a trap for the unfortunate boy."

"And you have never made any inquiries about her end?"

"We thought it unnecessary to do so. When Essie is old enough to understand everything, we shall tell her the whole truth. Dear Mrs. Rose, you are looking quite pale this afternoon!"

"I shall be glad to get some air," said Mrs. Rose, rising. "I have a slight headache to-day."

"I will order the carriage; you must have a drive before dinner."

"Thank you very much; but I should like to walk."

"No, no; you walked with Essie this morning. Indeed you must let us take care of you. A drive will be the best remedy for your headache; and I shall not let you speak one word while you are out. Talking is so trying to the nerves."

When Mrs. Rose went to her room to equip herself for the drive she was trembling from head to foot. A burning flush had succeeded to her pallor. Her heart was hot with wrath as she stood before the glass putting on her hat and veil.

"So Lucian was verily a traitor," she muttered. "My poor Henry was right; his brother was his chief enemy. And when my Essie grows old enough to learn everything she is to be told that her mother was a bad young woman! Well, we shall see."

She stood still for a moment, confronting her own reflection in the glass. It was cold weather yet, and she was wrapped up in rich dark fur, which set off her delicate beauty as fur always does. The costume might even have conferred an air of distinction on an ordinary woman; it made Rosa Jervaux look like a princess.

"So this is the low girl who entrapped a young gentleman into marrying her," she said, surveying herself and smiling bitterly.

And then the bitter smile died on her lips; and with a low cry she turned suddenly away from the mirror and sank on her knees by the bedside.

"I want to forgive them," she murmured, half sobbing. "I cannot live under their roof and eat their bread and hate them. But Lucian, Lucian, Lucian! How can I ever think one kind thought of him again?"

The carriage wheels were heard rolling over the gravel of the sweep. She rose hastily, drew her veil over her face, and forced herself to be calm again.

At the foot of the stairs Lucian himself was waiting, looking up eagerly at the descending figure. He saw only a lovely woman clad in black velvet and costly fur, moving with a grace and dignity that told of an assured standing in the world. His dead brother was well-nigh forgotten; there was no prophetic instinct in his heart to warn him that this fair guest had come to avenge poor Henry's wrongs. She came swiftly down to the spot where he stood, and smiled when he spoke to her.

"I am going to ride by the side of the carriage," he said. "Mrs. Jervaux won't allow me a seat; she says you have a headaché and mustn't be drawn into conversation. So she evidently thinks that I am unable to refrain from talking."

"I don't think you are a great talker," Mrs. Rose replied. "It isn't difficult for you to keep silence."

"Not at all difficult. She might have trusted me. I believe the *belle-mère* wants to monopolise you. It's quite too bad of her. Essie engrosses you all the morning; Myra clings to you in the evening, and there's not a bit of the day left for me."

She smiled again—a little coldly he thought—and then went her way to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Jervaux was waiting. Myra had gone to the town, and the open carriage would have only two occupants that afternoon. There was no romantic scenery in the neighbourhood of the Bushes, but there were the usual English lanes, the usual cottages with neat gardens, the usual fields bordered

with primroses. It was a sunshiny afternoon, and every fresh breeze had the sweetness of spring flowers in its breath. A tender greenness had begun to tinge the fine network of the trees; the blackthorn was covered with little white blossoms. In spite of a disturbed mind, Mrs. Rose began to feel the genial influence of the bright day, with its April lights and perfumes. She was glad that she had consented to the drive, although Lucian, mounted on a handsome chestnut, kept close to the side of the carriage.

Mrs. Jervaux was true to her resolution not to talk; and her companion was allowed to muse in peace. Once or twice Lucian ventured on a remark, and Mrs. Rose replied briefly, but graciously. But he seemed, on the whole, to be quite satisfied with silence, and the young widow's profile, with her delicate chin set deep in fur, had a magnetic influence upon his glances.

They came at length to a spot where four roads met, and a quaint red-brick farmhouse stood isolated from all other dwellings. It was a fine old place, picturesque and ivy-grown, standing close to its stacks and outbuildings, and enclosed in an old-fashioned garden where all the flowers of April were in bloom. Something in the aspect of that house recalled Deanwood to Mrs. Rose's memory, and brought sudden tears to her eyes. There was a familiar-looking dovecot, where pouters and fantails were preening their soft plumage in the afternoon sun; and a sleek black cat, seated in a pear-tree, gazed longingly upon the merry sparrows.

Oh, to be back again in the old Deanwood cottage, now that April was there! Mrs. Rose was seized with an intense yearning for the simple country life of other days. She thought how good it would be to turn her back on the Bushes and its inmates, and go away with Essie to the lowly place where they were both born. She even pictured the little flower-beds where the polyanthus opened its golden eye and velvet petals, and the large purple pansies grew in thick clusters. The sweet, humble old home with all its dear associations—it still held the first place in Rosa's faithful heart.

There was a sudden and startling end to her day-dream. The carriage came abruptly to a stop, and in the next instant she saw the chestnut horse gallop off riderless.

Another second and she had sprung out into the road, and was bending over a prostrate figure lying by the wayside.

All Henry's wrongs were forgotten when she gazed on Henry's only brother, pale and motionless, with a thin stream of blood flowing from a cut in his forehead. There was a mute appeal in that white face which drew out all the compassion of her womanhood and reminded her of another face that she had last seen in the sleep of eternal peace.

Other help was forthcoming. While Rosa was loosening Lucian's collar with quick and gentle hands, a couple of labourers ran out of the farmyard. Following her directions, they lifted him carefully and carried him into the house; and there the farmer's wife hastened readily to his aid. Mrs. Jervaux followed her stepson, looking so shaken and distressed that it was plain her assistance could scarcely be relied upon.

"I wish Myra was here," Rosa heard her say. "Myra is always good at an emergency."

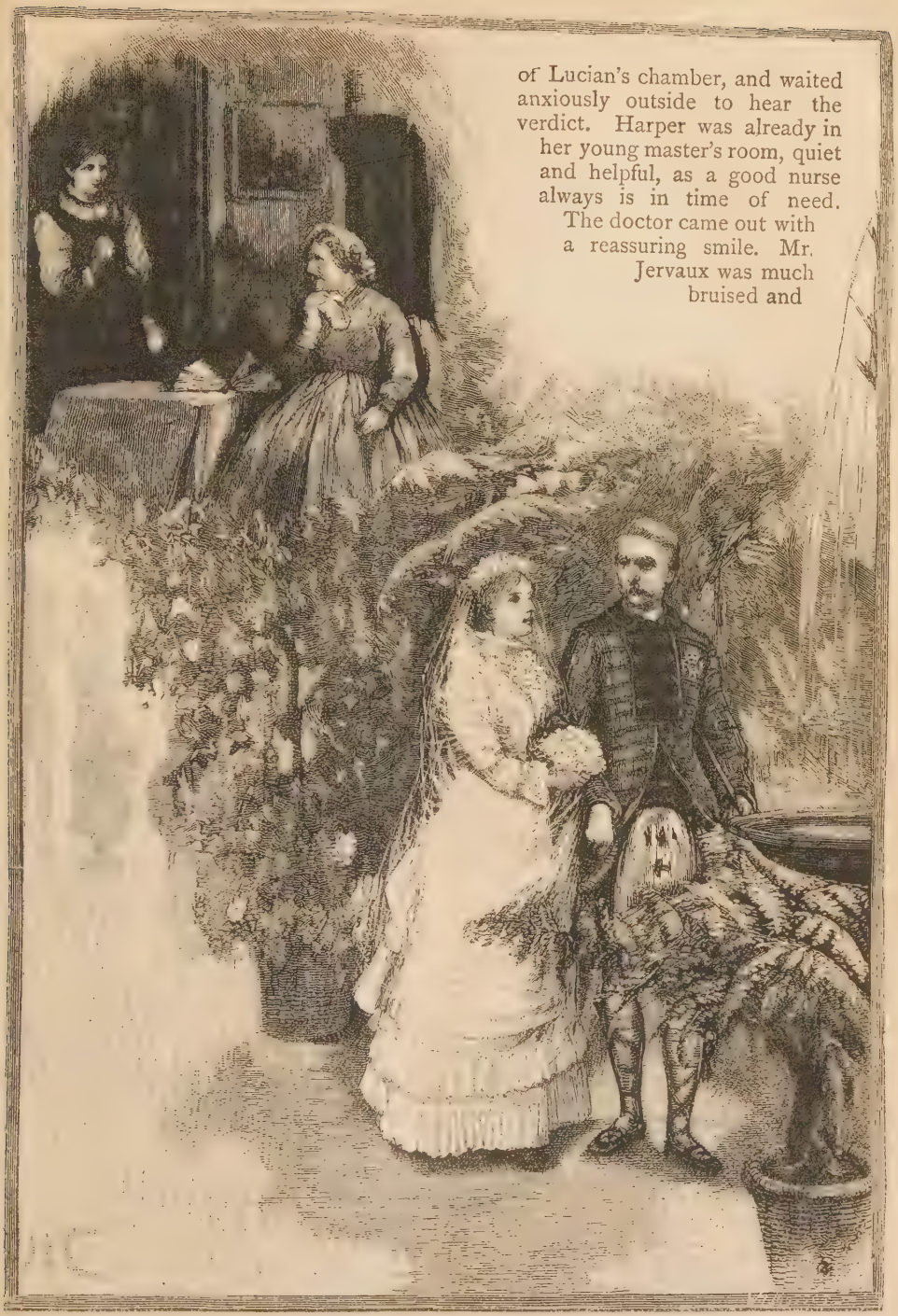
When Lucian at last returned to consciousness, he asked to be taken back to the Bushes at once. He spoke feebly, and evidently suffered severe pain; but he declared himself able to be moved. The cut in the forehead was not serious. Mrs. Rose had bound up his head with her handkerchief, and was standing beside him when his eyes unclosed.

"Make them take me home directly," he said, giving her a look of entreaty, to which she yielded at once.

"It will be best to obey him," she remarked to Mrs. Jervaux. "We are not far from the Bushes, and the doctor can be quickly sent for."

Leaning on the strong arms of the labourers, Lucian managed to get to the carriage, and was placed in the seat which Rosa had lately occupied. Mrs. Jervaux sat by his side; they drew the fur rugs over him, and bade the coachman drive homeward at a steady pace.

It was by no means a long drive; yet it seemed to the two ladies as if the road were lengthening itself, and both gave a deep sigh of relief when the house appeared in sight. Myra, who had returned before them, ran out upon the terrace with a face full of inquiries; and then, seeing that something was amiss, instantly summoned the servants and collected all her faculties. Rosa could not help admiring the steady nerve and presence of mind which the girl displayed; there were no exclamations, no questions; the page was speedily sent off for the doctor. And then the sister quietly helped the brother to reach his room. The doctor soon appeared; a shrewd, clever man with a large practice. He was much trusted and believed in by Mrs. Jervaux, and his coming seemed to revive her spirits. She followed him to the door



of Lucian's chamber, and waited anxiously outside to hear the verdict. Harper was already in her young master's room, quiet and helpful, as a good nurse always is in time of need. The doctor came out with a reassuring smile. Mr. Jervaux was much bruised and

"The Snow-queen."

shaken; the right arm was severely strained, and the whole system had, of course, sustained a great shock. But there were no dangerous results to be apprehended; Mrs. Jervaux was enjoined to set her mind at rest, and Myra was duly complimented on her readiness and self-possession. When the pleasant doctor had departed, Mrs. Rose slipped away to her own room, and sat down, wearily, to think over all that had happened.

There was a marked difference between her going out and coming in. She had started for that drive with anger burning fiercely in her heart, and she came back full of pity and kindly feeling. It is impossible for a true woman to cherish resentment when the offender is helpless and suffering.

After that conversation with Mrs. Jervaux she had felt as if it was scarcely possible to remain at the Bushes. She had been seized with a wild desire to break her self-imposed silence, and come out in her true character. And then she had reminded herself that her victory over Essie's heart was not yet complete. If she would thoroughly accomplish her purpose, she must summon all her patience and self-control to her aid.

It was not so difficult to be patient when she recalled Lucian's still, white face. Mrs. Jervaux had once remarked that Myra's constitution was far stronger than her brother's. And this fall, which some men might have got over in a few days, would probably prostrate Lucian for weeks, if not for months.

As she was leaving her room, Essie opened the nursery door and came out to meet her with a grave little face.

"Will you put me to bed to-night, Mrs. Rose?" she said, slipping her hand into Rosa's. "I told Harper I would ask you. She will be busy with poor Uncle Lucian."

CHAPTER IX.—"AND I HAVE ACTED WELL MY PART."

THE days that followed Lucian's accident were destined to knit Rosa and her child still more closely together. Harper's services were really needed in the sick-room; the patient was restless and feverish, and liked to have the old servant by his side. Myra was useful; but Harper's years and experience, and her association with Lucian's boyhood, made him turn to her rather than to any one else.

It did not surprise the family that Mrs. Rose should devote herself to Essie. It was understood that she had lost her own baby in the early days of her widowhood, and had longed, ever since that loss, to have the care of a little girl. And now she had her wish and Harper, with quiet tact, was removing one little obstacle after another, and leaving the path clear that led to her child's heart.

"Mrs. Rose," said Essie one evening, "did you ever have a mother?"

They were sitting together by the nursery fire, and Essie was enjoying to the uttermost her quiet hour before bedtime. She sat on Mrs. Rose's lap, in an easy attitude, sometimes gazing at the glowing coals, sometimes lifting her eyes to the blue eyes that looked so intently into hers. The house was quiet, no footsteps sounded in the corridor; and the only noise out-of-doors was the rush of a train passing through the adjacent railway-station.

It was not surprising that Essie should have asked her question. Somehow Mrs. Rose's evening stories to her pupil had always been stories about mothers—mothers wandering out into the world to seek their little ones; mothers whose babies had been stolen by gypsies; mothers who had been forced to send their children home to England while they stayed in India. And these mother-tales had a greater charm for the little listener than any of the fairy and giant legends which filled her books. Perhaps they charmed her because there was soul in them. Let any story-teller give his hearers a piece of his heart, and they are sure to fasten greedily on his narrations.

"Yes," Mrs. Rose answered; "I had one of the best and kindest mothers in the world. But when I was fourteen years old—just twice as old as you are—she went to heaven."

"That's where my papa has gone," said Essie musingly. And then, after a long pause, she added, "I wish I had a mother."

"You have a good grandmother and an aunt," replied Rosa, watching her closely.

"Yes, I know. I'm fond of grandma, and I love aunty sometimes. Harper's the nicest of all, but she says she's getting old, and old people have got to die."

"I don't think nurse will die yet. I hope not," Mrs. Rose remarked.

"I should like her to live always. But—Mrs. Rose—I wish *I* had a mother."

The words thrilled Rosa with the sweetness of an answered prayer. She had been hoping that the child might find out the void in her little life, and long to have it filled up.

For a moment there was silence. Then Essie's hazel eyes turned to her companion with a look of inquiry, and she was answered by a close embrace.

"Have you ever seen any one, Essie, whom you would like to have for a mother?"

"Yes, you, Mrs. Rose."

Rosa could not keep back her tears; and Essie's little hands stroked her face with soft touches of consolation.

"Poor Mrs. Rose!" the child said; "are you crying because you haven't got a little girl? It must be bad to see little girls going about, and looking pretty, and not have one of them for your very own. Don't cry; perhaps you'll have one when you get to heaven."

"What kind of place do you think heaven is, Essie?" asked Rosa, infinitely soothed and delighted with this quaint talk.

"It's a place where only nice people live, and where you always have everything that you do want, and nothing that you don't want," responded Essie with great decision.

It was the prevailing idea of heaven expressed in the simplest language, and Rosa did not try to improve it. She was quite satisfied with Essie's notions, and more than satisfied with Essie herself.

The two crooned over and fondled each other until the dream-god stole into the nursery, and Essie's pretty head began to droop. Mrs. Rose put her treasure to bed, and then went away reluctantly to take her place at the dinner-table down-stairs.

A fortnight passed by before Lucian was able to leave his room; and when he came down again into the family circle he looked decidedly feeble and wan. The languor of illness gave a softness to his look and manner that reminded Rosa of her husband. Never before had she detected any resemblance between the brothers; and this likeness to Henry, real or fancied, won many a kind word and deed for Lucian. Essie, too, tried to pay him attentions in her small way; and he seemed to feel a growing affection for the child. "She is getting very pretty," he remarked to Mrs. Rose.

Essie had just gone off to her nursery tea, and her uncle had wisely abstained from speaking about her till the door was shut. It chanced that Rosa and Lucian were alone in the drawing-room, and the hour and place were favourable to confidential chat.

It was one of those drizzling afternoons that seem to belong to autumn rather than to spring. No gleams of sunshine broke through the rain-mist, nor did the sky give the faintest promise of clearing. The light was hazy and dull, and the warm glow of the drawing-room fire was as welcome as it had ever been on winter days. Lucian sat in a luxurious easy-chair, his head resting on a satin pillow, his feet half-buried in a fluffy bear-skin rug. And Rosa, sitting opposite to him, had a little velvet-covered table by her side laden with her crewels and silk and work-basket.

"Yes, she is the kind of little girl who will develop into a charming woman," replied Mrs. Rose calmly. "It strikes me that she is a good deal like your brother's portrait."

Her words were accompanied by the clip of her scissors, cutting away a superfluous piece of cloth. She was intent upon her work, and did not look up as she spoke.

"She is certainly like Henry," Lucian answered. "She has his eyes, but not quite his expression. If I am not mistaken in Essie, she will turn out to have great force of character. There was no force in her father at all."

"He was easily led, I suppose?" said Rosa carelessly.

"Just the lad to walk headlong into any pitfall. I only wish the parson who married him had his deserts! We were so disgusted with the affair that we let Powell off far too easily."

"I have heard the whole story from Mrs. Jervaux," responded Rosa. "The clergyman was, of course, much to be blamed; especially as the girl was such a designing creature."

"It was a wretched affair," said Lucian, with a sigh. "My poor brother was a sad fool."

"It is always a mistake for the hind to be mated with the lion," Mrs. Rose remarked. "A *mésalliance* is a family cross. I suppose no amount of training and cultivation would ever have made your brother's wife presentable?"

"No," replied Lucian with decision. "Henry was cursed with a low taste, poor fellow! I never saw the girl, but I could paint her picture for you in half-a-dozen sentences. A rosy, buxom damsel with a round dimpled face—a face that would be like a full moon when she reached five-and-twenty. In short, a fair specimen of the milkmaid."

"Well, even merry milkmaids are not without their attractions," said Rosa, laughing.

"They are charming among the buttercups and daisies, but in the drawing-room they are decidedly out of place. Grace, refinement, high breeding, would all have been lost on poor Henry. Well, he did not live long enough to reap the bitter fruits of his folly!"

Mrs. Rose was silent. The light grew

dimmer and dimmer; the mist was thickening as the day wore on. She put her work aside and leaned back in her low chair, with eyes looking dreamily into the fire.

Lucian sat watching her, as the firelight played brightly over her figure and face. There was a slight weariness in her attitude, and he found himself wishing that he could follow the course of her thoughts. The look in her eyes told him that those thoughts had strayed very far from her present surroundings. Once he saw her lips quiver a little, and fancied that he heard a sigh. And then he could not rest till he had called her attention back to himself.

"I owe you a great many thanks," he said softly. "Myra is immensely improved; every one notices the change in her, and all is owing to your influence."

"There is much to admire in your sister," Mrs. Rose answered. "I don't think she is quite so distressingly in earnest as she was. I have found out what is the matter with her; she wants to be a celebrity."

"Good gracious, how absurdly the child is overrating herself!" exclaimed Lucian.

"She has overrated herself, certainly. She has a mind a little above the average, and she has believed herself almost a genius. It must be granted, however, that she is an accomplished musician."

"But why should she make herself disagreeable to other people because she sings and plays better than they do?"

"Don't you see that she is just clever enough to be disgusted with inferiority? It takes a very superior mind to be patient with shortcomings. But Myra really is greatly improving."

"Anyhow, she is beginning to be quite gracious to her friends," remarked Lucian, in a tone of satisfaction. "She is getting more like other girls, too; I heard her talking about the fancy ball that is coming off after Easter. By the way, Mrs. Jervaux says you have consented to go."

"I have consented, but not very willingly," said Rosa. "I saw that your sister would have been hurt if I had refused."

"And your costume,—have you decided on anything? May I suggest 'Summer'? You ought to be crowned royally with roses, like a very queen of June."

Mrs. Rose shook her head.

"My June was over long ago," she answered quietly. "If I followed my own inclinations I would go as Autumn;—

> 'My days are in the yellow leaf,
> The flowers and fruit of love are gone.'"

"No, no; you mustn't wear yellow leaves,' said Lucian, raising himself and bending towards her. "Your spring was blighted but your autumn has not yet come. Think of something else; it would vex us all if you appeared in anything unsuitable. People will look at you a great deal, you know."

"After all, it doesn't much matter what one wears at a fancy ball," she replied, in a tired voice. "But anyhow, I won't be crowned with roses. I have a vague recollection of seeing a Snow-queen once,—all white satin and white fox fur. That costume would do for me."

"It would be charming," said Lucian.

The entrance of Mrs. Jervaux and her step-daughter put an end to the *tête-à-tête*. They had been out in the brougham making purchases, and had come home chilly and bored. The weather was wretched, and all the shopmen and shopwomen had been unaccountably stupid. The sight of a blazing fire restored their spirits, and the advent of the butler with the tea-tray quite recalled their good-humour.

They flung off a few of their wrappers, and sat down to enjoy their tea in the cheery firelight. Myra, with a seal-skin cap on her head, and a flush on her brown face, was picturesque, and even handsome.

"As we were leaving Jones's shop we met Mrs. Manson," she said. "She told us a wonderful piece of news. Major Lothian is going to the fancy ball."

"Major Lothian—oh, the new Victoria Cross man," rejoined Mrs. Rose, shaking off her musing mood.

"A splendid fellow," cried Lucian, with unusual warmth. "Make him fall in love with you, Myra; you have my full consent."

"I'm afraid it would be difficult," Myra frankly confessed.

"Of course he will be absurdly spoiled," said Mrs. Jervaux discontentedly. "Women have no dignity nowadays. They provoke me."

"And I don't see why these heroes should be so fussed over," declared Mrs. Rose. "A man, not one whit braver than his comrades, has an opportunity that doesn't fall to their lot, and he makes the most of it. I once heard a Victoria Cross man remark that crosses would be plentiful enough if every soldier had his due."

"Then you are determined not to rave about Major Lothian?" said Lucian.

"I don't mean to underrate any man who has done his duty," she answered. "But I hope he doesn't think too much of having

done it, that's all. These society heroes generally do."

"Mrs. Rose, I'm disappointed in you!" exclaimed Myra, setting down her cup and saucer with a clatter that made Mrs. Jervaux tremble for the old china. "I have heard you discourse eloquently on the modesty of true heroism. Why should you suppose that Major Lothian lacks one of the chief qualities of a hero? What has he done that you should stand in doubt of him?"

Essie, who had just entered, darted a wrathful glance upon the speaker. How could Aunt Myra dare to be disappointed in Mrs. Rose? And the child ran up to her idol, and clung to her with a pretty gesture that spoke a volume. Mrs. Rose smiled with perfect good-humour.

"I deserve a rebuke," she said; "the perverse side of my nature was uppermost. Major Lothian may be a very fine fellow; I dare say he is, but I have a horror of seeing fine natures 'choked,' as George MacDonald says, 'with the weeds of the conventional and commonplace.' And I think a society favourite is very likely to have the true manliness petted out of him."

"You didn't think *me* 'conventional' enough," remarked Myra, raising her eyebrows.

"There is a marked distinction between outward and inward conventionalism," Rosa replied quietly.

"Jones is making a charming costume for Miss Bailey," said Mrs. Jervaux, by way of changing the conversation. "She is a handsome brunette of thirty, with a rich brown-and-red complexion. Fancy how well she will look as Autumn, in a dress half covered with gold and crimson leaves!"

Lucian gave a pleased laugh. "Somebody has forestalled Mrs. Rose," he said.

"Surely Mrs. Rose wasn't thinking of being Autumn!" cried Myra and her step-mother together. "It would be quite too absurd!"

"I have given up the idea," said Rosa wearily. "Do you think I should be presentable as the Snow-queen?"

"The Snow-queen who stole away Kay from little Gerda?" exclaimed Essie. "She was beautiful, but oh! so cruel and cold! Still, she wasn't quite so bad as the Ice-maiden."

Everybody approved of Mrs. Rose's notion; but she, for her own part, was heartily tired of the conversation. It was a relief when they all separated to dress for dinner, and Essie, clinging to her hand, followed her into her own room.

"My own pretty Mrs. Rose," said the child, "you'll never be like the *real* Snow-queen, you know. Her kisses turned little Kay's heart into a lump of ice, but your lips are soft and warm! I shouldn't be afraid to go anywhere with you, even if you went off in the great white sledge, with the white chickens flying after you."

CHAPTER X.—THE SNOW-QUEEN.

MARKSBURY was a garrison town, and there was a large proportion of uniforms among the costumes at the fancy ball. The Assembly Rooms were crowded; there was the usual lack of originality in the choice of attire; and Mary Stuarts, Lady Teazles, and gypsies soon became monotonous. Shepherdesses, too, mustered in strong numbers; and milkmaids, making an ostentatious display of wooden pails, were to be found in plenty. But withal there was the carnival-like brilliance of varied colours, ever shifting under a blaze of light; the scent of flowers and perfumes; the exhilarating music of a military band. Heart-aches and heart-burnings were hidden successfully enough under gay bodices and breast-knots; grey hair was veiled by powder; faded cheeks seemed to have borrowed the roses of the past. On the whole it was a good example of a Vanity Fair festival, where the fresh and the jaded, the blithe and the sad, jostle each other with no respect of persons, and all goes "merry as a marriage-bell."

In an ante-room, where a little fountain was playing over a bed of moss and ferns, two men were standing in close conversation. Both were military men—the one old, gaunt, and white-haired; the other still young, although his first youth was over. Both were in the Highland uniform; but while the elder was clad in the trews, the younger wore the kilt, and on his breast was a little bronze eight-pointed cross.

"All ended well," said the old officer cheerfully, "and you have stood the climate and the knocking about better than I expected. You have quite got over the old trouble, eh, my dear lad?"

"Yes, I've quite got over it," the other answered. "India, and all the hard work out there, perfectly cured me."

"So I thought—so I hoped. I am glad you came here to-night; all the women are wild about your story. We were half-afraid that you would try to get out of this ball."

"I've had pretty nearly enough of balls," Major Lothian confessed. "But I'm stay-

ing with the Clives, you know, and they made me come."

"There are a good many familiar faces here. You must recognise plenty of old friends."

"Yes; but I've seen a new face that the Clives know nothing about;—a wonderfully pretty face. There is a girl here dressed in frost and icicles; I want to find out who she is."

If old Colonel Ramsay experienced a twinge of vexation, he did not show it. His own daughter was five-and-twenty, and Angus Lothian was a man who stood very near his heart. "Dressed in frost and icicles!" he repeated. "Not a very alluring costume, I should think. But here comes Janet; perhaps she can give you some information."

A young lady dressed as a Swiss peasant, and accompanied by a jovial Hamlet, entered the ante-room at that moment. A sweet, freckled face; clear blue eyes, shaded by golden lashes; thick plaits of yellow hair, and a slight figure, made up the list of Janet Ramsay's outward attractions. But her father knew all the sterling worth of his lassie's character, and in his estimation she was a treasure beyond all price. He glanced a little impatiently at the frolicsome Hamlet, and called his daughter to his side.

"Janet," he said, "come here and tell Major Lothian something that he wants to know. He has seen a girl in frost and icicles, and longs to find out her name."

"A tall girl, with deep-blue eyes and auburn hair," added the hero.

"You mean Mrs. Rose," said Janet promptly. "She is with the Jervauxs."

"Oh, she's a married woman, is she?" chuckled the Colonel.

"She is a widow, papa, and a rich widow too. I think her the loveliest woman here. She is dressed as the Snow-queen."

"Who was the Snow-queen? I never heard of her," said Hamlet.

"You must have forgotten your nursery lore. She is a kind of fairy who figures in one of Andersen's tales," Janet replied.

"I knew General Jervaux very well," remarked Colonel Ramsay. "He died seven or eight years ago. The Jervauxs used to live at a place called the Bushes, not far from this town."

"They are living there still," said Janet. "I was introduced to Miss Jervaux the other day. She is here to-night, as a contadina. But everybody raves about Mrs. Rose."

"And is Mrs. Jervaux here too?" the Colonel asked.

"Yes. When I last saw them they were in an ante-room on the other side of the rooms. Shall we go and hunt them out?"

Major Lothian was evidently more than willing to go in search of the Jervaux party; the Colonel assented to his daughter's proposal with a good grace; and Hamlet, tacitly dismissed, went off to seek amusement elsewhere. There was a little lull in the dancing; couples were beginning to stroll away into those convenient nooks and corners where attentions can be carried on in comfort. But it was not without some slight difficulty that Miss Ramsay and her two companions made their way to the spot they sought. Major Lothian was stopped again and again, shaken hands with, rejoiced over in hearty fashion by the men, and smiled upon caressingly by the women. And when they at last gained the entrance to the ante-room, Janet had little hope of finding the Jervauxs still there.

In this room, too, there was a fountain, dashing its light spray over the green of mosses and the glow of flowers. Standing near the basin was a white figure, glittering as if its airy draperies had been powdered with diamond-dust—a figure so striking in the dazzling purity of its attire, and so remarkable in its grace, that even Colonel Ramsay was surprised into sudden admiration. A cluster of frosted leaves sparkled on the bright auburn hair, a pearl necklace clasped the slender throat, but the ornaments were few. Essie, with her profound interest in everything that concerned Mrs. Rose, had begged her to be dressed "exactly like a snow-flake come to life." Such was the Snow-queen when she had first appeared at little Kay's window, a creature clad in delicate gauze-like robes that glistened from head to foot. And Rosa, finding an intense sweetness in her child's loving suggestions, had intrusted the making of her costume to a Court dressmaker of high repute. The result was a complete success; the wearer would have been more than human if she had felt no secret exultation in this fresh triumph of her beauty; and yet she had already begun to tire of the victory she had won.

Myra, who was really enjoying herself, had just returned to her mother's side after a dance. She was standing, gay in her contadina's dress, not far from that radiant white figure, as great a contrast to Mrs. Rose as could well be imagined. But Myra, with her brown face flushed and animated, was looking her best.

The desired introduction was very soon accomplished, and Rosa, roused out of one

of those reveries that so often came upon her at all times and in all places, found herself face to face with Major Lothian.

Although he was by no means the first military hero she had seen, she could not help looking at him with surprise and newly awakened curiosity. She had expected, she knew not why, to see a man of the stalwart type—a muscular, broad-shouldered figure, with a strong, squarely cut face, and eyes that seemed to flash defiance at danger and death. What she did see was a slight man, a little below middle height, with a face that still retained some of the soft curves of boyhood, although it was bronzed by a hot climate, and worn with suffering. It was not, and never had been, a handsome face, nor could it boast of any remarkable features. The hair was scanty and fair, a light moustache partially concealed a delicately cut mouth; the eyes, heavy lidded, were full of languor and sadness. Altogether, Angus Lothian looked as unlikely to perform a deed of valour as any idle lounger who was to be found in the ball-room that night.

His manner matched his face; it was exceedingly gentle, and almost shy. All the roughness of a hard military life, and the varied experiences of two-and-thirty years, had not worn away a certain soft deference in his bearing to women. It was not, perhaps, a manner that all women would have found pleasing; for the weaker sex, as a rule, are attracted by the loud and leonine type of man. But for Rosa this peculiar quietness possessed an indescribable charm.

Afterwards, when the Jervaux carriage was rolling homeward in the starlight of the April morning, Rosa was curiously disinclined to talk. Myra was in high spirits, pleased with all the attentions she had received, and honestly pleased, too, at the admiration that had been so liberally bestowed on Mrs. Rose.

"Why are you so listless and silent?" she asked, as she parted with Rosa for the night; "you used to lecture me on being too severe on frivolity, and now that I've been frivolling all night long, you haven't a word to say. Aren't you glad to see me turning into a light-minded every-day girl of the period?"

"I shouldn't be glad if you were really turning into a light-minded girl," Mrs. Rose replied, "but I am heartily pleased to see you doing as society does, and enjoying yourself. Nobody wants you to live in a round of dissipation, Myra, but everybody desires you to take your right place in the world. I never saw you look so well as you did to-night; you have had a most successful evening."

"Indeed, I think all the success fell to your share," Myra said gaily; "yet you don't seem to care about it in the least. The lecturer deserves to be lectured. Why are you so indifferent to your social triumphs, Mrs. Rose?"

"Because I am an old woman in thought and feeling," Rosa answered wearily.

"An old woman!" echoed Myra, with a peal of laughter. "And everybody was asking who that beautiful girl in white was?"

"Come, Myra, don't you see that Mrs. Rose is very tired?" interposed Mrs. Jervaux. "We will all go to rest now, and discuss the ball by-and-by." But old as Rosa had declared herself to be, she was young enough to let her thoughts dwell on that very unpretending hero before she slept.

In an unaccountable way he reappeared in her dreams, and seemed to be strolling slowly by her side in the old cottage garden at Deanwood. And then, after the manner of dream-beings, he assumed a double personality and became Henry Jervaux and Angus Lothian in the same individual.

It was altogether a sweet bewilderment. Her dream-world was beautiful with flowers and sunlight, and music that came neither from bird nor breeze was floating round the old garden walks. She could not tell whether the melody proceeded from without or within, and yet she knew that it was her own heart-song. When she awoke, the light of a spring morning lay warm upon the room; her white dress, hanging over a chair, was glittering in the sunshine; the white flowers that she had carried were withering on the toilet-table. The brief reign of the Snow-queen was over, and the thought of her child began to chase away the empty triumphs of last night.

Harper came to her bedside with a cup of coffee, and Essie peeped into the chamber with her fresh morning face.

"I don't want to go to any more balls, nurse," said Mrs. Rose, in answer to the old servant's inquiries. "Balls are all very well for young girls, but I am a widow and a mother, and what have I to do with gaieties?"

"But, ma'am, you did look like an angel last night," rejoined Harper.

"I wish I had been an angel long ago," Rosa sighed. "I have done with the world and its amusements. You know I have got past caring about flatteries and attentions. There is only Essie to live for now."

But Harper smiled as she turned quietly away from the bedside. The old woman knew that youth seldom realises its own vitality, and that it prides itself, moreover, on its constancy

to sorrow. But few hearts are so sterile that they can produce but one love in a life-time. Myra's good spirits did not pass away with the night. She was too robust to feel languid after a ball, and her ceaseless chatter and merriment were rather wearisome to some of her hearers. Lucian had not been strong enough to leave home, but he wanted to hear an account of the evening from Mrs. Rose—not from his sister.

"You have given us your impressions of Major Lothian a dozen times at least, Myra," he said at last. "Doesn't it strike you that a monologue becomes monotonous?"

"Myra wants us to understand that she is pleased with Major Lothian, and yet disappointed in him," remarked Mrs. Jervaux.

"Not exactly disappointed, mamma," Myra cried; "I'm perfectly enchanted with him, of course. I will explain myself fully in half-a-dozen words."

"In half-a-dozen million of words," said Lucian.

But Myra was determined to be heard.

"I can't help wishing that Major Lothian was a grander-looking man," she went on. "He looks as if his great deeds had been accomplished by a mighty effort, and one feels that he has paid a heavy price for being heroic. My ideal hero is almost a demi-god, a man who comes, and sees, and conquers. It is painful to see the victor wasted and exhausted by the victory."

It was afternoon, and they were all sitting, as usual, in the drawing-room. Mrs. Rose, a little pale and tired, had gone to her low chair near the fire, and had her needlework in her hands. She looked up quickly as Myra finished speaking, and the work dropped upon her lap.

"Do you agree with Myra?" asked Lucian, looking at Rosa eagerly.

"No," she answered quietly. "I was just thinking that my ideal hero is the very reverse of hers. A demi-god, in my opinion, is no hero at all; he is merely a being endowed, as Alcides was, with certain powers that insure conquest. In my eyes the true hero is the toiling, struggling man, no stronger (even a little weaker, perhaps) than ordinary mortals. And if he shows the traces of the conflict I honour him all the more."

"Then Major Lothian answers to your notion of a hero?" said Myra thoughtfully.

"Yes; he reminds me of a picture I once saw at Burlington House. It left a strong impression on my mind."

"Pray tell us about that picture," pleaded Lucian.

"The subject was an old legend—I dare say you may have heard the tale. A certain princess was wooed by a knight whom she loved, but her father denied her to her suitor. The king was a stern man, and when he found that the knight persisted, he promised to give him his daughter on one condition. The lover was to take his lady in his arms, and carry her up a steep mountain. If his strength lasted till the top was gained, his bride was won. But if he failed to reach the goal the princess was lost for ever."

"And how did the story end?" Myra asked.

"I don't know. I never heard the ending. The artist has chosen the moment when the knight is toiling up the mountain-side. The princess, in his arms, looks into his face with intense love and pity in her eyes. You can see how the girl longs to help him, how she fears and prays for him! That knight is one of my heroes, Myra. He is no stalwart warrior, but a slightly formed young man, delicate and pale. You can trace all the agony of over-effort in his features, and yet he can smile on his lady through it all. I hardly think he could have gained the mountain-top: or, if he won the prize I fancy he must have died in the winning. But living or dying he was a true hero, a hero of weak flesh, and willing spirit."

"All the truer hero because of the weakness," said Lucian.

"There is another hero, who, in spite of his faults, is a favourite of mine," Rosa went on. "I mean Henry of Navarre. Do you remember him at the taking of Cahors? I like the scene best as Dumas describes it in one of his books. I seem to see the king when the damp is on his brow, and he cries, 'Ah! cursed nature, you shall not conquer me!' And then I wonder whether any man is a real hero who has not had a double battle to fight."

A silence followed her words. It was one of those pauses which people often fill up with a brief self-examination. Let a man be ever so prosaic and sordid, there are times when he gets a glimpse of the nobler self that has been starved to death.

Almost for the first time in his life, Lucian Jervaux caught sight of the beauty of self-sacrifice. There was nothing original in anything that Mrs. Rose had said; in fact, it is very doubtful whether anybody says anything original nowadays. But we all know what it is to be deaf to a certain truth for years; and then, when it is uttered by a beloved voice, to receive it as if it were a message direct from Heaven.

AT EVENTIDE.

OFTTIMES when all the storm-vexed day
The sullen clouds have ceaseless passed,
And winds have wailed as if to pray
For peace at last;
Lo! as if rolled by hand of might,
Aside the gloom of cloud is pressed,
And the soft eve is full of light,
And quiet rest.

Thus, too, beyond our doubt and strife,
Which cloudlike hide the heavenly light,
Shadowing the fair noon of life
With sombre night,
Awaits a calm and peaceful eve.
Then sorrow shall be overpast;
Then fear shall cease, and struggles leave
God's peace at last.

A. J. P.

"KING ROY."

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Faith came in a few moments later, she found her father pacing up and down the room. His anger and vexation were still burning hot; he was still in his heart wishing that Roy were an older child, so that he might punish him more severely. It was a great relief to see Faith's pale, anxious little face. Yes, without any doubt Faith was the real culprit. On Faith then should the full vials of his wrath fall.

"See what you have done," he said; "come here, right over here, and see what you have done."

Faith, her face growing a shade whiter, approached and saw the scattered pieces of the prize essay still lying on the floor.

"Wot h'ever is that, father?" she ventured to say.

"What ever is that? 'tis my essay, my prize essay that your brother tore all into bits. How dare you—how dare you, I say, disobey me and leave the child alone? You have done mischief that can never be put right, and I'll never forgive you."

"Oh! father," said Faith piteously. She went on her knees and took some of the tiny torn fragments into her hand.

"There! don't touch them; 'tis jest enough to madden a man—but you shall suffer. If you can't take care of the child, some one else shall. Now tell me where you have been this hour and more."

"I went to Sunday-school, father. I don't know why I disobeyed you; indeed I never did it before, but I 'ad a kind of hankering to go jest once. I left Roy asleep, and I never guessed as he 'ud wake; I thought I'd be back long afore, and I never guessed as you'd come home; I never, never guessed it. Oh! indeed I'm dreadful, bitter sorry—indeed I am."

"You have need to be; you can't even guess how angry God Almighty is with you; you're a very, very wicked girl. There, get out of my sight—go into the bedroom, you shan't have no tea to-night."

Faith went slowly towards the bedroom door, she opened it and shut it behind her; she cared nothing for the punishment of going without her supper, she was glad to be away from her father, glad to be alone with the dreadful, dreadful weight which rested on her heart. Tears burned in her eyes, but lay too heavy there to roll down her cheeks; she sat on the floor, a little bent-up bundle of misery, and forgot Roy and every one else in the anguish of being under God's displeasure. And she had been having such a happy time. How sweet that Sunday school was! how kind the teacher, who had welcomed the timid child standing at the door! then how gentle and good were her words—all, all about Jesus and His love.

"You will come again to my class next Sunday?" said the Sunday teacher, smiling at her.

"I'm dreadful afeared as I can't," answered Faith. "I'd like to beyont any words, but I'm feared as I can't come no more; I only come to-day 'cause I do want to know how to bring Roy to Jesus."

"Who is Roy?" asked the teacher.

"Please, lady dear, he's my little, little brother; he's quite a baby boy; I do want to bring him to Jesus."

"The Bible tells us how to bring little children to the dear Saviour Jesus," answered the teacher in her sweet, low voice. "But I think you need to have it explained to you, Faith. If you can manage to come even once again to Sunday-school, and if you will be here just five minutes before the school opens, why I will come too, and tell you all about it. I am sorry I must run away now."

She nodded and smiled at Faith, and Faith went away with a great and wonderful joy in her heart. But oh! how changed was everything now! God, who was spoken of as very loving, very forgiving, very kind at Sunday-school, was dreadfully angry with her. Her father had said he never would forgive her, and Faith felt that she certainly had done wrong.

Oh! what a lonely, lonely little girl she was: were it not for Roy, how without love and interest would her life be! but yes, she still had her darling, precious baby boy. At the remembrance of him she raised her face, and then got up slowly from her crouching position. It was full time to give him his supper and put him to bed. She reproached herself afresh for having forgotten him so long. Was it possible that he was still asleep on the sofa in the sitting-room? no, this could scarcely be the case, for her father had said that he had done the incalculable mischief of tearing up his prize essay. Poor, poor little Roy, how innocently he had committed this great crime! how often had she kept him quiet by giving him an old newspaper to tear! Yes, she, and she alone, was the only one to blame for the mischief done that night; but whoever was the guilty party, Roy must have his supper and go to bed; it was far too late already for a little child only two years old to be up. Faith must brave her father's anger and fetch Roy from the sitting-room. She trembled a little as she approached the door, and thought of her stern father's voice and manner; but though far too timid to raise even a finger to help herself, Faith was one of those who would gladly take her very life in her hand to save or aid one whom she loved. She opened the door softly and looked in. Her father was seated by the table, the gas flaring high over his head; he was trying laboriously to put some of his torn essay together; he heard the movement at the door, but without looking up called out harshly—"Go away; I can't be disturbed."

"Please, father, 'tis only me fur Roy. I want Roy to give him his supper."

"Roy ain't here. Go away, I say."

Faith's heart gave a great bound. No, Roy was certainly not in the room. Could she have overlooked him in the bedroom? There was no light, except from the gas outside, in the room. Had her father been very harsh and angry with little Roy, and had he crept in here and fallen asleep? She went back, struck a light with a trembling hand and looked around her.

No, he was not in the big bed. He was not in his own little cot. He was nowhere, either under the bed or on the floor.

"Roy, Roy, little darling Roy," she called, but no sweet, gay voice answered to hers. Oh! where was little Roy? She went into the tiny dressing-room where her father slept. No, Roy was not there.

A horrible dread came over Faith. Where was Roy? Her father had said that as she could not take proper care of him, some one else should. Had he really taken Roy away, and given him into the care of some stranger, some dreadful, dreadful stranger who would not love him, or care for him as he ought to be loved and tended? The agony of this idea took all fear away from Faith. Without a particle of hesitation now, she went back to her father. He was so busy he did not even hear her swift step, and started when her voice sounded at his elbow.

"Please, father, I must know where you ha' tuk Roy. It 'ull kill me unless I know that much at once."

The agony and consternation in her tone caused Warden to raise his head in surprise.

"I don't know what you mean, Faith. I only took Roy into the bedroom. There! go, and put him to bed, and don't act more foolishly than you can help."

"You only tuk him inter the bedroom?" repeated Faith. She did not stay another second with her father, she rushed away from him and back to the inner room. A fear even more terrible than her first fear had come to her. She remembered that the door leading into the passage was open. Was it possible, possible that little Roy, her little sweet baby Roy, had gone out through that open door, had slipped down-stairs, and into the street? Oh! no, it never could be possible. However angry God was with her, He could never allow such an awful punishment as this to overtake her. She rushed wildly up-stairs and down-stairs, looking into every room, calling everywhere for Roy. No one had seen him, no one had heard the baby steps as they stole away. The whole house was searched in vain for little Roy. He was not to be found. In five minutes, Faith came back to her father. She came up to him, her breath a little gone, her words coming in gasps. She laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Yes, father," she said, "you wor quite, quite right. God h'Almighty's werry angry wid me. I don't know how I'll h'ever bear it. Little Roy ain't in the house, father. When you put him in the bedroom he runned out by the other door, he ran inter the street. We ha' searched h'all the house over, and he ain't there. My little Roy is quite, quite lost."

"Lost!" echoed Warden. He sprang to his feet. "Roy not in the house! Roy lost!" Back over his memory came the picture of the lovely sleeping boy, of the real love and pride with which he had kissed him. His prize essay became as nothing to him. But swift through his hard, cold heart passed an arrow of intolerable pain. "Roy, lost?" he repeated. "God help me! and I wor werry rough to the little chap."

They were the humblest words that had ever passed his lips. He rushed from the room, for he must find his son.

CHAPTER VI.

MEANWHILE, little Roy pursued his way down the long street which led from his home to another, which on week days was full of shops and gay with light and many-coloured windows. To-day, being Sunday, the shops were closed, and the place looked dull. Sobbing slightly under his breath, and a very little alarmed at the temerity of his own act, little Roy ran down this street. His object lay very clear before his baby mind—he was going to meet Faith. Faith was out, and, as he too had gone out, he would, of course, find her very soon. At the corner of this second street he came suddenly upon a flaring gin-palace, which, Sunday though it was, was brilliant with light and full of people. The bright light streaming right out into the street attracted little Roy. He stopped his sobbing, paused in his short, running gait, and pressed his little face against the pane. "Pitty, pitty!" he said to himself—he even forgot Faith in the admiration which filled his baby soul. After a time it occurred to him that Faith would be very likely to be in such a lovely place. The swing-doors were always opening and shutting. Roy, watching his opportunity, pushed his way in by the side of a ragged woman and two coarse men. They advanced up to the counter to ask for gin, but the baby child remained on the threshold. He looked around him with the wide open eyes of admiration, innocence, and trust. Anything so lovely gazing at anything so evil had been seldom seen; certainly never seen before within those walls. The men and women drinking themselves to the condition of beasts stopped, and a kind of shocked feeling pervaded the whole assembly. It was as though an angel had alighted on that threshold, and was showing those poor hardened wretches

what some of them had once been—what, alas! none of them could ever be again. Little Roy's cheeks were slightly flushed; his tangled yellow hair, ruffled more than ever by his running in the wind, surrounded his head like a halo; and, as gradually it dawned upon him that all those people surrounding him were strangers, his blue eyes filled with tears. The directness of his aim, the full certainty of his thought were brought to a stand-still; all movement was arrested by the terrible certainty that Faith was not there.

"Bless us! who h'ever h'is the little 'un?" said the ragged woman who had come into the gin-palace with him. "Wot's yer name, my little dear, and wot h'ever do yer want?"

"Please, I want Fate," said the boy in a clear high tone.

The woman laughed. "Hark to the little 'un," she said, turning to her companions. "Did yer h'ever hear the like o' that afore? He says as he wants his fate. Pretty lamb, it 'ull come to him soon enough."

"I want Fate—I do want Fate," said little Roy again.

The woman bent down and took his hand.

"No, no, my dear," she said. "You run away home, and never mind yer fate; it 'ull come h'all in good time; and babies have no cause to know sech things."

"I do want Fate," repeated the boy.

Two other women had now come round him, and also a man.

"It don't seem no way canny like, to hear him going on like that," said one of the group. "And did yer h'ever see sech a skin, and sech 'air? I don't b'lieve a bit that he's a real flesh-and-blood child."

A coarse, red-faced woman pushed this speaker away.

"Shame on yer, Kate Flarherty; the child ain't nothink uncanny. He's jest a baby boy. Bless us! I 'ad a little 'un wid 'air as yaller as he. You ha' got lost, and run away. Ain't that it, dear little baby boy?"

This woman, for all her red face, had a kind voice, and it won little Roy at once.

"Will 'oo take me to Fate?" he said; and he went up to the woman and put his little hand in hers. She gave almost a scream when the little hand touched her; but, catching him in her arms and straining him to her breast, she left the gin-palace at once.

CHAPTER VII.

WARDEN spent all that night looking for Roy. He went to the police courts; he got detectives even to his aid. By the morning advertisements were placarded about, and rewards were offered for the missing child. He did all that could be done, and was assured by the police that whoever had stolen little Roy away would now certainly bring him back. Warden was a carpenter by trade. He was engaged now over a job which was to be finished by a given time, and which would when completed pay him handsomely. He had engaged to have it done by this date, and he was a man who had never yet failed in his appointments. But for all that he came home that morning, and never thought of going out again to work. His whole heart and soul, and energies were concentrated on waiting and listening for a little voice, for the sight of a dear golden head, the return of the blue-eyed boy who was his own, and whom, now that he had lost, he knew indeed to be bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. So near, so precious had little Roy become that without him it would be agony to live. Warden went home, and saw on the floor some of the scattered fragments of his torn essay. The pieces he had been laboriously trying to put together when Faith had come to him with the news that little Roy had run away, still lay on the table. In the grate were some burnt-out ashes; the room was untidy—dusty. It had not been touched since last night. It was Faith's duty to make this room ready for breakfast; and, as a rule, Warden would have been angry with her for its present state of neglect; but this morning he said nothing, only when his eyes rested on the torn pieces of the essay he uttered a groan, and, stooping down, he picked them all up and put them in the grate. There he set fire to them. When they had been reduced to a few white ashes he sat down on the horsehair sofa and wondered when Faith would appear. She came in presently from the inner room, and Warden roused himself to say, in a new and wonderfully kind tone—

"I ha' had rewards put up, and the detectives are on the watch. We'll have him home werry soon, Faithy."

Faith did not make any answer. There was a queer, dull, almost stupid look on her face. She moved half-mechanically about the room, getting her father's breakfast and pouring it out for him as if nothing had happened. When she gave him his cup of hot coffee, she even seated herself in her accustomed place opposite. Roy's little empty chair was pushed against the wall. Faith moved her own so that her eyes should not rest on this symbol of the lost child.

"Eat some breakfast, Faith," said her

father; then he added, in a tone which he endeavoured to render cheerful, "The little chap 'ull be back very soon, I guess. Do you hear me, Faith? I expect little Roy to be brought back almost immediately."

"Yes, father," answered Faith. She raised her dull eyes to his face. He saw not a gleam of either hope or belief in them, and, unable to endure the despair of the little daughter whom he had never loved, he pushed back his chair and left the room. The moment he did so Faith breathed a slight sigh of relief. She left the breakfast-table, and, getting a chair, she mounted it and took down from a high shelf an old and dusty copy of the Bible. It was a copy she had seen in her mother's hands. She had watched her dying mother read in this old Bible, and smile and look happy as she read. Afterwards Faith had tried herself to read in the old book. But one day her father seeing it lying about, and feeling that it reminded him of his wife, who never had it very far from her side, had put it up out of the children's reach, and Faith had hitherto been too timid to dare to take it down; but there was nothing at all timid about the little girl's movements to-day. An absorbing agony of grief and pain was filling her poor little heart, to the utter exclusion of all lesser feelings. She fetched down the old Bible from its dusty hiding-place, because it had come back to her memory in the long hours of the wakeful night she had just gone through, that the Sunday teacher who had given her that sweet and peaceful lesson the day before had said that the Bible was full of stories about Jesus. If only she *could* find the place where He took the babies in His arms, and was so good and kind to them. Perhaps, if she found the account of the story, she might also learn how the mothers and the sisters—for surely there must have been little sad orphan sisters like her in that group—she might learn how they came to Jesus with the babies; she might find out how He was to be found now. Her teacher had said He was not dead. The neighbour down-stairs had said He was not dead. Then, if that was so, would not the very best thing Faith could do be to go to Him first herself, and tell Him that Roy was lost—that he had gone quite, quite far away, and ask Him to help her to find him? She placed the Bible on the table, got a duster, and, tenderly removing its dust, opened it. It was a large book—a book with a great, great deal of reading, and Faith wondered how soon she could find this particular story that she longed for. She could read very slowly, and very badly. She might be a long time seeing the place where Jesus blessed the babies; but here unlooked-for help was at hand. Faith's dead mother, too, had loved this special story. The place opened at the very page, and, to help Faith still further, the words were heavily marked with a pencil.

Yes, it was all there; all that the ragged girl had told her yesterday. Faith had a vivid imagination, and she saw the whole picture—she saw the waiting mothers and the lovely baby children. She saw the angry disciples trying to send them away, and the face of the dear Saviour of the whole world as, taking one after the other of these lambs in His arms, He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Faith read the story over and over until she really knew it all by heart. Yes, it was all there, but one difficulty was not over. She had read with her own eyes the story, but she saw nothing in the sacred words to help her special need—nothing about where Jesus lived now, nothing of how she, Faith, could go to Him, and ask Him to help her to find her little brother. She had less doubt than ever in her own mind of His perfect willingness to help her—of His perfect power to find Roy again. But how could she find Him? In what part of vast London did Jesus live now?

Faith returned the old Bible into its place. She had found out what it could tell her. Who was there who could give her the further knowledge for which she craved? She did not think it would come from her father. She failed either to see or comprehend his new-born affection or anxiety. Her little heart felt hard against him; he had been cruel to her darling baby boy, and Faith could make no allowance for the torn prize essay. Her father was hard and cruel to every one. Faith did not pity him; nor did she believe, in the least, in *his* ability to bring the lost child home. No, this must be her task. She tied on her hat, and put on her out-door jacket, and ran down-stairs, for she had not a moment to lose. At the foot of the stairs she met the neighbour who had come into their room the evening before. She stopped her for a moment.

"Please, Mrs. Mason, 'ull you tell father as I ha' gone out to look for Roy?" Faith said, in her quiet little voice; and the woman did not trouble to detain her.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAITH thought first of going to Regent's Park, for Roy was so accustomed to visiting

this park on fine Sunday mornings with his sister, that perhaps his little feet might guide him there unconsciously. She forgot that at the time at which Roy had run out into the warm darkness of the autumn night, the park gates must have been shut. She walked rapidly in this direction now, entered the pleasant and beautiful place, and walked towards the spot where she and Roy had been so happy on Sunday. Yes, there was the wide-spreading oak-tree, there were the daisies still left that Roy had picked and thrown away the day before. Faith stooped down now and picked up these withered flowers, and put them carefully into her pocket. Roy's castaway flowers were there, but not Roy—not her precious little Roy himself. Faith pressed her hands to her eyes, her heart was too heavy—too absolutely oppressed—for tears to come. But she was puzzled to know what course now to pursue, she did not know where next to look. Oh, if only she could know the place where Jesus lived now, and ask Him to come and help her in her search! Jesus, however, was far nearer to the little lonely girl than she had any idea of, and He now sent her unlooked-for assistance.

A sharp, high voice sounded in her ear. "Well, woth'ever ere you up to, and where's the little 'un?"

It was the ragged girl who had washed her lips to get a kiss from little Roy on Sunday. Faith gave a great sigh of relief at sight of her.

"I'm real glad yer come," she said; "our little Roy ha' run away, he's lost!"

"Lost!" said the girl; "lost!"

The sympathy in the girl's face and tone caused some softening of Faith's little heart.

"It was on Sunday," she continued; "I disobeyed my father and ran away to Sunday-school. While I was away, little Roy ran out into the street: that wor how. I wish as you ha'n't told me nothing about Jesus."

"I didn't mean no harm," answered the girl, "I only telled 'bout what I loved. But did you do nothing since? Why you should ha' done heaps and heaps—you should ha' gone to the perlice, and put the young 'un inter the 'Hue and Cry;' you should ha' done all that last night, Faith."

"I don't know woth'ever you mean," replied Faith; "how could we put our little Roy into a place when we don't know wherever he is? We don't want to put our little Roy anywhere, only jest to bring him home."

The ragged girl laughed. "Yer rare and innercent," she said; "I didn't mean no *place* by the 'Hue and Cry;' I meant a pape You should ha' said what kind o' looking chil he wor—what wor the colour of his h'eyes, an his 'air, and how big he wor, and wha clothes 'e 'ad h'on—all that 'ud be printe and pasted up for folks to read; not that th talk about the clothes 'ud do much good, f in course they'd be made away wid fir thing."

"His clothes 'ud be stole!" exclaime Faith. "No, I don't believe that; I don believe that any one 'ud be so *dreadful* wicke as to steal away little Roy's clothes."

"Then you don't believe as nobody ha stole *him* away. Why, Faith, in course ef h wor not picked up and carried off by som one he'd be brought back afore now by th perleece. Why in course he's stole."

"Oh!" exclaimed Faith. She gazed har at the girl by her side, every vestige of colou leaving her face, as the dreadful idea becam clear to her.

Presently a hand touched her rather softly

"Look here, I'm a-willin' to help ye, I am indeed; don't go on so, Faithy—don't now— my name's Meg, and I'll help ye."

"Oh, please, Meg," answered little Faith, putting her hand into the older girl's.

"It's a bargain, then," said Meg, squeezing the little hand very hard.

"I'll never, never go home again till I find Roy," said Faith solemnly.

"I call that plucky; and have ye any money?"

"No," answered Faith.

"That's rayther blue!" exclaimed Meg, indulging in a long whistle; "fur I h'an't none ne'ther; but never mind, we'll get along somehow. Now let's set down on the grass and make a plan."

They sat down.

"Well, it's right as you should know that little 'un ha' bin stole. Many and many a body as I could tell on, steals the well-dressed babies; they does it fur the clothes and the reward offered. My mother's done it."

"Oh, how dreadful wicked she must be!" said Faith. "I never thought as mothers wor like that; she must be most desp'rate wicked."

"Oh, no, she's not so werry; I ha' seen far worse nor mother."

"But to steal babies!" said Faith.

"Bless us, Faith, heaps and heaps on 'em does that. They most times gives the young 'uns back again. They jest watches for the 'Hue and Cry' and the rewards put up by the perlice stations, and then they brings 'em back, and purtends as they ha' found 'em. Mother tuk all back but one, he——"

"Yes," said Faith eagerly.

"Well," continued Meg, speaking with a slight shade of hesitation; "that 'ere little 'un—there worn't no reward offered. Mother waited and waited, and I coaxed her to take him back, but she got angered, and she wouldn't—she 'ud never—all I could do—take that 'ere little child back home again."

"Oh, Meg! and ha' she got him still?"

Meg indulged in a short, rather hard laugh. "Bless yer, Faithy, not a bit o' it; that 'ere little 'un tuk the fever and he died. I tuk on most bitter after he died, as I did care fur him; yer little Roy put me in mind o' his purty ways! but he's h'all right now, he's with Jesus now—it wor arter he died as I went to Sunday-school and larned 'bout Jesus."

"Do you think," asked Faith, "as Jesus wot loves the little children, 'ud help us to find our little Roy again?"

Meg looked very grave for half a minute, then she said, her face brightening, "That's good, Faithy; we'll jest tell him all about it."

Faith sprang to her feet, "Then let's go to Him at once," she said, "and find that wicked woman who has stole little Roy."

"But we can say it all here," said Meg. "I don't know woth'ever you mean by going to Him; we needn't stir a foot away from here, we can say it here."

"But Jesus ain't here," said Faith.

"Well, yes, He is, and He isn't; I don't know how it is—wot do you mean, Faith?"

"I mean," said Faith, "as I thought as Jesus lived somewhere, in London may be, and that we might go to Him and tell Him 'bout our little Roy. I wor told as He worn't dead—I mean that He did die, but He woke up again. Ef He's alive, why shouldn't He live in the place where the most babies ere, Meg?"

"Oh, dear!" answered Meg, "ain't you a queer 'un! You're a deal better dressed than me, and you're so clean that there ain't a speck nowhere, and you look as ef you allers had yer fill o' vickles. You han't never a rag nowhere, but fur h'all that I never did meet a more h'ignorant gal—where *was* yer riz, Faith?"

"I think 'tis 'cause my mother died," said Faith. "I know as I am very ignorant—I'm ever so sorry."

"Well, never mind," replied Meg, "'tis fun raythe teaching yer—only you won't mind ef I laugh now and then; why, Faith, Jesus is h'up in heaven now. He ha' most wonderful powers of hearing tho', and ef we speak in a whisper a'most down on earth He can tell wot we are a-saying. He ain't never a-living in London tho', but He's alive, and can hear what we say, fur h'all that."

"And will He help us?" asked Faith; "is He real sorry fur us, and will He help us?"

"Yes, He has a most desp'rate tender heart. I know as He will answer us, fur I told Him all about Charlie, and it wor arterwards as I larned wot a deal He ha' done fur him."

"What did He do, Meg?"

"Why, He tuk him out o' the arms o' death, and carried him straight away up to heaven. That's wot He does to all the dead babies, He takes 'em in His arms up to heaven. I know a hymn 'bout that, 'tis called, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' I'll sing it fur you another time."

"But I don't want Him to take Roy to heaven," said Faith; "I want my little Roy safe back again wid me. He wanted fur nothink when he wor with me. I don't wish him to be tuk so far away."

"Well, we'll ax that it may be so; let's kneel down now on the grass, and I'll say the words this 'ere time, and then you'll larn how He likes to be spoke to."

So the two knelt down, Faith in front of Meg, with her hand clasped in Meg's. Over the dirty thin face of the older girl there came a queer but expressive change. A look of hope and love and joy filled her dark eyes, as raising them to the blue sky overhead, she spoke.

"Jesus, one of the little children as you loves so well is lost. His name is Roy, he's about two year old, he's big fur that, Jesus, and he's werry, werry purty. He ha' yaller 'air, and blue h'eyes. I'm feared as some woman ha' stole him for the sake o' his clothes, and the reward offered fur him. Please, Jesus, don't let that 'ere woman be a bit happy wid little Roy. Make her real misribble till she takes him back again. We know that there ere many ways that you can love him. But, Faith here, she wants him back again, so please don't let him catch no fever, and don't take him to play wid Charlie, and the other babies yet awhile."

"That's all, Faith," said Meg, suddenly springing to her feet. "I think as Jesus knows werry well now wot we want, and you and me 'ull go and look fur little Roy, too, right away."

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. R. H. SMITH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus, when He left the sky." Lesson: Matthew iv. 1—11. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY tells us that he once saw two parent eagles teaching their young ones how to fly. They began by rising from the top of a mountain towards the sun, which was shining brightly, for it was about mid-day. They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them. The parents waited, hovering on their wings, till the scholars had made their first flight, and then they took a second and wider sweep, always rising toward the sun, and always enlarging the circle as they repeated the lessons. The young ones closely followed, apparently flying better as they mounted, and they continued this exercise, always getting higher and higher, till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to his aching sight. Moses seems to have seen the same vision, and possibly he saw it just before he was called to lead the Israelites out of Egypt, and, having seen it, he never forgot it, for he thus speaks in his last song: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him." The mother bird is here alluded to, and those who have watched her habits say, that when she thinks her children strong enough for flight she disturbs their nest to induce them to leave it; and if this method fails, that she spreads her wings, and, taking the young birds on them, soars aloft; and then, gliding quietly from beneath them, she leaves them for the moment to themselves. If they seem unable to fly, she darts beneath them, and, receiving them once more upon her wings, she prevents their fall, and brings them back again to the rocky ledge whereon the nest is built.

Now, if you saw an eagle breaking up her nest you would wonder what she was doing, and might think her to be not only careless but cruel; but, after watching her and finding it was intended to induce the young eagles to try to fly, you would say that instead of it being an unkind act, it was the best thing a mother could do for her children. She broke up her nest because she cared for the young eagles who were in it, and was anxious to train her children to do what she did, and that is, to soar to the very heavens with strong and unwearied wing.

You may learn from this act of the eagle and from a thousand other things that are t be seen around you in the world of nature the truth which is taught us in the Bible. Go wishes to educate us, and educate us to b like Him, so that we may be perfect even a He is perfect. Many of the circumstance of life look like the breaking up of th nest; and it would seem as if God did nc care; and so it is that this and that troubl comes upon us. Now, if you did not know the purpose of the eagle you would very fairl think that she was without feeling for he young; and so, if we were not told tha none of these things would harm us, we migh be afraid, and even think that God had for gotten to be gracious. But Jesus came to tell us that God is our Father, and by His loving sympathy to reveal the Father's hear to us, so that even if things seem to be going wrong we should not be troubled. And Jesus came to teach us that the Father intends His children to be righteous, and that He is training and educating them to do right. We are never to regard anything that happens to us as if it were meant merely to trouble us. Even the pains we suffer are not mere punishment. All suffering is a proof of God's mercy. For we read, "His mercy endureth for ever, for he rewardeth every man according to his works." I do not wonder that Moses never forgot what he saw the mother eagle do when she broke up her nest. And if you learn, which you may, and ought to do, this lesson about God, you also will never forget it.

But the eagle did something more than break up her nest. She fluttered over her young, spread her wings, took them and bore them on her wings. And so you will find not only that it is the purpose of God that we should do right, but that God is very anxious that we should do what we ought to do; for God loved the world, and so loved the world as to send His only begotten Son. The whole of the Bible is full of the feeling of God; and the fulness of the feeling of God about us is revealed in Christ. Looking at Christ and all his deep yearnings over us, is like looking at the eagle as she flutters over her young. The eagle not only intends to teach the young eagles to fly, but she intends to help them. And so we find we are not

left to try to do right of ourselves, or by ourselves. Instead of being thus left, our Saviour tells us that without Him we can do nothing, and that we were never intended to try to do anything without Him.

But while we have never to be disheartened at anything that may happen to us, and while we have to understand the will of God—that He intends to educate us—we have ourselves to exert all our powers. No one can teach you if you will not learn. Learning is difficult, even for little eagles, and because it is difficult some children never learn, because they will not take the trouble to learn. If a child finds that its father is going to teach it anything, it turns with great readiness to the lessons; and so we are addressed as children—"Work out your salvation, for it is God who worketh in you to will and to do of His good pleasure."

We may, indeed, sometimes faint and be weary in well-doing. It is very hard to cease to do evil and to learn to do well, for how strait is the gate and how narrow is the way that leadeth into life!

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "I love to hear the story." Lesson: John xiv. 1—10. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

"I will not leave you orphans." These are the words of our Saviour, and they sound as if they had fallen from His lips. We pity fatherless and motherless children, and, while we know there are those who are doing something more for them besides pitying them, yet we feel that orphans are greatly to be pitied. We meet little things in the street dressed all in black, and we guess at once what it means, and we cannot take our eyes off them, but turn our heads and watch them as they pass by, for the very sight of them makes our hearts yearn over them, and out of the abundance of our hearts we are ready to talk to them. And, perhaps, you live as I do, near one of the many orphan asylums, and watch the long troop as it files past your home, going for its daily walk, and this sets you thinking of their father's home and their mother's love, and how the old home is broken up, and the house-bond is loosed, and the mother is taken away. And you ask yourself what you would do if you had to make your own way in the world without a father's providence, and if you had to suffer and had to sin without the comfort of a mother's sympathy and the yearning of a mother's love. Well, although you may not know it, you have really begun to think of the world in which you live, of all the people in it, of me, and of yourself, as God thinks of the world and all of us; and your pity of orphans is like the pity of our Saviour, and it is this pity that He expresses in the text, as He says to all of us, "I will not leave you orphans."

Do not think that our Lord when He calls us orphans is merely using a figure, an illustration, He is speaking of a reality, a fact, and a fact which is very plain and very common, and a fact which is very sad; for the orphanhood of the world is an orphanhood of its own making. You have heard of children running away from home, like the prodigal son in the parable, or of children living in their father's home, like the prodigal's brother, without any of the feeling of children, and these are instances of an orphanhood that is worse than that of the orphans whose eyes fill with tears as they remember their parents, for this is the terrible orphanhood of the heart and of the soul.

God is our Father and the Father of all, of the whole world; and the world has forgotten the fatherhood of God, and that we all are His children. Men think and speak and feel and act as if they had been left orphans. This is the origin of selfishness. The world is selfish, and the sin of the world is selfishness. And the reason the world gives for its selfishness is the necessity for selfishness, for every one must look after themselves, seeing they have only themselves to depend upon.

Men have not forgotten God, but they have forgotten God is their Father. You know the Greek statues in the British Museum. Well, if you look into the faces of the gods of the Greeks, you will find the faces to be utterly without feeling, and this absence of feeling was intentional, for the Greeks believed that their gods did not care for them. And while we of course know better than to make gods of stone, you will find that the same kind of opinion prevails amongst us about God. Our God is great, our God is just, and our God is said to be good, but somehow or other we fear God rather than love Him. We are taught to regard Him as a Father, and taught to call Him "Father;" but it is one thing to regard God as a Father and to call upon Him as "Father," and quite another thing to *know* and to *feel* that He is our Father.

Now, but for Christ, we should never have known the Fatherhood of God, and but for Christ we should never have believed and felt ourselves to be His children. It was for this Christ came, it was for this God sent Him as His Son, that we might not be left in the orphanhood of heart and soul, which is

at once our sin, our misery, and our death. For, just as parents say of those children who have run away from home, or who are living at home without caring for them, "They are as if they were dead," so God speaks of us and He sends His Son to warm our hearts into life again, so that we may be alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

And Christ coming to us, we do not find this world is the God-forsaken place it is said to be—a wilderness of selfishness where we have to do this one thing needful, to look out for ourselves and to make our own way—but through looking at the world as Christ has shown it to us, and living in it knowing that He is with us, the world becomes to us none other but the house of God and the very gate of heaven. It is the Father's house, where the Father is present, and where we are all at school together, being educated and trained for the other and better and the heavenly home.

We are not left orphans without any one to shelter us from harm. Trusting to Christ, trusting to God, our hearts need not be troubled. Our destiny is in a Father's keeping, and our times are in His hands. He has His plan and His purpose, which He will accomplish according to His will, and will secure in His own way. Who is he that will harm us, for we are watched over and guided? There is no chance, and there can be no mischance. There is nothing accidental or uncertain. We look around us and we see all things under law. We read the Scriptures and we find there a revelation of the will of God to man. We look into our heart as it has been filled through Christ with all the fulness of God, and we say as children, as children happy in their Father's presence, "We are persuaded that nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

We are not left orphans, to sin and to suffer, and to sin and to suffer alone. Having lived without the feeling of the fatherhood of God, Jesus knows our danger and our need, and He tells us He will never leave us, never forsake us. Without Him we could not live as the children of God, but we are not intended to live without Him; and with Him it is quite possible to cease to do evil and to learn to do well, and to find great joy in all the work and trouble it may bring.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "When His salvation bringing." Lesson: Luke ix. 28—42. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

You will most of you, I dare say, have seen Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration of our Lord, when Jesus was on the mountain top and His face and raiment shone like the sun. I do not of course mean the painted picture, for that is at Rome. If you have forgotten it, or not noticed it, you are almost sure to find a print or photograph of it in one of your father's books, and I should like you to look at it to-night, for I want to talk to you about the boy, who is stretching out his arms and his fingers at their full length. He looks, not as if he were half-mad, but as if he were more than mad. His very hair seems to be rolling in agony, and he is twisting his writhing limbs and knotted muscles, and struggling in the arms of his wretched father. The father is a picture of despair. You can see that neither of the women about him is the boy's mother. She must have been dead, or she would have been sure to have been there and would most likely have herself been trying to hold him. The father looks as if he had had to be a mother as well as a father. His wan, woe-worn face tells you that he has had to bear his burden alone, and it has been a heavy burden, for the child has been afflicted from a babe, and there have been no other children to help and comfort him, for this poor afflicted boy is his only child.

Now you may have seen this picture, and noticed this boy, before to-night; or some brother or sister in your own home may have been ill, very ill, nigh unto death; or you may have watched some child on crutches, as it swung itself along in the streets; or you may have been inside one of the many children's hospitals. For these little sufferers are to be found in other places besides pictures. And you, and other children, will have asked yourselves, "Can nothing be done for them?" Well, it is because something can be done, that I want to talk to you. Some people may say that it is better not to talk to children about such things, and it is better for children not to see such cases. There are, however, some children who do think of other children besides themselves; and there is the New Testament, and other places, where children are sure to see other children, like this boy. Besides, boys and girls will be some day men and women, and they may one day be glad that they learnt, when they were children, that Jesus is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him.

The father of this boy felt that something might be done for him, and so he brought him to Jesus. And not finding Jesus, he took him to the disciples. And the disciples

tried to cure him, for they had received power out of Christ to cure all manner of diseases, when He had sent them to preach that there was the good news of help for the sick and the sinful. But though the disciples had cured others, and tried to cure this boy, they were not able to do so.

And now, as you look at the picture, you will see its meaning. There are two pictures, two pictures in one. And some clever men who have only seen the two pictures, and not their meaning, have said that the picture ought to be cut in half. Well, this would not only spoil the picture, but it would destroy its teaching. For the picture was painted to show that poor children were not left to suffering; that we were not left to bring our children to men who could do nothing for them, for we may find that God is not very far from any one of us. Jesus is none other than the Son of God, and in this picture of His Transfiguration, we have a picture of His glory, and a picture of the gospel that God is with us in deed and in truth.

The father of the boy, disappointed with the failure of the disciples, waits on for the return of Christ from the Mount. And when Jesus appears again, he brings the child to Jesus, and he brings him as if he feared that the case was so desperate, that even Jesus would not be able to do anything. He begins to tell a long tale of woe. He had often talked about the boy to others, and he talks to Jesus much in the same way. No one had been able to do anything, and he talks to Jesus who had all power committed to Him, and asks Him if it were possible for Him to help him. The man was in despair, and hence he speaks in a despairing tone. He had been disappointed in the disciples, and had been disappointed often before. No one had been able to help him, and no one seemed as if they could do anything, and he could not help himself. The case was hopeless. Nothing could be done.

Jesus, in his answer to the father, acknowledges the difficulty of the case, but he does not admit its hopelessness. Something can be done. There is some one who can do something. And this person who can help, is no other than the father himself. The father can *believe*, and everything is possible to him that believeth. "If I can help you?" says Christ; "no! it is rather if you can help me. If thou canst believe?" And the poor man saw the great light, shining in the great darkness, and he cried out, and said, "I believe; help thou mine unbelief." And the child was cured from that very hour.

We are not living in a God-forgotten and God-forsaken world. There is always something to be done for poor suffering children, and poor suffering women and men. And it is a good thing that children as they come into this world should know the kind of world they have come into. Children may be afflicted themselves, in mind or body, or estate, and children may see other children suffering, but children may and should know that God has loved the world, and shows His love by sending His Son into it. No case is desperate. No one need despair. God has done all things He could do for us. Christ has done all things He could do for us. And now He "waiteth to be gracious." It is not what God can do, or what Christ can do, that we are to think about, but what *we will* do. Let us come to Christ, then, and pray to attain the prayer of faith, for that is the way to strength, and we can do all things through Christ who strengthens us.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "If Jesus Christ was sent." Lesson: Luke viii. 1—15. Concluding Hymn: "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

All the people in the time of our Lord wore cloaks; so every one would understand Him when He said, "There is no cloak for sin." Cloaks were outside garments, worn out-of-doors, and not cut into any shape, as our clothes are, but were just long pieces of cloth, used to cover the whole body from the head to the feet. And so you can see what our Lord meant. People could hide themselves, even to their faces, underneath their cloaks;—but, there was no cloak for sin. Sin cannot be hidden by any one, or by anything.

Why should people try to hide their sin? It is certain that all do so; and if every one does the same thing, there must be a reason for their conduct. Well, the reason is, they all feel that they have done wrong, that they have done what they ought not to do. For God has put within us a conscience, and that tells us we have broken His law. And having sinned we are tempted to excuse and hide our wrong-doing; and if we give way to this temptation, we become the servants, the slaves, of sin, and that is one of the penalties we have to pay for doing wrong.

So we try to hide our sins from ourselves; for we cannot bear, when we begin to sin, to think of ourselves as sinners. We must seem to be right in our own eyes, for we *must* be on something like good terms with ourselves. And so we deceive ourselves, by excusing and covering our sin with a cloak.

We will not think that we are selfish when we have refused to do some service to others, which would have cost us some self-denial; for selfishness is a hard word. So those who take things that do not belong to them do not look upon themselves as thieves, for if they did they would lose their self-respect. This happens at the beginning. If you go on doing selfish things, you will presently not care about thinking yourself selfish; just as a person who goes on stealing does not mind the knowledge he has that he is a thief.

And hiding our sin from ourselves, we must hide it also from others. Not from all; for there are persons who do not know us, or there are persons who do not live with us, and we do not care, therefore, what they think of us. But we value the esteem of a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, and so if we do wrong, we must wear a cloak, at least in-doors. We can no longer be open, and candid, and free-spoken, for we have got a secret which we are trying to hide. And this you will find to be hard work, and you will be inclined at times to give it all up, and make a clean breast, by telling your mother what you have done, as she kisses you.

And all the common excuses with which we attempt to cloak our sins are just the same as have been in use from the beginning. No one can find a fresh excuse. The cloaks are second-hand; they are old cloaks which have been worn by others. For instance, there is the excuse, "I didn't know." We say that we did not know that we ought to have done something, or that we ought not to have done it. Children disobey, and a child will say it did not know that it was doing wrong. He might have known, if he had thought, but he did not choose to think. So people take odds and ends, and if they are detected, they say that they did not know the things were of any value. We have always to think about what we are doing; but thinking is troublesome, and those who intend to do wrong say to themselves that they may know too much.

And then there is the false plea, "I could not help it." "We could not do the right thing." "We could not help doing wrong." If we are sinning in secret, we lay the blame upon circumstances, and try to persuade ourselves we were forced by them. So the rich man pleads his riches. The poor man pleads his poverty. The young man pleads his youth. Or we say we had no time; or we say anything, for anything will serve as an excuse to those who do not wish to cease to do evil, and to learn to do well.

And then there is another plea, "Well, other people do it," or "Nobody else does it." So children at school, who have broken a law, will point to other children who have been their companions in transgression. And children at home will quote the example of a brother or a sister, as if a wrong thing becomes right if it is only done by a number.

But sin cannot be covered, for there is no cloak for sin. Sin is sure to be found out—to be found out by ourselves, for we have a conscience. We are so made that if we have sinned we not only *may*, but *must*, find ourselves out. We may for a time choose not to think, or see, or feel, and then we can wear our cloak by day and sleep in it at night; but there will come a time when our thoughts will trouble us, when we shall see what we have done, and when we shall find no peace or rest because of our sin, and because of our conviction of sin.

And we are watched. We all live in the midst of an observing and suspicious world. Your father and mother may say nothing to you; but they are watching you, and presently they will talk to you of something you thought to be quite a secret. So the boy is found out at school, and the young man is discovered in the shop. If we sin somebody is sure to have their suspicions aroused about us. And some, who will never tell us, will find us out, for they have watched us, and learnt what we are and what we have done. Few love us as a mother or a father does, well enough to talk to us kindly and faithfully about our sin.

But sin need not be covered, because it may be forgiven. We have all sinned, and are all tempted to cloak our sin; and God knows what we have done, and what we are doing. And He has sent His Son to put away our sin, and to put away first of all the temptation to deny or excuse our sin. God does not upbraid us, for that would only make us worse, and hinder His purpose. He freely forgives, and this mercy will alone lead us to repentance. And so He gave His Son to die for our sins; and if we confess our sins, and believe in this mercy of our Father, and give up ourselves to Jesus as our Saviour, then we shall find that the power sin has had over us is being also put away. We shall no longer be the servants and slaves of sin, deceiving ourselves and trying to deceive others, for God will work in us through Christ to will and to do His will, and we shall become holy, as God our Father in heaven is holy.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

CHRISTIANS AND PUBLIC-HOUSES.

CANON BASIL WILBERFORCE, in a letter of vehement appeal to the Primate, has raised a question which affects very many besides those immediately involved. It has for long been notorious that the clergy, through the Ecclesiastical Commission, are the involuntary owners of an enormous amount of public-house property, often in districts where the facilities for obtaining drink are avowedly excessive. In London and elsewhere a large portion of the revenue both of bishops and incumbents is derived from leases of such houses on Church land. The statistics which Mr. William Gilbert and other writers have published are as yet unverified, and so easily lend themselves to unfair conclusions that quotation would be unwise. But the Primate, though he pleads "no knowledge of the facts," evidently feels that the allegation contains a large amount of truth, and promises to draw the attention of the Commission to the subject. To total abstainers such a connection with the liquor traffic must appear as a grievous scandal, and those also who prefer temperance rather than abstinence must feel that the connection is discreditable and should be severed. And how must it appear even to the wretched frequenters of these drinking shops themselves? But this is no mere clerical question. For all Christians who own property the same problem presents itself, and demands solution. Canon Wilberforce's remedy is most stringent. He will have no drinkshop of any kind upon his glebe, and invariably "refuses to sign any lease, whether approved by the Commissioners or not, without a rigorous clause excluding the sale of alcoholic drinks;" and he adds, what may be an incentive to some to follow his example, that "this action, so far from depreciating the value of the house property on the land, has rather enhanced it." This subject is pressing itself on the Christian thought and feeling of the country in a manner which is full of hope.

HOME HOSPITALS.

Not long ago a Cambridge undergraduate on a voyage to South America received an injury which required careful nursing and perfect quiet for a short time. On his arrival at Buenos Ayres, he saw that the hotel was noisy and comfortless; and he had no friends in the town to receive him into a home. So, after an interview with the Consul, he came to an arrangement with the hospital authorities, and for a fair remuneration secured a private room, food, and attendance, and spent three or four weeks in hospital with perfect comfort and complete success. The case is one which, in some form or other, meets us every week at home. People living in chambers or solitary lodgings fall ill, and attendance is impossible or inadequate. In other instances, domestic conditions or the turmoil of the surrounding streets make sickness doubly dangerous. Often skilled service and prompt medical attention in sudden emergencies are essential; necessities which under ordinary conditions it is difficult to meet. The public hospitals give no relief. Their system and organization, not to mention other reasons, render them ill-suited for private patients who need privacy above all things and can afford to pay for it. It was to meet such cases that the Association to promote "home hospitals for paying patients" was formed in 1877; and within its limited range of operations it has attained unequivocal success. A house was opened in Fitzroy Square for the accommodation of patients, uniting the conveniences of a hospital with the privacy of a house. A lady superintendent presides over the nursing staff; the inmates have private rooms, and the best medical attendance; and the arrangements enable a relative or friend to live with them during their stay in the hospital at a moderate expense. Financially the institution is sound: for during last year, after defraying all expenses, the profits paid 3 per cent. on the capital invested. The demand for accommodation was even more significant, for during the year 122 patients were received, and 330 applications—nearly 20 every month—were refused through want of room; the patients, moreover, belonged to the very classes for whose benefit the institution was founded. It is now proposed to extend the work, and a sum of £5,000 is being raised to purchase and fit up the house next to the present hospital. In this new building the scale of payments will be lower, thus extending the benefits conferred by the scheme, which will also be made still more efficient by the appointment of a resident medical officer.

THE PROTECTION OF YOUNG GIRLS.

The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the immoral treatment and practices of young girls must draw Christian thought more largely than it has yet been given to this most distressing question. It is impossible to walk through the streets of our large towns without finding unmistakeable evidence that vice is settling down upon the young, claiming them for its own, and that "the degradation of women is rapidly becoming the degradation of children." This terrible blot upon national morality is not one to be covered over and passed by: it "will out"; to ignore it is suicide. At present English law as it relates to the protection of girls is grossly inefficient. Abroad, girls are protected by law up to the age of twenty-one, while among us they virtually get no protection at all. It is imperative that the recommendations of the Lords' Committee should be adopted and enforced, in some cases with increased stringency. Sixteen certainly is not the age at which legal protection should cease, for good authorities tell us that it is the "most dangerous age" of all, and that a girl then "has less moral responsibility than at any other time." Un-

lawful abduction should be made a criminal offence up to the age of twenty-one; and it is still more essential to extend and enforce the existing Act which empowers magistrates to remove children from scandalous houses or from the company of dissolute women, and to commit them to an industrial school. Of these schools there are, unhappily, far too few; and though even more essential for girls than for boys, in England, out of a total of fifteen thousand they contain only three thousand girls. In many towns where such schools exist, there is no provision for girls at all; and it is in Ireland only that the balance is at all redressed, where girls outnumber the boys by three to two. It is a melancholy fact, in face of this deficiency, to remember, as Miss Ellice Hopkins points out, that in London alone there are 80,000 women sunk deep in vice. Had law protected them when young weak girls, as it is now proposed to protect their class, these figures could not have been so frightfully large. The Churches throughout the land should seek the first opportunity to give support to the recommendations of this Report. Save the children, and you save the future: the present almost seems past human redemption.

MINISTERS' HOLIDAYS.

During the last few weeks a company of working people from America has been visiting England at the expense of the firm by which its members are employed. They came partly to gain acquaintance with European ways and customs, but mainly for rest and holiday. This wise example might well be followed, not only by English manufacturers, but by English congregations. For many of those who serve in the sanctuary, holidays are but a name. A poor man, even if he gets away from his charge for a week or two, has to eke out his scanty means by undertaking Sunday duty, and the seventh day undoes the good of the other six; for whatever inexperience may think, it is impossible for a man with his heart in the work to preach even an old sermon like a machine, and without expending moral and physical energy. With a popular preacher the case is almost worse. The strain and excitement of his life make rest specially necessary for him, but only in remote haunts can he be secure against importunity, while the real disappointment caused by a refusal increases the reluctance to deny what seems so little yet costs so much. But in this case the responsibility lies entirely with the sufferer; in the other it rests with the congregations, which might secure a holiday for their ministers at an inconsiderable sacrifice. Some members have a country house during the summer months, and by dedicating a room to true hospitality could free their guest from all expense and anxiety. Where none can be found with these special facilities, a slight effort of generosity would be enough to restore vigour and health, with the stipulation—only too readily accepted—that the holiday shall be a real one, and free from all work. We all complain of the dulness of sermons, and forget that a monotonous life must develop monotony of thought and narrowness of interest. A few weeks of seclusion in the Alps, or a visit to Rome, or a longer period spent among the scenes of sacred history, would send back to us new men with fresh life.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

COREA.

The almost unknown kingdom of Corea is about to open its ports to foreign powers. Hitherto it may be said not to have come in contact with European civilisation at all, for invading visitors have been massacred or repelled; nor have the punitive expeditions of France and America effected any permanent settlement. The only European element in the country consists of a few French missionaries, who, in spite of peril and hostility, have remained at work among a population roughly estimated at ten millions. But only lately has the fear of Russian aggression on the coast of the Pacific led China to persuade Corea, its nominal vassal and dependant, to secure its position by admitting the intercourse of other powers; and now, for the first time, will the little kingdom encounter the tide of fresh life which flows from the nations of the West. A few Japanese are already established in the south-eastern corner of the peninsula, who are said to have excited the bitterest hatred of the natives. America by a recent treaty will soon have access to the new territory, and England will not be slow in following. Alas, that then side by side will go the blessings of the Gospel of Christ and the curses which seem to belong to our trade and our boasted civilisation. We open the land, as Christ opened an ear, with a sigh.

WAGNER'S PARSIFAL.

To a reverent spirit the dramatic opera which has been recently produced at Bayreuth before assemblies of Wagnerian devotees is repugnant in the highest degree. The subject of the drama indeed is not morally repulsive, like some which the great musician has treated elsewhere, but it is impossible to view without disgust the representation on the stage of the highest mysteries of Christian faith. One of the most powerful scenes in the play, the Feast of the Holy Grail, is in reality nothing more or less than a parody of the Sacramental Communion. For the hour indeed solemn music and gorgeous colour may excite emotion which counterfeits devotion, but in the long run such a mockery of holy rites must be fatal to a true reverence. That which Paul "received of the Lord" and "gave unto" us is not a matter for art or aestheticism. The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play itself is less pernicious than a work of this kind. There the drama is represented by simple peasants as a religious service, apart from all the doubtful associations of the modern stage, and good taste has prevented any repetition of the play under other circumstances. At Bayreuth, and still more elsewhere, if the composer's present intention changes or is set aside, such conditions cannot be satisfied. No real good can be effected, it is to be feared, by this bold attempt

to "combine religion and the theatre," nor will drama of this order supply religious principle and motive "to those who do not go to church."

THE DESTRUCTION OF IOWA COLLEGE.

In a terrible cyclone which devastated the State of Iowa in the middle of June, the college, which under the presidency of Dr. Magoun has rendered substantial service to American education, was totally destroyed. Substantial buildings of brick and stone went down before the tempest in a few minutes, wrecking all the apparatus and furniture which they contained. The college was rich in benefactions. David Livingstone had contributed to its museums. Men of wealth in America and in England had helped to perfect its outfit; and of the four thousand students who have passed through the institution during the last five-and-thirty years, many had given substantial tokens of gratitude to their old college. Now the place is a complete ruin.

"Everything has disappeared. Much was borne away on the wings of the tornado to incredible distances; much absolutely pulverised on the instant. Three articles are all I have been able to find unharmed; the chapel bell, an old piano past service, and a marble slab, bearing the names of eleven students who perished on the battle-fields and in the prisons of the Slaveholders' Rebellion. All else is a heap of brick, stone, and mortar *débris*, with parts of the walls of the larger building standing, broken and black with smoke, and a few library volumes, torn, stained, and out of shape for the most part."

To rebuild the college will be a work of time and trouble, but the work has already been entered upon with bright hope and bold confidence. English sympathy and aid are sure to be forthcoming in so severe a calamity, and before long we trust the college and its students, who escaped miraculously without the loss of a single life, will regain the prosperity of the past.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

CHRISTIAN FAKIRS IN INDIA.

A few months ago an account was given in our "Survey" of a Christian "Mela," an institution partly secular, partly sacred; in fact, a religious fair. More recently attention has been drawn to certain fakirs who have become Christian, and who seem likely to prove an efficient means of spreading the gospel among their countrymen. They are ascetics in dress and in diet; well known among the various sects of heathendom, and held in superstitious veneration. As evangelists, they have also the great advantage that they do not require and are known not to receive foreign support in their work; and in this way they exert a power over the native mind such as no European can hope to attain. One of them is thus described:—

"He wore a black coarse blanket, not unlike a garment of camel's hair, and was usually called John the Baptist. He travelled extensively in the distant villages, and many heard the glad tidings of a Saviour's love from his lips. He depended entirely on the people for his food, literally carrying out the injunction of Christ to His disciples, to carry neither purse nor scrip, nor two garments; and the people readily supplied him with all his wants."

Thus native customs afford some vantage ground for Christian preaching. Here is the experience of one of these native evangelists.

"The self-denial of Jesus has to face the asceticism of Siva and Krishnu. The ascetics of India are captain-generals of Hindooism. Christian evangelists ought to go, like them, without purse, from province to province, and proclaim Jesus and Him crucified. The same Hindoos who honour and feed Mohammedan fakirs will honour and feed the evangelists. I adopted this mode of preaching more than two years ago. Though strongly persuaded by my wife to give it up, I still held fast to it. In the district of Bhagulpur a Kabīrpanthī took care of me. When I entered into his house I said, 'Peace be to this house.' The man treated me with veneration as long as I remained with him. It was the Spirit of our Lord which produced such sympathy in him. I often heard him say, 'Whoever offends God-fearing men will bring a curse upon himself.' While I was thus preaching from place to place, the Lord fed and clothed me by those to whom I preached. The people listened with such interest that love was produced, and they took me to their homes. One day, when I was starving, a Brahman came to see me in the evening. After a short conversation, he asked me whether I had eaten anything that day. I told him 'No.' He instantly left me, saying, 'God will surely curse the place if one of His servants starves.' At the end of a full hour he brought me what the rich and respectable Hindoos eat, and asked forgiveness for not taking notice of me before."

In employing methods of this kind care is necessary to keep them from becoming masters instead of servants and instruments. The apostle's ruling passion must create and be alive through all, to be all things to all men, "if by any means they may save some."

THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

This Mission, founded in response to Livingstone's appeal, has just attained its majority, and during the twenty-one years of its existence it has done noble and enduring work. From year to year its power has developed, and at present in its various stations it has thirty-four European and twenty-six native workers, while its income, after deducting the expenses of collection, amounts to £11,000. The Annual Report recently published contains a most interesting account of the society's operations both at Zanzibar, its headquarters, and on the mainland. The new church which now stands in the old Slave Market, fitted with its beautiful organ, is an abiding memorial that an accursed traffic is now forbidden by law. But law, unfortunately, is not omnipotent, and the ships of the English government are actively engaged in suppressing the illicit trade, more than one hundred and fifty slaves having been handed over during last year by the Consul to the Mission authorities. It is, to say the least, an anomaly that while we are spending more than £250,000 a year in defraying the naval expenses of suppressing the traffic on this one coast, not one penny should go toward caring for the prisoners whom we release, though £5 a head is paid to the sailors for every capture. The entire work falls upon

the Mission, which keeps homes and nurseries in Zanzibar for the aged and children, and sends the strong and young up to stations organized inland for this special purpose; and while it would be difficult for Government to vote money to a private society not under its control, or to undertake the work itself with any efficiency, there is much justice in the plea advanced on behalf of the Mission.

"For children, infirm, sick, whatever they be, [Government finds] no schools, no refuge, no hospital, and were it not for the Missionary Societies, these released slaves would, at best, be deported to the Mauritius, Natal, or the Cape, to a climate far colder than their own, and apprenticed for a term of years to colonists who would make them work much harder than they ever would have worked for an Arab master. Surely this is the strangest possible way of giving a man his liberty, and no wonder the Arabs disbelieve our talk about philanthropy. Meanwhile it is the Universities' Mission which tends, cares for, educates, and in many instances takes back and settles down as freed men in their own country, all the released slaves it can receive. There can be no permanent stoppage of the slave trade till it is cut off at the roots by the establishment of many more stations such as Masasi on the mainland, and the natives themselves, as they gather round these cities of refuge, learn first the folly of deporting their breadwinners, and then the sin of selling their brethren into slavery; and it is hard that funds which the Missionary Societies would fain spend in forming these stations should be expended in doing the work for which it is properly the duty of the British Government to provide, the moment it accepted the duty of liberating slaves at all."

To many who are not acquainted with the system on which the Mission is worked, it will be interesting to know that its agents receive no salaries, but only a small allowance for special private needs, living together in a joint home and at a common table.

"It was not intended chiefly to save money, though no doubt it does so, but in the first place to raise the tone and position of the missionaries themselves. There is a universally acknowledged distinction between a man engaged at a salary to do a work, and a volunteer whose expenses only are paid. In point of fact we do find that inferior men rebel against our system and hanker after something they can call their own. It was never supposed that our missionaries could live without food or clothing, but the important part is that all should fare alike, that we should not have a rich man keeping a sumptuous table and a poor man keeping a very mean one, one man saving money and another running into debt. We endeavour to make all feel as brethren, and therefore do not allow any of our members to make private arrangements for themselves either with a view to what is called better fare, or in order to make savings for some purpose of his own. We flatter ourselves that we have hit upon almost the only plan on which rich and poor can work well together. The bishop, the archdeacons, the richest man and woman amongst us, eat all at the same table and lodge in rooms furnished on the same scale with the poorest. Everything like distance and separation is carefully avoided with our black as well as with our white fellow-workers. The community of feeling thus engendered is the greatest safeguard we can have against selfishness and private ends. We live as brethren and sisters, and those who will not are soon discovered, and seldom desire to stay."

One great loss the society has sustained in the recent death of the Rev. C. A. Janson, a man of beautiful and Christ-like spirit; as "calm and peaceful" as his friend and companion, Mr. Johnson, is "active and fiery." From the united work of the two great results were expected, for both were men of singular ability and earnestness. To Mr. Janson the station at Masasi owes everything, and those who best knew him and his work tell us that "he hallowed all that he undertook, and every place that he dwelt in."

IV.—MEMORIAL RECORD.

ALEXANDER HALDANE.

Mr. Haldane belonged in large measure to a past generation, and so his name is less familiar now than twenty years ago when Palmerston was in power and the Evangelical party in the Church of England reigned supreme. But during a life prolonged through more than fourscore years, a remarkable energy and vigour of spirit always bound him closely to the present, and to the last he maintained a keen interest in current events, and the power to weigh and criticize their significance. Mr. Haldane's father, a renowned preacher of the gospel, illustrious also by his son's memoir, came of Scotch descent; and at Edinburgh, in the summer of 1800, Alexander Haldane was born. After winning distinction at school and college, he devoted himself to the profession of the law, practising in London as a conveyancer. But though a sound and successful lawyer, it is in connection with religious and philanthropic work that he was most eminent. In the history of religious journalism his position is without parallel, for though Mr. Haldane was never editor of the *Record*, yet he was mainly instrumental in securing the first success of the paper, and largely controlled its subsequent policy. He joined its staff in 1828 at a most critical moment, when failure seemed inevitable; threw all his energy into the work, to which he brought a singular breadth of literary skill and interest, carried on the struggle with unwearied vigour, and with a success exceeding even the hopes of the promoters. His special function was to represent the committee of proprietors, but he contributed very largely even in his last years to the leading columns of the paper. In all the ecclesiastical conflicts, therefore, of the last half-century, he occupied a conspicuous place. Yet though an ardent controversialist, he always kept a tender heart and generous sympathies, which endeared him to his opponents. In business he was sensible, straightforward, and practical; in his religious life without cant or formalism. He was ever active in the cause of others, eager to forward their interest, and careless of personal sacrifice and inconvenience. In the luxurious selfishness and cowardice of the world Alexander Haldane was a noble figure, till death removed him when he had "crowned by a grand old age a long life spent in the advancement of our Lord's kingdom and in the pursuit of temporal and eternal good for men."

" When lo, that sable sky was swiftly cleft
By one pure shaft of light ! "

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WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.—AMY AND CORNEY.

THE Frankses remained at rest until the funeral was over, and then Hester would have father and sons go out to follow their calling, while the mother and she did what could be done for the ailing baby, who could not linger long behind Moxy.

Hester had a little money of her own—not much, but enough to restore to decency, with the help of the wife's fingers, the wardrobe of the family. For the present she would not let them leave the house; she must have them in better condition first, and with a little money in their pockets of their own earning. And the very first day, though they went out with heavy hearts, and could hardly have played with much spirit, they brought home more money than any day for weeks before. And Franks as he walked home weary, took some comfort that his Moxy was not with him to trouble his mother with his white face and drawn look.

The same day lord Gartley called, but was informed by Sarah, who opened the door but a chink, that the small-pox was in the house, and that she could admit no one but the doctor. To his exclamation she made answer that her young mistress was perfectly well, but could and would see nobody—was in attendance upon the sick. So his lordship was compelled to go without seeing her, not without a haunting doubt that he was being played upon, and she did not want to see him.

As had happened more than once before, soon after he was gone the major made his appearance. To him Sarah gave the same answer, adding by her mistress's direction, that in the meantime there was no occasion to prosecute inquiry about Mr. Cornelius, for it was all—as Sarah put it—explained, and her mistress would write to him.

But what was Hester to tell her father and mother? Until she knew with certainty the fact of her marriage, she shrunk from mentioning Amy; and at present it was impossible to find out anything from Cornelius. She merely wrote, therefore, that she had found him, but very ill; that she would take the best care of him she could, and as soon as he was able to be moved, bring him home to be nursed by his mother.

The great room was for the meantime given over to the Frankses. The wife kept everything tidy, and they managed things their own way. Hester made inquiry now and then, to be sure they were having everything they wanted, but left them to provide for themselves.

She did her best to help Amy without letting her brother suspect her presence, and by degrees she got the room more comfortable for them. Corney had indeed taken a good many things from the house to make habitable the waste expanse, but had been careful not to take anything Sarah would miss.

He was covered with the terrible eruption, and if he survived, which again and again seemed doubtful, would probably be much changed, for Amy could not keep his hands from his face: in trifles the lack of self-restraint is manifested, and its consequences are sometimes grievous.

Hitherto Hester had not let her parents quite know how ill he was—for what may seem a far-fetched reason—not to save them from anxiety, but to save her mother from hearing his father say the best thing he could do would be to die. Nor was she mistaken: many a time had her father said so to himself. It was simply impossible, he said, that he should ever again speak to him, or in any way treat him as a son. He had by his vile conduct ceased to be a son, and he was nowise bound to do anything more for him; though, from mere compassion, he would keep him from starving till he got some employment to which no character was necessary.

He began at last to recover, but it was long before he could be treated otherwise than as a child—so feeble was he, and so unreasonable. The first time he saw and knew Hester, he closed his eyes and turned away his head as if he would have no more of that apparition. She retired; but, watching, presently saw him, in his own sly way, looking through half closed lids to know whether she was gone. When he saw Amy where Hester had stood, his face beamed up. "Amy!" he said, "come here;" and when she went, he took her hand and laid it on his cheek, little knowing what a disfigured cheek it was.

"Thank God!" said Hester to herself: she had never seen him look so sweet or loving or lovable, despite the disfigurement.

She took care not to show herself again till he should be a little accustomed to the idea of her presence.

The more she saw of Amy the better she liked her. She treated her patient with so much good sense, showed such a readiness to subordinate her ignorance to the wisdom of others, and such a careful obedience to the directions of the doctor, that she rose every day in Hester's opinion, as well as found a yet deeper place in her heart.

His lordship wrote, making an apology for anything he had said, from anxiety about one whom he loved to distraction, in which he might have presumed on the closeness of their relation to each other. He would gladly talk the whole matter over with her as soon as she gave him leave. For his part he had not a moment's doubt that her good sense, relieved from the immediate pressure of her feelings, which were in themselves but too divine for the needs of this world, would convince her of the reasonableness of all he had sought to urge upon her. As soon as she was able, and judged it safe to admit a visitor, his aunt would be happy to call upon her. For the present, as he knew she would not admit him, he would content himself with frequent and most anxious inquiries after her, reserving argument and expostulation for a happier, and, he hoped, not very distant time.

Hester smiled a curious smile at the prospect of a call from Miss Vavasor: was she actually going to plead her nephew's cause?

As her brother grew better, and things became easier, the thought of lord Gartley came oftener, with something of the old feeling for the man himself, but mingled with sadness and a strange pity. She would never have been able to do anything for him! It had been in her spiritual presumption to think she could save him by the preciousness of her self-gift to him and the strength of her power over him!

If God cannot save a man by all his good gifts, not even by the gift of a woman offered to his higher nature, but by that refused, the woman's giving of herself a slave to his lower nature can only make him the more unredeemable; while the withholding of herself *may* do something—may at least, as the years go on, wake in him some sense of what a fool he has been. The man who would go to the dogs for lack of the woman he fancies, will go to the dogs when he has her—may possibly drag her to the dogs with him.

Hester began to see something of this. She recalled how she had never once gained from him a satisfactory reply to anything she said worth saying; she had in her foolishness supplied from her own imagination the defective echoes of his response! Love had made her apt and able to do this; but now that she had yielded entrance to doubt, she saw many things otherwise than before. She loved the man enough to die for him: she would not have one moment hesitated about that; but it was quite another thing to marry him! It was her brother now she had to save! His dear, good little wife was doing all she could for him, but it would take sister and mother and all to save him! She could not do so much for him as Amy now, but by and by there would be his father to mediate with: to that she would give her energy!

But his poor mother! would she recognize him—so terribly scarred and changed? He might in time, being young, grow more like himself, but now he was not pleasant to look upon. Some men are as vain as any women, and Corney was one of those some. While pretending to despise the kindest word concerning his good looks, he had taken the greatest pleasure in them; and the first time he saw himself in a mirror, the look of dismay, of despairing horror that came over his face was as pitiful as it was ludicrous. He had been accustomed to regard himself as one superior on most grounds, on that of good looks in particular, to any one he knew—and now! He could not but admit that he was nothing less than unpleasant to behold—must be so even to those who loved him! It was a pain that in itself could do little to cast out the evil spirit that possessed him, but it was something that that evil spirit, while it remained in him, should be deprived of one source of its nourishment. It was a good thing that from any cause the transgressor should find his ways hard. He dashed the glass from him, and burst into tears which he did not even try to conceal.

It was notable that from that time he was more dejected, and less peevish; and this latter might not be only from returning health, for he had always been more or less peevish at home, where he never thought of cultivating the same conception or idea of himself as before the eyes of the world. Much of supposed goodness is merely a looking of the thing men would like to be considered—originating doubtless sometimes in an admiration of, perhaps in a vague wish to be that thing, but unaccompanied by desire or strength enough to rouse the smallest endeavour after being it. Still Hester found it difficult to bear with his

remaining peevishness and bad temper, knowing what he had made of himself, and that he knew she must know it; but at such hard moments she had the good sense to leave him to the soothing ministrations of his wife. Amy never set herself against him; first of all she would show him that she understood what was troubling him; then would say something sympathetic, or petting, or coaxing, and always had her way with him. She had the great advantage that not yet had he once quarrelled with her. That gave a ground of hope for her influence with him that his sister had long lost. God had made Amy so that she had less trouble from selfishness than all but a few people. Hester, more than Amy, felt her own rights, and was ready to be indignant. She would have far more trouble than Amy in getting rid of the self-asserting self in her, which closes the door against heaven's divinest gifts. In Hester it was no doubt associated with a loftier nature, and the harder victory would have its greater reward, but until finally conquered it must continue to obstruct her walk in the true way. So Hester learned from the sweetness of Amy, as Amy from the unbending principle of Hester.

She at last made up her mind that she would take Cornelius home without giving her father the opportunity of saying he should not come. She would presume that he must go home after such an illness: the result she would wait! The meeting could in no case be a happy one, but if he were not altogether repulsed, if the mean devil in him was not thoroughly roused by the harshness of his father, she would think much had been gained!

With gentle watchfulness she regarded Amy, and was more and more satisfied that, whatever might be wrong, she had had a share in it not as one who did, but as one who endured wrong. The sweetness and devotion with which she seemed to live only for her husband was to Hester, who found it impossible to take such a position even in imagination towards Gartley, in her tenderer moments almost a rebuke. But she could not believe that had Amy known before she married him what kind of person Cornelius was, she would have given herself to him. She did not think how nearly the man she had once accepted stood on the same level of manhood. But Amy was the wife of Cornelius, and that made an eternal difference. Her duty was as plain as Hester's—and the same—to do the best for him!

When he was able to be moved, Hester brought them into the house, and placed them in a comfortable room. She then moved the Frankses into the room they had left, making it over to them, subject to her father's pleasure, for a time at least. With their own entrance through the cellar, they were to live there after their own fashion, and follow their own calling, only they were to let Hester know if they found themselves in any difficulty. And now for the first time in her life she wished she had some means of her own, that she might act with freedom. She had seen hope of freedom in marriage, but now she wished it in independence.

CHAPTER XLV.—MISS VAVASOR.

About three weeks after lord Gartley's call, during which he had left a good many cards in Addison square, Hester received the following letter from Miss Vavasor: "My dear Miss Raymount, I am very anxious to see you, but fear it is hardly safe to go to you yet. You with your heavenly spirit do not regard such things, but I am not so much in love with the future as to risk my poor present for it. Neither would I willingly be the bearer of infection into my own circle: I am not so selfish as to be careless about that. But communicate with you somehow I must, and that for your own sake as well as Gartley's, who is pining away for lack of the sunlight of your eyes. I throw myself entirely on your judgment. If you tell me you consider yourself out of quarantine, I will come to you at once; if you do not, will you propose something, for meet we must."

Hester pondered well before returning an answer. She could hardly say, she replied, that there was no danger, for her brother, who had been ill, was yet in the house, too weak for the journey to Yrndale. She would rather suggest, therefore, that they should meet in some quiet corner of one of the parks. She need hardly add she would take every precaution against carrying infection.

The proposal proved acceptable to Miss Vavasor. She wrote suggesting time and place. Hester agreed, and they met.

Hester appeared on foot, having had to dismiss her cab at the gate; Miss Vavasor, who had remained seated in her carriage, got down as soon as she saw her, and having sent it away, advanced to meet her with a smile: she was perfect in skin-hospitality.

"How long is it now," she began, "since you saw Gartley?"

"Three weeks or a month," replied Hester.

"I am afraid, sadly afraid, you cannot be much of a lover, not to have seen him for so

long and look so fresh!" smiled Miss Vavasor, with gently implied reproach, and followed the words with a sigh, as if *she* had memories of a different complexion.

"When one has one's work to do,—" said Hester.

"Ah, yes!" returned Miss Vavasor, not waiting for the sentence, "I understand you have some peculiar ideas about work. That kind of thing is spreading very much in our circle too. I know many ladies who visit the poor. They complain there are so few unobjectionable tracts to give them. The custom came in with these Woman's-rights. I fear they will upset everything before long. But I hope the world will last my time. No one can tell where such things will end."

"No," replied Hester. "Nothing has ever stopped yet."

"Is that as much as to say that nothing ever will stop?"

"I think it is something like it," said Hester. "We know nothing about the ends of things—only the beginnings."

There had been an air of gentle raillery in Miss Vavasor's tone, and Hester used the same, for she had no hope of coming to an understanding with her about anything.

"Then the sooner we do the better! I don't see else how things are to go on at all!" said Miss Vavasor, revealing the drop of Irish blood in her.

"When the master comes he will stop a good deal," thought Hester, but she did not say it. She could not allude to such things without at least a possibility of response.

"You and Gartley had a small misunderstanding, he tells me, the last time you met," continued Miss Vavasor, after a short pause.

"I think not," answered Hester; "at least I fancy I understood him very well."

"My dear Miss Raymount, you must not be offended with me. I am an old woman, and have had to compose differences that had got in the way of their happiness between goodness knows how many couples. I am not boasting when I say I have had considerable experience in that sort of thing."

"I do not doubt it," said Hester. "What I do doubt is, that you have had any experience of the sort necessary to set things right between lord Gartley and myself. The fact is, for I will be perfectly open with you, that I saw then—for the first time plainly, that to marry him would be to lose my liberty."

"Not more, my dear, than every woman does who marries at all. I presume you will allow marriage and its duties to be the natural calling of a woman?"

"Certainly."

"Then she ought not to complain of the loss of her liberty."

"Not of so much as is naturally involved in marriage, I allow."

"Then why draw back from your engagement to Gartley?"

"Because he requires me to turn away at once, and before any necessity shows itself from the exercise of a higher calling yet."

"I am not aware of any higher calling."

"I am. God has given me gifts to use for my fellows, and use them I must till he, not man, stops me. That is my calling."

"But you know that of necessity a woman must give up many things when she accepts the position of a wife, and possibly the duties of a mother."

"The natural claims upon a wife or mother I would heartily acknowledge."

"Then of course to the duties of a wife belong the claims Society has upon her as a wife."

"So far as I yet know what is meant in your circle by such claims, I count them the merest usurpations: I will never subject myself to such—never put myself in a position where I should be expected to obey a code of laws not merely opposed to the work for which I was made, but to all the laws of the relations to each other of human beings as human beings."

"I do not quite understand you," said Miss Vavasor.

"Well, for instance," returned Hester, willing to give the question a general bearing, "a mother in your class, according at least to much that I have heard, considers the duties she owes to society, duties that consist in what looks to me the merest dissipation and killing of time, as paramount even to those of a mother. Because of those 'traditions of men,' or fancies of fashionable women rather, she justifies herself in leaving her children in the nursery to the care of other women—the vulgarest sometimes."

"Not knowingly," said Miss Vavasor. "We are all liable to mistakes."

"But certainly," insisted Hester, "without taking the pains necessary to know for themselves the characters of those to whom they trust the children God has given to their charge; whereas to abandon them to the care of angels themselves would be to go against the laws of nature and the calling of God."

Miss Vavasor began to think it scarcely desirable to bring a woman of such levelling opinions into their quiet circle: she would

be preaching next that women were wicked who did not nurse their own brats! But she would be faithful to Gartley!

"To set up as reformers would be to have the whole hive about our ears," she said.

"That may be," replied Hester, "but it does not apply to me. I keep the beam out of my own eye which I have no hope of pulling out of my neighbour's. I do not belong to your set."

"But you are about to belong to it, I hope."

"I hope not."

"You are engaged to marry my nephew."

"Not irrevocably, I trust."

"You should have thought of all that before you gave your consent. Gartley thought you understood. Certainly our circle is not one for saints."

"Honest women would be good enough for me. But I thought I had done and said more than was necessary to make Gartley understand my ideas of what was required of me in life, and I thought he sympathized with me so far at least that he would be what help to me he could. Now I find instead of this, that he never believed I meant what I said, but all the time intended to put a stop to the aspiration of my life the moment he had it in his power to do so."

"Ah, my dear young lady, you do not know what love is!" said Miss Vavasor, and sighed again as if *she* knew what love was. And in truth she had been in love at least once in her youth, but had yielded without word of remonstrance when her parents objected to her marrying three hundred a year, and a curacy of fifty. She saw it was reasonable: what fellowship can light have with darkness, or love with starvation? "A woman really in love," she went on, "is ready to give up everything, yes, my dear, *everything* for the man she loves. She who is not equal to that, does not know what love is."

"Suppose he should prove unworthy of her?"

"That would be nothing, positively nothing. If she had once learned to love him she would see no fault in him."

"*Whatever* faults he might have?"

"Whatever faults: love has no second thoughts."

"Suppose he were to show himself regardless of her best welfare—caring for her only as an adjunct to his display?"

"If she loved him, I only say *if she loved him*, she would be proud to follow in his triumph. His glory is hers."

"Whether it be real or not?"

"If he counts it so. A woman who loves gives herself to her husband to be moulded by him."

"I fear that is the way men think of us," said Hester sadly; "and no doubt there are women whose behaviour would justify them in it. With all my heart I say a woman ought to be ready to die for the man she loves; that is a matter of course; she cannot really love him if she would not; but that she should fall in with all his thoughts, feelings, and judgments whatever, even such as in others she would most heartily despise; that she should act as if her husband and not God made her, and his whims, instead of the lovely will of him who created man and woman, were to be to her the bonds of her being—that surely no woman could grant who had not first lost her reason."

"You won't lose yours for love at least," concluded Miss Vavasor, who could not help admiring her ability, though she despised the direction it took. "I see," she said to herself, "she is one of the strong-minded who think themselves superior to any man. Gartley will be well rid of her—that is my conviction! I think I have done nearly all he could require of me."

"I tell you honestly," continued Hester, "I love lord Gartley so well that I would gladly yield my life to do him any worthy good."—"It is easy to talk," said Miss Vavasor to herself.—"Not that that is saying much," Hester went on, "for I would do that to redeem any human creature from the misery of living without God. I would even marry lord Gartley—I think I would, after what has passed—if only I knew that he would not try to prevent me from being the woman I ought to be and have to be;—perhaps I would—I am not clear about it just at this moment: never, if I were married to him, would I be so governed by him that he should do that! But who would knowingly marry for strife and debate? Who would deliberately add to the difficulties of being what she ought to be, what she desired, and was determined, with God's help, to be! I for one will not take an enemy into the house of my life. I will not make it a hypocrisy to say, 'Lead us not into temptation.' I grant you a wife must love her husband grandly—passionately, if you like the word; but there is one to be loved immeasurably more grandly, yea *passionately*, if the word means anything true and good in love—he whose love creates love. Can you for a moment imagine, when the question came

between my Lord and my husband, I would hesitate?"

"'Tis a pity you were not born in the middle ages," said Miss Vavasor smiling, but with a touch of gentle scorn in the superiority of her tone; "you would certainly have been canonized!"

"But now I am sadly out of date—am I not?" returned Hester, trying to smile also. "I could no more consent to live in God's world without minding what he told me, than I would marry a man merely because he admired me."

"Heavens," exclaimed Miss Vavasor to what she called herself, "what an extravagant young woman! She won't do for us! You'll have to let her fly, my dear boy!" What she said to Hester was,

"Don't you think, my dear, all that sounds a little—just a little extravagant? You know as well as I do—you have just confessed it—that the kind of thing is out of date—does not belong to the world of to-day. And when a thing is once of the past, it cannot be called back, do what you will. Nothing will ever bring in that kind of thing again. It is all very well to go to church and that sort of thing; I should be the last to encourage the atheism that is getting so frightfully common, but really it seems to me such extravagant notions about religion as you have been brought up in must have not a little to do with the present sad state of affairs—must in fact go far to make atheists. Civilization will never endure to be priest-ridden."

"It is my turn now," said Hester, "to say that I scarcely understand you. Do you take God for a priest? Do you object to atheism, and yet regard obedience to God as an invention of the priests? Was Jesus Christ a priest? or did he say what was not true when he said that whoever loved any one else more than him was not worthy of him? Or do you confess it true, yet say it is of no consequence? If you do not care about what he wants of you, I simply tell you that I care about nothing else; and if ever I should change, I hope he will soon teach me better—whatever sorrow may be necessary for me to that end. I desire not to care a straw about anything he does not care about."

"It is very plain, at least," said Miss Vavasor, "that you do not love my nephew as he deserves to be loved—or as any woman ought to love the man to whom she has given her consent to be his wife! You have very different ideas from such as were taught in my girlhood concerning the duties of wives! A woman, I used to be told, was to fashion herself upon her husband, fit her life to his life, her thoughts to his thoughts, her tastes to his tastes."

Absurd indeed would have seemed, to any one really knowing the two, the idea of a woman like Hester fitting herself into the mould of such a man as lord Gartley!—for what must be done with the quantity of her that would be left over after his lordship's mould was filled! The notion of squeezing a large divine being, like Hester, into the shape of such a poor, small, mean, worldly, time-serving fellow, would have been so convincingly ludicrous as to show at once the theory on which it was founded for the absurdity it was. Instead of walking on together in simple equality, in mutual honour and devotion, each helping the other to be better still, to have the woman, large and noble, come cowering after her pigmy lord, as if he were the god of her life, instead of a Satan doing his best to condemn her to his own meanness!—it is a contrast that needs no argument! Not the less if the woman be married to such a man, will it be her highest glory, by the patience of Christ, by the sacrifice of self, yea of everything save the will of God, to win the man, if he may by any means be won, from the misery of his self-seeking to a noble shame of what he now delights in.

"You are right," said Hester; "I do not love lord Gartley sufficiently for that! Thank you, Miss Vavasor, you have helped me to the thorough conviction that there could never have been any real union between us. Can a woman love with truest wifely love a man who has no care that she should attain to the perfect growth of her nature? *He* would have been quite content I should remain for ever the poor creature I am—would never by word, or wish, or prayer, have sought to raise me above myself! The man I shall love as I could love must be a greater man than lord Gartley! He is not fit to make any woman love him so. If she were so much less than he as to have to look up to him, she would be too small to have any devotion in her. No! I will be a woman and not a countess!—I wish you good morning, Miss Vavasor."

"If I am not to help him," she said to herself, "what is there in reason why I should marry him? His love, no doubt, is the best thing he has to give, but a poor thing is his best, and save as an advantage for serving him, not worth the having."

What her love to him would have been three months after marrying him, I am glad to have no occasion to imagine.

She held out her hand. Miss Vavasor drew herself up, and looked a cold annihilation into her eyes. The warm blood rose from Hester's heart to her brain. Quietly she returned her gaze nor blenched a moment. She felt as if she were looking a far off idea in the face—as if she were telling her what a poor miserable creature of money and manners, ambitions and expediencies she thought her. Miss Vavasor, unused to having such a full strong virgin look fixed fearless, without defiance, but with utter disapproval, upon her, quailed—only a little, but as she had never in her life quailed before. She forced her gaze, and Hester felt that to withdraw her eyes would give her a false sense of victory. She therefore continued her look, but had no need to force it, for she knew she was the stronger. It seemed minutes where only seconds passed. She smiled at last and said,

"I am glad you are not going to be my aunt, Miss Vavasor."

"Thank goodness, no!" cried Miss Vavasor, with a slightly hysterical laugh.

Notwithstanding her educated self-command, she felt cowed before the majesty of Hester, for woman was face to face with woman, and the truth was stronger than the lie. Had she then yielded to the motions within her, she would, and it would have been but the second time in her life, have broken into undignified objurgation. She had to go back to her nephew and confess that she had utterly failed where she had expected, if not an easy victory, yet the more a triumphant one! She had to tell him that his lady was the most peculiar, most unreasonable young woman she had ever had to deal with; and that she was not only unsuited to him, but quite unworthy of him! He would conclude she had managed the matter ill, and said things she ought not to have said! It was very hard that she, who desired only to set things right, looking for no advantage to herself—she who was recognized as a power in her own circle, should have been so ignominiously foiled in the noble endeavour, having sacrificed herself, to sacrifice also another upon the altar of her beloved earldom! She could not reconcile herself to the thought. It did not occur to her that there was a power here concerned altogether different from any she had before encountered—namely a soul possessed by truth and clad in the armour of righteousness. Of conscience that dealt with the qualities of things, nor cared what had been decreed concerning them by a class claiming for itself the apex of the world, she had scarce even a shadowy idea; for never in her life had she herself acted from any insight into primary quality. When therefore she had to do with a girl who did not acknowledge the jurisdiction of the law to which she bowed as supreme, she was out of her element—had got, as it seemed to her, into water too shoal to swim in; whereas, in fact, she had got into water too deep to wade in, and did not know how to swim.

She turned and walked away, attempting a show of dignity, but showing only that Brummagem thing, haughtiness—an adornment the possessor alone does not recognize as a counterfeit. Then Hester turned too, and walked in the opposite direction, feeling that one supposed portion of her history was but an episode, and at an end.

She did not know that, both coming and going, she was attended at a near distance by a tall, portly gentleman of ruddy complexion and military bearing. He had beheld her interview—by no means overheard her conversation—with Miss Vavasor, and had seen with delight the unmistakable symptoms of serious difference which at last appeared, and culminated in their parting. He did not venture to approach her, but when she got into a cab, took a Hansom and followed her to the entrance of the square, where he got down, his heart beating with exultant hope that "the rascal ass of a nobleman" had been dismissed.

All the time since he came to London with Hester, he had, as far as possible to him, kept guard over her, and had known a good deal more of her goings and comings than she was aware of—this with an unselfishness of devotion that took from him the least suspicion of its being a thing unwarrantable. He was like the dog which, not allowed to accompany his master, follows him at a distance, ready to interfere at any moment when such interference may be desirable. She had let him know that she had found her brother, that he was very ill, and that she was helping to nurse him; but she had not yet summoned him. In severe obedience to orders, therefore, he did not even now call. Next day, however, he found a summons waiting him at his club, and made haste to obey it.

She had thought it better to prepare him for what she was about to ask of him, therefore mentioned in her note that in a day or two she was going to Yrndale with her brother and his wife.

"Whew!" exclaimed the major when he read it, "wife! this complicates matters! I

was sure he had not gone to the dogs—no dog but a cur would receive him—without help!—Marriage and embezzlement! Poor devil! if he were not such a confounded ape I should pity him! But the small-pox and a wife may perhaps do something for him!"

When he reached the house, Hester received him warmly, and at once made her request that he would go down with them. It would be such a relief to her if he would, she said. He expressed entire readiness, but thought she had better not say he was coming, as in the circumstances he could hardly be welcome. They soon made their arrangements, and he left her yet more confirmed in a respect such as he had never till now felt. And this was the major's share in the good that flowed from Hester's sufferings: the one most deficient thing in him was reverence, and in this he was now having a strong lesson.

CHAPTER XLVI.—MR. CHRISTOPHER.

On the Sunday evening, the last before she was to leave for Yrndale, Hester had gone to see a poor woman in a house she had not been in before, and was walking up the dismal stair, dark and dirty, when she heard a moaning from a room the door of which was a little open. She peeped in, and saw on a low bed a poor woman, old, yellow, and wrinkled, apparently at the point of death. Her throat was bare, and she saw the muscles of it knotted in the struggle for life.—Is not death the victorious struggle for life?—She was not alone; a man knelt by her bedside, his arm under the pillow to hold her head higher, and his other hand clasping hers.

"The darkness! the darkness!" moaned the woman.

"You feel lonely?" said the voice of the man, low, and broken with sympathy.

"All, all alone," sighed the woman.

"I can do nothing for you. I can only love you."

"Yes, yes," said the woman hopelessly.

"You are slipping away from me, but my master is stronger than me, and can help you yet. He is not far from you though you can't see him. He loves you too, and only wants you to ask him to help you. He can cure death as easy as any other disease."

No reply came for a moment. Then, moulded of all-but dying breath, came the cry,

"O Christ, save me!"

Then Hester was seized with a sudden impulse: she thought afterwards the feeling of it might be like what men and women of old had when the Spirit of God came upon them: it seemed she had not intended song when the sounds issuing from her mouth entered her ears. The words she uttered were those and no more, over and over again, which the poor dying woman had just spoken: "O Christ, save me!" But the song-sounds in which they were lapt and with which they came winged from her lips, seemed the veriest outpouring of her whole soul. They seemed to rise from some eternal deep within her, yet not to be of her making. She was as in the immediate presence of Christ, pleading with him for the consolation and strength which his poor dying creature so sorely needed. The holy possession lasted but a minute or so, and left her dumb. She turned away, and passed up the stair.

"The angels! the angels! I'm going now!" said the woman feebly.

"The angel was praying to Christ for you," said Christopher. "— Oh living brother, save our dying sister!"

"O Christ, save me!" she murmured again, and they were her last words.

Christopher laid the body gently back on the pillow. A sigh of relief passed from his lips, and he went from the room to give notice of the death. The dead or who would might bury the dead; he must go to the living!

Inflated sentiment all this looks to the man of this world. But when the inevitable Death has him by the throat; when he lies like that poor woman, lonely in the shadow, though his room be crowded with friends, whatever his theories about future or no future, it may be an awful hour in which less than a Christ will hardly comfort him.

Hester's heart was full when she found the woman she went to see, and she was able to speak as she had never spoken before. She never troubled her poor with any of the theories of salvation, which, right or wrong, are *not* the things to be presented for men's reception—now any more than in the days of the first teachers who knew nothing of them: they serve but to obscure the vision of the live brother in whom men must believe to be lifted out of their evil and brought into the air of truth and the room for growing deliverance. Hester spoke of Christ, the friend of men, who came to save every one by giving him back to God, as one gives back to a mother the stray child who has run from her to escape obeying her.

The woman at least listened; and then she sang to her. But she could not sing as she had sung a little while before. One cannot have or give the best always—not at

least until the soul shall be always in its highest and best moods—a condition which may perhaps be on the way to us, though I am doubtful whether the created will ever stand continuously on the apex of conscious existence. I think part of the joy will be to contemplate the conditions in which we are at our best: I delight to think of twilights in heaven—the brooding on the best. Perhaps we may be full of God always and yet not always full of the ecstasy of good, or always able to make it pass in sweet splendours from heart to heart.

Hester was walking homewards when, passing through a court on her way, she heard the voice of a man, which again she recognized as that of Mr. Christopher. Glancing about her she discovered that it came from a room half under ground. She went to the door. There was a little crowd of dirty children making a noise round it, and she could not well hear what was going on, but what she did hear was enough to let her know it was the voice of one pleading with his fellows not to be miserable and die, but to live and rejoice. Now for all the true liberality of Hester's heart and brain both, she had never entered any place of worship that did not belong to the established church, thinking all the rest only and altogether sectarian, and she would not be a sectary. She had not yet learned that therein she just was a sectary—from Christ the head. But here was something meant only for the poor, she thought, and seeing they would not go to church, a layman like Mr. Christopher might surely give them of the good things he had! So she went in: she would sit near the door, and come out again presently!

It was a low room, and though not many were present, the air was stifling. The doctor stood at the farther end. Some of his congregation were decently dressed, some but sparingly washed; many wore the same clothes they wore through the week, though probably most of these had a better gown or suit, if that could be called *having* which was represented by a pawn-ticket. Hester could hardly say she saw among them much sign of listening. Most of the faces were just as vacant as those to be seen in the most fashionable churches, but there were one or two which seemed to show their owners in some kind of sympathetic relation with the speaker, and that was a far larger proportion than was found in Sodom that was destroyed, or in Nineveh that was spared. That the speaker was in earnest there could be no manner of question. His eyes were glowing, his face was gleaming with a light of its own; his hands were often clenched hard and his motions broken by very earnestness: it was the bearing of one that pleaded with men, saying, "Why will ye die?" The whole rough appearance of the man was elevated into dignity. Simplicity and self-forgetfulness were manifest in carriage and utterance. He was not self-possessed—but he was God-possessed. He kept saying the simplest things to them. One thing she heard him tell them was, that they were like orphan children, hungry in the street, raking the gutter for what they could get, while behind them stood a grand, beautiful house to which they never so much as lifted up their eyes—and there their father lived! There he sat in a beautiful room, waiting, waiting, waiting for any one of them all who would but turn round, run in, and up the stairs to him.

"But you will say," something as thus he went on, "—Why does he not send out a message to them, to tell them he is waiting there for them? How can they know without being told?—you say. But that is just what he does do. He is constantly sending out messengers to them to tell them to come in. But they mostly laugh and make faces at them. *They* won't be at the trouble to go up those stairs! 'It's not likely,' they say, 'a man like that would trouble his head about such as us, even if we were his children!' That makes me wonder how such people treat their own children! But some do listen and hear and go in; and some of them come out again, and say they find it all true. Very few believe them a bit, or mind in the least what they say. They are not miserable enough yet to go back to the father that loves them, and would be as good to them as the bird that covers her young ones all over with her wings, or the mother you see wrapping her shawl round her child in her arms.

"Some of you are thinking with yourselves now, '*We* wouldn't do like that! *we* should be only too glad to get somebody that would make us comfortable without any trouble on our parts!' Ah, there's the rub! These children that won't go in, they're just like you: they won't take any trouble about it. Why now here I am, sent to you with the very message! and you fancy I am only talking, as you do so often, without meaning anything! I am one of those who have been into the house, and have found my father—oh, so grand! and so good to me! And I am come out again to tell you it is so, and that if you will go in, you will have the same

kindness I have had. All the servants of the house even will rejoice over you with music and dancing—so glad that you are come home. Is it possible you will not take the trouble to go! There are certain things required of you when you go: perhaps you are too lazy, or too dirty in your habits, to like doing them! I have known some refuse to scrape their shoes, or rub them on the door-mat when they went in, and then complain loudly that they were refused admittance. A fine house would such make to their father, were they allowed to run in and out as they pleased!—such a house, in fact, as would very soon drive their father himself out of it! for they would make it unfit for any decent person to live in. A few months and they would have the grand beautiful house as wretched and mean and dirty as the houses they live in now. Such persons are those that keep grumbling that they are not rich. They want to loaf about and drink and be a nuisance to everybody, like some of the rich ones. They think it hard they should not be able to do just as they please with everything that takes their fancy, when they would do nothing but break and spoil it, and make it no good to anybody. Their father, who can do whatever he sees fit, is not one to let such disagreeable children work what mischief they like! He is a better father than that would come to! A father who lets them be dirty and rude just as they like, is one of the worst enemies of his children. And the day is coming when, if he can't get them to mind him any other way, he will put them where they will be ten times more miserable than ever they were at the worst time of their lives, and make them mind. Out of the same door whence came the messengers to ask them in, he will send dogs and bears and lions and tigers and wild cats out upon them.

"You will, I daresay, some of you, say, 'Ah, we know what you mean; but you see that's not the sort of thing we care for, so you needn't go on about it.' I know it is not the sort of thing you care for, else you might have been in a very different condition by this time. And I know the kind of thing you do care for—low, dirty things: you are like a child, if such there could be, that preferred mud and the gutter to all the beautiful toys in the shop at the corner of Middle Row. But though these things are not the things you want, they are the things you need; and the time is coming when you will say, 'Ah me! what a fool I was not to look at the precious things, and see how precious they were, and put out my hand for them whe they were offered me!'"

It was something in this simple way, bu more earnestly yet, and occasionally with a energy that rose to eloquence, that the ma freed his soul of the things he had to give After about twenty minutes, he ceased, say ing, "We will now sing a hymn." Then h read a short hymn, repeating each vers before they sang it, for there was no othe hymn-book than his own. It was the simples hymn, Hester thought, she had ever hear He began the singing himself to a wel known tune, but when he heard the voice c Hester take it up, he left the leading to her and betaking himself to the bass, did his par there. When they heard her voice the peop all turned to look, and some began to whisper but presently resumed the hymn. When i was ended, he prayed for two or three minute not more, and sent them away. Hester bein near the door went out with the first of them and walked home full of pleasure in the thought of such preaching: if only her friend could hear such! The great difficulty was to wake in them any vaguest recognition of a Nature from whom they came. She had been driven to conclude that the faculty for things *epouranian* was awake in them not an atom more than in the South-African Bush man, in whom most travellers have failed to discover even the notion of a power above him. But to wake the faculty in them what could be so powerful as the story and the message of Jesus?—and Mr. Christopher had not spoken of him! She did not know that every Sunday he taught them there, and that this sermon, if such it could be called, was but one wave in the flow of a river. The true teacher brings from his treasure things old and things new; at one time tells, at another explains; and ever and anon lets his own well of water flow to everlasting life.

But, as she thought, Hester, like the true soul she was, turned from ways and means to the questioning of herself: what of the faculty was awake in her? Had she been obedient only to that she had been taught, or obedient to the very God? This questioning again she left for better labour: she turned her whole soul towards God in prayer unutterable. Of one thing she could be sure—that she had but the faintest knowledge of him whom to know is life eternal.

She was near the turning that led to the square when she heard a quick footstep be hind her, and was presently overtaken by Mr. Christopher.

"I was so glad to see you come in!" he

said. "I was able to speak the better, for I was sure then of some sympathy in the spiritual air. It is not easy to go on when you feel all the time a doubt whether to one present your words are more than mere words; or, if they have some meaning to any, whether that meaning be not something very different from your meaning."

"I do not see," said Hester, "how any one could misunderstand, or indeed help understanding what I heard you say."

"Ah!" he returned, "the one incomprehensible thing is ignorance! To understand why another does not understand seems to me beyond the power of humanity. As God only can understand evil, while we only can be evil, so God only can understand ignorance, while we only can be ignorant. I have been trying now for a good many months to teach those people, and I am not sure that a single thought has passed from my mind into one of theirs. I sometimes think I am but beating the air. But I must tell you how your singing comforted the poor woman at whose door you stopped this afternoon! I saw it in her face. She thought it was the angels. And it was one angel, for did not God send you? I trust your fellow-servants were waiting for her: she died a minute or two after."

They walked some distance before either spoke again.

"I was surprised," said Hester at length, "to find you taking the clergyman's part as well as the doctor's."

"By no means," returned Christopher; "I took no clergyman's part. I took but the part of a human being, bound to share with his fellow. What could make you think so? Did I preach like one?"

"Not very," she answered.

"I am glad of that," he returned, "for such a likeness would by no means favour my usefulness with such as those. If you see any reason why a layman, as was our Lord, should not speak to his fellows, I fear it is one I should be unable to comprehend. I do whatever seems to me a desirable action, so long as I see no reason for not doing it. As to the customs of society, my experience of them has resulted in mere and simple contempt—in so far at least as they would hamper my freedom. I have another master; and they who obey higher rules need not regard lower judgment. If Shakspere liked my acting, should I care if Marlowe did not?"

"But if anybody and everybody be at liberty to preach, how are we to have any assurance what kind of doctrine will be preached?"

"We must go without it.—But it is too late to object, for here are a few of us laymen preaching, and no one to hinder us. There are many uneducated preachers who move the classes the clergy cannot touch. Their preaching has a far more evident effect, I know, than mine."

"Why do you not then preach like them?"

"I would not if I could, and could not if I would: I do not believe one half of the things they say."

"How can they do more good if what they say is not true?"

"I did not say they did more good—about that I cannot tell; that may need centuries to determine. I said they moved their people more. And the fundamental element of what they say is most true, only the forms they express it in contain much that is false."

"Will you then defend a man in speaking things that are not true?"

"If he believes them, what is he to do but speak them? Let him speak them in God's name. I cannot speak them because I do not believe them. If I did believe them they would take from me the heart to preach."

"Can it be," said Hester, "that falsehood is more powerful than truth—and for truth too?"

"By no means. A falsehood has in itself no power but for evil. It is the spiritual truth clothed in the partially false form that is powerful. Clearer truth will follow in the wake of it, and cast the false forms out: they serve but to make a place of seeming understanding in ignorant minds, wherein the truths themselves may lie and work with their own might. But if what I teach be nearer the truth, let it be harder to get in, it will in the end work more truth. In the meantime I say God-speed to every man who honestly teaches what he honestly believes. Paul was grand when he said he would rejoice that Christ was preached from whatever motive he might be preached. If you say those people, though contentious, may have preached good doctrine, I answer—Possibly; for they could not have preached much of what is called doctrine now-a-days. If they preached theories of their own, they were teachers of lies, for they were not true men, and the theories of an untrue man cannot be true. But they told something about Christ, and of that Paul was glad."

Some may wonder that Hester, having

got so far as she had, should need to be told such things; but she had never had occasion to think about them before, though the truth wrought out in her life had rendered her capable of seeing them the moment they were put before her.

"You interest me much," she said, resuming. "—Would you mind telling me how you, whose profession has to do with the bodies of men, have come to do more for their souls?"

"I know nothing about less or more," answered Christopher. "—You would find it, I fear, a long story if I were to attempt telling it in full. I studied medicine from guile, not therefore the less carefully, that I might have a good ostensible reason for going about among the poor. I count myself bound to do all I can for their bodies; and pity itself would, I think, when I came to go among them, have driven me to the study, had I been ignorant. No one who has not been among them knows their sufferings—borne by some of them without complaint—for the sad reason that it is of no use. To be to such if only one to whom they can speak, is in some sort to mediate between them and a possible world of relief. But it was not primarily from the desire to alleviate their sufferings that I learned what I could of medicine, but in the hope to start them on the way towards victory over all evil. I saw that the man who brought them physical help had a chance with them such as no clergyman had—an advantage quite as needful with them as with the heathen—to whom we are not so *immediately* debtors. It would have been a sad thing for the world if the Lord of it had not sought first the lost sheep of the house of Israel. One awful consequence of our making haste to pull out the mote out of our heathen brother's eye, while yet the beam is in our own, is that wherever our missionaries go, they are followed by a foul wave of our vices.

"With all my guile I have not done much. But now after nearly two thousand years, such is the amount of faith I find in myself towards my Lord and his Father, that sometimes I ask myself whether in very truth I believe that that man did live and die as the story says: if it has taken all this time for such a poor result, I say to myself, perhaps I may have done something, for it must be too small to be seen; so I will try on, helping God as the children help the father.—You know that grand picture, on the ceiling of the Pope's chapel, of the making of Adam?"

"Michael Angelo's?—Yes."

"You must have noticed then how th Father is accompanied by a crowd of youn ones—come to help him to make Adam, always think. The poet has there, con sciously or not, hit upon a great truth: i is the majesty of God's great-heartedness and the majesty of man's destiny, that every man must be a fellow-worker with God, no can ever in less attain his end, and the conscious satisfaction of being. I want to help God with my poor brothers."

"How well I understand you!" said Hester "But would you mind telling me what made you think of the thing first? I began because I saw how miserable so many people were, and longed to do something to make life a better thing for them."

"That was not quite the way with me," replied Christopher. "I see I must tell you something of my external, in order to explain my internal history."

"No, no, pray!" returned Hester, fearing she had presumed. "I did not mean to be inquisitive. I ought not to have asked such a question; for these things have to do with the most sacred regions of our nature."

"I was only going to cast the less in with the greater—the outer fact to explain the inner truth," said Christopher. "I should like to tell you about it.—And first,—you may suppose I could not have followed my wishes had I not had some money!"

"A good thing you had, then!"

"I don't know exactly," replied the doctor in a dubious tone. "You shall judge for yourself from my story.—I had money then—a good deal too—left me by my grandfather. My father died when I was a child, I am glad to say."

"Glad to say!" repeated Hester bewildered.

"Yes: if he had lived, how do I know he might not have done just like my grandfather? But my mother lived, thank God.—Not that my grandfather was what is counted a bad man; on the contrary he stood high in the world's opinion—was considered indeed the prince of— — —well, I will not say what, for my business is not to expose him. The world had nothing against him.

"When he died and left me his money—I was then at school, preparing for Oxford—it was necessary that I should look into the affairs of the business, for it was my mother's wish that I should follow the same. In the course of my investigation, I came across things not a few in the books, all fair and square in the judgment of the trade itself, which made me doubtful, and which at last,

unblinded by custom, I was confident were unfair, that is dishonest. Thereupon I began to argue with myself: 'What is here?' I said. 'Am I to use the wages of iniquity as if they were a clean God-gift? If there has been wrong done there must be atonement, reparation. I cannot look on this money as mine, for part of it at least, I cannot say how much, ought not to be mine.' The truth flashed upon me; I saw that my business in life must be to send the money out again into the channels of right: I could claim a workman's wages for doing that.

"The history of the business went so far back that it was impossible to make return of more than a small proportion of the sums rightly due; therefore something else, and that a large something, must be done as well.

"To be honest, however, in explaining how I came to choose the life I am now leading, I must here confess the fact that about this time I had a disappointment of a certain kind which set me thinking, for it gave me such a shock that for some months I could not imagine anything to make life worth living. Some day, if you like, I will give you a detailed account of how I came to the truth of the question—came to see what alone does make the value of life. A flash came first, then a darkness, then a long dawn; by and in which it grew clearer and ever clearer, that there could be no real good, in the very nature of things and of good, but oneness with the will of God; that man's good lay in becoming what the inventor of him meant in the inventing of him—to speak after the fashion of man's making. Going on thinking about it all, and reading my New Testament, I came to see that, if the story of Christ was true, the God that made me was just inconceivably lovely, and that the perfection, the very flower of existence must be to live the heir of all things, at home with the Father. Next, mingled inextricably with my resolve about the money, came the perception that my fellow-beings, my brothers and sisters of the same father, must be, next to the father himself, the very atmosphere of life; and that perfect misery must be to care only for one's self. With that there woke in me such a love and pity for my people, my own race, my human beings, my brothers and sisters, whoever could hear the word of the father of men, that I felt the only thing worth giving the energy of a life to, was the work that Christ gave himself to—the delivery of men out of their lonely and mean devotion to themselves, into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, whose joy and rejoicing is the rest of the family. Then I saw that here the claim upon my honesty, and the highest calling of man met. I saw that were I as free to do with my grandfather's money as it was possible for man to be, I could in no other way use it altogether worthily than in aiding to give outcome, shape, and operation to the sonship and brotherhood in me. I have not yet found how best to use it all; and I will do nothing in haste, which is the very opposite of divine, and sure to lead astray; but I keep thinking in order to find out, and it will one day be revealed to me. God who has laid the burden on me will enable me to bear it until he shows me how to unpack and disperse it.

"First I spent a portion in further study, and specially the study of medicine. I could not work miracles; I had not the faith necessary to that, if such is now to be had; but God might be pleased I should heal a little by the doctor's art. So doing I should do yet better, and learn how to spend the money upon humanity itself, repaying to the race what had been wrongfully taken from its individuals to whom it was impossible to restore it; and should while so doing at the same time fill up what was left behind for me of the labours of the Master.

"That is my story. I am now trying to do as I have seen, working steadily, without haste, with much discouragement, and now and then with a great gladness and auroral hope. I have this very day got a new idea that may have in it a true germ!"

"Will you not tell me what it is?" said Hester.

"I don't like talking about things before at least they are begun," answered Christopher. "And I have not much hope from money. If it were not that I have it and cannot help it, and am bound to spend it, I would not trouble myself about any scheme to which it was necessary. I sometimes feel as if it was a devil, restrained a little by being spell-bound in metal discs. I know the feeling is wrong and faithless; for money is God's as certainly as the earth in which the crops grow, though he does not care so much about it."

"I know what I would do if I had money!" said Hester.

"You have given me the right to ask what—the right to ask—not the right to have an answer."

"I would have a house of refuge to which anyone might run for covert or rest or warmth or food or medicine or whatever he needed.

It should have no society or subscriptions or committee, but should be my own as my hands and my voice are mine—to use as God enabled me. I would have it like the porch—not of Bethesda, but of heaven itself. It should come into use by the growth of my friendships. It should be a refuge for the needy, from the artisan out of work to the child with a cut finger, or cold-bitten feet. I would take in the weary-brained prophet, the worn curate, or the shadowy needle-woman. I would not take in drunkards or ruined speculators—not at least before they were very miserable indeed. The suffering of such is the only desirable consequence of their doing, and to save from it would be to take from them their last chance."

"It is a lovely idea," said Christopher. "One of my hopes is to build a small hospital for children in some lovely place, near some sad ugly one. But perhaps I cannot do it till I am old, for when I do, I must live among them, and have them and their nurses within a moment's reach."

"Is it not delightful to know that you can start anything when you please?"

"Anybody with leisure can do that who is willing to begin where everything ought to be begun—that is, at the beginning. Nothing worth calling good can or ever will be started full grown. The essential of any good is life, and the very body of created life, and essential to it, being its self operant, is growth. The larger start you make, the less room you leave for life to extend itself. You fill with the dead matter of your construction the places where assimilation ought to have its perfect work, building by a life-process, self-extending, and subserving the whole. Small beginnings with slow growings have time to root themselves thoroughly—I do not mean in place nor yet in social regard, but in wisdom. Such even prosper by failures, for their failures are not too great to be rectified without injury to the original idea. God's beginnings are imperceptible, whether in the region of soul or of matter. Besides, I believe in no good done save in person — by personal operative presence of soul, body, and spirit. God is the one only person, and it is our personality alone, so far as we have any, that can work with God's perfect personality. God can use us as tools, but to be a tool of, is not to be a fellow-worker with. How the devil would have laughed at the idea of a society for saving the world! But when he saw *one* take it in hand, one who was in no haste even to do that, one who would only do the will of God with all his heart and soul, and cared for nothing else, then indeed he migh tremble for his kingdom! It is the individua Christians forming the church by thei obedient individuality, that have done al the good done since men for the love o Christ began to gather together. It is in dividual ardour alone that can combine int larger flame. There is no true power but tha which has individual roots. Neither custom nor habit nor law nor foundation is a root. The real roots are individual conscience tha hates evil, individual faith that loves and obeys God, individual heart with its kiss o charity."

"I think I understand you; I am sure I do in part, at least," said Hester.

They had, almost unconsciously, walked twice round the square, and had now the third time reached the house. He went in with her and saw his patient, then took his leave to go home to his Greek Testament—for the remainder of the evening if he might. Except when some particular case required attention, he never went on trying to teach with his soul weary. He would carry material aid or social comfort, but would not teach. His soul must be shining—with faith or hope or love or repentance or compassion, when he unveiled it. "No man," he would say, "will be lost because I do not this or that; but if I do the unfitting thing, I may block his way for him, and retard his redemption." He would not presume beyond what was given him—as if God were letting things go wrong, and he must come in to prevent them! He would not set blunted or ill tempered tools to the finest work of the universe!

CHAPTER XLVII.—AN ARRANGEMENT.

HESTER had not yet gone to see Miss Dasomma because of the small-pox.

Second causes are God's as much as first, and Christ made use of them as his father's way. It were a sad world indeed if God's presence were only interference, that is, miracle. The roundabout common ways of things are just as much his as the straight, miraculous ones—I incline to think more his, in the sense that they are plainly the ways he prefers. In all things that are, he is—present even in the evil we bring into the world, to foil it and bring good out of it. We are always disbelieving in him because things do not go as we intend and desire them to go. We forget that God has larger ends, even for us, than we can see, so his plans do not fit ours. If God were not only to hear our prayers, as he does ever and always, but to

answer them as we want them answered, he would not be God our Saviour, but the ministering genius of our destruction.

But now Hester thought she might visit her friend. She had much to say to her and ask of her. First she told her of herself and lord Gartley. Miss Dasomma threw her arms about her, and broke into a flood of congratulation. Hester looked a little surprised, and was indeed a little annoyed at the vehemence of her pleasure. Miss Dasomma hastened to excuse herself.

"My dear," she said, "the more I saw of that man, the more I thought and the more I heard about him, his ways, and his surroundings, the more I marvelled you should ever have taken him for other than the most worldly, shallow, stunted creature. It was the very impossibility of your understanding the mode of being of such a man that made it possible for him to gain on you. Believe me, if you had married him, you would have been sick of him—forgive the vulgar phrase—yes, and hopeless of him, in six weeks."

"There was more and better in him than you imagine," returned Hester, hurt that her friend should think so badly of the man she loved, but by no means sure that she was wrong.

"That may be," answered her friend; "but I am certain also that if you had married him, you would have done him no good."

Then Hester went on with her tale of trouble. Her brother Cornelius had been behaving very badly, she said, and had married a young woman without letting them know. Her father and mother were unaware of the fact as yet, and she dreaded having to communicate it to them. He had been very ill with the small-pox, and she must take him home; but what to do with his wife until she had broken the matter to them, she did not know. She knew her father would be very angry, and until he should have got over it a little she dared not have her home: in a word she was at her wits' end.

"One question, excuse me if I ask," said Miss Dasomma: "*are* they married?"

"I am not sure; but I am sure she believes they are."

Then she told her what she knew of Amy. Miss Dasomma fell a thinking.

"Could I see her?" she said at length.

"Surely; any time," replied Hester, "now that Corney is so much better."

Miss Dasomma called, and was so charmed with Amy that she proposed to Hester she should stay with her.

This was just what Hester wished but had not dared to propose.

Now came the painful necessity not only of breaking to the young wife that she must be parted from her husband for a while, but —which was much worse—of therein revealing that he had deceived her.

Had Cornelius not been ill and helpless and characterless, he would probably have refused to go home; but he did not venture a word of opposition to Hester's determination. He knew she had not told Amy anything, but saw that, if he refused, she might judge it necessary to tell her all. And notwithstanding his idiotic pretence of superiority, he had a kind of thorough confidence in Hester. In his sickness something of the old childish feeling about her as a refuge from evil had returned upon him, and he was now nearly ready to do and allow whatever she pleased, trusting to her to get him out of the scrape he was in: she could do more than any one else, he was sure!

"But now tell me, on your word of honour," she said to him that same night, happening to find herself alone with him, "are you really and truly married to Amy?"

She was delighted to see him blaze up in anger.

"Hester, you insult us both!" he said.

"No, Cornelius," returned Hester, "I have a right to distrust you—but I distrust only you. Whatever may be amiss in the affair, I am certain you alone are to blame—not Amy."

Thereupon Cornelius swore a solemn oath that Amy was as much his lawful wife as he knew how to make her.

"Then what is to be done with her when you go home? You cannot expect she will be welcomed. I have not dared tell them of your marriage—only of your illness. The other must be by word of mouth."

"I don't know what's to be done with her! How should *I* know!" answered Cornelius with a return of his old manner. "I thought you would manage it all for me! This cruel illness——"

"Cornelius," said Hester, "this illness is the greatest kindness God could show you."

"Well, we won't argue about that!—Sis, you must get me out of the scrape!"

Hester's heart swelled with delight at the sound of the old loving nursery-word. She turned to him and kissed him.

"I will do what I honestly can, Cornelius," she said.

"All right!" replied Corney. "What do you mean to do?"

"Not to take Amy down with us. She must wait till I have told."

"Then my wife is to be received only on sufferance!" he cried.

"You can hardly expect to be otherwise received yourself. You have put your wife at no end of disadvantage by making her your wife without the knowledge of your family. For yourself, when a man has taken money not his own; when he has torn the hearts of father and mother with anguish such as neither ever knew before—ah, Corney! if you had seen them as I saw them, you would not wonder that I tremble at the thought of your meeting. If you have any love for poor Amy you will not dream of exposing her to the first outbreak of a shocked judgment. I cannot be sure what my mother might think, but my father would take her for your evil genius! It is possible he may refuse to see yourself."

"Then I'm not going. Better stay here and starve!"

"If so, I must at once tell Amy what you have done. I will not have the parents on whom you have brought disgrace and misery, supposed guilty of cruelty. Amy must know all about it some day, but it ought to come from yourself—not from me. You will never be fit for honest company till for very misery you have told your wife."

Hester thought she must not let him fancy things were going back into the old grooves—that his crime would become a thing of no consequence, and pass out of existence, ignored and forgotten. Evil cannot be destroyed without repentance.

He was silent as one who had nothing to answer.

"So now," said Hester, "will you, or must I, tell Amy that she cannot go home?"

He thought for a moment.

"I will," he said.

Hester left him, and sent Amy to him. a few minutes she returned. She had we but was now, though looking very sad, qu self-possessed.

"Please, miss," she said—but Hester inte rupted her.

"You must not call me *miss*, Amy," s said. "You must call me *Hester*. Am not your sister?"

A gleam of joy shot from the girl's ey like the sun through red clouds.

"Then you have forgiven me!" she crie and burst into tears.

"No, Amy, not that! I should have ha to know something to forgive first. You m have been foolish; everybody can't always wise, though everybody must try to do righ But now we must have time to set thin straighter without doing more mischief, an you mustn't mind staying a little while wi Miss Dasomma."

"Does she know all about it, miss— Hester?" asked Amy; and as she called he new sister by her name, the blood rushe over her face.

"She knows enough not to think unfairl of you, Amy."

"And you won't be hard upon him whe he hasn't me to comfort him—will you Hester?"

"I will think of my new sister who love him," replied Hester. "But you must no think I do not love him too. And oh, Amy you must be very careful over him. No on can do with him what you can. You mus help him to be good, for that is the chief dut of every one towards a neighbour, and par ticularly of a wife towards a husband."

Amy was crying afresh, and made no answer; but there was not the most shadowy token of resentment in her weeping.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

By the Rev. E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

THE leaves now fading on the bough
In spring were green;
Only the robin's song is now
As it hath been;
Only his breast alway is red,
Alway a sun.
Complaining heart, should'st thou complain
Thine autumn hath begun—
That music of thy youth hath fled:
The dying summer will rise again,
Leaves, flowers, song, be as before.
Complaining heart, thou mayest be more,
And thy old music win from death
A heavenlier strain.

"The leaves now fading on the bough."

JESUS AND MAN'S INDIVIDUALITY.

By the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

A TRAVELLER in the Old World is deeply interested in seeing what are the most complete embodiments of themselves which the different struggles of human nature in thought and devotion have left in art. I remember well the impression of contrast which I received from two when I saw them for the first time, many years ago. In one of the most rich and beautiful of European galleries hangs Raphael's greatest Madonna, called the Madonna of St. Sixtus. Among the dreary sands at the edge of the Egyptian desert, under the shadow of the Pyramids, stands the mighty Sphinx, the work of unknown hands, so calm and so eternal in its solitude that it is hard to think of it as the work of human hands at all; as true a part of the great earth, it seems, as any mountain that pierces upward from its bosom. These two suggest comparisons which are certainly not fancies. They are the two great expressions, in art, of the two religions, —the religion of the East and of the West. Fatalism and Providence they seem to mean. Both have recognised the feminine nature of the religious instinct, for each is a woman. Both have tried to express a union of humanity with something which is its superior; but one has joined it only to the superior strength of the animal, while the other has filled it with the superior spirituality of a divine nature. One unites wisdom and power, and claims man's homage for that conjunction. The other combines wisdom and love, and says, "Worship this." The Sphinx has life in her human face written into a riddle, a puzzle, a mocking bewilderment. The Virgin's face is full of a mystery we cannot fathom, but it unfolds to us a thousand of the mysteries of life. It does not mock, but blesses us. The Egyptian woman is alone amid her sands, to be worshipped, not loved. The Christian woman has her child clasped in her arms, enters into the societies and sympathies of men, and claims no worship except love.

It is in this last difference—the difference between the solitude of one and the companionship of the other—that we feel, I think, most distinctly how different is the Christianity of the picture from the sublime paganism of the statue. The picture is Christian, because it is so truly human. It has not lost humanity in trying to interpret Deity. It invites, entices, wins the soul of the man who studies it. It folds itself about his life with a kindred life. It wants him it seeks him. It is not satisfied till it has found him. Then, as if it were satisfied there seems to come a new depth in its colour, a new sweetness in its celestial light.

I am to speak to you to-day of the way in which the influence of Jesus enters into the social life of man. I have been led to this remembrance of what we may almost call the constructive power in a great work of Christian art. It is positive, and finds and fastens the relationship of human souls to the Divine soul, and so of human souls to one another. As I began to write this lecture, in the midst of the Christmas days, I could not help feeling how the same idea was present in that ever-vivid scene of Bethlehem, which shines in the simple and inspired words of the first chapters of the Gospels with a clearness and a depth that the pencil of Raphael could never give. A father, a mother, and a child are there. No religion which began like that could ever lose its character. The first unit of human life, the soul, is there in the new-born personality of the childhood. But the second unit of human life, the family, is just as truly there in the familiar relation of husband and wife, and the sacred, eternal mystery of motherhood. He who would know the whole about this Jesus must learn not merely what his own soul will grow to be, but likewise what new life the presence of Jesus in the midst of it will give to this the primal typal group of human life and to all the other groups, the larger families which this one represents.

Let me define, then, in a few words, what I want to do to-day. It is to show how the idea of Jesus is the constructive power of the social life of man in all its various degrees. A main idea of the gospel is the sonship of man to God, revealed in the sonship to God of Jesus Christ himself. All that He had to show man He had first in Himself and it was by the development in men's sight of His own gradually conscious life that He revealed to men all that they might become. If this be true, then it is by a study of the social life of Jesus, by seeing how His experience from the very beginning opened into successive relationships, and claimed for itself larger and yet larger intercourses, that

we can get His true idea of how the relationships and intercourses of all men ought to be built, how that idea of the Divine Father may become the shaping and cohesive power of them all. This makes the duty that lies before us once more a Biblical study. In those old stories of the Gospels lies our material. Every one of those stories is the idea of Jesus flashed from a new side of His jewel life. All that the fatherhood of God may be to any of His children it was first and perfectly to that only-begotten Son. If we can see what He was among his fellow-men and what His life among them was to Him, we shall have the key to all the mysteries and problems of our own social life.

In the first place, then, the social life of Jesus underwent the natural and human progress and change from an instinctive impulse to a deliberate and reasonable conduct. He would have been no true child and man, He would have been a human monster, if it had not been so. I think that it is a most happy sign of the healthy reality which the life of Jesus is gaining in men's thoughts in these our modern days, that this idea of the development of his consciousness, the gradual growth into the knowledge and the use of His own nature, is no longer an idea that bewilders and shocks the believer in the Lord's divinity. It is felt to be a necessary part of the belief in His humanity. Two centuries, perhaps one century, ago, I think that Christ was far less real to men than He is now. However it may have been with the last century, the century before the last was a religious age. But its religion had grown strangely impersonal. It believed doctrines far more than it believed in the Son of Man. The seventeenth century believed the divinity of Christ, but its belief in the divine Christ was weak, and the belief in the human Christ was well-nigh lost, and with this loss I cannot but feel that we must in some way connect the dislike of Christmas and its observance which then arose, and which is but just now passing entirely away. It had its local causes, which account for it, no doubt. But the whole idea of childhood, with its necessary concomitant idea of growth, was a bewilderment and almost an offence to that theology whose Christ was a mysterious and unaccountable being, a true spiritual Melchisedec, without vivid and real human associations, without age, without realised locality, a dogma, a creed, a fulfilment of prophecy, an adjustment of relations, not a man. It is because Jesus to-day is intensely real, intensely divine to us. that we welcome and do not dread the truth of increase and development from babyhood to the full strength and stature of a man.

And nowhere is this clearer or more beautiful than in that feature of His life which we have just now to study. The social life of Christ was first an instinct. The child clasped His tiny arms about His mother's neck, or laid His little hand into the strong hand of Joseph, as they walked on the long road to Egypt, with the same simple desire to utter love and to find love which is the first sign of Life akin to their own that millions of parents' hearts have leaped to recognise in their first-born. Nay, he but little understands the dignity and unity of all God's vast creation who is offended or distressed when he is told that in the Lord of Life these primal affections were of the same sort with those which make the beauty of the life of the beings which are less than man. Even the dog, the bird, the lion, know these first instincts of companionship which found their consummate exhibition upon earth when the Son of Mary clung to a human mother with a human love. That instinctive character never passed out of the relationships of Christ. When He bade the disciples go with him to the mountain of transfiguration or to the garden of the agony, beneath every design of their enlargement of enlightenment, who does not feel beating the simple human desire for company in the supremely triumphant or supremely terrible moments of life? When He looks at His disciples, as the multitude are leaving Him, and asks them, "Will ye also go away?" or when these same disciples forsake Him and flee upon the night of trial, below the sorrow that He feels for their defection as a sign of their unworthiness, who does not hear the poor heart cry out with somewhat of that same dread of being left alone which the prisoner in his prison feels as the cell door clashes to between him and humanity? We must start with this instinct, and always this instinct must remain, felt like the beating heart which makes it live, underneath all the fuller understanding of itself into which the companionship of Christ, his social life, may grow. But such a growing understanding comes. As Jesus develops into manhood, the idea of His existence grows and rounds itself to clearness. By-and-by He is full of the consciousness that He is the Son of God, and that through His sonship this world-full of men is to learn that they are God's sons and are to be brought back to their Father. And when He had been filled with that

idea, then the instinct which had already drawn Him to his brethren found its interpretation. He knew why He sought them. It was for the self-indulgence of His own consciousness, and it was for the enlightenment of theirs. By-and-by, if I ask why Jesus shrinks from solitude, and craves to have John and James and Peter with him, I find myself able to say, I find myself compelled to say, something more than just that such is His healthy human instinct. I recognise that He is deliberately seeking two things there: first, the self-knowledge of His own sonship to God; and, second, the enlightenment of these men's consciousness to know that they are the sons of God. I see the sun break in with a triumphant burst of light upon a chamber set with countless jewels, but which has thus far been wholly shut up in the dark. There is a double joy, I think, in the great heart of the sunlight as, almost with a shout that one can hear, it floods the opened chamber with itself. First, it finds new interpretation of itself, it finds itself, as it were, in the new stories of its glory which the jewels tell, as, one by one, they burn under its touch; and, second, it feels every jewel quiver under its fiery hand with the transporting discovery of its own nature. I see a good man, long shut out from human company, come among his brethren with a leap and burst almost like the sunshine—he casts his solitude behind him and flings himself into their sympathies and hopes. I let the explanation of it at first rest in the mere unexplained instinct of humanity; but when I come to analyze his motive to its elements, I know that it must be made up of these two impulses, the desire of self-knowledge and the desire of illuminating others, the desire of burning and the desire of shining, which are the two strong, ineradicable passions of the soul. The man goes into the multitude that he may find himself and that he may declare them to themselves. All human society which has not these impulses more or less consciously within it is but the herding of animals for the mere fear of being alone or the mere joy of being together.

All this is illustrated with great clearness in that event which has a profound interest as marking the first recorded time when Jesus ever deliberately and of His own accord sought the society of His fellow-men. He lingered behind the group into which the mere circumstances of His life had cast Him, and for Himself He sought the venerable doctors in the Temple. What took Him there? To find Himself and to show them to themselves. The two great, everlasting human impulses, the impulse of manhood seeking to know itself, and the impulse of the missionary seeking to enlighten man,—these two, which partial men call inconsistent and incompatible with one another, burned with a single flame—the first no doubt the brightest, but yet incapable of being separated from the other—in the soul of Jesus, as, among His brethren, He began to "be about His Father's business."

In general, then, the social nature of man is the provision at once for his most complete self-consciousness and for his fullest activity and efficiency. It was by losing His life in the multitude and mass of lives, in the body of the humanity to which He belonged, that Jesus at once found His own life and found the lives of the lost whom He had come to seek. At the very outset He bore witness that not in absolute singleness, not in elemental unity and perfect solitude of being, is the highest existence to be found. He recognised at once in man that multiplicity and power of relationship within the unit of humanity which makes the richness of our human life. If it be so, as we believe it is, that in the constitution of humanity we have the fairest written analogue and picture of the Divine existence, then shall we not say that the human Christ gave us, in the value which He set on human relationships, in His social thought of man, an insight into the essentialness and value of that social thought of God which we call the doctrine of the Trinity? May it not be that only by multiplicity and interior self-relationship can Divinity have the completest self-consciousness and energy? Surely, the reverent and thoughtful eye must see some such meaning when Jesus Himself makes the eternal companionship of the life of Deity the pattern and picture of the best society of the souls of earth, and breathes out to His Father these deep and wondrous words, "As thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they all may be one in Us."

Let us pass on now to examine in more detail the social life of Jesus as it is written in the Gospels, and to see, if we can, what suggestions come from it to throw light upon the true methods of all social living. It naturally divides itself into the three sections into which all our relations to our fellow-men fall; and in that division it will be natural for us to consider it. I shall speak first of the natural relationships of Jesus with individuals; and then of His relation to the group of disciples which was the rudimentary

church; and then of His relation to His country. The purely social, the ecclesiastical, and the patriotic life demand our study.

Every now and then there are flashes of light upon the Gospel page which let us see what a bright, sunny, sympathetic life the Saviour lived,—how perfectly free from harshness and asceticism was that character which, at the same time, carried a sweet and gentle seriousness and a robust earnestness with it wherever it went. "The son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." So Jesus Himself described one day the current impression that His life made upon the people of Jerusalem. The words are like an instantaneous photograph of that far distant time. Where one's enemies find chance to taunt, one's friends almost always find occasion to be puzzled. In those words we can see friends and enemies alike busied with the strange life of Jesus, and only gradually finding out that it was they who were strange, and not He,—gradually coming first to feel and then to understand that this life of His, so bright and yet so serious, so individual and yet so social, had reached completely what their lives were only crudely struggling after. The same feeling broke forth upon another day. Jesus was supping at a "great feast" in the house of Levi,—no sumptuous Venetian banquet, such as the great master's hand has painted, but a half-barbaric scene of profuse hospitality which merely told the host's good-will, —and the Pharisees looked on and said, "Why do the disciples of John fast, and likewise the disciples of the Pharisees, but thine eat and drink?" They hated John the Baptist, but they understood him. They found him in the same region of spiritual endeavour in which they lived themselves. They recognised in him the same desire to realise individual responsibility and the seriousness of life by isolation, by surrender, by cutting off everything which by completing life should confuse it. Jesus had pushed on where they could not follow him. He had gone into the very heart of the society where men lose their individuality to find His, and into the very centre of that world where seriousness is ordinarily lost, to find there the true solemnity of living.

For always there are these three possible stages in every advancing moral and spiritual life. There is, first, safety in simplicity; and, second, the loss of self in complication; and then, at last, the higher self-possession in a symmetrical and harmonized multiplicity. They are the stages which are represented by childhood and young manhood and middle life, in every complete career. The child, with his simple, serene, uncomplicated thought of life, seems master of himself; the young man, tossed like a helpless swimmer in the midst of the billowy world, has lost himself; the man of middle age, who has reached the profoundest faiths and principles of living, has found himself, and lives in a steady self-possession which is to the child's security like the noonday to the dawn. Now the Pharisees were children. They were afraid of life. They wanted to perpetuate childhood by keeping it out of the power of life. John the Baptist's disciples, too, were children; only the difference was that their great master knew that the true childhood does not last, but turns to something greater. He sent his disciples forth into life,—the life of exposure, and so the life of true attainment, —when he pointed them to Jesus and said, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world,"—not merely stifles them and keeps them down, but "taketh them away."

Nowhere is Jesus satisfied until He himself has reached, and till He has led His disciples on towards, this third region of completed character, and made them possess themselves, not in solitude, where character would be so much easier and so much more imperfect, but in contact with the world. I know that we lose much of the beauty of His treatment, both of Himself and of His servants, when we feel about in its clear depths for conscious and definite intentions. I know that He, above all men, did what He did because He was what He was,—from a deeper necessity than any deliberate persuasion that His disciples needed this or that teaching at this or that special time. But still, as we formulate the impulses of nature into the laws of nature, and find reasons, which the winds and suns do not care themselves to know, why they should blow and shine just as we feel and see them,—reasons true, though not the truest or the deepest,—so we may dare to say about the acts of Jesus, "He must have done this act for this," if we can only keep the deeper knowledge that He did every act just as He did it because He was Jesus, and could not do it otherwise. Using such reverent liberty, I think we may love to study the way in which He opened every social event into its deeper meaning, so that the men who were in danger of losing themselves in the crowd might really find them-

selves, might enter into a self-possession there which they could not attain in solitude. Let us look at a few.

Jesus went one day to a marriage feast at the little town of Cana. Why did He go? I know no reason except that for which we go to where our friends are happy,—to make them know that we are glad because of their happiness. When He came there, the rooms were full of men and women, all vividly conscious that they belonged to one another. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, all degrees of kinship, all kinds of cousins, all feeling their common blood upon this family holiday. To Him, the grave, strong, sweet-faced man who stood among them, so familiar yet so strange, they were His Father's children. They had forgotten that. They were so absorbed in their brotherhoods that they had forgotten their Father. The miracle which Jesus did was like the opening of a window upward, so that the truth shone down upon them. They were giving one another bread and meat in token of their brotherhood. Suddenly Jesus spoke to the water in the jars, and there was wine before them, so suddenly, so mysteriously, so apart from any ministry which they were doing to each other, that they looked into one another's faces and felt divinity. They said, "Our Father must be here. We are not only brothers, we are children. Let us remember that." And each remembered it the better because he did not drink the mysterious wine alone, but saw his brethren drinking it beside him. Each found himself the child of God more easily because of the fragment of the universal family in which the wonder and awakening came to him.

Or turn again to another scene, the supper in a ruler's house. Again the consciousness of brotherhood lay like a rich atmosphere through the great, softly lighted hall. While they are eating, behold a poor creature comes creeping in, and casts herself at the feet of the honoured Guest, and begins (what other words can describe it except those dear words of the story?) to "wash His feet with her tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet and anointed them with the ointment." Jesus looked up, and with clear, brave, simple words told the perplexed company that she was one of them, able to love, able to trust, able to be forgiven. What then? All these are privileges and powers of childhood knowing a fatherhood above it. The guests listened; and as when a group of men,—all prosperous, all respectable, brothers to one another,—talking together, see suddenly among them one, their brother too, but poor, sick, wretched, pitiable, and then their thoughts turn back to the house where they all were children, and the father who was father to them all; as the very sight of inequality compels the simple sense of brotherhood to complete itself with the memory of fatherhood; so, when Jesus lifted this poor creature up and said, as He looked round upon the upright, reputable men, "This is your sister," the brotherhood that filled the hall warmed with the deeper memory of fatherhood, and the guests found their childhood to God in the strange society of the noblest of His sons and the most degraded of His daughters.

There was one house where Jesus went very often,—the cottage of Mary and Martha and Lazarus at Bethany. There He lived not merely a social but a domestic life,—not merely a life of society, but a life of home. In that house, brotherhood and sisterhood bloomed into such perfect flower that it has been fragrant and beautiful to all the generations. They were religious people. No doubt each of them in solitude strove after and found the fatherhood of God. But we can well imagine that when they were together it was their brotherhood and sisterhood that was most prominent. And what did Jesus do for them? Silver and gold, like His disciple, He had none; but such as He had, His own supreme consciousness, such as He was, He gave to them. One day He told the anxious elder sister that there was a "better part" in life than the most faithful work for the comfort of brother and of sister. He taught her His own lesson, that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God his Father. On another solemn day He allowed the household life to feel the shock of death and to be broken, in order that He might call upon His Father and their Father to restore it by what was like to a new birth. And as the coming of a child into a household breaks open its narrowness to let in the broad thought of God, so the brotherhood and sisterhood of Bethany must have been deepened and filled with the consciousness of sonship and daughtership, whenever that boy-man—young for ever with something of the perpetual youth of those who have passed through the grave and come out in the timeless life beyond—went about among them.

I turn to one scene more. Jesus was teaching one day in the Temple, doing His

Father's business, and some one told Him that far off, on the outside of the crowd, His mother and His brothers were waiting to talk with Him. He paused perhaps a moment, as if pondering whether He should leave His work, and then, just, it seems to me, as if He stooped down and took hold of the human relationship which had been offered Him, and turned it over to show men its diviner side, He looked around and said, "Who are My mother and My brethren?" And then, stretching out His hand to His disciples, "These are My mother and My brethren." It was as if He said, "Motherhood and brotherhood are true and real only within the fatherhood of God. Whenever that common fatherhood is real, there is a true relationship to which the tender associations of earthly kinship are in themselves inferior. The earthly kinships are the symbol of this celestial reality. The beauty of the household is in the reality, not in the symbol. The symbol and the reality belong together. My brothers and My mother after the flesh do represent to Me, as no other beings can, the dear fatherhood of God, the relations of eternity. But these are only symbols." Therefore, "Brother and sister and mother" indeed are they who do the will of His Father which is in heaven.

All these are illustrations. In every one of them, I take it, the meaning is the same. Jesus begins with the individual. He always does. His first and deepest touches are upon the single soul. Before all social life there is the personal consciousness and its mysterious private relations to the Father from whom it came. The father cannot teach his boy so early that God shall not have taught him first. The mother cannot drop such soft, unconscious influence into her child's soul that it shall not find the soul itself already full of the influence of God. In the individual experience man's life always begins. But there are some things of the individual life which the individual cannot get save in the company of fellow-men. There are some parts of his own true life always in his brethren's keeping, for which he must go to them. That the individual may find and be his own truest and fullest self, Jesus, his Master, leads him to his fellows. Each of them found his Father among his brethren, —reached God through the revelation of other human lives.

This is the fundamental truth out of which comes the regulative law of Jesus about social life. Society does not exist for itself, but for the individual; and man goes into it not to lose, but to find himself. The ancient society, the heathen society of to-day, whether in some savage island or in some fashionable parlour, is ready always to sacrifice the personal nature, the individual soul. As if society itself were an object worthy of perfecting for its own value, it overwhelms individual character and pitilessly sees lives lost in its great whirlpool. I think the great charge that Jesus, if He spoke to-day, would bring against our modern social life, our present society, as it in large part exists, would be this: He would see its impurity; He would recognise the falseness that pervades it; He would turn away from its sordidness with disappointment; but, most of all, He would miss in it that power to cultivate the personal life of the individual by the revelation of the divine side of human existence which is everywhere His ideal of social living. It is not always so. There are small groups of men gathered on such high ground that each of them becomes aware of himself, of his capacities and duties, in the association with his brethren. Especially there are friendships, the sympathetic meeting of man and man, in which each knows himself as he could not in solitude. But our ordinary life with one another, what, in the language of the world, we call *society*, has so left and lost the spontaneousness of natural impulse and so failed to attain the highest conception of itself as the family of God, it so hangs fast in the dull middle regions of conventional propriety and selfish expediency, that it becomes not the fountain, but the grave, of individuality. Men go to it to escape themselves. Men dread it, as they grow older, for younger men, because its influences seem to be fatal to original and positive character. Men flee to solitude to recruit their personality. Nowhere do we find on earth that picture of society reconstructed by the idea of Jesus, society around the throne of God, which shines out upon us from the mysterious promises of the Apocalypse; the glory of which society is to be this,—that while the souls stand in their vast choruses of hundreds of thousands, and all chant the same anthems and all work together in the same transcendent duties, yet each bears the sacred name written on the flesh of his own forehead, and carries in his hand a white stone, on which is written a new name which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. It is individuality emphasized by company, and not lost in it, because the atmosphere in which the company is met is the idea of Jesus, which is the fatherhood of God.

A GLINT OF MOONLIGHT.

IT was the time when Lenten lilies bloom,
And buds are new upon the blackthorn tree;
And I, alone in weariness and gloom,
Gazed far across the sea.

Alone I watched the cheerless daylight wane,
And heard the ocean-murmurs swell and rise;
Sharp on the window smote the gusty rain,
And darker grew the skies.

Old love-tones mocked me in the moaning tide,
And phantom faces rose upon the dark;
The ocean rolled beneath me, black and wide,
Without one beacon-spark.

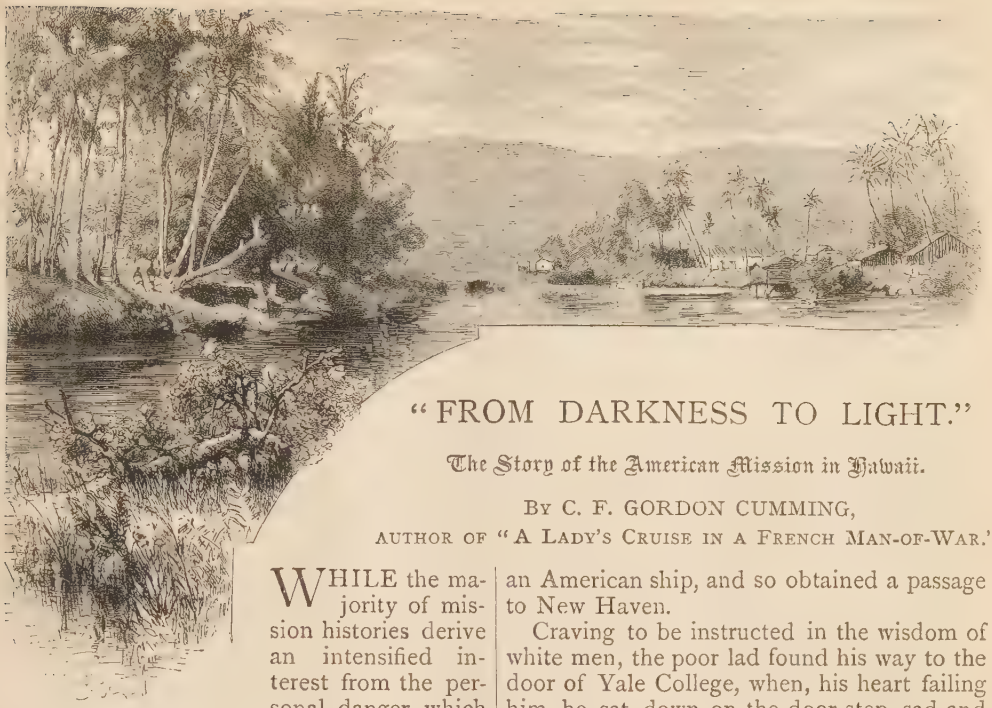
I had no hope—I had no comfort left,
My soul went out in wailing to the night;
When lo, that sable sky was swiftly cleft
By one pure shaft of light!

A glint of moonlight, silver-bright and clear,
Shone on a tossing bark amid the foam;
And struggling sailors, worn with toil and fear,
Beheld the shores of home.

The summer brought me back the love of old,
My autumn days were rich with corn and wine;
Ah me, what joy the moonlight beam foretold,
In that dark hour of mine!

But when the golden lilies are in bloom
My heart looks backward, and I pause to pray
That others, watching lonely in the gloom,
May see that silver ray.

I. L. COSHAM.



"FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT."

The Story of the American Mission in Hawaii.

By C. F. GORDON CUMMING,
AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S CRUISE IN A FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR."

WHILE the majority of mission histories derive an intensified interest from the personal danger which the missionaries have been called upon to face, through the opposition stirred up by the priests of the idol temples, the mission to the Sandwich Isles is distinguished from all others by the strange fact, that the High Priest of the War God was the first to welcome those whom he claimed as "his brother priests," and to whose teaching he at once gave ear, declaring that he had long been convinced in his own heart that there could be but One Great God, Who alone could have power to hear and answer prayer.

A glance at the map will show that the Hawaiian, or Sandwich, Isles form an isolated group, lying several thousand miles to the north of the Society and other South Sea Isles.

Singularly enough, although British missionary efforts were directed to the latter within twenty years of the date when Captain Cook visited all these groups (meeting his sad death in the Sandwich Isles A.D. 1779), no attempt was made to obtain any footing in Hawaii till the year 1820, when the American Board of Foreign Missions at Boston resolved to endeavour to establish a branch in this neglected field. The idea was suggested by the arrival of a Hawaiian lad, who (his kindred having all been slain in battle) had contrived to get on board of an American ship, and so obtained a passage to New Haven.

Craving to be instructed in the wisdom of white men, the poor lad found his way to the door of Yale College, when, his heart failing him, he sat down on the door-step, sad and lonely, weeping bitterly. There he was found by kind-hearted men, who placed him at the college to receive the instruction he so greatly desired. Soon the young student became deeply impressed with the reality of the Christian faith, and he confided to others his longing to go back to his own country to try and induce his people to cast away their idols and worship the true God.

The idea thus suggested was taken up by earnest men, as a clear leading of the Holy Spirit. They resolved that the young convert should not return alone on his perilous enterprise, and soon a little band of volunteers agreed to devote themselves to this work, ready to face the unknown dangers which probably awaited them. All they knew of the Isles was that they were engaged in incessant inter-tribal wars; that the gigantic stone altars reeked with the blood of human victims; that the life of a commoner was liable to be sacrificed to the merest caprice of his feudal lord, whose word was law, and who might at any moment seize everything belonging to his vassal; that infanticide prevailed to an extent unparalleled, even in the Society Isles, where the majority of the women made a common practice of putting their own offspring to death. But whereas there the little innocents were disposed of as soon as possible, the Hawaiian women frequently

spared the babies for a few weeks or months, and then, on the smallest provocation, suffocated them, and buried them beneath the earth-floor of their own homes. These were a few of the details of the social life of Hawaii, which the mission party determined to try and remedy, though expecting to meet with the most vehement opposition from priests and chiefs.

A great farewell service was held in Boston, when the fathers of the mission warned their messengers not to be unduly discouraged, though their labours might long appear unfruitful, for that "probably not one of them would live to witness the downfall of idolatry."

In October, 1819, the party sailed in the brig *Thaddeus*. After a long and trying voyage round Cape Horn, they sighted the snow-capped peaks of Mauna Kea on the 31st of March, 1820. The first Hawaiian student had died ere the mission was ready to start; but four of his countrymen had found their way to America, and were now returning as interpreters. Seeing a fishing canoe they put off to meet it, and a few moments later returned, shouting in wild excitement, "Oahu's idols are no more!" Such news appeared incredible, yet it proved to be true. The system of idolatry which appeared to be so deeply rooted had been overturned. The fabric was rotten at the core, and had suddenly crumbled to dust.

To explain how this came about it is necessary to glance at the general condition of the group. At the time of Captain Cook's visit each island was a separate kingdom, governed by its own king, and every tribe was engaged in ceaseless wars with its neighbours. At last a master spirit arose—a mighty warrior-chief known as Kamehameha the Great. By birth he was only ruler of a small district on the great isle; but his prowess as a warrior soon became apparent, and various circumstances led to his being reverenced as the favourite of the gods, who were supposed to lend supernatural aid to his armies. So he extended his conquests from isle to isle, till at length he was the acknowledged ruler of the whole group, and Hawaii-nei became one united kingdom.

As in duty bound the great king showed his gratitude for the favour of the gods by diligence in their service. He built new temples, where, as High Priest, he himself offered great sacrifices, and in every respect he strengthened the hands of the priests. Above all, he rigidly enforced all the very oppressive laws of the *tabu*—that terrible system of prohibitions, which in some form or other existed throughout the Pacific, embittering the lives of all men, and especially of all women, but, of course, weighing most lightly on the priests and chiefs.

In other respects Kamehameha was a wonderfully astute ruler, and showed striking wisdom in many matters, especially in organizing the affairs of his kingdom, in regulating commerce, and in inducing white men to come to teach his people various trades. At length rumours reached Hawaii of the great changes wrought in Tahiti by the adoption of Christianity, and he began to desire to learn something concerning this wonderful religion. So he applied to the many white men whom he had gathered round him (on the one isle of Oahu there were sixty foreign residents); but amongst all these pioneers of civilisation not one was found capable of giving him the simplest outline of the Christian faith. "He no tell him nothing," was the account given by a Hawaiian of the white trader's response to this vain cry for light.

So, on the 8th of May, 1819, just forty years after Captain Cook's discovery of the Isles, this grand savage died as he had lived, leaving to other ages the sight he had desired to see and had not seen. Three hundred dogs were sacrificed in his honour, and the priests held full sway till after his burial, while the people mourned, as was customary on the death of a chief; the vilest saturnalia prevailing for a period of many days.

Then came the wonderful revolution. While the great king lived none dared openly to infringe the laws which he upheld; but at his death free-thought asserted itself. The burden of the tabu had long been felt to be intolerable, and the impunity with which foreigners broke all its laws incited the Hawaiians to doubt concerning its binding power. The most advanced thinkers were the widows of the late king, the two queens, in whom was now vested the chief authority.

These imperious women, on whose word hung the issues of life and death, were as subject to the arbitrary law of the tabu as the meanest of their subjects. The highest chiefess (who might select as many husbands as she pleased, and repudiate them at her own pleasure) dared not, on pain of death, taste food that had been prepared for any man, even her own son. Nor dared she ever taste the daintier sorts of fruit and fish, which were tabued for the exclusive use of men. From its earliest infancy the female

child was taught to avoid the food that had touched its father's dish, as if it were poison.

The senseless laws of tabu affected each detail of daily life. The vassal who passed a chief without crouching, or who suffered his shadow to fall on his superior, or who, even inadvertently, bathed in a pool which the superior had reserved for his own use, was mercilessly put to death. A man never knew when he might unwittingly be infringing some capricious law—for new tabus were constantly proclaimed by the priests—sacred seasons, during which all ordinary avocations of life must be suspended, and no man dared go out to fish or to dig in his garden. He must sit at home, and not a word might be uttered in the whole village—for perhaps many days.

This is the merest outline of the oppressive system which, like an evil leaven, permeated all life throughout Polynesia. Now the queens found courage to determine to break through it, and urged the young king to proclaim its abolition. For a while he could not venture; but the queen-mother set the example, by eating with her younger son. Several of the high chiefs favoured the movement, and on a certain day the king invited them to a great feast, when, according to custom, the women assembled in a place apart. As soon as the food was prepared, and the pigs, fowls, turtles, and certain tabued fish were cut up, the king bade the attendants carry these forbidden dainties to his wives and the other women, and himself sat down among them to eat. The advanced chiefs at once did likewise, and a shout of amazement from the spectators greeted this deliberate violation of the tabu.

But the High Priest, Heva-Heva, declared that no evil would ensue, even if the king went a step farther, and abolished the worship of the gods. Thereupon he resigned his office, and the king proclaimed that henceforth the idols and their priests were alike to be disregarded.

A certain number of the priests acquiesced in this decision, but others flew to arms. A short ecclesiastical war followed, when the priestly party was utterly routed, and the iconoclasts held full sway, destroying the idols, demolishing the temples and burning the long-venerated relics.

Thus every barrier of superstitious awe and of social custom was at one blow swept away, and a race of the rudest savages were left to follow their own inclinations, without one shadow of restraint. The result was a period of unbridled license, in excess of anything previously known even in Hawaii.

It was at this period that the mission ship anchored in Honolulu harbour. From the first moment of their arrival, and throughout many subsequent years, the missionaries found that all hindrance to their work came, not from the Hawaiians, but from the raffish white settlers and the crews of whaling and other vessels which came to Honolulu for refitting and provisioning, and who rejoiced in the lawless condition of the Isles.

These men endeavoured, by every argument they could invent, to induce the king and chiefs to forbid the new-comers even to land, and so far succeeded that a weary fortnight elapsed before the tired travellers were allowed to set foot on shore. For five long months they had been cooped up in the little vessel, and naturally craved to get ashore; but the white men were without pity. Finally the good sense of the chiefs carried the day, and the strangers were permitted to land on sufferance, and to remain for one year, on condition that if then judged unworthy, they should depart. Of course, long before that period the new-comers had gained a considerable influence with the people.

The fact that the mission party included several women and children was greatly in its favour, as the astute chiefs rightly judged that men who meant mischief would leave their families behind them.

Very soon, some of the more thoughtful of the people began to give heed to the message of the new-comers. Amongst these was a poor blind dancer, a court buffoon noted for his wit and eloquence, but a miserable-looking object of most disreputable character even in Hawaii. During some court festival this wretched creature fell ill. Neglected and miserable he lay alone, in deep darkness of soul as of sight. In this hour of anguish he was found by one of the Hawaiian lads educated in America, who cheered him and told him of the Great Physician who had given sight to the blind.

These words were a message of life to the poor blind buffoon. Thenceforth, day after day, he induced a heathen lad to lead him to the place where the Christian teachers spoke to the people, and eagerly he drank in every word that was spoken. Endued with a wonderful memory, he never forgot anything he heard, and soon his mind became stored with passages of the Holy Scriptures, and his heart and understanding alike grasped the great truths they presented to him.

When he was next summoned to amuse the court by the old vile dances he boldly refused, saying that henceforth he must live as beseemed a servant of the living God. Many derided him, but the young queen respected the courage of the poor blind man, and she hearkened to his pleadings, and was led by him to seek the way of salvation. Thenceforward he threw his whole soul into the work of drawing men to hear the words of the new teachers.

In what appears an excess of caution, the missionaries refused to receive him as a member of the Church, till they had kept him four years on probation. Then he was baptized, and took the new name of Battimea (Bartimeus). Thenceforward the earnestness and eloquence of the blind convert were felt as a living influence. If his bodily presence was weak, his speech was with power, and when at prayer-meetings he was called upon to speak, all who heard him were touched to the heart by the deep pathos and tenderness, and unutterable humility with which he poured forth his new heart as to One very near to him.

Fourteen years were suffered to elapse ere he was permitted to work officially as a deacon, but he was none the less a powerful agent in influencing his countrymen, ceaselessly visiting from house to house, and constantly journeying on foot to and fro between two villages twenty miles apart, that he might teach others all he had learnt.

One by one the chiefs and chiefesses gave heed to the new religion, and ere long almost all became regular attendants at worship, but all were kept on probation for very long periods before they were admitted to baptism, so great was the fear lest any should afterwards bring discredit on their profession.

The bulk of the people were more slow to receive the new faith. Though the old worship was abolished, many clung to their former superstitions, and some had carefully hidden their idols in caves, where they might worship them in secret till the time came when they hoped to reinstate them.

After awhile, however, some of the most powerful chiefesses became so thoroughly in earnest that they threw their whole personal influence into the scale, and travelled from village to village, exhorting the people to give up their lingering idolatry, and embrace the Christian faith. Then the hidden idols were brought forth and committed to the flames.

Among the earliest converts was the grand old High Chief, Kalanimoku, so renowned in war that he was called "The Iron Cable of Hawaii."

The old warrior had aided in the overthrow of idolatry, and now, when the new faith was made known to him, he saw in his advanced years only a reason for not losing a day in learning its precepts. "I am growing old," he said. "My eyes are dim; I may soon be blind. I must learn in haste, or never know the right way. Come, therefore to my house and teach me." During the short interval of life that remained, The Iron Cable strove with all his might to establish the government on a Christian footing, and to counteract the mischief done by bad foreigners.

One of the most picturesque incidents of this period was one too well known to need repetition in detail here, when the chiefess Kapiolani (whose lands lay on the great isle Hawaii, at the base of the ever-active volcano) finding it impossible to convince her people that there could be One greater than the fire-gods whom they were wont to worship and to propitiate, in fear and trembling, boldly descended into the crater, and, crossing the lava-beds, followed by a faithful few who were resolved to share her fate, advanced to the brink of the awful lake of fire, and boldly defied the wrath of Pélé, the terrible volcano goddess. Bidding her followers kneel around her, she addressed herself in solemn worship to Jehovah as the only Lord of the universe.

Then retracing her steps across the lava, and up the steep crater wall, she returned to her people and claimed the fulfilment of their promise, that should she escape destruction at the hands of Pélé, they too would become worshippers of the more mighty God.

Thus, little by little, the faith was spread from isle to isle. Those who knew a little tried to teach others what they had learnt. Schools were now opened in all the principal districts, and in several places churches were built, and large congregations assembled week by week to hear about the new religion. The building of the schools and churches was, of course, all done by the voluntary labour of the people, who divided the labour, some going off to the forests to hew down timber, and then harnessing themselves to the huge logs, dragging them by main force for distances of twenty or thirty miles, through tangled forest and over rough lava-beds seamed with deep ravines—a difficult and arduous task. Others went to the reef to dive for coral, which they burnt to make lime, while the weaker women and children collected reeds for thatching, or plaited fibre

string or mats. All lent their aid, and the neighbourhood of the villages resembled human bee-hives.

Within ten years of the establishment of the mission there were nine hundred schools in the group; but, of course, the teachers were so little in advance of the scholars that they could do little more than start them, and it was evidently necessary to establish a training school, in which the teachers could obtain a more advanced education. Such an institution was accordingly started at Lahaina, and proved an admirable college. Sixty-seven of the most intelligent young men were enrolled as students. Their course of study was to embrace four years, by which time they had acquired as much learning as was deemed necessary.

By 1828 the four Gospels had been translated into Hawaiian, and upwards of fifteen thousand copies were in circulation, and in the hands of diligent readers. Of course the translation of the complete Bible was an exceedingly laborious task, and was not completed till ten years later, but various useful school books and devotional works were published in the interval.

In various ways a good influence was working steadily. In Hawaii, as in Britain, one of the chief enemies to be fought was the giant Drunkenness. The king and most of the high chiefs were steeped in drink, their natural love of kava having been carefully developed by the white traders into a thirst for ardent spirits.

It was a common thing at that period to find all the inhabitants of a village drunk. In 1831 a temperance society was formed at Honolulu, when about a thousand persons bound themselves to endeavour to stem the evil—neither to distil, drink, give, or sell ardent spirits. This movement has gained ground, and proved an eminent blessing, not only to the natives, but also to the sailors frequenting the port.

The king and chiefs now resolved to frame their laws on the model of the Decalogue; polygamy and polyandry were alike declared illegal; infanticide was classed as murder; and, in short, Hawaii rapidly assumed the code and outward semblance of a Christian kingdom, which led to frightful opposition on the part of the white settlers and sailors, by whom the lives of the missionaries were repeatedly threatened and endangered. Nevertheless they held their ground, and the new code of laws became binding on white men and brown.

But the most remarkable era in the history of the mission occurred between the years 1837 and 1843. It is a time known as "The Great Awakening," and its incidents are full of exceeding interest. Some account of these we must reserve till next month.

THE BEAUTIFUL END OF A NOBLE LIFE.

By the late THOMAS JONES.

IN the thirty-first chapter of Deuteronomy we find Moses encouraging the children of Israel at the prospect of his death. For him the end was at hand, his dying day was near, and he was soon to follow his fathers to the silent world of the departed. This we always speak of as "a solemn event;" but other things should be noticed concerning it. To a good man it is a joyous, blessed, and sublime change. To him "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth." To come into *this* world is a great event. To see its sights, and hear its sounds; to engage in its work; to enjoy its loves and friendships; even to struggle with its difficulties is a glorious privilege, if we think well of it. But the day of death is better, grander, and more glorious. There is a nobler world, a higher state than this, in which life is fuller, richer, and deeper; a state in which God is nearer to the soul than now; where knowledge is clearer and completer; where sin is not found, and sorrow is for ever absent. There the spirit of man attains its perfect maturity, and blessedness has no mingling of regrets and tears. Death is the introduction into that state, the entrance into the real "kingdom of God," the passing through the golden gates into the Holy City.

This was the change Moses was expecting. His work was done; he could no more "go out and come in." The thousands of Israel stand face to face with him for the last time. There is a dignity in his bearing, a power in his words at this last interview which cannot fail to move us. The pathos and charm of this closing scene are most touching. Read the story, and think of these things.

He was a good man. The Divine voice spoke to him; he listened, learned, and

obeyed. This great saying was true of him, "he served God." The Divine will was the law of his life; he felt the touch of the invisible hand, and allowed himself to be guided by it. Nothing so beautiful can be said of man on his burial day as this—"He served God." God sent him into the world, he discovered what the Divine will was in regard to him, and obeyed it. The reverse picture is unspeakably sorrowful. You may say over the grave of a wicked man, "God sent him here for a great and glorious purpose, and gave him every opportunity of knowing what that purpose was; but he failed willingly to understand it; he loved sin, went on from mistake to mistake, from one sin to another; he sank lower and yet lower, wandered farther and ever farther from the truth and the right, and worn out in the service of sin, DIED." We say nothing of what awaits him beyond. Let solemn, sorrowful silence suggest what it may be. Some say eternal, regretful existence, others, annihilation; while some have a hope that at a distant day he may be restored. We enter not upon those questions; in any case the future of the ungodly is full of sorrow, terrible to contemplate.

He was aged. "I am a hundred and twenty years old this day." It was time to rest. The death of a child is like crushing a flower before it has opened. The death of a young man is like the falling of a warrior by a stray shot on the morning of the battle, before the real conflict has begun. But the departure of the aged saint is natural and comely. It is so in relation to the *physical* part of his being. When the body is shattered with age, it is meet that it should return and mingle again with its native elements. Beautiful is the saying, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The body is of the earth, earthy; therefore let it go to rest in the bosom of nature whence it came. That which is really divine in the body, the form, majestic, harmonious, and beautiful as it is, shall be preserved. The future body shall have the real human form, with this difference, that it shall be refined, elevated, and idealised, and made almost spiritual. Artists sometimes idealise a face; you hardly know it at first, but having looked *into* it, you see that is the face of him whom you know; the old form and lines and expression are there, only the genius has imparted a half-spiritual quality which makes them tenfold more beautiful. So the future body shall have the form of the present one, and that form made "like unto His glorious body," who is the King and representative of men.

But death is natural and comely in the aged saint in regard to the soul also. St. Paul said, "I have a desire to depart," and this longing often comes to the "man of God" in old age. The unseen world seems near to him, and more real than it was in early life; he longs to know the great secret of the heavenly state, of which the New Testament speaks so much. He yearns for rest after the sore trials of this existence. his friends, too, are gone before, and he would join them. God is revealed in the upper world as He is not in this, and he would see the vision; and Christ, whom he loves with intensest love, is there, and who can wonder if he is in haste to gaze upon His glory? The captive bird flutters in its cage, presses hard against the bars, and pines for the free and boundless air in which to soar and sing; and so there are saintly souls who desire to depart. They are restless, uneasy, and would gladly go hence; to them death is kind, an angel of God, their deliverer—for he sets them free, and with a glad cry of relief they escape and ascend into the eternal life.

Then the calmness and self-possession of Moses strike us. He speaks of his death with perfect peace, and does not mention anything dreadful in connection with it. What was the cause of his peace? There is little, perhaps nothing, said in a direct way in the Old Testament to reveal the heavenly life; but we love to think that a man like Moses had some light on the great subject. Several things lead us to think that he had. He was a *thoughtful* man, and thoughtful men in all ages have had the *idea* of a future glorious life. In one form or another it is always found in such minds. It is, perhaps, only a dream, or half-belief, or tradition; but there it is. Man cannot think long without asking, "Is there a life beyond this?" But more, Moses had much communion with God. Nature, I think, will confirm your belief in a future life. Hold fellowship with her, gaze upon her immense workings, and you will see so much life and energy, that it will be difficult to believe in eternal death. You are standing as it were on the shore, and the waves roll up one after the other from the great ocean of existence; young, fresh, and new, they come, and you feel that you are in a living universe, and not a dying creation, and that life is stronger than death. Again, there are *men* who confirm us in the same belief. They strengthen, if they don't create in us, the idea of an immortal life. They possess such mental power, they are so wise

and good, there is in their character so much to be admired and loved, that we say, "All this cannot die for ever." But Moses had more than this—he enjoyed much fellowship with God. The Lord spoke to him at Horeb, he heard His voice on Sinai, and saw His presence in the tabernacle. Surely we are not to think that such a man would be left in utter darkness with regard to the future. Communing as he did with the God of life, some rays of light must have shone into his mind.

We cannot fail to notice, besides, the strong element of what we may call *humanness* in this aged, holy, calm man at the end of life. We see that his interest in the people and their affairs had not ceased. He was leaving the world. The Divine call had come, and he must obey; but that did not so absorb his attention as to make him forget his friends. He was not so engrossed with his own departure that he had not a thought to give those whom he was leaving behind. All that concerns them is of interest to him to the last; he carries them in his thoughts to the very door of death. In the 30th chapter he charges them to obey the Lord their God; in the 31st he speaks words of the greatest encouragement to strengthen their hearts; in the following chapter comes his song of praise; and in the 33rd he takes up the tribes singly and pronounces upon each its blessing. Here and there he refers to the riches and goodness of the material world, "The land blessed of the Lord:" the dew of heaven, the deep that croucheth beneath, the precious things of the sun and the moon, the chief things of the ancient mountains, the fruits of the lasting hills, and the fulness of the fertile earth. This world had not lost its charm to him because he was leaving it. Everything that concerned the future home of the people whom he loved was of interest to him. He was not afraid, death had no terrors for him, he was filled with "great peace;" and yet he seemed loath to depart. We have seen people part from each other after this manner:—They said farewell, and then returned to say something they had forgotten; then went, and returned again to say the last word, which proved not to be the last, for once again they had something more to communicate. It was exactly so with Moses. He was long, very long, in saying his last word. He said it by way of charge to the people; said it in words of encouragement; said it in a song of praise; and finally said it in blessings upon the tribes of Israel. This lasting human love—the love that is young in old age, that does not decay in the time of weakness, that lives in death, and interests itself in the affairs of the people to the last—is very beautiful and touching.

We must not forget his parting words of encouragement to the people. "Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." Moses here touched a deep chord, and drew forth a strain of music which shall never die. The same words were spoken to Joshua when he was called to place himself at the head of the people, and lead them into the promised land, "I will never fail thee nor forsake thee." David used them to strengthen his son Solomon,—"The Lord God, even my God, will be with thee; He will not fail thee nor forsake thee." They are taken up for the comfort of the Christian Church in one of the New Testament epistles,—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." These words come with force from the lips of Moses, for he had experience of the Divine faithfulness. His life had been one of many trials, but God had never failed him. It is pleasant to hear children praise the name of the Lord. Young men and maidens are called upon to glorify His name; but such praise is wanting in the deepest meaning, for their experience is not deep. But to hear an aged man, after all the sorrows of life, with trembling, dying lips, bear testimony to the faithfulness of God, is most helpful. He speaks from experience, feels and knows the truth of his own words. We will strengthen our hearts at the threshold of the New Year with this thought, that through all its varied scenes the companionship of God is assured us; tried we may be, but forsaken never; the loneliness of sorrow may come upon us, but He will be nigh at hand.

We end here. This testimony of Moses lends glory to his departing spirit. The light of it is upon his face as he passes from our sight. We have seen nothing in the world grander than this—a good man, ripe in years, calm in spirit, with no shadow of a fear, departing from the world with these words upon his lips: "Fear God, love Him, do His will, and He will never leave you nor forsake you."

QUAINT OLD GARDEN OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

QUAINT old garden of our childhood,
Where we played from chime to chime,
Haunted by the mournful music
Of the belfry's broken rhyme!

Hither came the swell of anthems,
Floating through our leafy glades,
Here the "Amen" from the cloisters
Died among our mulberry shades.

Hither came the joy of bridals,
Clash and laughter of the bells;
Hither came the muffled sorrow,
And the sob, of last farewells.

Sombre chestnuts held their torches
White, in deep funereal gloom,
O'er the sunken, mould'ring headstones,
O'er the latest daisied tomb.

Solemn curfew of our childhood,
Closing each day with a sigh,
Ringing through our peaceful slumbers
Like a tender lullaby!

Daisied meadows of our childhood,
Once a battle-field of pain!
Ah, we never dreamed of dolour
As we weaved our daisy-chain!

Shining river of our childhood,
As I watched thee ripple by,
Still I deemed thy joy and glitter
Sweetest of life's prophecy.

See, it widens to the ocean!
See, the river overflows!
Shining river of my childhood,
Life is fullest at its close!

CLARA THWAITES.

"Daisied meadows of our childhood."

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Stepping Stones," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—"IT'S GUDE TO BE HONEST AND TRUE."

THERE were plenty of pleasant villas to be found on the outskirts of Marksbury; and one of the cosiest and pleasantest belonged to Major Clive, the old friend and comrade of Angus Lothian.

About a week after the fancy ball the two men, Clive and Lothian, were sitting together in a little breakfast-room which overlooked the garden.

It was just six o'clock; the afternoon-tea people had all departed, and Mrs. Clive had joyfully slipped away to the nursery for a quiet time before dinner. The men, she knew, would do very well without her; they would talk and smoke while she revelled in her babies, and sat upon the floor with her youngest in an ecstasy of maternal delight.

Left to themselves "the men" had fulfilled her expectations by repairing at once to the breakfast-room and beginning to smoke.

There was a marked difference in the outer aspect of these two friends, and each consumed his tobacco in a characteristic way. Harold Clive, strong, broad-shouldered, and robust, had a big cheroot under his thick, brown moustache, while between Angus Lothian's lips rested a dainty cigarette. Looking at the pair you would at once have fixed on Clive as the hero, and decided that all the rough work of life must certainly have fallen to the share of one so well able to cope with it.

But if the truth must be told, no man who ever wore a uniform had done less of soldiering than Harold Clive, and few had ever trodden a smoother path, so far as outward eyes could see. With good private means, good connections, and all the personal qualities best calculated to win friends, it was not surprising that he should be generally looked upon as a favourite of fortune.

At nine-and-twenty he married sweet Amy Lyle, who was mistress of a small fortune, and had had many a heart laid at her feet before she settled down, contentedly, to be the most loving of wives and mothers. It was a love-match on both sides people said; but it is seldom, perhaps, that the love on both sides is quite equal. Certain it is, however, that sweet Amy brought her husband all the freshness of a woman's first attachment, and felt that she had gained the summit of earthly bliss when he made her his wife.

And before a year of wedlock had passed over his head, Harold Clive was secretly thanking God for the great gift of a pure love.

He had rushed into marriage with a concealed dread of its monotony, but he had found in it an infinite variety. He had honestly made up his mind to be a good husband, but had privately feared that he should find it difficult to keep to his resolution. And yet in a little while he caught himself wondering at all his bygone misgivings, and confessing himself a truly happy man at last.

Did Amy ever suspect that he had set out upon the path of married life with a doubtful mind? Did she dream that he had wrenched himself free from another bondage before he tied the knot that bound him to herself? If she had suspicions she kept them, like a sensible woman, in her own breast; and she trusted too to the strength and purity of her love to charm his thoughts from a painful past. She put no questions; she never showed by word or look the least consciousness of a past history in which she had had no part.

Truly it is a wise ladye who binds up her knight's wounds without asking where he got them! And it may, perhaps, be truly asserted that the questions we leave unasked are precisely those that are sure to get answered in the end.

For some moments the friends smoked in silence. Both were looking out dreamily upon the westering lights slanting over the garden-beds, where groups of the polyanthus and double narcissus were growing in stiff clusters. A cherry-tree caught a faint rose-tinge upon its mass of snowy blossoms; the whole garden wore that cool freshness which seldom outlasts the early spring days. It was chill weather still; a fire burnt brightly in the room, but there were April flowers upon the tables, breathing their faint fragrance, and catching a gleam or two of the sunset.

"Why do you mean to leave us, Lothian?" asked Clive at last. "It's too bad of you to desert us when we counted on having you for a long time."

"I don't intend to desert you," Angus replied. "I'm not going away from Marks-

bury yet, so there's no need to be fractious, old man."

"Not going away from Marksbury, and yet you won't stay on in this house?"

"Look here, Clive," said the other, speaking less indolently than usual. "We are such old friends that I can surely be frank with you. I've had a great deal of wear and tear you know, and since my return there hasn't been much quietness. I'm beginning to feel that I should like to get away alone for a bit, and think over all my affairs, past, present, and future. And so I've taken a couple of rooms in one of the terraces yonder, but I mean to come in here nearly every day."

"I'm not childish enough to press you to stay if you really feel that solitude is best for you," rejoined Harold frankly. "But won't it be dreary work to shut yourself up with your thoughts?"

"I shall not shut myself up, I shall run in to you if I feel the blues coming on. But I haven't had a really bad attack of them for a long while."

There was another silence, and Harold quietly scanned his companion's face.

In spite of his assertion that it was long since he had had a bad fit of the blues, Angus Lothian showed unmistakable signs of a disturbed mind. There was a weariness about the eyes that told of a sleepless night; the cheeks, always thin, looked even more hollow than usual. And his old comrade, after regarding him narrowly and steadfastly, began to feel deep concern.

"You are not in very good spirits to-day, Lothian," he said gravely.

"Not very. I dare say I look a wreck, and I know I was a wet blanket to all the people who were here this afternoon. Mrs. Clive will be glad to see the last of her dreary guest."

"Don't be absurd, Lothian. You know that Amy would be as glad to keep you as I should be; in fact, I think she finds your melancholy interesting. Of course you are bored to death with all this bother and fuss about your gallant deeds;—I can understand that well enough. But the excitement will soon subside, and I hardly think, old fellow, you can have just cause for being gloomy nowadays."

"My liver is all wrong, I suppose," said Angus dismally. And then throwing away the end of his cigarette, he added with a short laugh—"No, it's not that; it really is too bad to blame the liver for everything. But there are worries that won't bear talking about, Clive."

"You aren't hard up, Lothian; it can't be that, of course. But if it were, and——"

"Oh, no; I settled everything when I came into my uncle's money, and there wasn't much owing. Thanks, old man, for worrying yourself about me, but you mustn't do it. I'm not worth it."

Harold took his cheroot from his lips, knitted his brows, and fixed his keen, blue eyes sternly on the speaker.

"I'm ashamed of you, Lothian, positively ashamed of you," he said. "Do you suppose that you can allay an old friend's anxiety with such humbug as that? As if I hadn't found out precisely what you were worth long ago!"

"Don't be annoyed with me," pleaded Angus, looking up with a brighter face.

"As if I didn't know the stuff that was in you long before they gave you that cross, which seems, by the way, to have made you confoundedly uncomfortable! You hate being lionised, because your pride overtops your vanity; vain persons seldom have much pride, and you are intensely proud and not vain. But it isn't the lionising that has given you the blues to-day. You need not trust me with your troubles, of course; but if you spoke of them to me instead of carrying them into your lonesome rooms, you wouldn't act unwisely."

Angus laughed softly; but as he leaned back in his chair and met his friend's gaze, he looked younger and happier.

"It has done me good to be pitched into," he said. "Well, we'll have it out, Clive. It's a letter that has upset me, a letter that came by the latest post last night."

"And that letter was from a woman?"

"Yes; but how did you guess that?"

"You seem to think I was born without instinct! I can go a step farther if you like, and tell you the name of the writer."

"Go on then," said Angus resignedly.

"Isn't it Mrs. Heath? Ah! I see I am right."

"You must be a wizard," replied Major Lothian with a sigh. "I thought she had forgotten me long ago. Why did you suppose that she had written to me?"

"Because, Lothian, I understood Mrs. Heath's nature better than you ever did. When she was Mabel Conway I watched her with dispassionate eyes. Ever since I have known her she has always done the very things that I expected her to do. I expected her to throw you over when you went to India, and she did it. I expected her to write to you on your return, and she has done that too."

"She has asked me to go to see her," said Angus; and the blood mounted to his sallow cheek as he spoke. "She says she still remembers the old days, and hints that her present path is not quite so smooth as one might suppose."

"Smooth—no, I don't see how it can be," remarked Harold drily. "Every one knows that Heath has a villainous temper. But, then, there are the carriages and diamonds by way of compensation, you know."

"If he makes her unhappy——" Angus began.

"He does not make her unhappy; she dreaded poverty more than anything else, and she has got wealth. I hope you are not sentimental enough to regard her as an interesting martyr?"

"I am not given to sentimentalism," the other answered with a touch of haughtiness. "It's not unnatural, however, that a man should take a little interest in his first love, and feel a little sympathy with her sorrows."

"With her supposed sorrows, Lothian. I tell you that Mrs. Heath is perfectly satisfied with her lot. It makes me savage to see feeling wasted on a woman who never had a heart."

"You are too hard upon her, Clive."

"And you are not hard enough. I wish you had seen her, as I did, after your departure. I wish you had seen her openly setting her traps for Heath; talking at him, dancing at him, dressing at him, and yet pretending that her heart had gone out to India with you. It was a sickening sight."

"Don't tell me about it," said Angus sadly. "I was a poor man, and I ought not, perhaps, to have let her bind herself to me."

"It must have greatly surprised her to hear of your uncle's death. She counted on his living to a good old age. But anyhow, Lothian, you couldn't have competed with Heath; and you may be quite sure that she has never repented her bargain."

"If I thought that she was really contented with her lot, I should feel quite at ease," remarked Angus, still in a tone of doubt. "But there's a strain of sadness running through the whole letter. She writes like the Mabel that I knew in the old days."

"You never knew the real Mabel at all," said Harold, shaking his head. "I hope you'll bear with my plain dealing, Lothian, if I offer a piece of advice. For heaven's sake don't accept Mrs. Heath's invitation!"

"I know you mean well, Clive; and, of course, I'm not such a fool as to resent anything you say. But you are taking this affair far too seriously."

"If I am serious it is because I know too well what these small beginnings lead to. You don't want me to drag all my buried experience into light? It's enough to say that I have suffered so much in the past that my eyes are quick to see impending danger. Take my counsel, Lothian; send a quiet refusal, and put that note into the fire."

Angus did not reply. His glance wandered absently into the garden, and then came back to settle on a white hyacinth that stood on a little table by his side.

Early in the morning Amy had gathered the flower, and placed it alone in a spiral glass that its perfect beauty might be without a rival. There was not a single flaw in one of its wax-like bells; not a hint of decay to mar the completeness of its loveliness. Its perfume stole up into Angus Lothian's face as he looked at it; and with the perfume came a remembrance.

He recalled the scent of a white flower that had fallen out of the Snow Queen's bouquet and dropped at his feet. It was a white hyacinth, and he had picked it up and given it back to its owner.

After the ball he had called at the Bushes, and had seen Mrs. Rose in the garb of every-day life. But that first vision of her, in her white glistening draperies, would never fade out of his mind.

The sight and scent of the flower brought her back vividly; so vividly that she seemed at that very moment to be standing within the room. He saw the lithe graceful figure, and felt anew that strange thrill that he had known when the deep-blue eyes first looked into his. Truly the Snow Queen had not cast away her power when she laid her glittering robes aside. Her spell was on him still for good, not for evil; and it was steadily drawing him away from the snare that had been spread for him.

Little did sweet Amy Clive know that her hyacinth would prove a talisman. A fanciful mind might have dreamed that the influence of a good woman clings to all she touches, and that the fingers of a household angel must needs leave a blessing where they rest. But, anyhow, it is certain that Amy's flower had done that which her husband's warning had failed to accomplish.

No man likes to be scared away from a danger; and Harold's caution, well-meant as it was, might have even served to bring about the mischief it was intended to avert. But the peril was over now. Angus lifted his head, and looked brightly and fearlessly into the face of his old friend.

"I think you are right, old man," he said, "I shall not accept Mrs. Heath's invitation. And I believe my spirits will improve when I have had leisure to enjoy the change in my fortunes. Ever since I landed I've been in a hurry from morning till night."

"Oh, you'll pick up fast enough!" responded Harold, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction, but speaking in his lightest manner. "You can bury yourself in books, as you used to do when a literary mood was on you. Or you can take part in the amusements that will be going on all through the summer. I hear that Mrs. Jervaux means to give a series of garden parties. A nice place—the Bushes."

"A very nice place," said Angus absently.

"That's a wonderfully beautiful young widow who is staying there," Major Clive continued. "I suppose Jervaux admires her."

"She doesn't admire Jervaux," replied Angus with unwonted animation. "Miss Ramsay says she came to the Bushes just because she wanted to take charge of a little girl. That Jervaux is a man who wouldn't please any woman of taste, I should think."

A gleam of fun shot from Harold's keen eyes.

"I don't know much about him," he answered carelessly; "but he must be a duffer if he doesn't admire Mrs. Rose; and a greater duffer still if he doesn't make good use of his opportunities. Now, Lothian, the dinner-bell will ring in a quarter of an hour."

CHAPTER XII.—"WHAT THOUGH I BE NOT SO IN GRACE AS YOU."

THE May days were balmy and soft. Winds and rain-storms seemed to have passed away with April, and Mrs. Rose and Essie had many a pleasant ramble together.

Meanwhile Myra was taking more kindly to society than she had ever done in her life. She came frequently to consult Mrs. Rose on her dress; and on one occasion, when the Ramsays had invited her to an afternoon dance, she betrayed a good deal of anxiety about her appearance.

Rosa, kind and sisterly, bestowed much thought and attention on the girl. Waller, the lady's maid, was astonished at Mrs. Rose's taste and skill, and accepted all her suggestions with profound gratitude. And between them, Rosa and Waller contrived to turn out a costume which delighted Myra's anxious heart, and gave her good reason to be satisfied with herself.

She returned from the dance in high spirits; but her mirth was now by no means of a boisterous kind. Every movement w quieter; her voice had taken a softer tone once or twice she spoke so like Mrs. Ro that Lucian looked at her with a pleas surprise. There is something infectious habitual gentleness, and Rosa's gentlenes being far deeper than mannerliness, had wo Myra into unconscious imitation.

It had become a custom for Mrs. Rose t slip out of the drawing-room after dinner an repair to Essie's bedside. Sometimes th child was awake, and waiting for her visi sometimes she had been overtaken by slee and the mother's soft kiss fell upon an un conscious little cheek. But, whether sh were sleeping or waking, Rosa's greatest hap piness was to be by her daughter's side.

Absorbed in Essie, Rosa was paying les and less heed to the every-day trifles of life the Bushes. Things which another woma would have remarked quickly enough, alto gether escaped her attention. In securin the love of her child she had got her heart' desire, and its sweetness filled her soul. Sh moved about the house unconsciously glad dening every one with the sunshine tha brightened her own world. And it wa hardly wonderful, perhaps, when she looke and smiled so sweetly, that each member o the family should think himself especiall beloved.

After the Ramsays' dance, Myra was in th kind of mood that imperatively demand sympathy. She sat down to the piano an played for a little while; and her music wa the language of a newly-awakened hear Not positively sad, and yet almost painfull sweet, were the strains that floated into th dining-room where Lucian was sitting alone He listened, and found himself strangel charmed and stirred. "Deep was callin unto deep;" his spirit was answering hers and yet she did not even know that he hear

But the playing ended abruptly. She rose left the piano, and went up-stairs, singin softly to herself, in search of Mrs. Rose.

It was after sunset, but the early summe night was so clear that there was no gloom Only a soft dusk filled the corridor as Myr went her way to the nursery, where Rosa wa sure to be found.

She stopped her singing as she reache the door of Essie's sleeping-room. Just a she had expected, Mrs. Rose was sittin close to the pillow, watching the child' tranquil slumber. She looked up and smile as Myra crept in—a smile so tender an beautiful that, preoccupied as she was, i seemed to go straight to the girl's heart.

"I want to talk to you," Myra whispered.

Rosa lifted a warning finger, gave a farewell glance at the little sleeper, and then quietly led the way into the day-nursery.

A small fire was burning there; the room was empty; and the tender twilight invited confidence. Mrs. Rose sat down in nurse's arm-chair by the window; and Myra, kneeling by her side, stole a caressing arm round her waist.

"I am beginning to find out all that I owe to you," the girl said, in that new soft voice of hers. "You have been teaching me how to make myself loved, Mrs. Rose."

"It is very easy to win love," Rosa answered. "So easy, that I wonder when I hear people complaining that no one cares for them."

"But the power of winning hearts doesn't come naturally to all as it comes to you," Myra argued. "I was not born with the gift. But lately, by watching you, I have found out things that were lacking in myself. Do you not see the change in me?"

"I do see it, Myra, dear; and I am very glad. You seem to grow prettier and softer-mannered every day."

"Pretty! Is there really any prettiness in my face?"

"Yes, you are very pleasant to look on. Some time ago I think you did not much regard the importance of looking pleasant. Indeed, you hardly realised that there were any harmonies outside your world of music. You never thought of the colours that ought to be worn with a brunette complexion; you took up sea-green and mauve and put them on hap-hazard. And you persuaded yourself that it was frivolous to give attention to dress."

"But all the change in me isn't owing to the changes in my dress, Mrs. Rose."

"No; but outward changes denote inward changes. You recognise the duty of pleasing: you find that the opinion of the outer world is really worth caring for. You are no longer content to live on with only self for a companion, dear Myra."

"People are beginning to be fond of me," said Myra, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Janet Ramsay wants to be my friend."

"Every one will want to be your friend if you continue to be as nice as you are now," Rosa replied.

"I did make myself disagreeable, I know," Myra confessed. "But it was because I used to fancy I had wings growing—wings that would lift me quite above commonplace society one day."

"Being agreeable wouldn't have checked the growth of the wings, dear child."

"No, but I thought it would. However, I'm wiser now; and oh, Mrs. Rose, I've been so happy to-day!"

"I am very glad to hear you say so."

There was a pause, and then another satisfied sigh from Myra before she spoke again.

"Mrs. Rose," she said suddenly, "how did you first discover that you were loved? I mean—fallen in love with—you know."

Rosa's gaze was resting on the calm evening sky; just before her eyes there was a break in the clouds, unveiling a space of blue-grey heaven where a bright star shone alone. Poor Myra's abrupt question, somewhat clumsily asked, was a shock to the sensitive spirit of her companion. Rosa, proud, reticent, and faithful, was the last woman in the world to prattle about the birth of her first love. All its sweetness was treasured up in her memory yet; but she loved to brood over it in solitude, and felt that to admit another being into her confidence would be simply a profanation.

That star, shining all alone, had drawn her thoughts away to her husband and his dwelling-place. Was he, too, living a bright, solitary life, and still waiting for the earthly love who had stayed below? She knew that this was only a foolish fancy; and yet it served to wake up the old longings and regrets. It was hard to answer Myra, but she was not deaf to the tone of intense earnestness in the girl's question.

She did not look at Myra's face, but she could hear her heart throbbing loudly in the stillness. Could it be possible that Henry's sister had sought her side to tell a love-tale?

She started a little at the thought. And then she remembered that Myra's choice would not be likely to displease her family. Her affection was sure to be set on some one in her own rank of life, and there would be no harm in listening to such a very every-day revelation.

She prepared herself to listen without, perhaps, feeling any deep interest in the coming disclosure. But first of all there was the question to be answered.

"My experiences would not help you much, dear," she said softly. "Mine was a brief wooing; I knew little about lovers and love-making in those early days. But for some years I have been roaming about in the world, and, of course, I have taken the true feminine interest in all the love-affairs that came under my notice. To my thinking, the

first signs are the same in all cases, it's the old, old story told over and over. A girl is singled out, not pointedly, perhaps, at first——"

"Yes, I know. It's always like that," cried Myra, lifting her head and showing her flushed, happy face. "I don't know how to tell you, Mrs. Rose; and yet I can tell nobody else. I think—I'm sure, indeed, that some one is falling in love with me."

Her simplicity astonished Rosa, until she recollected that Myra had moved about in society without seeing anything.

So absorbed had the girl been in watching the imaginary growth of those wings of hers, that she was now quite destitute of all the ordinary experience of young ladyhood. She had snubbed everybody, male or female, who had ventured to cross her path; and all the little flirtations and likings that occupy most of her sex were utterly unknown to her. And Rosa realised, with a sigh, that girls of Myra's stamp are generally slow in learning those useful lessons that their quicker sisters acquire without any trouble at all.

"He has singled me out," she went on. "And to-day he devoted more time to me than he has ever done before. He contrived to get away from all the people who were crowding round him; and then he sat by my side in the conservatory. He talked about you nearly all the time. He said he was sure I was a great friend of yours. Wasn't it very nice of him, Mrs. Rose, to be interested in my friends?"

"Very nice," responded Rosa, with a thrill of uneasiness. "But you haven't told me his name."

"Oh, I thought you would guess; it's Major Lothian."

It was well for both that the twilight was darkening fast. A deep flush most unaccountably dyed Mrs. Rose's cheeks; and she began to breathe quickly. Her mind was instantly possessed by one idea, the strong conviction that Myra was utterly and absurdly mistaken.

If it had been any other man who had "singled out" this sister-in-law of hers, Rosa would not have found it difficult to believe in his preference. But her instinct at once resented the notion of Major Lothian's attachment to Myra Jervaux.

"I—hope everything will go on satisfactorily, Myra," she said, rather lamely, at last. "And now I think they will be expecting us in the drawing-room."

Myra clasped her arms round Rosa's unresisting figure, and kissed her fondly.

"I was jealous of you at first," she confessed, "because you won Essie's heart. But now I know and feel that you are the best friend I ever had."

Mrs. Rose's cheeks were still burning when she went down-stairs. Anxious to avoid listening to any more of Myra's confidences, she kept away from the piano, and took refuge in a game of chess with Lucian. He could have checkmated her, easily enough, in a few moves, but the game was far too pleasant to be cut short, and he contrived by playing execrably, to make it last through the evening.

"We shall have a splendid day to-morrow," said Myra, going to the window, and looking out at the May moonlight.

"What is going to happen to-morrow?" Mrs. Rose asked.

"Don't you know? We are to begin our weekly garden-parties. Mamma will count upon a great deal of assistance from you, Mrs. Rose."

"People are complaining that they don't see enough of Mrs. Rose," remarked Mrs. Jervaux. "They hail a fresh face with such delight, that it is really too cruel to hide it from them."

"So you are to be sacrificed to the insatiable cravings of society," murmured Lucian to Rosa.

"I am tired of society," she said, with a sigh. "I should like to go to a garden-party given by the birds and the bees. Years ago, I went to many parties of that kind, and I assure you that they were delightful. The butterflies were the most frivolous creatures there. I only wish every girl of the period knew how to frivol as gracefully as they did!"

"You were born in the country?" said Mrs. Jervaux.

"Yes; I shall never be anything but a rustic at heart. Still I am glad to have mingled with cultivated men and women; for there are no teachers like human teachers. They are the most God-like, after all."

Alone in her room, Rosa said to herself a hundred times that she wished she could take Essie, and fly from the Bushes.

A vague presentiment of coming trouble was beginning to disturb her peace. She did not know exactly from which quarter the ill wind would blow; but she fancied that some mischief would surely arise from Myra's mistakes. The girl was a born blunderer. Rosa had always expected that such a self-absorbed nature would work out its own punishment.

"If she had only bestowed a little notice on the world and its ways, she would never have misconstrued Major Lothian's attentions," thought Mrs. Rose, as she rested her tired head on the pillow. "And he will be coming here to-morrow, and there will be more misunderstandings! I believe the foolish child has fallen in love with the Victoria cross, not with the man. An undecorated hero would have had no chance with her."

Certain it is that Rosa was tempted to regard her sister-in-law, that night, with something nearly allied to contempt. She could not help looking back on her own early days in the old cottage, and comparing her disadvantages with all the advantages that Myra had possessed from her childhood. The girl who was born a Jervaux, and had been trained for society from her cradle, was decidedly wanting in all those gifts and graces that society prizes most. But it was not the lack of tact and gracefulness that had awakened Rosa's scorn; it was the absence of true womanly dignity, and the deficiency of womanly instinct that she found it hard to think about with any patience.

All Myra's pride of birth, which was as strong in her as in Lucian, could not supply the place of that other pride without which no woman can be thoroughly a gentlewoman.

"To be certain that a man is in love with her, because he sits by her side in a conservatory, and talks about her friends!" muttered Rosa, with an angry toss upon the pillow. "And to speak of her convictions!"

The reticent nature is generally disposed to be a little hard on the outspoken. For some minutes Rosa fumed; and then she suddenly cooled down, and began to ask herself seriously why she was fuming at all?

"I'm afraid you are a mean thing," she said to herself, with a little groan of disgust. "Why did you come here? Certainly not to be severe on your husband's sister and her shortcomings. You came to win your child's heart; and having won it, it strikes me forcibly that your business in this house is nearly ended. You have sufficiently proved, I think, that you are fit to be entrusted with your own daughter. You will have to speak the truth and then take her away."

She raised herself on her elbow, and glanced round the room. Most of the objects in it were visible in the broad moonlight, now pouring in through the partly-closed blind; and she owned to herself, with a half suppressed sob, that she had been comfortably, even luxuriously, lodged in the Bushes. Everybody had been kind; although she had done real work in return for the kindness, she could not but feel that much genuine hospitality had been shown her from the first. In a word, they had all liked her; and liking is a thing that even faithful service cannot always buy.

"Poor Myra," she murmured, sighing; "I forget that I am years older than she is; and miles and miles ahead of her in experience. Marriage made a woman of me before I had done with girlhood. In fact, is there any strong emotion that I have not known? Wifehood; maternity; widowhood;—then years of roaming from place to place; seeing, studying, learning hundreds of things that never are learnt by those who stay at home. Poor Myra; I'll try to wish that he may care for her. Try to wish it! Why should there be any effort in the matter? Just because she likes him for that which is least worthy of liking. Just because their souls would never once meet, even if they lived for fifty years together."

But after all, there were plenty of unsuitable matches in the world; and many of the unequally-yoked couples seemed to get on fairly well together. Mrs. Rose did not exactly know what she was crying for; nevertheless, tears were running down her cheeks, and there was a heavy load on her heart that would not be wept away.

She had seen Major Lothian four or five times since they had first met at the fancy ball. And after their last meeting she had vowed to herself that she would stay at home as much as possible, and devote herself wholly and solely to her child.

To-night she was feeling all the wretchedness of her secret as she had never felt it before. But a time was coming when its burden would be still harder to bear. She lay awake a little longer; thinking, and then earnestly praying; and at last sleep closed her aching eyes.

CHAPTER XIII.—"SUCH TOUCHES ARE BUT EMBASSIES OF LOVE."

THE garden party began well, and promised to be a thorough success. But there were two persons who did not play lawn tennis. The one was Mrs. Rose, who had never cared to learn the game; and the other was Major Lothian, who declared himself too bad a player to take a bat in his hand.

Myra was disappointed and cross; her hero was not taking much notice of her, and she consequently found it difficult to make

herself agreeable to her guests. Nature was very strong in Myra Jervaux; no amount of lecturing and training could make her put on a bland smile at the right moment; nothing

"The tender twilight invited confidence."

on earth could keep her from scowling at everybody when she really was in a very bad temper.

She gave the ball savage hits; and Mrs. Jervaux, giving her an occasional glance, felt all the old anxiety revive. Yet in spite of Myra's ill-humour she did not look quite so unattractive as in former times. Her cross round face, and glowering dark eyes were picturesque under a becoming hat, trimmed with lace and buttercups. And one of the guests, a yellow-haired laddie, two or three years older than herself, was watching her with a good deal of interest and amusement.

He managed to keep close to her side when they had left off playing. She did not in the least mind showing him that he was not wanted; but he persisted in talking, and in making her talk.

"Glorious weather," he said gaily. "Life is decidedly worth living on days like this."

"It's never worth living, in my opinion," she replied. "The weather is all right, of course; but people spoil the world with their fooleries."

"What are their fooleries, if one may ask the question?" he inquired, undaunted.

"Oh, they are such a set of weathercocks; turning first this way, and then that way. What pleases them to-day repels them to-morrow. I always know my own mind, and it disgusts me when others don't know theirs."

"I wouldn't be so easily disgusted, if I were you," said the young man, half in jest, half in earnest. "The world makes a great many demands on our patience, I know; but we can't improve it by getting out of temper with it. Take all the changes coolly; that's the best way."

"Oh, that's very commonplace counsel," she responded, with undisguised scorn.

"Doesn't it strike you that all the best counsel always *is* commonplace?" he asked, becoming graver. "We are told, somewhere, to inquire for the old paths, you know. Original ideas (if there are such things) don't make it easier to do our duty, I think. All the wisdom we need for daily use is of the simplest and commonest kind."

She was so much surprised that she almost forgot to keep up her bad temper. Philosophy at a garden party seemed decidedly out of place; but philosophy coming from the lips of this beardless lad was positively startling. She could scarcely have been more astonished if Essie's golden-haired doll had begun to read her a lecture.

"I didn't know you went in for this kind of talking," she remarked, looking at him inquisitively. "But I think I have only seen you once before," she added, after a little pause.

"Only once. We met at my father's house the other day."

"And you have been away from home, Mr. Ramsay?"

"Where was Mrs. Rose?"

"Yes; at Oxford."

"Oh, I remember now. Your sister said you were going to be a clergyman. There is one parson here this afternoon—our curate. Do you see him? That little man with the big black moustache, capering round Miss Bailey. It is a curious fact that curates nearly always do caper when they come to garden parties."

"I know they do,"

he returned quietly. "Especially when they belong to the school that denounces all amusements as carnal. The capering may arise from mixed feelings. It may proceed partly from irrepressible enjoyment, and partly from an uneasy conscience."

"I despise them for doing anything that makes their consciences uneasy," she said severely. "And we really are sadly in need of Faithfuls in our Vanity Fair."

"I believe there are a good many Faithfuls," he answered, growing graver again. "We mustn't suppose that no genuine work is done because men are not tortured or burnt for doing it. The Vanity Fair of to-day will sit still and listen to sermons that would once have cost the preacher his life or his liberty. Society really likes to be well rebuked for its sins. Instead of crying out, 'Away with him!' it is quite ready to reward its Faithful with compliments and slippers."

"That makes it much harder for Faithful to sustain his character."

"I think it does; and it ought to make him careful in rebuking. If he wants to be of use he must be very sure that he doesn't denounce the wrong things. Do you think the excitement of a camp-meeting is healthier than the mild frivolities of a scene like this?"

"No," said Myra, really beginning to feel interested in her companion.

But at that moment her attention was claimed by a young lady who came tripping up to her with a dozen trifling questions. Myra answered her more pleasantly than she would have done, perhaps, earlier in the afternoon. And when the girl had tripped off again, she looked round instinctively for Mr. Ramsay; but he was gone.

For an instant she stood still, and glanced at the gay crowd scattered about on the lawn and terrace. Where was Mrs. Rose? A few minutes ago she had been engaged in close conversation with a party of matrons, old and young. But now she was nowhere to be seen. Major Lothian, too, was missing; Myra looked for his figure in vain among the various groups, and began to think that he must have taken his departure.

She was standing with her back to a large elm which stood on the edge of the lawn, and behind her were the gravelled walks that went winding in and out of the shrubberies. Hearing the sound of voices proceeding from one of these paths, she turned, and beheld the very persons that her eyes had been seeking. Mrs. Rose and Major Lothian, walking side by side, were so occupied with their talk that they moved slowly; and Myra watched their faces unseen.

Rosa had made few preparations for the garden party, and had indeed displayed a marked indifference to the whole affair. She was wearing the black satin gown that she had worn on the first night of her arrival, and had merely fastened a bouquet of lilies of the valley on the *corsage* by way of ornament. The dress was heavily trimmed with black Spanish lace, unrelieved to-day by any edging of white. Her hat, too, was of black lace; and it had seemed to Myra that she had endeavoured to make her attire as sombre and unremarkable as possible. In Myra's own costume, however, she had taken the warmest interest, making suggestions and alterations, and hovering round the girl with all the solicitude of a mother.

Yet at that moment, despite the sombre dress, Myra thought Mrs. Rose looking as beautiful as when she wore the robes of the Snow Queen. The black lace, gathered about her throat, brought out all the delicate purity of her complexion, and the softly-flushed cheeks and richly-tinted hair supplied all needful colouring.

She was not smiling. Apparently it was no frivolous chat that was going on; the tones were calm, but the speakers were evidently in earnest. And Myra, although she was a girl of slow perceptions, saw at once that Major Lothian was looking at Mrs. Rose as he had never looked at Myra herself.

A sudden feeling of rage and mortification swelled in the girl's heart, and swept all her reasoning powers away. This beautiful woman, so admired and cherished by them all, what if she should prove to be a snake that was ready to sting the hand that caressed it! Bitterly did Myra recall the confidential talk in the twilight, and the outpouring of her young hopes into Mrs. Rose's ears. Perhaps, while she listened, Mrs. Rose was laughing in her sleeve, and thinking how soon her own charms would counteract the spell of poor Myra's little attractions. Humbled, angry, and miserable, she turned and fled from the spot without giving another glance to the supposed traitress and her companion.

So blinded was she by passion that she never thought of questioning her own right to be in a fury. She did not stop to ask herself whether Major Lothian's attentions to Miss Myra Jervaux had ever been of a very pointed kind. Half-a-dozen young men were paying similar attentions to half-a-dozen

young women at that very moment; and the young women would probably go home and forget all about them. But this was the first time that Myra's heart (or rather her fancy) had ever been taken captive; and she was as indignant with the unconscious captor as if she had been deliberately ensnared.

Without clearly knowing what she intended to do, she was hurrying in the direction of the gate that opened upon the meadow. It was now growing late in the afternoon, and the sunshine lay warm upon a vast expanse of buttercups; the cows were feeding in infinite content, with their rich, red hides bathed in light, and their feet sinking into the luxuriant green and gold of the summer field. Forgetting guests and conventionalities, she stood gazing vacantly at the buttercups, and thinking how bitterly she should from henceforth detest the whole world and everything that it contained.

As she stood there she recalled her first opposition to Essie's unseen governess. How angry she had been when Mrs. Jervaux had first told her that Mrs. Rose was really coming to the Bushes! And how quickly the new-comer's grace and beauty had charmed her prejudices away, and made her acknowledge that this stranger was really a blessing to the household she had entered! Alas, only a month or two had glided away, and she was now ready to declare that the blessing had verily become a bane.

"I have been hunting for you," said a clear, frank voice at her side; and turning hastily she perceived the yellow-haired laddie again at her elbow.

"Am I wanted?" she asked, in a tone of haughty indifference.

A far more superficial observer would have detected agitation and trouble in her face. Malcolm Ramsay was quick-sighted, and his was the keen penetration of a thoroughly sympathetic nature.

"Oh, you are not wanted directly," he answered lightly. "Mrs. Jervaux was inquiring for you, that's all."

Myra could not repress a sigh. Instead of going back to the company she longed to run into the meadow and fling herself down among the buttercups. She wanted, passionately, to tear off the hat that Mrs. Rose's own hands had trimmed, and fling it away to be trampled on by the cows. In short, she was in one of those moods when the trammels of custom are felt to be galling fetters of iron, and civilisation itself seems nothing but a miserable bondage.

This boy, too, why did he pursue her when she was pining for solitude? With impatient fingers she began to strip off a small ivy-tendril that was clinging to the gate-post; and he watched her for a few seconds in silence.

"Don't go on with that work of destruction," he said at last, speaking in his pleasant, half-jesting tone. "It has taken the ivy a long time to grow. I have always a sympathy with climbing and clinging things."

"And I have no sympathy with anything," she responded bitterly.

Nevertheless her little brown hands let the tendril alone, and fell to beating the top of the post.

"Yes, you have," he replied, in a voice so soft that the most irritable soul could not take offence at the contradiction. "Just at this moment there is nothing to call it forth. But if the call came, I am sure it would be answered."

"I don't know," she said stubbornly. "Feeling of any kind is a mistake. It is an absurd blunder to believe that any one feels with you. Nobody does; every one feels for himself, and thinks of himself alone."

"That's what we all say when a friend has disappointed us," he rejoined very quietly. "I have gone through that mood myself; and I've come out of it again. It is one of those inevitable valleys that must be trodden in our pilgrimage."

"But perhaps your disappointment wasn't very bitter?" she said, half inquiringly. "Surely you are not old enough to know what real disappointment is!"

"I am four-and-twenty; I look like a mere boy, I know; but that is because experience has worked more inwardly with me than with most people. There are faces, like the rocks of Sinai, covered with inscriptions; but they are not always records of importance. Fretting and fidgeting often leave more visible traces than sorrow does. I have seen great sufferers who have looked surprisingly young."

"But have you ever known what it is to trust a friend, and find your trust betrayed?" asked Myra, looking straight at him with angry, dark eyes.

"Yes, I have. And I think most people would say yes to that question."

She began to beat the post again, biting her lip to still its involuntary trembling.

"If falseness is so common, it proves that life isn't worth living," she said impatiently. "That's just what I have been feeling for hours."

"But we have got to live, whether life is worth living or not. We must face it out,

you see. However, we are pretty certain to make our lives wretched if we exist only for one person. We don't begin to live satisfactorily till we feel that—

'The individual withers; and the world is more and more.'"

"But I am sick of the world; I want to run away from it!" Myra cried.

"Yet you will find your best help and comfort in it," said Malcolm Ramsay. "Humanity always needs humanity, and cannot get on without it. But you will soon overcome this fit of disgust, and even wonder that it ever came upon you. There are some here who have had really deep sorrows, and have outlived them; take Lothian, for example."

"What of Major Lothian?" she asked, flushing.

The flush was not lost on her companion.

"I heard his story from my father, but I think it is now pretty generally known," said Malcolm. "Angus Lothian left England an engaged man—the accepted lover of a girl who had great beauty, and no fortune. They were too poor to marry if he had stayed in England; but a troop in India will 'carry a wife,' you know. It was arranged that he should go out first, and that she should follow a year later; all their plans were laid and Lothian departed in good spirits. Well, he hadn't been gone more than six or seven months when his betrothed became the wife of a Mr. Heath, an immensely rich man, who happened to come to Marksbury and be smitten with Miss Conway's charms. It was the coolest piece of treachery I ever knew, and the blow fell heavily on Lothian. But he has survived it, you see."

"Oh, yes, he has survived it. I saw him flirting desperately, a little while ago, with Mrs. Rose."

"I shouldn't have thought him a flirting man."

"Perhaps he isn't, but Mrs. Rose is a sort of enchantress. I suppose it is impossible for a woman to fully realise the power of beauty over men."

"It is not beauty alone that gives her the power. I think it is that soft, sympathetic manner of hers that wins. And you can see that she doesn't lay herself out to be admired."

"Well," said Myra, drawing a long breath, "I certainly did suspect her of trying to captivate Major Lothian. But she has professed the greatest indifference to attentions of any kind, and has persisted in staying at home a great deal. There has been quite a change in her to-day."

"Indeed! I thought she was keeping very much in the background. It would be hardly possible, I think, for her to escape Lothian. He has made no secret of his desire to see more of her. My sister says that he has been quietly determined to seek her out, ever since he first saw her at the fancy ball. And I believe Janet has been trying to help him."

"Oh, I didn't know there were any schemes going on. I never suspected Miss Ramsay of being a matchmaker," said Myra coldly.

"I'm afraid she is," confessed Malcolm, with a frank laugh. "Nearly all women are, but I hope the avowal won't ruin her in your estimation."

"I don't suppose that she really cares for my esteem at all. All her interest in me is owing to Mrs. Rose."

"She cares very much for you," said Malcolm, with a quiet earnestness that could not easily be resisted. "Mrs. Rose is very charming, but she doesn't blind us to the attractions of other people. But Janet would go through fire and water to serve one of her father's friends, and she is glad, moreover, to find that Lothian is forgetting his old sorrow. That false lady-love of his would like to make him miserable again if she could. And we all long to see him placed quite beyond the reach of her spells."

Very slowly, and with a grave face, Myra turned away from the gate and the meadow, and began to move towards the lawn again. Young Ramsay, sauntering by her side, seemed perfectly at his ease, and she did not for an instant suspect how much of her inner self had been revealed to him.

It was all made clear enough to her now. She knew why Major Lothian had sought her—she understood too well why he had taken so deep an interest in her friend. Any other girl would have seen through the harmless little plot at once; but Myra had never permitted herself to think and act like other girls. The blaze of her indignation had quite died out, the fire, quickly kindled, was as quickly extinguished. Extinguished; yes, that was the right word to express her mental condition.

"I shall tell Janet that I have ventured to take you into confidence," said Malcolm in his easy tone.

And Myra answered in a far meeker voice than usual.

"Oh," she thought, as she went to join the guests again, "I could get over it all well enough, if I had never made that horrid confession to Mrs. Rose!"

A CORN-FIELD IN GLENCROE.

By HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.,
Author of "Bible Teachings in Nature," etc.

DEEP in the emerald cup of circling hills,
A corn-field lies along the rugged bank
Of a wild river, that has cut its way
Through rocky orbit, filled with pastures old
Lit up with yellow stars of tormentil,
Where once had laughed the blue eye of a lake.
Redeemed from nature's wildness by man's toil,
The little lonely croft smiles in the waste,
And speaks of all the tender things of home.
The poppy kindles not its cross of fire,
Nor lifts the corn-flower its blue banner there,
Nature's stern struggle with itself to wage.
The mountains dower with their own floral gifts
The foster child they have so gently reared;
And twine among its yellow hair their wreaths
Of purple scabious, snowy euphrasy,
And silken Alpine lady's-mantle rare.
Day after day I've watched the lean ears fill
With secret sweetness from the earth and sky,
And o'er each stem and glume the russet hue
Of ripeness creeping from the sunset low,
Until the field, whose greenness blended once
With the green hills, now stands a thing apart,
A patch of mimic sunshine prisoned there,
A golden aureole round Nature's brow,
Whose radiance burns unspent like Horeb's bush.
What sacred memories gather round the plot,
That take us back to old idyllic days,
When all men laboured in the harvest-field,
And deemed its joy the typal joy of life!
The first ripe crop that grew above the grave
Of the old world, arched by the covenant bow,
The pledge and surety of all harvests since;
The plenteous years that fed the famished ones
Upon the Nile's green banks; the touching tale
Of the fair gleaner in her kinsman's fields,
Who found love's solace for the stranger's heart;
The Sabbath walk among the rustling corn,
With Him who claimed to be the Sabbath's Lord,

When His disciples plucked the husky ears,
And broke their fast with meat from God's own hand,
And felt it was a sacrament indeed;
And more than all, the wondrous miracle,
Wrought far from cultivated haunts of men,
When the slow seasons' work was done at once,
And bread that never knew the curse of toil
Grew swiftly as it passed from hand to hand
Along the hungry ranks. These memories
The ages and the generations link,
And make one family of all mankind,
Living in one great home, and fed each day
From one kind Father's store. This corn-field seems
A silent gospel. Here I see once more
The Master's steps beside the conscious corn,
Making a Sabbath of the common day;
I see the Hand that works behind the veil,
Stretched forth anew to multiply the loaves,
And crown with heavenly glory common things.
Above, Ben Arthur in the opal air
Lifts its huge altar to heaven's outer door;
Beside me chants its ceaseless hymn of praise
The pure-lipped river; while the laden ears
Store up the manna, like the pot of old
Within the Hebrew shrine. In this temple
Not made with hands, no money-changers dare
Their tables set. The sordid world with all
Its care-worn toils is utterly shut out.
From sowing time, when man had done his part,
To reaping time, when man must work again,
The field has been in the sole charge of God;
The farmer slept and woke, and all the time
The earth brought forth its fruit unaided—how,
Man knoweth not. Beneath the patient heavens,
In presence of all enemies subdued,
The storm and drought, the blight of worm and rust,
God spread a table in this wilderness—
His annual corn beside the unfailing stream,
The bread and water that are sure to all.
With thankful hearts shall we not worship here,
Look to those higher hills whence comes our help,
And feel that man lives not by bread alone,
But by each word that cometh from God's mouth,
Expressed in nature's mute symbolic speech,
In lofty mountain and in lowly glebe!

HOB'S TOMMY.

A True Episode in a Fisher's Life.

THE moor was blazing in the sun. Bright gorse flamed above the pale green grass, and little pools flashed white rays up to the sky. Hob's Tommy stepped out of doors and took a long look round. He was not impressed by the riot of colour that spread around him; he looked over the pulsing floor of the sea, and thought, "It will be a fine night for the trouting."

Tommy was a large man who seemed to shake the ground as he trod. His face was devoid of speculation, and his dull blue eyes looked from under heavy and unamiable brows. His hair was matted, and his mode of dressing his big limbs showed that he was careless of opinion. He was called Hob's Tommy because the villagers had a fancy for regarding sons as the personal property of the father, and thus a man called Thomas, who happened to be the son of a man called John, never received his surname during his whole life, excepting on the occasions of his baptism and marriage. He was known as Jack's Tom. If he, in his turn, happened to have a son whom he chose to name Henry, the youth was known as Jack's Tom's Harry. Our friend Tommy's father had been called Hob, and hence the name of the ill-tempered lout who was gazing with sodden eyes on the unsullied sea. Tommy watched the green water breaking over the brown sand, and far out at sea he saw the thick haze still brooding low. He knew the evening would be fine, and he knew that he would have a good basket for next day's market. He put his hands in his pockets and strolled away from the unsavoury neighbourhood of the Fishers' Row on to the glistening moor. His eyes were fixed on the ground, and into his dull mind entered no thought saving calculations about money and drink. Any stranger who had met him walking over the delicate thyme, with his fierce face bent downward, would have gained a very bad notion of the local population. A sudden jangle of bells filled the air, and the ringers went to work gaily. Quaint farmers went along dressed in creased suits of clothing; quiet country women nodded as they passed, but Tommy heeded none of his neighbours. He was simply a brutal man whose presence seemed an insult to the holy morning. He walked mechanically on over the moor and let the sound of the church bells die away in his ear. Presently he came to a beautiful slope, which was starred with pink geraniums. The sun shone warmly upon it, and a lark flashed from amid the bright flowers with a sound of joy, and carried his rejoicing high up into the sky. Tommy thought, "This is a nice warm place to lie down on. I'll light my pipe." And he stretched himself amid the tender flowers. The glow and the colour of the life around him and the joyous sparkle of the sea seemed at last to make some dim suggestion to his mind. He said half aloud, "Wonder what I'm here for. The preachin' men would say somethin' about God. I don't know. I only wish it was seven o'clock and the sun droppin';—he was a lazy man that invented Sunday;—another day I'll away to the fishin' i' the mornin', and the

folks can say just what they like. I'm not goin' to waste my time and my baccy lyin' on sandhills." So he smoked on until the sun reached its greatest height and the afternoon shadows lay like dark pansies in the hollows.

Now it happened that in the neighbouring village it was usual to hold an afternoon service and an evening service in the Wesleyan chapel. The services followed close on each other, and there was great competition among the villagers as to who should give the preacher his tea in the interval. Tommy presently found himself looking sleepily at a man who was bent over the moor to attend the chapel. If you had met the new-comer you would have been compelled to look back at him. He was tall and spare. His shoulders were very broad, and he walked with a kind of military tread. His face was good to see; the calm and joy of the bright day seemed to have entered his soul, and his eyes looked as though he were thinking of things too deep for words. His mouth was sternly closed, and yet despite its tension the delicate lines at the corners seemed to speak of humour and tenderness. His hat was thrown back a little, and showed a large forehead marked by slight lines, which spoke not so much of temper as of placid thought. He was murmuring to himself as he walked, and he seemed to be in communion with a multitude of exquisite thoughts. When he reached the bank where the geraniums grew his placidity quickened into alertness as he saw the figure of Tom stretched upon the grass. He stepped up to the lounger and said, in a low cheery tone—

"Well, Thomas, my man, and what takes you out at this time of day? I suppose you are having a bit of a rest after yesterday?"

I am grieved to say that Thomas answered in the following terms:—

"I don't know what business it is of yours what I am doing. If you want to know what I am here for I'll tell you. I am thinking how I can cheat the Conservancy men to-night. Now I think I will wish you good-day."

The tall man was not by any means surprised by the uncourteous answer. He was used to the homely insolence of the fishermen. So he said—

"Well, Thomas, I was young myself once, and I liked to lounge on the Sunday as well as anybody; but it's God's Sabbath, and after all, you know, my lad, you are not a pig, and I think you might be doing ever so much better things than lying here. I am not a bit of a saint, and I [illegible] not going to bother you about religion, b[illegible] it struck me, as I came across the mo[illegible] that I was happy, and you are not, and [illegible] would like you to feel something of what [illegible] feel. Now I'll tell you what I am going [illegible] do, Thomas—you won't throw me over t[illegible] rock-edge, because I am rather an awkwa[illegible] hand at that sort of thing. I am going to [illegible] down and have a pipe beside you. Will yo[illegible] give me a light?"

Tommy could not condescend to a gri[illegible] but he observed—

"Sit down and smoke as many pipes [illegible] you like, so long as you leave me alone, M[illegible] Musgrave."

Musgrave knew his man, and answered smilingly—

"But I am not going to sit down t[illegible] smoke and keep quiet. I want to have a bit co[illegible] talk to you; and as soon as I am done I am going to take you with me. What do you think of that, Thomas?" And thereupon the old man lighted his pipe and sat smiling for a little and moving his long fingers daintily. When the two queer companions had taken puff by puff together for some time, Musgrave said—

"Thomas, my lad, you are very unhappy. I am happy, and I think a man has no more right to keep happiness to himself than he has to keep money to himself. I am going to share with you. Now, I'm an old fellow that's got near done with the world, and you are a slashing young chap, and the girls run after you. But still, though I am parting with the world, and you have got a long time to stay in it, I am better off than you. The sight of these flowers makes me joyful, but it only seems to make you dour and bad-tempered. Now, shall I tell you how it is that I am so happy?"

"I don't want to be happy. What's that got to do with the thing? If you tell me that there's fifty sovereigns buried at the bottom of Lyne Hill there I will go and try to dig the hill away and get at them, because the trouble's worth taking; but I don't see the fun of seeking for what you call happiness."

"Well, then, Thomas, how much do you expect to make by trouting to-night?"

"Well, if there's any luck, Jem and me will divide fifteen shillings between us."

"Very good; then I will give you seven-and-sixpence now. Here are your three half-crowns. Will you come with me?"

The sulky giant smiled sourly and said, "I don't see why I should not. Where are you for?"

"Well, I am going to preach at the chapel, Thomas, and I would like you to hear me and walk home with me, and I think that when I have landed you at your house that you won't be sorry for missing the trouting."

Tommy rose heavily up, shook the fragments of dry grass from his patched garments, and signified that he was ready. Musgrave took his arm and at once assumed an attitude of companionship and equality. He talked with this dull churl about all manner of trivialities, flattered him, appealed to his sense of shrewdness, made little jokes suitable to his wit, and finally succeeded in making him feel himself to be rather a clever and entertaining person. The afternoon sun sloped lower and lower as the two strolled over the moor. Musgrave's thoughts were high, although his words ran upon childish things. He had no particular artistic sense, but the joy of colour, the blaze of the sky, the warm and exhilarating air, made him feel as though he must utter praises. After passing some miles of strange moorland covered with the blaze of gorse and the multitudinous flash of marshy pools, the two arrived at a curious square building which stood a little outside the fishing village.

Musgrave said, "Now, Thomas, come in, and I'll find you a pew," and the two entered a low room. The congregation was already collected. There were fierce faces, bronzed by wind and sun. There were quiet faces that bore the marks of thought and the memories of toil. The men were all rudely dressed, and the women wore the primitive clothing which for three hundred years past has served for the simple wants of the villagers. After a pause of a few minutes, Walter Musgrave's tall figure loomed in the shadowy corner where the pulpit stood. A simple hymn was dictated and sung in strong nasal tones. The old man who led the singing prided himself upon the volume of sound which he could at any instant propel through his nose. Strangers were sometimes a little disconcerted by this feat, for it seemed as if some wholly new description of trumpet had been suddenly invented. This man of the trumpet voice was wont to close his eyes and turn his face towards the ceiling. When once the preliminary blast had been blown from his nostrils, no power on earth could stay the flood of song. He became oblivious of time and space and the congregation. Considerations as to harmony did not enter into his scheme of the universe. If he got flagrantly wrong he simply coughed and took up the thread of the musical narrative where he left off. The congregation had a great notion of his powers. They considered that the terrific drone with which he opened a hymn could not be equalled in any church or in any chapel for twenty miles round.

Musgrave suffered a good deal under the storm of harmony, but he always bore it bravely, and, when possible, lent the aid of his own high, sweet tenor to the nasal clamour. After the hymn came a short prayer, delivered as though the speaker really believed that his God was at hand and would instantly listen to any petition humbly proffered by frail creatures. At the end of a short pause Walter Musgrave stood up to speak. He broadened his chest and straightened himself, unconsciously hinting at his physical power. He then read his text in a low voice: "*Why is life given to a man whose way is hid and whom God hath hedged in?*" Musgrave was an uneducated man, with strong logical instincts. Perhaps, had he been educated thoroughly, the poetic vein, which gave the chief charm to his mind and conversation, would have been destroyed. As it was, he invariably confined himself to logic so long as his emotions remained untouched; but there were moments when his blood seemed to catch fire, and he broke away from the calm and subtle reasoning which serves for placid men. He then spoke with a rude poetry and with an accent which strangely affected the nerves of all who heard him. On this afternoon he began with a little sketch of the history of Job, and he then detailed his notion that the wonderful Arab, who wrote the most wonderful book in the world, was really the type of the modern man, and lived hundreds of generations before his time. He pointed out that all around us in Britain were men of deep thoughts, and wise thoughts, who had grown discontented with the world, and had set up their own intelligence in a wild endeavour to grasp the purpose of an intelligence infinitely higher. The existence of evil, the existence of pain, the existence of all the terrible things that make men's pilgrimage, from dark to dark, mysterious and awful, can never be probed to any purpose by one frail creature created by the great Power who also created the mystery of pain and the eternal problem of evil. Dwelling in the desert, and seeing day by day the movements of the world and the strange progress of the stars, Job had grown to cherish the pride of intellect. So long as his prosperity was unbroken he was contented, and busied himself day after day in relieving

the wants of the poor and in succouring the oppressed. But when the blast of affliction blew upon him his kindly disposition forsook him for a little, and he only thought of his own bitterness; he only thought of the puzzles that have faced every man who has a heart to feel since first our race appeared in this wondrous place. Musgrave pointed out that every man who has faith, every man whose heart has been wrung by the terrible wrenches of chance, must sympathize with the yearning of Job towards the truth; but at the last every man, like Job, comes to see that there are things beyond the human mind. Each of us learns that there are things before which our intelligence must fall abashed, and that the only safe rule of life is to fall into the attitude of abject trust and question God no more. He felt it necessary to touch his homely hearers, and he said: "Only last week the wind woke from the sky, and the savage storm swept over the moor and swept over this little place where two or three are now gathered together to worship. Many of our friends put forth in the morning in the joy of strength, in the pride of manhood, and no one of them fancied that the wonderful sea that now fawns upon the shore would wake up into fury and would dash its wild claws into cliff and sand and rend the works of man into nothingness. We stood together on these cliffs—wives whose husbands were wrestling with the storm, mothers who were yearning for the sons they had borne. We saw the boats fight nearer and nearer through the mad spray and the tearing blasts. One after another we saw them crushed and sunken by the hand of the wind. Many of us went to our homes with bitterness at heart. We could not tell why those innocent men should have been snatched out of life; we could not tell why the innocent sufferers who remain should bear their sorrow through all the years until the joyous release of death comes. Our thoughts were the thoughts that Job cherished in the black depths of his agony. But let me counsel you, my friends; let me ask you to remember that although death is here and pain is here—although every moment of our lives brings some new mystery—yet in the end there shall be peace. Our little sufferings count as nothing in the great sum of the universe. The ills that we cry out against are only but as the troubles of children, and over all watches the kind Father who cared for Job in the Arabian desert, and who took to his own breast the souls of those who went down in the wild storm that crushed so many hopes of so many men and women in this our little village. I ask you only to trust and be joyful. I give you no arguments. I only beg you to feel. Crush down your questionings. Force yourself to believe in your own insignificance; force yourself to think that suffering has a wise end, and that even our pains, which are so great to us, are part of the necessary scheme of a wise Master who is moulding the universe to his own plans. When once you have attained this central attitude of calm and trust, then for the rest of your life you will know nothing but joy. The thought of death will be no more like to the horror of a nightmare, but you will meet the great change even as you meet the deep black sleep of tired men. You will know while thought remains that you have not lived in vain and you have not died in vain, for somewhere in God's providence there shall be rest for you and immortal peace."

The thin frame of the speaker quivered as he spoke, and his long fingers writhed with a strange motion that gave emphasis to his ringing tones. Hob's Tommy had never heard anything like this before. He sat stupefied, and felt as though some music not heard of hitherto were playing around and giving him gladness. The congregation broke up, and old William Dent said to one of his cronies, "Watty was grand this afternoon. Ay, they may talk about the fine preachers with the Greek and the Latin, but I want to hear a man that makes you trust and makes you want to rise in your seat and confess your sins." Musgrave and Hob's Tommy walked back over the moor in the twilight after the second service, and the giant spoke not a word all the way until they reached the bridge that crossed the little river. The dying twilight made the sluggish water like silver, and the trees were just beginning to moan with the evening wind. Tommy stood in the middle of the bridge and looked—looked into the dark depths of the water, and then let his eye trace the long silver path of the river where it vanished in the soft purple tints of the wood. He said, "If I was to drop over here now, Mr. Musgrave, do you think God would take me?" And Musgrave said—

"Don't talk nonsense, Thomas; come along with me. When God wants to take you, He will take you; but you must not be trying to put your opinions in place of God's. Turn back, my man, and look at the Point there where the Cobbler's Stone stands. Now forget that you are looking at the calm stream, and think what you would feel like

one dark night, with a northerly gale, if you had to fight your way round the Cobbler, and expected the sea to double over your boat every minute. You are not in danger now, and your business is to worship. Try to think, my lad, what you would feel if you expected that every sea would be the last one. Now come away, and speak no more nonsense to-night."

So Hob's Tommy did not go trouting on that Sunday evening.

The next day, when he woke up, he had a sense of strangeness, and it suddenly flashed upon him that he ought to pray. He did not exactly know how to begin, but he managed to produce a curious imitation of the prayer he had heard Musgrave deliver the day before. He then put on his sea-boots and sou'-wester and strolled into the kitchen. When his mother heard his foot in the passage she trembled a little, because Tom was not over civil as a rule. To her utter astonishment, the ruffian whom she loved said, "Good morning, mother. Is the coffee ready?" He then stepped up to her and placed his arm round her shoulders. He had never kissed anybody in his life; so that form of endearment did not occur to him; but he bent his bearded face and laid his cheek clumsily against his mother's. The poor draggled woman was so utterly startled that she was unable to form any idea as to the possible cause of this transformation. She only said, "Sit down, my bonny man, and your bacon will be ready for you in two minutes. I have never seen you look so well in my life. Will I be sending to the town for some bottled beer for you by the time you get back?"

"No, mother; I am going to try and do without the drink for a bit. I hit you last Saturday night, didn't I?"

"Well, don't speak about that, my bonny man."

"Show us the mark, mother."

She bared her arm to the shoulder, and there, sure enough, was a dull black bruise. Tommy patted the spot lightly, and said—

"Keep the mark on as long as you can, mother. Show it to me now and then, and if ever you see me with drink in me again, just touch your arm, so."

He ate his breakfast and went out, leaving his mother in a condition of exaltation which the poor creature had not known for many years. All the day while the lines were over the side Tommy sat with his face in his hands. His two mates joked with him, swore at him, tried all kinds of clumsy inducements to make him revert to his ordinary saturnine and entertaining mode of conversation; but he would not be tempted from his silence. Towards evening a chill blast struck off from the shore, and Mary's Jem, who was Tommy's mate, said—

"My man, we'll have the white horses in half a minute!"

A short, jumping sea sprang up as if by magic; the men hauled in their lines, took three reefs in the coble's main-sail before hoisting, and then laid the boat's head for the land. Minute by minute the blast grew heavier; quick gusts shook the bents on the sandy hills and screamed away over the moaning floor of the sea. The boat had to beat very near the wind, and, as she ducked and plunged to the short rollers, clouds of spray came aboard, varied by occasional plunges of green water. Sailing within three points of the wind, and with her three reefs in the lug, she made at least four knots, and the water roared under her rudder. Jemmy lit his pipe, and said—

"We'll have to run north, my man."

Tommy said energetically—

"No, I'll not. The old woman is going to make my supper for me, and I'll not disappoint her, if I'm drowned in trying."

So the boat raced towards the bay, bows under. Nearing the Carr, where a narrow passage opens into smooth water, a strong back-wash came from the jagged rocks. One curling black sea came foaming back and met the green sea that was plunging on to the reef. A mountain of water rose and fell with a heavy crash over the sail, and the boat turned slowly over. All three men were encumbered with their heavy sea-boots, but they managed to struggle out and fasten themselves on to the high keel. Four or five seas came in quick succession; the boat reached shallow water; the mast snapped with a loud crash, and within a few seconds Tommy said—

"Jump now, men, for it."

Up to their waists in water, the men clambered on to the sand and looked round only to see the wreck of their coble beating herself to pieces with heavy lunges twenty yards from the shore.

Tommy spat the salt water out of his mouth and fell upon his knees. He said "O Lord, I don't know you and you don't know me, and we have had very little to do with one another, but I know that you have spoken to me, and if you want a servant that doesn't know his business very well, I'll promise to be your servant to the end of my

days." He then walked up to the village, changed his clothes, behaved with elephantine tenderness to his mother, and walked out in the darkness to see his friend, the gardener. He sat on the settle in the low kitchen and smoked solemnly without speaking. The next night he appeared at the same hour and spent his evening in the same composed manner. For three weeks he never missed a night, and the gardener's family were puzzled to an extraordinary degree by the sombre expression of his face, and by his abstinence from the rude remarks which were wont to characterize his conversation concerning his friends and neighbours. Mrs. Wray, the gardener's wife, said one evening, "I wonder what the dull lout comes doddering about here for. He sits as if some of the lads had cutten his tongue out." The very next night Tommy solved her obstinate questionings. He said, "Mary, my hinny, I have found God;" and the next afternoon Walter Musgrave was profoundly astonished and pleased to see the fierce face of Tommy glaring from the seat opposite the pulpit. This strange dumb man had no means of expressing the feelings that were taking possession of him. He only knew that he felt kindly towards all living things, and above all he felt as though he must manifest a feeling akin to worship when he was in the gentle presence of Musgrave.

Year after year, until his mother died, he never failed in his kindness towards her, and the poor old dame was wont to express a kind of comic surprise at the womanish demeanour of her son. He caught fish for his living, but an odd and cramped piece of reasoning forced him to the conclusion that it would be wrong for him to shoot any more birds. He said, "The bonny birds was made by God, and God's been good to me, and I am not going to hurt them." Sunday after Sunday in all weathers he strode off to the moor. Wayfarers would meet him at night when the wind was hurling down from the Cheviots and bringing clouds of snow. He had but one salutation for all who met him: "Good night, my man; God bless you till the mornin'."

Sometimes when the paths were so foul that nothing but wading would take a man over the moor, Tommy was greatly puzzled about finding his way, and one night he and Musgrave walked unsuspectingly over a low cliff and fell softly upon a great ridge of sand. But these little misadventures did not by any means daunt Tommy. A part of his new religion was that he must be at chapel twice every Sunday, and at prayer meetings as often through the week as Musgrave chose to take him. To this he held. The Squire's pheasants suffered no longer, and Tommy's big lurcher displayed a tendency towards virtue which earned him the warmest admiration of all the gamekeepers on the estate. Efforts were made to get the big man to pray at the ordinary love feasts that were held in connection with the chapel, but he always said, "No; my Father and me has all our conversations to ourselves, and when God says anything particular I always speak to Mr. Musgrave, and he tells me that he prays for me and tells God what I said. It is not as if God didn't know; but I don't think a blackguard like me should be so rude as to address Him face to face after the life I have led."

The years went by and Tommy's shaggy beard showed signs of grizzling. His huge limbs were more deliberate in their movement, and his low forehead had somehow or other acquired a certain spiritual aspect that no words of mine can describe. He wrought at his trade, saved money, and spent a good deal in elaborately decorating his mother's grave. One night when he was smoking his pipe with Musgrave he said—

"Christ died for all the lot of us, didn't He? That was a rare good thing to do. Now, you know I fancy when I go to meet Christ He may say, 'What are you doing here? You have done nothing but go to chapel. Why didn't you try to imitate the life I lived?' Now, Mr. Musgrave, will you tell me this: what should I say to Jesus in a case of that sort?"

Old Musgrave wrinkled his wise brows and replied, "Thomas, my man, Jesus knows your heart. I suppose you think you ought to save life or something of that kind, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, that's just what I do think," said Thomas.

"Well, believe me, your chance will come, and that if you do no more than you are doing now you will meet your Saviour with a joyful heart. Now let's light up our pipes and walk over the moor home, Thomas, and puzzle yourself no more about these things."

A bad winter came and the thundering seas broke so continually over the rocks that it was impossible for the men to get bait on their own rocks. All day long the loungers walked the cliff edge and watched the columns of spray hissing up from the black rocks. Day after day the clouds seemed to

mix themselves with the sea as they laid their grey shoulders on the floor of the quivering water. Money became scarce in the village, and the men who had savings had to help those who were poorer. When things got almost too bad for bearing, Billy Armstrong said to one of his friends—

"Look here, you and me and Hob's Tommy will run round to the Tyne and get some mussels, or else the whole place will be starved when the fine weather comes."

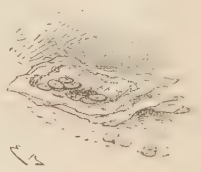
A big coble was got out and ran down to the Tyne with a northerly wind through the shrewd and vicious sea. The men got the cargo of mussels, and at four in the afternoon prepared to beat their way northward. It was then blowing half a gale, but the wind had shifted round from the shore so that very little tacking was required. As the shades fell lower and lower, the wind rose higher and higher. The howling blasts galloped down through the hollows and struck the brown sail of the coble like the sound of musketry. The boat lay hard over and the water leaped in spurts over her lee gunwale. They reached the point where the Cobbler's Stone stood. Tommy was in a strange state of exaltation. He pointed to the misty shore, then to the black stone round which the water was seething. He said quietly, "Yonder, my lads, is where I found salvation."

They rounded the point and put the boat's head nearer to windward. A harsh ripping sound was heard under the bottom. She lay hard over until a blast came and tore her clear. Billy Armstrong said—

"You have taken her in a bit too near, my son. The bilge chocks is both pulled off; look you, they're gone away astern." And sure enough two long planks drifted away behind the boat. They had been torn off by the force with which she rushed upon the outlying rock. Tommy said, "Let's have another reef in, mates." But before the sail could be half lowered a storming gust swept out of the bay and struck the boat with a savage roar. The long rudder smashed; a green sea doubled up behind her and she turned over exactly as the coble had done when Tommy first prayed.

In the wild waves it was hard for the men to get hold. The bilge chocks were gone, and thus all chance of a hand grip was lost. Half-way down the square stern of the boat a hole had been bored, through which a rope had been passed and knotted at both ends. This rope served the men in hauling the boat down to the sea. Only one could hold on to this short scrap, and Tommy, who was the first to think of it, seized it and held on with all the strength of his despair. The boat lunged and struck the faces of the two men who were holding on to her sides. Billy Armstrong was bleeding from the mouth, and his front teeth were gone—dashed out by one terrible stroke which had met him as he tried to climb and catch hold of the deep iron keel in the fore part of the coble. The other man said suddenly, "I have got a broken arm, Tommy." A few awful minutes went by, during which the men dared not speak—only Tommy was perfectly safe. The others were slipping and writhing in their efforts to hang on to the smooth planks. The man with the broken arm had the nails of his sound hand torn, and the blood streamed down as he clutched madly again and again at the slippery seams. At last he said, "I cannot do it any longer. Tell Mary the money is under the bed at the right-hand side next the wall, and ask my grandfather to take little Adam for me and keep him." One wild thought came into Hob's Tommy's mind. He cried out with his tremendous voice, "Don't let yourself go down. Edge yourself round here to the stern and you shall have this rope." The maimed man came slowly round and took the rope as Tommy let go. For a single minute the bruised giant rested his hands on the lunging stern of the little vessel. He did not look up, and his face had no devotional aspect, but the two men who were saved remembered his words to the end of their lives. He said, "O Lord Jesus, I am even with you now, if I am not as good as you are. I am going to die. Oh, take me, Lord, and have mercy upon me." The stern of the boat flew up into the air as a short sea hit her, and Hob's Tommy lost his grip. He lay back quietly on the water and the men said that he even smiled. Presently the foam covered him over and he went to sleep.

J. RUNCIMAN.



THE MORALS AND SORROWS OF BORROWING AND LENDING.

NOT the borrowing and lending of money, be it understood, but only such trifling things as books, umbrellas, and little personal belongings essential to ease. It is questionable whether the loan of these things does not involve more discomfort than the more costly loan of money. If you lend money, it is to be assumed that you can afford the loss of it, or that you see a strong probability of receiving it again. But your favourite umbrella! What other can possibly accommodate itself so comfortably to your carrying? Is not its familiar hook exactly the shape you like! Or perchance you prefer a smoothly rounded knob, and have made a careful choice so that any other handle feels strange and foreign. To some persons these little matters make all the difference between ease and discomfort. Yet good-nature will not permit you to see a careless caller start out into the rain umbrella-less, although the clouds have threatened all the morning and the least weather-wise might have foreseen the need of an umbrella. So you say hospitably, "Oh! you must have one, take mine!" and then, with a prophetic failure of courage, add entreatingly, "You will be sure to return it, will you not?" You close the door, after watching your umbrella down the street—yours no longer, alas! for it never returns.

And what about the borrower? Well, firstly, he carries off your loan in a fine glow of gratitude for your kindness, and fully intending to send it back speedily. He even goes so far as to hand it, all dripping with rain, into the servant's hands with an injunction, "Take care of this umbrella, for it is borrowed." To-morrow he will call and leave it with graceful thanks. But to-morrow is fine, and an umbrella is a nuisance on a bright day; it really shall be sent soon. And how can he carry two umbrellas on a rainy day? So the tiny germ of honest intention withers under delay, till in the end the borrower *almost* forgets that he is not owner. There is pointed satire to many jarred sensibilities in the hyphen-less advertisement so frequently seen—"Umbrellas Recovered in Twenty Minutes!"

Vain are all inquiries. You call at his house, it has gone out on service or has got "mislaid." And, finally, you abandon the quest and purchase another. One melancholy fact you realise—any five-pound note is equal to any other five-pound note, but no other umbrella suits you so well as the old favourite.

Everybody knows the comfort of finding a pen that suits the busy writer. Even the elaborate gold nib may be a failure; and as to quills, every mending is one in ten on the chance of being too hard or too soft for a fastidious taste. Yet the virtue of generosity often requires self-abnegation to the extent of lending the treasure which lightens labour with ease of tool. You know perfectly well that the pen will be ruined for your use by being lent to the friend who borrows it, "only for a moment," while he scribbles a hasty note, or signs his name to the carrier. But just that moment does the mischief, and you, patiently or impatiently, as the case may be, resign yourself to a damaged pen, or waste time in seeking another.

And of books! what about lending books?

Only those who *love* books understand the pang of losing them. A man who handles his book with firm yet tender touch, who delights to take down his pet volumes and smooth out the pages for sheer pleasure of the handling, is the genuine book-lover, and by force of his love he will surely be the man who will lend and as surely lose. For it is the nature of this special attachment that the book-lover must share his enjoyment with others. Dearly as he loves the choice volumes ranged in neat order on his bookshelves, they are but half-used while they are not shared. The bookish man *may* be selfish, but it is the exception only; the rule is that the true lover of books is "ready to lend." And so it comes to pass that, at the close of a long, eager conversation on Robert Browning's poems, or Froude's "History," or some quaint old treasure long "out of print," the generous impulse prompts an offer of the volume discussed. It may be the listener suggests that he would like to know more on the subject. "You ought to read such and such passages," says the happy owner, and the borrower carries the book home, and forthwith it mingles with his own and is merged and lost. Such a thing even as the *loan* of a borrowed book is not unusual, though it ought to be regarded as a social crime. Who that prides himself on his books has not painful vacancies among them? Here it is the second volume of an otherwise complete edition of Tennyson—missing! And there a "horrible blank" tells of some unvirtuous

borrower who has decapitated a valuable set by carrying off volume number one. These gaps in the bookcase are a standing grievance, and happy is he who can preserve his books intact.

Of course a methodical person would keep a list of books lent with the borrower's name in line. But, alas! what generous soul is methodical—the ready tendency to lend a book is proof that a man is ready for all risks. Nor will a well-kept list make our borrowers honest. If a man steal your book, you *may* recover it if you can prove the theft; but what is to be done with him who always—yes, always—is *intending* to return your precious volume? Your inquiries are met with ready promises of restoration; he will bring it back, but his wife is reading it, or he cannot just lay his hand upon it, or some one has borrowed it without leave, and it will be sure to come back, and then you shall have it all right. All which things are tests of patience and good-humour.

Mrs. Stowe tells of an orderly Christian man who, recognising the Scriptural injunction to "do good and lend," was dismayed by the frequent application for loans of tools from his less thrifty neighbours. Gravely reflecting on the subject, he finally reconciled order and liberality by buying a complete duplicate set of tools which he kept for the purpose of lending, and when any of these were lent he quietly told the next applicant that the axe or hoe was already out.

This plan is not possible with books. But, logically considered, is it not a singular fact that a man who will hasten to clear himself of monetary debt, if it be but a shilling, will deprive, shall we not say practically rob, his friend of an umbrella worth perhaps a guinea, or a book, which no money can replace, if it happen to have associations for the owner or be out of print? And this, too, in a fashion peculiarly treacherous, since he knows the object of loan would never be lent except on tacit promise of return. The old adage, so familiar to our childhood,

> "'Tis a sin to steal a pin,
> Much more to take a greater thing,"

notwithstanding its defective orthodoxy and rhyme, still requires enforcement on our languid and ill-trained consciences. Possibly the causes of this lax morality in minor matters lie deeper than any merely playful suggestion can reach.

A wise man once stated plainly what we scarcely like to hint, in these words: "The *wicked* borroweth and payeth not again." And yet we fear things will go on much as before in spite of this paper, and men and women will continue to miss their umbrellas at the very time they need them, and sigh in vain over an unreturned book, through a generous disposition "to do good and lend."

A. DENBAR.

"KING ROY."

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "Mother Herring's Chicken," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE woman who had seen Roy in the public-house, and who had been attracted by his pretty face, bore him quickly in her arms down the street. He was quite contented in this queer resting-place, and being absolutely confident in his little mind that the woman was carrying him home to Faith, he laid his curly head on her shoulder and dropped asleep. When she saw that he was asleep, and not before, the woman paused to wrap her own dirty shawl a little over him. She did this partly to shelter him and partly to consider. Did the police see such a woman as she was with so well dressed a child as Roy in her arms, they might stop to question her. She did not want them to do that; she had by no means made up her mind how to act by this poor lost baby, but she had no desire just then that the police should rob her of him. Hiding him very effectually with her shawl she brought him home—to such a home as she called her own. It was a cellar in a miserable back court, an ill-smelling, ill-drained place. From such a cellar as Hannah Searles's stalked many times in the year the gaunt and grim spectre of fever. It had one advantage, however, over many around it, she lived in it alone; no other living creature shared it with her. She stumbled down the ladder which led to it, drew across the trap-door, and laying Roy, who still slept soundly, on the bed, she prepared a small fire in the grate. When it was kindled, making a little light and cheerfulness in the gloomy place, she removed her bonnet, and going over to the bed knelt down by it; in this position her hungry eyes could gaze long on the sleeping

"Perhaps this was her own little child come back again."

child. Yes, he was very fair; she had never seen any creature half so beautiful since her own child died; nay, she had even to acknowledge to herself that her own child, though he had yellow hair and fair skin, and though he was in very truth bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, yet even he was not so lovely as this child. Yet there was a likeness, the lips pouted with something of the same pretty fulness, the little hands were folded in a somewhat similar attitude, the bright hair curled in much the same rings. Then kneeling there in the flickering twilight made by the fire, a strange fancy came over Hannah Searles; perhaps this was in very truth her own little child come back again. True, she had with her own hands closed the coffin on the sweet golden head, she had herself seen him laid in the grave, but perhaps God, seeing what a lost, abandoned woman she was without him, might have sent her baby back to her again. He had been a whole year in heaven now. During that year, while she had been leading as bad a life as a woman could lead, he had been growing beautiful in the air of heaven, and now God had sent him back to save her. Where had that child come from who stood on the threshold of the dreadful public-house? Was it not more than probable that he was indeed an angel, that he was her own angel given back to her once more? The fancy was very sweet to her; but Roy, opening his eyes at the moment, dispelled it. Roy's eyes were blue, her baby's brown, but having for an instant thought him her very own child, she began from that instant to love him.

"'Oy want Fate," said the little child, raising his head and gazing about him.

"Wot's yer name, my little dear; wot they calls ye at home, I mean?" asked Hannah—Hannah with all her roughness had a soft voice, it attracted the child to her, he sat up on the dirty bed, regarded her with decided favour, and replied in a contented voice,

"Fate calls I 'Oy."

"And I'd like to say Davie to yer, dear little man. May I call yer by the real beautiful name o' Davie? I 'ad a Davie of my h'own once."

"A Davie of 'our own," repeated little Roy, and now he came close and stroked the rough, red cheek.

"I'll get yer some supper, my sweet little darlin'; you set still on the side o' the pretty bed, and I'll get a nice supper ready in a jiffy."

The woman had no candle, but she heaped on coals with a lavish hand, and prepared a mess of bread and milk. Little Roy was very hungry; he found no fault with the tin mug, nor with the pewter spoon. He thought the woman's rough red face rather nice, and her soft tones fell warm on his baby heart. The dreadful cellar, too, with the flickering firelight making fantastic shadows on its dirty, wet walls, became as a palace in his little mind, he clapped his dimpled hands and said, "Pitty, pitty." He ceased to ask for Faith, and even twice before he had again dropped asleep, he had answered to the name of Davie.

That night Hannah Searles slept again with a child clasped to her bosom. Her sleep was very sweet to her, but the morning brought fresh cares. She had now quite resolved to keep little Roy. He was not her child, she knew that, but he had been sent to her. She shut her eyes resolutely to the fact of some other woman's broken heart for the loss of him. No, if he had a mother living she must be strangely careless to allow so great a treasure to go away from her, and to be found in a public-house. But Hannah guessed that little Roy's mother was dead. If she was alive he would have spoken of his mammie, but no, he only mentioned some mysterious fate—*she* was his real fate—she would be a mother to him, and make up to him by her love for the loss of his own.

But though his mother might be dead, yet Hannah knew that so nicely dressed a child must have relations who would miss him and take means to have him returned to them. They would put up rewards; the police would get directions to search for the child. She must therefore on no account put his nice, dainty clothes on him, she must fold them up and put them carefully out of sight. Another woman would have pawned the little things, but Hannah did not care to make money by this child who had come in the place of her own. She put the dainty blue frock, the white pinafore, the little shoes and socks, into a box which was well hidden away under the bed; then while Roy still slept she slipped out, and purchased at a pawnbroker's for a shilling, a set of little garments such as her own child, were he alive, would wear.

When Roy awoke she dressed him in the dingy and ragged clothes. He did not like them and cried a little for his own "pitty fock," and spoke again in a complaining voice of Faith. But Hannah drew out of her pocket a small many-coloured ball, and for the sake of the ball he forgave her the ragged and ugly garments. He chased the ball into all the dark corners of the dingy cellar, and his gay laugh filled Hannah's heart with rejoicing.

That day the woman and child spent at home. She was very happy with Roy, but she was puzzled how to act; she dared not leave him alone at home, she dared not confide her secret to the neighbours, still less did she dare to take him with her into the streets, for by this time surely his description would be printed up by the police courts and no rags could dim the beauty of his lovely little face. But for to-day she had money enough, so she spent her time clearing the cellar and making it a more fit habitation for the young king who had made it his home.

CHAPTER X.

Two days passed so; on the third day Hannah was penniless. It now became absolutely necessary for her to go out to seek employment. She must leave little Roy, for she dare not take him with her. Already—going for a moment last night into the court—a woman had confided to her that a little child was being advertised for at all the police stations, and that she wished she could get hold of him, for the reward offered for his recovery was ten pounds.

This woman was not a resident in the court or Hannah would have felt compelled to change her quarters. As it was, however, it was absolutely impossible for her to let any one know of Roy's existence. By this time, during the two complete days they had spent together, the woman and child had grown very close to each other. Hannah had a power over children. Little Roy had grown fond of her, he was contented with his cellar life, he liked to stand by her knee, and when she took him on her lap the feel of her arms put tightly round him was comfortable. Already the fickle baby mind had forgotten Faith, he was Hannah's boy to all intents and purposes. But all the same—though she had never known such pure happiness since Davie died—Hannah was puzzled what to do with this stolen child. Cleaning her cellar and playing with him brought no money to give food to either; she must go out to earn something, she must leave the child behind her, and if he cried in any way

the neighbours overhead would discover his existence, and then her secret would be out, and her treasure torn from her arms. If only it were in the night she had to leave him, little Roy would sleep, and there would be no danger; but he was a wakeful, lively child, and seldom closed his eyes for the livelong day.

Hannah resolved to seek for coarse needlework, which she could do at home, but to obtain such she must be absent several hours, and during those hours was the time of danger.

On the evening of the second day, after putting her baby-boy to bed, she went out, locking the door carefully behind her. She meant to visit a neighbour who lived in the opposite side of the court. This woman too occupied a cellar, but it was a far worse one than Hannah's—smaller, dirtier, and crowded with children, from ten years of age to a baby of six months. This baby now lay in profound sleep on the bed. Hannah went over to look at the little colourless, waxen face.

"How sound she ha' gone off, Jane Martin!" she exclaimed. "My Davie now, 'ud never lie as still as that, and wid h'all them others makin' sech a din, too."

"'Tis h'all along 'o them blessed drops," replied Mrs. Martin. "Afore I knew of them there worn't a more worriting baby in the world."

"What drops?" asked Hannah.

"Some as a neighbour give me, I dunno the name. She give me a big bottle full, and I drops three or four into her milk, and she'll never wake now till mornin', and then she'll be drowsy like and I can hush her off any minute."

"They must be a real comfort," answered Hannah, and it darted into her head that it would be very nice to put Roy to sleep in the same way.

"They're a blessing to over-worked mothers and that I will say," replied Mrs. Martin. "Here's the stuff, it looks innercent don't it? like a drop o' water; but fur all that, it's wonderful how it soothes off a fretful baby."

Hannah took the bottle in her hand and looked at its contents with greedy eyes.

"I know a 'oman," she said presently, "as have a baby, a baby a deal and a sight bigger nor yourn. It must be two year old. But she's wore to a shadow wid him, he won't sleep not fur nobody. The poor thing is like to drop, but he hardly h'ever will close his eyes, the monkey."

"Them drops 'ud settle him fast enough," replied Mrs. Martin.

"But how much ought she to give to a lad as big as that?"

"Well, let me see. I gives baby sometimes three drops, or four, ef I wants to keep her extra quiet; I should say fur a wakeful lad o' two years as ten drops 'ud do the business."

"Thank yer neighbour," replied Hannah, "and now ef yer'll be so good-natured as to give me the name o' the bottle, why I'll run to the chemist's and get a little and run wid it to the poor worn-out critter this werry night."

"Ah! but you can't get it at no chemist's," answered Mrs. Martin with a laugh; "the woman wot give it to me makes it her own self, she had the receipt from her mother afore her. You can't get it at no chemist's, Hannah Searles, and the neighbour wot give it me ha' gone to Ameriky; but see yere, fur I real feels for disturbed and worrited mothers, I'll give yer a tiny drop in this yere bottle and you can take it to her, ten drops 'ull settle that baby off as sound as a nut."

Hannah thanked her warmly for this offer and went back to her cellar with the precious sleeping drops in her pocket. Now she had a remedy for little Roy. Soundly and peacefully asleep he would not miss her during the few hours she must be absent the next day. She rose accordingly with a light heart, and having prepared his breakfast, put carefully into his milk ten drops from her bottle. She noticed how fresh and rosy he looked after his healthful, unbroken slumbers, and she said to herself that a little more sleep would do him still greater good. He ate his breakfast with appetite, sitting on her lap. And now she watched anxiously for the effect of the drops. It came almost sooner than she had dared to hope. The blue eyes became languid and heavy, the little golden head fell wearily on her shoulder, another moment and Roy was sound asleep. She placed him on her bed, covered him up tight and warm, and went out with an easy heart. As she walked quickly down the street which led directly from the court, she was met by two girls, one of whom she knew, and paused for a moment to accost.

"So you and yer mother ha' left Spiller Court, Meg Harris?"

"Oh, yes," answered Meg brightly; "I'm on my h'own spec' now, I and this yere gal, we're purwiding fur one another. I wor thinking, Hannah," she continued, "as you might make us a shake down in yer cellar, we'd pay yer two pence a night, that's a penny each. I know as you ha' plenty o' room for yer h'all alone."

The other and younger girl had shrunk a trifle away from the bold, coarse-looking woman, but Meg had come up and laid her hand on Hannah's arm.

"You'll let us in to-night, won't yer, Hannah?" said Meg again.

Now Hannah was rather fond of Meg, and would gladly have nearly paid the rent of her cellar by admitting these two little lodgers, but the presence of Roy of course made this impossible. To hide her real disappointment she spoke a little more roughly than usual.

"I can't no how," she said; "I ha' a job on hand as 'ull take h'up all my spare room and I can't ha' no gals a loitering around. You look further afield, Meg Harris."

The younger girl seemed perceptibly relieved, and Meg, with a good-natured nod, walked on. But Hannah felt a vague sense of uneasiness. That youngest girl, had she seen her before? Her face puzzled, nay more, it annoyed her; she was an anxious, thin, dark-eyed child; her dress was as ragged as Meg's, but somehow she looked far above Meg in respectability. Where *had* Hannah Searles seen her before? She turned a corner, she was now passing a police station, and yes, there was what she dreaded, a full description of little Roy; she stopped, fascinated, to read it.

LOST.

TEN POUNDS REWARD.

Strayed away from his home on Sunday night, a little boy, aged *two* years, dressed in a light-blue frock, white pinafore, white socks, blue shoes.

He has golden hair, very fair skin, and blue eyes. Any one either bringing the child back, or coming with information which shall lead to his recovery, shall receive TEN POUNDS REWARD.

CHAPTER XI.

HANNAH was unsuccessful in her search for coarse needle-work. Badly and miserably paid as such work was, the slop-shops had their full complement of workers, and had nothing to give her, though she went so far as to promise to do the work at even more wretched prices than had hitherto been given.

She was obliged to leave Roy the next day, and again the next, and for these two days the drops were each time resorted to. On the evening of the third day, she had obtained some partial success. She was given half-a-dozen shirts to make. These shirts were of the coarsest check, and Hannah would obtain tenpence for each. She was in quite good spirits, for she could now work and stay at home with Roy.

But there was a change in little Roy. He was no longer the laughing, rosy, healthy child whom Hannah had brought to her cellar. His blue eyes were heavy, his movements languid, and his fair skin was assuming that waxen tint which Hannah had noticed in Mrs. Martin's baby over the way. Hannah was a strangely ignorant woman, and she never associated this change in little Roy with the drops which he had taken now for three days in succession. She saw a vast difference in him, but she concluded that such was the way with all children. Through how many, many changes had her Davie gone? Why, at his very best he never looked half as healthy as little Roy did at his worst. No, she was not the least uneasy about the little fellow. But as he now had grown troublesome and restless at night, she gave him a few more drops from the fatal mixture, and when taking these he went off into feverish and fitful slumber, she congratulated herself on possessing so valuable a remedy.

While the shirts were being made she stayed quietly at home with the little boy, who in his waking moments would stand gravely and quietly by her knee, now and then putting up a small hot hand to stroke her cheeks, exclaiming as he did so in his broken English, "Pitty yed face, pitty yed face." Then adding, as he raised his heavenly blue eyes to hers, "'Oy 'oves 'oo vevy much."

At these words, uttered so innocently by the little child, down would go Hannah's work, needle, and thimble, and he would find himself clasped tightly to her bosom; while down the red cheeks, which he had praised, would flow large, salt tears which had lain locked up and frozen since Davie died. Yes, Roy was becoming more and more a necessity to Hannah Searles, and a treasure without which she did not now believe she could find life endurable.

One evening, leaving the child asleep, she went into the court. She was gossiping with a neighbour, and enjoying the sensation of the outside air, which was at least better than the cellar atmosphere which she had quitted, when Meg Harris came up to her. Meg and Faith had found a shelter for themselves in another house in this court, and now Meg came up alone to speak to Hannah.

"And how ere you getting on widhout yer mother?" asked Hannah. "But I needn't go fur to ax," she continued, "fur though you ain't much to boast on now, Meg, yet you look more peart than when she wor allers a wallopping of yer."

"But I have a h'anxiety on my mind," said Meg, shrugging her thin shoulders and

speaking in a low, confidential tone. "I ha' a gal along wid me, and a young gal wot ain't none of h'our people. You might ha' noticed her, Hannah, when you was walking down Middle Street."

"Yes," answered Hannah, "she looked a white-faced, mealy-mouthed little 'un. I mind me as I thought as I had seen her somewhere afore."

"Her father is a carpenter, Hannah, a werry, werry upper kind o' carpenter. She's real respectable, is Faithy. And wot does yer think? She have a little brother, a little lovely duck of a child, and he went out o' the house on Sunday night last and got losted, and this poor little Faith, she's near distracted. She and me, we're a looking fur the young 'un h'everywhere. I thought as I'd tell yer, Hannah, fur you see's a deal o' life, and you might ha' noticed as they ha' put him in the h'advertisements, and ten pound offered fur him."

Hannah Searles had perfect control of feature.

"I ha' seen about a missing child," she said after a moment's pause. "A child h'aged two year, dressed in blue, wid real gold 'air?"

"Yes, yes," said Meg. "Oh! Hannah, ef you could only help us to find of him—I think as Faith 'ull die ef he ain't found."

"I'll keep my h'eyes open," said Hannah, and then she nodded to Meg and went back to her cellar.

She was trembling all over as she stumbled down the stairs. But when she had securely locked the door and lighted a long dip candle and had seen with her own eyes little Roy sleeping quietly, she became calmer. She went over and knelt by the bed, and took one of the little hands in hers.

"I'd rayther be torn in bits, nor give h'up this little hand," she said to herself.

But she had got a great fright, and gazed long and greedily at her treasure.

It was plain that if she wanted to keep little Roy, she must move away from here as fast as possible. She could scarcely find a cheaper home, but be that as it may she dare not stay so near to Faith. Presently, tired out, she sank down on the floor; she still trembled at the nearness of the danger, but she also felt disappointment. The baby whom she considered her own baby now, was so beautiful, so grand, so fine and strong, so unlike any other child she had ever looked at, that she had often pictured to herself his high birth. He might, for aught she knew, be the son of a prince. Any prince in the land would be proud of him. And Hannah had delighted herself with the thought that this child, of perhaps Royalty, was happy and at home with such a woman as her—a woman at whom all respectable folks would point a finger of scorn; but yet whom the pure and innocent little child loved.

But he was of no high birth. He was only a son of the people after all. Many, many degrees above herself in respectability it was true, but still a child of the vast multitude. Her last scruple at keeping him vanished at this fact. He would lose nothing by remaining with her, and for his sake she would, she could, become good.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "And is it true as I am told." Lesson: Mark vii. 24—37. Concluding Hymn: "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

THERE was once, in Christendom, a little kingdom where the people were pious and simple hearted. In their simplicity they held for true many things at which people of great kingdoms smile. One of these things was what is called the "Golden Age."

There was not a peasant in the villages, nor a citizen in the cities, who did not believe in the Golden Age. If they happened to hear of anything great that had been done in former times, they would say, "That was in the Golden Age." If anybody spoke to them of a good thing he was looking for in years to come, they would say, "Then shall be the Golden Age." And if they should be speaking of something happy or good which was going on under their eyes, they always said, "Yes, the Golden Age is there."

About a hundred years ago there was reigning over this people a king whose name was PAKRONUS. And he also, like his people, believed in the Golden Age. "Other Ages," he said, "are silver, or brass, or iron; but one is a Golden Age." And I suppose he was thinking of that Age when he gave names to his three sons, for he called them YESTERGOLD, GOLDENDAY, and GOLDMORROW.

Sometimes when he talked about them, he would say, "They are my three captains of the Golden Age." He had also a little daughter whom he greatly loved. Her name was FAITH.

These princes were very good. And they were as clever as they were good. Always they had been diligent students, and when their school days were over they did not cease to be students. "We shall one day be called to high and difficult tasks in the kingdom," they said, "and we must prepare ourselves all we can." They went up and down in the kingdom acquainting themselves with the lives of the people. They were always asking, "How can the lives of our father's subjects be made happier?" And they had all three come to the conclusion that, one way or other, it must be by means of the Golden Age.

The only thing in which they could not agree was the time of the Golden Age.

About the Age itself they were entirely at one. They could not remember a year in their lives when they were not at one in this. As far back as the days when in the evenings they sat listening to the ballads and stories of their old nurse, and in the mornings to the Bible lessons of their mother, now in heaven, they had been lovers and admirers of that Age. "It is the happy Age of the world," the nurse used to say. "The fields are greener, the skies bluer, the rainbow brighter than in other Ages. It is the Age when heaven is near, and when the good angels are present in every home. In that Age, away on the lonely pasture, the shepherds watching their flocks by night hear angels' songs in the sky. And the children in the cities, as they are going to sleep, feel the waving of their wings in the dark. It is a time of wonders. The very birds and beasts can speak and understand what you say. And in the poorest children on the streets you may find princes and princesses in disguise."

"Yes," the mother would say in the morning when the children told her of nurse's words, "yes, it is indeed the happy Age of the world, and an Age of wonder, too. The birds and beasts can speak in that Age and understand what is said to them, because the people living in that Age have learned to be kind to them. Princes and princesses in poor clothing are met in the streets because in that Age the poorest child who is good is a child of the King of heaven. And heaven and the good angels are near because Christ is near. It is Christ's presence that works all the wonders. When He is living on the earth and His life is in the lives of men, everything is changed for the better. There is a new heaven and a new earth. And the Age is the Age of Gold."

All this the three princes believed. In all this they were of one mind. But at this point their agreement came to an end. They could never agree respecting the time of the Golden Age.

Yestergold believed that it lay in the past. In his esteem the former times were better than the present. People were simpler then and truer to each other and happier. There was more honesty in trade, more love in society, more religion in life. Many an afternoon he went alone into the old abbey where the tombs of saintly ladies, of holy men, and of brave fighters lay, and as he wandered up and down looking at their marble images, the gates of the Golden Age seemed to open up before him. There was one figure, especially, before which he often stood. It was the figure of a Crusader, his sword by his side, his hands folded across his breast, and his feet resting on a lion. "Ay," he would say, "in that Age the souls of brave men really trod the lion and the dragon under foot." But when the light of the setting sun came streaming through the great window in the west, and kindling up the picture of Christ healing the sick, his soul would leap up for joy, a new light would come into his eyes, and this thought would rise within him like a song, "The Golden Age itself—the Age into which all other Ages open and look back—is pictured there."

But on such occasions, as he came out of the abbey and went along the streets, if he met the people hastening, soiled and weary, from their daily toils, the joy would go out of his heart. He would begin to think of the poor lives they were leading. And he would cry within himself, "Oh, that the lot of these toiling crowds had fallen on that happy Age. It would have been easy then to be good. Goodness was in the very air blessed by His presence. The people had but to see Him to be glad." And sometimes his sorrow would be for himself. Sometimes, remembering his own struggles to be good, and the difficulties in his way, and how far he was from being as good as he ought to be, he would say, "Would that I myself had been living when Jesus was on the earth." More or less this wish was always in his heart. It had been in his heart from his earliest years. Indeed it is just a speech of his made when

he was a little boy, which has been turned into the hymn we so often sing :—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children, as lambs, to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

"I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen His kind looks when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'"

Goldmorrow's thoughts were different. They went forward into the future. He had hardly any of Yestergold's difficulties about being good. He did not think much about his own state. What took up all his thoughts was the state of the world in which his brothers and he were living. How was that to be made better? As he went up and down in his father's kingdom, he beheld hovels in which poor people had to live, and drink-shops, and gambling-houses, and prisons. He was always asking himself, how are evils like these to be put away? Whatever good any Age of the past had had, these things had never been cast out. He did not think poorly of the Age when Christ was on the earth. He was as pious as his brother. He loved the Lord as much as his brother. But his love went more into the future than into the past. It was the Lord who was coming, rather than the Lord who had come, in whom he had joy. "The Golden Age would come when Christ returned to the earth," he said. The verses in the Bible where this coming was foretold shone like light for Goldmorrow. And often, as he read them aloud to his brothers and his sister, his eyes would kindle and he would burst out with speeches like this: "I see that happy time approaching. I hear its footsteps. My ears catch its songs. It is coming. It is on the way. My Lord will burst those heavens and come in clouds of glory, with thousands and tens of thousands in his train. And things evil shall be cast out of the kingdom. And things that are wrong shall be put right. There shall be neither squalor, nor wretched poverty, nor crime, nor intemperance, nor ignorance, nor hatred, nor war. All men will be brothers. Each will be not for himself but for the kingdom. And Christ will be Lord of all."

In these discussions Goldenday was always the last to speak. And always he had least to say. I have been told that he was no great speaker. But my impression is that he got so little attention from his brothers when he spoke, that he got into the way of keeping his thoughts to himself. But everybody knew that he did not agree with either of his brothers. His belief was that the present Age, with all its faults, was the Golden Age for the people living in it. And there is no doubt that that was the view of his sister Faith. For, when at any time he happened to let out even the tiniest word with that view in it, she would come closer to him, lean up against his side, and give him a hidden pressure of the hand.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Oh, happy band of pilgrims." Lesson: Matt. xxv. 31—46. Concluding Hymn: "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

When these views of the young princes came to be known, the people took sides, some with one prince, some with another. The greatest number sided with Yestergold, a number not so great with Goldmorrow, and a few, and these for the most part of humble rank, with Goldenday. In a short time nothing else was talked about, from one end of the kingdom to the other, but the time of the Golden Age. And this became a trouble to the King.

Now there happened to be living at that time in the palace a wise man, a high Counsellor of State, whom the King greatly esteemed, and whose counsel he had often sought. To him in his trouble the King turned for advice.

"Let not this trouble thee, O King," the Counsellor said. "Both for the princes and the people it is good that thoughts on this subject should come out into talk. But let the thoughts be put to the test. Let the princes, with suitable companions, be sent forth to search for this Age of Gold. Although the Age itself, in its very substance, is hid with God, there is a country in which shadows of all the Ages are to be seen. In that country, the very clouds in the sky, the air which men breathe, and the hills and woods and streams shape themselves into images of the life that has been or is to be among men. And whosoever reaches that country, and looks with honest, earnest eyes, shall see the Age he looks for, just as it was or is to be, and shall know concerning it whether it be his Age of Gold. At the end of a year, let the travellers return, and tell before your Majesty and an assembly of the people the story of their search." To this counsel the King gave his assent. And he directed his sons to make choice of their companions and prepare for their journey.

Yestergold, for his companions, chose a painter and a poet. Goldmorrow preferred two brothers of the Order of Watchers of the

Sky. But Goldenday said, "I shall be glad if my sister Faith will be companion to me." And so it was arranged.

Just at that time the King was living in a palace among the hills. And it was from thence the travellers were to leave. It was like a morning in Wonderland. Although there was no sea there, the hills that surrounded the palace looked like so many giants sitting on the shores of a mighty sea. The great valley on which the palace looked down, and along which the princes were to travel, was that morning filled with vapour. And the vapour lay, as far as the eye could reach, without a break on its surface, or a ruffled edge, in the light of the rising sun, like a sea of liquid silver. It was into this sea the travellers had to descend. One by one, with their companions, they bade the old King farewell. And then, stepping forth from the palace gates and descending towards the valley, they disappeared from view.

The country to which they were going lay many days' distance between the purple mountains and the green sea. The road to it lay through woods and stretches of corn and pasture land. It was autumn. In every field were reapers cutting or binding the corn. At every turn of the road were waggons laden with sheaves. Then the scene changed. The land became poor. The fields were covered with crops that were thin and unripe. The people who passed on the road had a look of want on their faces. The travellers pressed on. Every eye was searching the horizon for the first glimpse of the mountain peaks. In every heart was the joyful hope of finding the Golden Age. Can you think what the joy of a young student going for the first time to a university is? It was a joy like his. While this joy was in their hearts, the road passed into a mighty forest. And suddenly among the shadows of the trees a miserable spectacle crossed their path. It was a crowd of peasants of the very poorest class. A plague had fallen on their homes, and they were fleeing from their village, which lay among the trees a mile or two to the right.

Yestergold was the first to meet them. He was filled with anguish. His sensitive nature could not bear to see suffering in others. He shrank from the very sight of misery. Turning to his companions, he said, "If the Lord of Life had been travelling on this road as He was on that other, long ago, when the Widow of Nain met Him with her dead son, He would have destroyed the plague by a word." "Oh, holy and beautiful Age!" exclaimed the poet, "why dost thou lie in thy soft swathings of light, and power to mighty deeds, so far behind us in the past "A golden background," said the painter, "that beautiful Age on which art is called portray the divine form of the Great Phy cian!" Saying these fine words, the par rode swiftly past.

The terrified villagers were still streami across the road when Goldmorrow came u Nothing could exceed the pity which t spectacle stirred in his breast. Tea streamed from his eyes. The barenes the poverty, the misery of the present tim seemed to come into view and gather into point in what he saw. "Oh!" he cried t his companions, "if Christ were only come Only He could deal with evils so great a these!" Then, withdrawing his thought into himself, and still moved with his human pity, he breathed this prayer to Christ "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and la Thy healing hand on the wounds and sorrow of the world." His companions were als touched with what they saw. And in earnes and reverent words one of them exclaimed "Blessed hope! Light of the pilgrim! Sta of the weary! The earth has waited long thy absent light to see." But, by the time the words were spoken, the villagers were behind them, and, spurring their horses, the travellers hastened forward on their way.

The dust raised by their horses' hoofs was still floating over the highway when Goldenday, with his sister and their attendants, rode up to the spot. Two or three groups of the fugitives had made a temporary home for the night under the shelter of the trees on the left. Others were still arriving. The pale faces, the terrified looks of the villagers, filled the prince with concern. "It is the pestilence," they said in answer to his inquiries. "The pestilence, good sir, and it is striking us dead in the very streets of our village." The prince turned to his sister. She was already dismounted. A light was in her eye which at once went to his heart. The two understood each other. They knew that it was Christ and not merely a crowd of terrified peasants who had met them. It was His eyes that looked out at them through the tear-filled eyes of the peasantry. It was His voice that appealed to them in their cries and anguish. He seemed to be saying to them: "Inasmuch as ye do it to one of the least of these, ye do it unto Me." In a few moments the prince had halted his party and unpacked his stores, and was supplying the wants of the groups on the left. Before an hour was past he had brought light into

their faces by his words of cheer, and, with his sister and his servants, was on his way to the plague-stricken village.

Most pitiable was the scene which awaited him there. People were really dying in the streets, as he had been told. Some were already dead. A mother had died in front of her cottage, and her little children sat crying beside her body. Another, with a look of despair in her eyes, sat rocking the dead body of her child. The men seemed to have fled.

The prince's plans were soon formed. He had stores enough to last his party and himself for a year. He would share these with the villagers as far as they would go. He had tents also for the journey. He would use these for a home to his own party and for hospitals for the sick. Before the sun had set, the tents for his own party were erected on a breezy height outside the village. And, ere the sun had arisen next morning, the largest tent of all had been set in a place by itself, ready to receive the sick.

Goldenday and his sister never reached the country where the images of all the Ages are to be found. A chance of doing good met them on their journey, and they said to each other, "It has been sent to us by God." They turned aside that they might make it their own. They spent the year in the deeds of mercy to which it called them among the plague-stricken villagers.

It would take too long to tell all that this good prince and his sister achieved in that year. The village lay in a hollow among dense woods and on the edge of a stagnant marsh. The prince had the marsh drained and the woods thinned. Every house in the village was thoroughly repaired and cleaned. The sick people were taken up to the tent-hospital and cared for until they got well. The men who had fled returned. The terrified mothers ventured back. The sickness began to slacken. In a few months it disappeared. Then the prince caused wells to be dug to supply water for drinking. Then he built airy schools for the children. Last of all, he repaired the Church, which had fallen into ruin, and trained a choir of boys to sing the thanks to God. But when all these things had been accomplished, the year during which he was to have searched for the Golden Age was within a few weeks of its close. And, what was worse, it was too plain to his sister that the prince's health had suffered by his toils. Night and day he had laboured in his service of love. Night and day he had carried the burden of the sickness and infirmities of the stricken village in his heart. It had proved a burden greater than he could bear. He had toiled on till he saw health restored to every home. He toiled until he saw the village itself protected from a second visitation of the plague. But his own strength was meanwhile ebbing away. The grateful villagers observed with grief how heavily their deliverer had to lean on his sister's arm in walking. And tears, which they strove in vain to conceal, would gather in their eyes as they watched the voice that had so often cheered them sinking into a whisper, and the pale face becoming paler every day.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "I want to be like Jesus." Lesson: Matt. xxvii. 24—50. Concluding Hymn: "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

The year granted to the princes by the King had now come to a close. And he and his nobles and the chief men of his people assembled on the appointed day to welcome the princes on their return and to hear their reports concerning the time of the Golden Age.

The first to arrive was Prince Yestergold. He was accompanied to the platform on which the throne was set, by the painter and poet, who had been his companions during the year. Having embraced his father he stepped to the front and said :—

"Most high King and father beloved, and you, the honourable nobles and people of his realm, on some future occasion my two companions will, the one recite the songs in which the Age we went to search for is celebrated, and the other exhibit the pictures in which its life is portrayed. On this occasion it belongs to me to tell the story of our search, and of what we found and of what we failed to find. We went forth to discover the time of the Golden Age. We went in the belief that it was the time when our Lord was on the earth. How often have I exclaimed in your hearing, 'Oh that I had been born in that age! How much easier to have been a Christian then!' I have this day, with humbleness of heart, to declare that I found myself entirely in the wrong. I have been in the country where images of the Ages are stored. I have seen the very copy of the Age of our Lord. I was in it as if I had been born in it. I saw the scenes which those who then lived saw. I saw the crowds who moved in those scenes. I beheld the very person of the divine Lord. And oh! my father, and oh! neighbours and friends, shall I shrink from saying to you, 'Be

thankful it is in this Age and not in that you have been born, and that you know the Lord as this Age knows Him, and not as He was seen and known in His own.'

"We arrived at Bethany on the day when Lazarus was raised. I mingled with the crowd around the grave. I saw the sisters. I was amazed to find that nothing looked to me as I had expected it to do. Even the Lord had not the appearance of One who could raise the dead. And when the dead man came forth, I could not but mark that some who had seen the mighty miracle turned away from the spot, jeering and scoffing at the Lord, its worker.

"When I next saw the Lord He was in the hands of the scoffers who had turned away from the grave of Lazarus. He was being led along the streets of Jerusalem to Calvary. The streets on both sides were crowded with stalls, and with people buying and selling as at a fair. Nobody except a few women seemed to care that so great a sufferer was passing by. He was bending under the weight of the Cross. His face was pale and all streaked with blood. I said to myself: 'Can this be He who is more beautiful than ten thousand?' My eyes filled with tears. Sickness came over my heart. I was like one about to die. I hurried away from the pitiless crowd, from the terrible spectacle, from the city accursed. And straightway I turned my face towards my home. And as I came within sight of my father's kingdom, I gave thanks to God that my lot had been cast in this favoured Age, and that the horrors through which the Lord had to pass are behind us; and that we see Him now in the story of the Gospels, as the Son of God, clothed with the glory of God, seated on the throne of heaven and making all things work together for good."

As the prince was bringing his speech to a close, a distant rolling of drums announced that one of his brothers had arrived at the gates of the city. It was Goldmorrow. And in a little while he entered the hall, embraced his father, and was telling the story of his travel.

"My companions and I," he said, "have been where the Golden Age of my dreams is displayed. We have been in that far future where there is to be neither ignorance nor poverty, neither sickness nor pain; and where cruelty and oppression and war are to be no more. It is greater than my dreams. It is greater than I have words to tell. It is greater than I had eyes to see. We were not able to endure the sight of it. We felt ourselves to be strangers in a strange land. The people we met looked upon us as we look upon barbarians. Our hearts sickened. We said to each other: 'It is too high, we cannot reach up to it.' The very blessings we had come to see did not look to us like the blessings of which we had dreamed.

"But our greatest trial was still to come. The Lord had come back to the earth and was living among the people of that Age. We made our way to the palace in which He lived. It was like no palace we had ever seen. It was like great clouds piled up among the hills. We were present when the doors were thrown open. We beheld Him coming forth. But the vision of that glory smote our eyes like fire. We were not able to gaze upon it. Our hearts failed within us. This was not the Christ we had known. We shrank back from the light of that awful presence. We fell on the ground before Him. 'God be merciful to us sinners,' we cried, 'we are not worthy to look upon Thy face.' And when we could open our eyes again the vision had passed.

"Then, oh father, then, oh friends beloved, I knew that I had sinned. In that moment of my humiliation and shame I recalled a sight which I had seen in the first days of my journey. I remembered some peasants, fleeing from a plague-stricken village, whom we had passed. I said to myself, I say this day to you, we were that day at the gates of the real Golden Age and we did not know it. We might that day have turned aside to the help of these peasants, but we missed the golden chance sent to us by God."

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "One there is above all others." Lesson: John x. 1—11. Concluding Hymn: "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

When Goldmorrow had finished, a strain of the most heavenly music was heard. It sounded as if it were coming towards the assembly hall from the gates of the city. It was like the chanting of a choir of angels, and the sounds rose and fell as they came near, as if they were blown hither and thither by the evening wind. In a little while the singing was at the doorway of the hall, and every eye was turned in that direction. A procession of white-robed children entered first. Behind them came a coffin, carried on men's shoulders, and covered with wreaths of flowers. Then, holding the pall of the coffin, came in the Princess Faith, behind her the attendants who had accompanied her brother and herself, and last of all a long line of

bareheaded peasants walking two and two. It was the coffin of the Prince Goldenday. His strength had never come back to him. He had laid down his life for the poor villagers. Having fulfilled his task in their desolate home, the brave young helper sickened and died.

When this was known, the old King lifted up his voice and wept, and the princes, and the nobles, and all the people present joined in his sorrow. Then, it seemed to be found out, that the dead prince had been, of the three brothers, the most beloved. Then, when the weeping had continued for a long time, the Princess Faith stepped forward and in few words told the story of the year. Then silence, only broken by bursts of sorrow, fell upon all. And then the Counsellor rose up from his seat at the right hand of the King and said:

"We have heard the manly words of the princes who searched the Past and the Future for the Age of Gold. The lips that should have spoken for the Age we are living in are for ever closed; but in the beautiful statement of our princess we have heard the story they had to tell.

"Can there be even one in this great assembly, who has listened to the story of the princess, and does not know that the Age of Gold is found, and that it was found by the prince whose dead body is here?

"O King, and ye princes and peers and people, it is an ancient faith in our nation that the Golden Age is the time when Christ is present in our life. In every form in which Christ's presence can be felt, it was felt in the village for whose helping the dear prince laid down his life.

"A time of great misery had come to that village. The harvest, year after year, had failed. Poverty fell upon the people. Then, last and worst of all, came the pestilence. Through the story told by the beloved princess we can see that faith in God began to fail. The people cried out in their agony: 'Has God forgotten?' And some, 'Is there a God at all?'

"It was in the thick darkness of that time the prince visited them. He met them fleeing from their home. He gave up his own plans that he might help them. His coming into the village, into the very thick of its misery, was like the morning dawn. He was summer heat and summer cheer to the people. The clouds of anxiety and of terror began to lift. The shadow of death was changed for them into the morning. He made himself one with them. He went from house to house with cheer and help. The burden seemed less heavy, the future less dark, that this helper was by their side. Best of all, faith came back to them. It was as if that Lord had come back. In a real sense He had come back. He was present in His servant the prince. The people beheld the form of the Son of God going about their streets doing good. They saw the old miracles. The blind saw, the deaf heard, God, as in the days when Jesus was in the flesh. Even death was conquered before their eyes. It was the Golden Age come down to them from God.

"In his great task the dear prince died. Our hearts are heavy for that we shall see his face no more. But he died, as pilgrims die who have found the promised land they went forth to seek. He found the Age he went forth to seek.

"In his heart was the Golden Age of the *past*. The Lord who died on the tree, who spoke the parables, who raised the dead, was in his heart.

"In his deeds was the Golden Age of the *present*. Christ looked forth from his eyes, spoke from his lips, acted by his touch, and shed forth light and cheer and healing.

"And in the results of his acting shines the Golden Age of the *future*. A real gleam of heaven is falling this evening on the once darkened village. The evil things that infested its life have been cast out, and a new heaven and a new earth have come to them.

"And count it not strange that the dear helper died, or that this fiery trial should have descended on our beloved King and us. It is the rule in the kingdom of our Lord. Whoever will bring the Golden Age where sin is, must himself lay down his life. For those peasants, as Christ for all mankind, the prince laid down his life."

The people listened till the counsellor reached these words, then, as by one impulse, they rose and burst into a grand doxology. Then a company of torch-bearers entered. Then the children took up their place at the head of the coffin and began again to sing. The bearers lifted the coffin. The King and Faith and the two princes followed; after them the peasants from the village, then the chief nobles and the people, and in this order the coffin was carried to the place of the dead.

It is told by travellers who have visited that city, that a statue of the young prince stands above the old gateway of the abbey, and that there are written below it the words: TO-DAY IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE.

OUR CHILDREN.

A Hymn for Teachers.

O LORD our God, we thank Thee
For little children dear,
Gleams of Thy mercy's rainbow
Which Thou dost send us here ;
O ! teach us how to make them
What Thou wouldst have them be,
Teach us to train our children
For heaven and for Thee.

The souls of little children
Are vessels for Thy grace,
Thy Spirit makes their bodies
His chosen dwelling-place.
The minds of little children
Yearn for immortal truth,
And Thou hast deigned to make us
The guardians of their youth.

Oh, fill our hearts with wisdom,
With love, and tenderness,
And in all Christ-like patience
Let us our souls possess ;
So shall the overflowing
Of hearts that own Thy grace,
Reflect to little children
Their heavenly Father's face.

And they shall learn the wisdom
That cometh from above,
Our tenderness shall make them
Obedient to Thy love ;
Our patience shall encourage
The hope that never faints,
And give them perseverance,
The triumph of the saints.

The simple love of goodness,
The fear to do a sin,
The life that through temptation
Keeps innocence within,
The strength to win the battle,
The knowledge that is might,
Is all we need to teach them
That they may learn aright.

Their souls and minds and bodies
Thus trained and fit for Thee,
Shall rise to endless service,
Throughout eternity ;
For they will know the Father
Through Jesus Christ His Son,
By God the Holy Spirit
Eternal Three in One !

GENEVIÈVE IRONS.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

TEMPERANCE AND THE REVENUE.

WHEN the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his latest Budget speech, proposed to account for the decrease in Excise revenue by the spread of temperance and abstinence principles, some desponding critics insisted that the cause was to be found in the depression of trade, and not in the elevation of the masses. With all the willingness in the world to drink, the people, they said, have no money to do it with. To all those who are working to promote thrift and sobriety among their countrymen, it will be an encouragement to find that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue deliberately indorse Mr. Gladstone's suggestion. The beer duty, which was recently substituted for the malt tax, during the past year amounted only to about eight millions and a half; a sum more than a quarter of a million short of the estimate. The Commissioners thus account for the error in their calculation:—

"This deficiency appears to have been due to a slight falling off in the consumption of beer, as we have been informed by several eminent brewers in the metropolis, that, notwithstanding the increase in the population, a less amount of business has been done. This may be accounted for in several ways, but principally, we think, by the improved habits of the people. Temperance principles seem to be influencing certain classes of the population largely, the past year having been, apparently, one of unusual progress in this direction. This movement has been greatly encouraged and promoted by the erection of coffee-taverns; and when we mention that between thirty and forty limited liability companies for carrying on coffee-taverns have been formed in various places during the past year, and that over one hundred new establishments have been opened in the metropolis, some of them on an extensive and expensive scale, it will be seen that the success of such enterprises must sensibly lessen the consumption of alcoholic drinks."

The revenue suffers apparently for the time, it is true, but it gains in other ways. Trade receives a new impetus by the accession of misapplied capital, while taxation is lightened by the diminution of pauperism and crime—two infallible gauges of a nation's "drink bill." Even the publican, as Mr. Hoyle has pointed out in one of his most timely letters, is not permanently injured, but soon finds his way into another line of business, and "instead of flourishing upon the ruin of the country contributes to its prosperity."

BARBAROUS SPORTS.

There is some ground for fear that while on the one hand we are developing an over-sensitive and enervating civilisation, some portions of the community are recurring to the barbarous cruelties of our ancestors. In more than one town lately there have been attempts to hold prize-fights; and in Wales and in the "Black Country" two cases of cock-fighting have occurred. Horrible as are the sufferings of the human combatants, they deserve less pity than the harmless birds which are armed with steel spurs and goaded to the fray; they cannot choose but fight: men can refuse, and if they will degrade themselves, the blame is theirs; while the distaste for personal suffering is always sufficient to deter all but the boldest and hardiest. Where others, and those not human beings, are the sufferers, even the meanest and most cowardly of the race can gratify that love of cruelty which seems instinctive in so many natures. Severe penalties are the only remedy, and there is cause for the deepest regret that the Welsh magistrates imposed a most trifling fine on culprits who were in affluent circumstances, and could have paid it a hundred times over without any personal sacrifice. If this barbarous cruelty is to be repressed by law, punishment must be sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of those who organize and attend such revolting spectacles.

A LITTLE NEWS FOR SINGERS.

Among the Acts which have somehow or other made their way through the parliamentary block of the past session, is one which will relieve the anxiety of those good-natured people who organize or assist at popular entertainments for social or benevolent purposes. Through a most excusable ignorance of law, many such persons have been the victims of most vexatious extortion. They have presided, or perhaps performed, at a concert in which a perfect stranger has sung a song, or executed some musical composition on violin or piano. The piece might have been heard a hundred times at such gatherings before, and not till he received a demand for compensation from some obscure society, only known to the public by periodical appearances in the law courts to exact damages from unconscious and involuntary offenders, did the unfortunate sufferer learn that by his act, or by his presence, he had infringed exclusive rights of performance secured by a formal registration. The printed score gave no warning; and even if the existence of such a right was suspected, reference to an official list was in most cases out of the question. For the future, dangers of this kind are removed. The composer who retains the right of public representation or performance, or the person to whom he may assign it, must state the fact clearly in print on the title-page of every copy, so that the purchaser will know of the existence of such restrictions. To the many who have already paid blackmail it will be some consolation to know that if they offend again they will do so with their eyes open; others who have been more fortunate may now exercise what powers of entertainment they possess without fear of an evil return.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

EXPLORATION IN CHINA.

Yunnan, in Southern China, and its chief town, Yunnafoo, are clearly destined to become important elements in the history of the future. When the ships of Western nations, in spite of traditional hostility to foreign intrusion, first sailed up the great river Yang-tsi-kiang, our knowledge of China was still confined to Szechuen and the province of the "Four Valleys," while the great tracts of country in the south between Canton and Burmah were still left "virgin soil." Nine years ago M. Dupuis, a French traveller, made his way up from Tonquin, along the river Songcoi, to Manghao, three hundred miles from the coast, and thence, after an eight days' march, reached Yunnan. Lately two Englishmen, Mr. Colquhoun and Mr. Wahab, starting from Canton, have navigated the Yang-tsi-kiang for nearly six hundred miles, and travelled half as far again by land to the capital of Yunnan, returning through Bamo, about four hundred miles away, the nearest point in British Burmah, to Rangoon. So far as Yunnan is concerned, the two routes cannot enter into competition. The line marked out by M. Dupuis is more direct and more practical, and passes through the most fertile province of Tonquin. Moreover, the French have recently occupied the capital of Tonquin; and by dispatching an expedition up the river show that they will spare no pains to open up the country to the widest possible extent. The results of the expedition made by Mr. Colquhoun and his companion affect the future of Yunnan in a different way. What they have done is to demonstrate the feasibility of a great trade route across the Indo-Chinese peninsula, connecting Rangoon and the northern provinces of the Brahmapootra with Yunnan, and so with Canton and Nangkin. In that case the cities of that province will assume an incalculable importance. Such a highway must now enter into the class of practical problems, and when the obstacles at present existing in Burmah have been removed, its establishment will only be a question of time. Then Eastern and Southern Asia will renew intercourse, and the full tide of life will set in across the regions now wrapped in the mystery of isolation. How the new activity of commerce, and of the thought which commerce stimulates, may affect the civilisation of China and the development of our Indian Empire it would be futile yet even to conjecture.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN AUSTRIA.

Accounts from Austrian Christians and the Report of the Hon. and Rev. E. V. Bligh, present a gloomy picture of the conditions under which the Protestants of the Empire worship and work. They are oppressed by law, and persecuted by the people. The colporteurs, who may not engage in their work without a government license, are put upon the same footing as those traders who may be suspected of selling dangerous or seditious publications. No sales may be made upon the spot; samples only must be exhibited, and printed orders taken; restrictions which hamper purchasers and make privacy impossible. To speak to the people with whom he meets is enough to endanger the colporteur's license, and in some parts of the Empire banishment has been the penalty imposed on no graver offence. Where the law is so intolerant, popular antagonism is sure to manifest itself in more decided and dangerous forms and colporteurs have again and again, especially in Carinthia and Bohemia, where the influence of the priests is strong, been exposed to violence and outrage. One of these faithful workers at Laybach, in the extreme south-west, gives a vivid description of his own experiences.

"Wednesday evening, at half-past nine, I came in by the train from Upper Carinthia, and was astounded to find the street where our house is, and the neighbouring square, filled with people and policemen. I hastily and stealthily made my way through the crowd; our house-door, generally open, I found to be bolted, but the porter, recognising me, quickly drew me in. Hundreds of men and women were standing about, vociferating and shouting, 'Down with the antichrist! Let us have him! If he is gone we will pitch into his wife!' It was a mercy, indeed, that I had not been recognised by the bellowing mob. I heard that people had begun to flock together from seven in the evening, and constantly increasing numbers arrived until late, all thirsting to take vengeance on the miscreant, who had been described to them in the pulpit and in the press as a perverter of the faith and the disseminator of false books. For hours the police were utterly unable to disperse the angry crowd, and they succeeded only at last by threatening to call out the military. At midnight rest was pretty well restored, but the house had to be guarded all night by the police. Next day reports were abroad that another storm was brewing for the evening. It was said, the populace was determined to take my life. I felt it my duty to claim protection from the police, for all day long fanatics tried to force themselves into my lodging. Two policemen had to guard my door. Under these circumstances I packed up a few things, and as my own life, and the lives of my wife and child were in imminent danger, by the statement of the authorities themselves, I determined on escaping to Trieste by the evening train. We safely reached the station under an escort of policemen. With my own eyes I had, the evening before, seen five or six priests in the midst of the excited crew, and we gave hearty praise unto God for His gracious protection when we happily reached Trieste."

Just now an attempt is being made by the Evangelical Alliance to obtain from the Austrian Government a concession of freedom to worship for Protestant Churches other than those now recognised by law. At present, the children of parents belonging to such Churches are not allowed to attend worship with their parents; and in all cases Protestant children up to the age of fourteen are compelled to receive Catholic religious instruction, though they may worship with their parents at Protestant Churches. This anomaly, the Alliance, no doubt from prudential motives, does not for the time being even attempt to remove. At Prague the state of affairs seems brighter. Those who are at work there state that in the city and the neighbour-

hood the days of persecution are passed, and that the Government has conferred upon a small band of Protestants corporate powers carrying the right to buy or build a house for "Bible Lectures;" the little society thus becomes a close corporation, filling up vacancies as they occur from its own adherents, and thus secured against alien intrusion. Working from this firm basis, successful labour seems possible. Meanwhile the sufferers in less favoured parts of the country will have the sympathy of all English Churches.

MADAGASCAR AND FRENCH AGGRESSION.

The forcible detention of an embassy from the Queen of Madagascar may serve to draw public attention to the unjustifiable aggression now being carried on by French representatives in more than one quarter of the globe. In Madagascar a dispute recently occurred between the two governments, arising out of an attempt of some French-Arabs to land a cargo of powder and guns upon the island. The attempt was frustrated, and in the skirmish some of the Arabs were killed. The French Consul demanded compensation from the Queen's Government, thus acknowledging her authority over the local chief, in whose province the affray occurred. The compensation was paid, not without natural reluctance, as the Arabs were the aggressors. More recently, fresh irritation has been caused by the arrival of a French war vessel, the crew of which proceeded to haul down the queen's flag at two stations on the west coast, justifying their conduct by an obsolete treaty long since superseded by one in which the sovereignty of the queen is explicitly recognised. An embassy which was about to leave the island to lay the complaints of the Malagasy before the European Governments has been prevented by the French Commandant from embarking on the French Mail boat. The perpetual violence and intimidation of the French residents and naval authorities will, it is feared, lead to a popular rising among the natives, which it is probably intended to do; and annexation, the politician's word for robbery on a large scale, would in that case be the inevitable consequence. A similar policy is being pursued in the Pacific. After absorbing all the chief points of vantage in the southern and south-western parts of the ocean, the French annexed Raiatea, in violation of a treaty made five-and-thirty years ago with the English Government. A fleet is also expected soon to reach the Harvey Isles as a forerunner of a French protectorate. A policy of this kind causes more annoyance than danger, though the injury done to English commerce is not inconsiderable. A more serious evil, however, is that wherever the French have thus intruded, as at Tahiti, the former sovereign of which they are now using as their tool in the Pacific, Protestant missions have invariably suffered. The history of the English Churches among the Malagasy is too glorious to be exposed to any peril of reverses; and it is to be hoped that the embassy when it reaches England may not leave without winning help in their position of difficulty. A resolute protest to the French Government would be all that is needed.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

MISSIONS AND THEIR CRITICS.

A most violent attack upon missions has been made by a special correspondent of the *Times*, who, writing from Singapore, indiscriminately disparages men, motives, and results. The awakening of the national conscience in regard to the Chinese opium traffic seems to have excited his apprehensions; and, with a singular want of dexterity, he opens his case with the assertion that disappointed zeal, and not genuine philanthropy, has given rise to the Anti-opium Society. It is the missionaries, who, to account for palpable failure in China, have invented the spurious obstacle of the opium traffic. It would be idle to remind this bold critic that the earliest organized opposition to the trade began at a time when Chinese missions were still in their infancy; and that the society counts among its warmest sympathisers very many who are actuated by motives of morality, not of religion; but when he ventures to assert that "it is rare that a man becomes a missionary if he can 'do as well,' in a pecuniary point of view, at home," and infers that it is therefore the inferior part of the rank and file of Christian teachers who devote themselves to work abroad, the force of prejudice and rancour can go no farther. 'Xaviers and Pattesons' are rare, no doubt; but in every quarter of the globe there are men, belonging to all the Churches of Christ, who have devoted rare powers to the service of God and the salvation of men. Some give their wealth, too; but all give the precious offering of life. Bishop Steere, whose death is recorded elsewhere, is but a type of the men whom this anonymous young slanderer has calumniated. One cannot but wonder why this gentleman himself left home service for foreign. It will scarcely be uncharitable to suppose that such sweeping, random, and malicious writing would not "do as well," to use his own words, "at home."

This *Times* correspondent, moreover, in his anxiety to substantiate his case, overreaches himself when he adds that missionaries have failed, and confess their failure, though they have opened up unknown lands, reduced languages to writing, carried education everywhere, and diffused the Bible among the heathen; because this is not *religious* work, only "the bait to allure fish to the hook;" because missions civilise, but do not convert. Now, as a matter of fact, it may safely be asserted, that missions have rarely succeeded in civilising a people without converting it. The Christian gospel confers other blessings where it comes, as the shadow of Peter going about to preach Christ healed those on whom it fell; but it is only where the new faith takes firm hold, that the new civilisation survives the corruptions which vicious and mercenary traders too soon introduce. Yet, even if missions only attain this secondary

object, is it not strange that the work should be left in the hands of men "who have never taken into their minds any adequate conception of the depth and the height, and the exceeding breadth of Christianity," instead of being carried on by those who, like the critic, have not "become saturated with the special and artificial forms" of peculiar schools? It is but too clear that the writer knows as little about Christian teaching as he does of the teachers. Some instincts and habits of the old life may remain in those who "name the name of Christ," but they learn by degrees to "depart from all evil;" and if their Christian life retains peculiar vices, it has also its special virtues. In every land the work of conversion goes on, and those who come to Christ to be civilised find nobler blessings than they sought.

A MISSION TO THE FISHERMEN IN THE NORTH SEA.

Public attention has lately been more than once directed to the fishermen of the North Sea; too often, unfortunately, through some act of violence and cruelty. It is welcome news, therefore, to learn that an effort is being made to reach a class of men cut off by their calling from the influences of religious and civilised life, exposed to protracted hardships, and often in imminent peril. While the large fleet, known as the "Short Blue," had its head-quarters at Barking, the agents of the Thames Mission laboured amongst the crews; but after its removal to Gorleston, the fleet passed out of the Society's range. Now, however, a little smack, the *Ensign*, has been chartered to cruise with the fleet, carrying a fisherman, the agent of the Thames Mission, who also represents Bible and Temperance Societies. A correspondent of the *Guardian* gives the following account of a recent visit to the fleet at the fishing ground.

"To visit this fleet we, a company of five, set sail on Friday week, per steamship *Frost*, one of the steamers employed in the fish-carrying trade. Early on Sunday morning we sighted the fleet off the North German coast, and not far from Heligoland. About one hundred and twenty smacks, each manned by seven or eight men and boys, were busily engaged in hauling in their trawls and securing the results of the night's fishing. A pretty sight they seemed, as they danced lightly on the waters far as eye could reach; hardly so pretty, however, when we got on board, and the smell of the fish saluted our nostrils, while down in the close cabins we found it almost impossible to breathe. On board the Mission-smack, the *Ensign*, however, things were better, for various improvements have been introduced, and an extra and well-ventilated cabin has been fitted up for the missionaries who may be sent out. It was a pleasure to meet with her godly crew, and to begin the service of the day with a hearty prayer-meeting in her cabin. The captain of the steamer kindly placed his hold at our disposal, and, hose and mop having been vigorously applied, a capital meeting-place it made. At half-past ten the large Mission flag was run up to the mast-head, and the church bell, in the unwonted form of the steam whistle, sounded over the waters. Rain was falling, the sea was rough, yet a goodly company mustered; amongst them not a few Christians who gladly welcomed this opportunity for Christian worship and prayer. A good meeting we had, the singing being hearty and vigorous, if not over-musical. Mr. Mather's address from John xiii. 32—38 s[et] forth plainly the call to a godly life and conversatio[n] to a service not of lip only, but of deed and of trut[h]. Rough and uncultivated as our congregation seeme[d] they were able to grasp and appreciate this straigh[t] forward and pointed address.

Mr. Simons, one of the company, who has work[ed] in the Rev. R. C. Billing's Mission at the East-en[d] was left behind for a month's service among the fis[h]ermen. A work of this kind among a class hither[to] neglected while at sea cannot fail to do the greate[st] good in humanising and softening natures in whi[ch] the good elements have been crusted over by a rou[gh] and reckless life. The Secretary of the Thames Mi[s]sion, 31, New Bridge Street, E.C., will be glad [to] give information about the work, and to receive a[ny] for carrying it on.

IV.—MEMORIAL RECORD.

BISHOP STEERE.

It is seldom we have to record tidings from th[e] field of Christian Mission so distressing as we recor[d] to-day. The Universities Missions to Central Afric[a] has sustained an irreparable loss. A sudden stro[ke] of apoplexy has stretched down Bishop Steere, at th[e] early age of fifty-four, and carried off the guide an[d] leader from the noble work which is being carried o[n] both at Zanzibar and the numerous stations on th[e] mainland. It is just twenty years ago that Dr. Steere followed Bishop Tozer to Africa, and eigh[t] years since he succeeded the Bishop in the place c[f] care and command. With what devotion and energ[y] he laboured in promoting the cause of Christ and i[n] extending the knowledge of the Gospel, can be full[y] known only by those who were companions and eye-witnesses of his life of arduous toil and self-sacrifice. Bishop Steere was altogether a remarkable man. While he brought to his work the most varie[d] powers and the widest knowledge, like St. Paul, the great pioneer and prototype of missionaries, he "wrought with his own hands," and that not in on[e] trade but in many. He could act as architect an[d] carpenter of a church, as well as preach in it when built: he could set up and print at the press sermons and hymns which he had himself translated into the dialects of Africa, or historical and metaphysical dis[-] cussions intended for a civilised public. In additio[n] to all this, he was a lawyer, and of course, in case o[f] necessity, not a worse doctor than a good many pro-fessional men at home. As an administrator he wa[s] pre-eminently successful, as the account of the work done by the mission published last month in another part of this record proves beyond doubt; an account which is the most fitting eulogy of a noble life. Bishop Steere and his fellow-labourers bought no converts, though they won many: they sacrificed ease, luxury, and distinction, to benefit others, without earthly payment or reward; and therefore their work so far from slackening grows daily in range and power; and even when the leader is lost, the perpetuation of the cause and the work which he held dear is held his truest and noblest memorial.

Illustration of Psalm CIV. verse 19.—"The sun knoweth his going down."

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THINGS AT HOME.

IN the meantime things had been going very gloomily at Yrndale. Mrs. Raymount was better in health but hardly more cheerful. How could she be? how get over the sadness that her boy was such? But the thing that most oppressed her was to see the heart of his father so turned from the youth. What would become of them if essential discord invaded their home! Cornelius had not been pleasant, even she was to herself compelled to admit, since first he began to come within sight of manhood; but she had always looked to the time when growing sense would make him cast aside youngmannish ways; and this was the outcome of her cares and hopes and prayers for him!

Her husband went about listless and sullen. He wrote no more. How could one thus disgraced in his family presume to teach the world anything! How could he ever hold up his head as one that had served his generation, when this was the kind of man he was to leave behind him for the life of the next! Cornelius's very being cast doubt on all he had ever said or done!

He had been proud of his children: they were like those of any common stock! and the shame recoiled upon himself. Bitterly he recalled the stain upon his family in generations gone by. He had never forged or stolen himself, yet the possibility had remained latent in him, else how could he have transmitted it? Perhaps there were things in which he might have been more honest, and so have killed the latent germ, and his child not have had it to develop! Far into the distance he saw a continuous succession of dishonest Raymounts, nor succession only but multiplication, till streets and prisons were swarming with them. For hours he would sit with his hands in his pockets, scarcely daring to think, for the misery of the thoughts that came crowding out the moment the smallest chink was opened in their cage. He had become short, I do not say rough, in his speech to his wife. He would break into sudden angry complaints against Hester for not coming home, but stop dead in the middle, as if nothing was worth being angry about now, and turn away with a sigh that was almost a groan.

The sight of the children was a pain to him. Saffy was not one to understand much of grief beyond her own passing troubles; it was a thing for which she seemed to have little reception; and her occasionally unsympathetic ways were, considering her age, more of a grief to her mother than was quite reasonable; she feared she saw in her careless glee the same root which in her brother flowered in sullen disregard. Mark was very different. The father would order Saffy away, but the boy might come and go as he pleased, nor gave him any annoyance, although he never or scarcely ever took any notice of him. He had been told nothing of the cause of his parents' evident misery. When the news came of Corney's illness, his mother told him of that; but he had sympathy and penetration enough to perceive that there must be something amiss more than that: if this were all, they would have told him of it when first they began to be changed! And when the news came that he was getting better, his father did not seem the least happier! He would sometimes stand and gaze at his father, but the solemn, far-off, starry look of the boy's eyes never seemed to disturb him. He loved his father as few boys love, and yet had a certain dread of him and discomfort in his presence, which he could not have accounted for, and which would vanish at once when he spoke to him.

He had never recovered the effects of being so nearly drowned, and in the readier apprehension caused by accumulated troubles his mother began to doubt if ever he would be well again. He had got a good deal thinner; his food did not seem to nourish him; and his being seemed slipping away from the hold of the world. He was full of dreams and fancies, all of the higher order of things where love is the law. He did not read much that was new, for he soon got tired with the effort to understand; but he would spend happy hours alone, seeming to the ordinary eye to be doing nothing, because his doing was with the unseen. So-called religious children are often peculiarly disagreeable, mainly from false notions of the simple thing religion in their parents and teachers; but in truth nowhere may religion be more at home than in a child. A strong conscience and a loving regard to the desires

of others were Mark's chief characteristics. When such children as he die, we may well imagine them wanted for special work in the world to which they go. If the very hairs of our head are all numbered, and he said so who knew and is true, our children do not drop hap-hazard into the near world, neither are they kept out of it by any care or any power of medicine: all goes by heavenliest will and loveliest ordinance. Some of us will have to be ashamed of our outcry after our dead. Beloved, even for your dear faces we can wait awhile, seeing it is His father, your father and our father to whom you have gone, leaving us with him still. Our day will come, and your joy and ours, and all shall be well.

The attachment of Mark to the major continued growing.

"When Majie comes," he said one of those days, "he must not go again."

"Why, Markie?" asked his mother, almost without a meaning, for her thought was with her eldest-born, her disgrace.

"Because, if he does," he answered, "I shall not see much of him."

The mother looked at the child, but said nothing. Sorrow was now the element of her soul. Cornelius had destroyed the family-heart; must the family soon be broken up, and vanish in devouring vacancy! Do you ask where was her faith? I answer, Just where yours and mine is when we give thanks trusting in the things for which we give thanks; when we rest in what we have, in what we can do, in what people think of us, in the thought of the friends we have at our back, or in anything whatever but the living, outgoing power of the self-alive—the one causing potency in the heart of our souls, and in every clothing of those souls, from nerve, muscle, and skin to atmosphere and farthest space. The living life is the one power, the only that can, and he who puts his trust or hope in anything else whatever is a worshipper of idols. He who does not believe in God must be a truster in that which is lower than himself.

Mark seldom talked about his brother. Before he went away the last time he had begun to shrink from him a little, as if with some instinct of an inward separation. He would stand a little way off and look at him as if he were a stranger in whom he was interested, and as if he himself were trying to determine what mental attitude he must assume towards him. When he heard that he was ill, the tears came in his eyes, but he did not speak.

"Are you not sorry for Corney?" said his mother.

"I'm sorry," he answered, "because it must make him unhappy. He does not like being ill."

"*You* don't like being ill, I'm sure, Mark!" returned his mother, apprehending affectation.

"I don't mind it much," answered the boy, sweetly, and looking far away—as it seemed to his mother, towards a region to which she herself had begun to look with longing.

The way her husband took their grief made them no more a family, but a mere household. He brooded alone and said nothing. They did not share sorrow as they had shared joy.

At last came a letter from Hester saying that in two days she hoped to start with Corney to bring him home. The mother read the letter, and with a faded gleam of joy on her countenance, passed it to her husband. He took it, glanced at it, threw it from him, rose, and left the room. For an hour his wife heard him pacing up and down his study; then he took his hat and stick and went out.

What he might have resolved upon had Corney been returning in tolerable health, I do not know—possibly to kick him out of the house for his impudence in daring to show his face there; but even this wrathful father, who thought he did well to be angry, could not turn from his door his sickly child, let him be the greatest scoundrel under the all-seeing sun! But not therefore would he receive or acknowledge him! Swine were the natural companions of the prodigal, and the sooner he was with them the better! There was truth in the remark, but hell in the spirit of it: for the heart of the father was turned from his son. The Messiah came to turn the hearts of the fathers to their children. Strange it should ever have wanted doing! But it wants doing still. There is scarce a discernible segment of the round of unity between many fathers and their children.

Gerard Raymount went walking through the pine-woods on his hills. Little satisfaction lay in land to which such a son was to succeed! No! the land was his own! not an acre, not as much as would bury him, should the rascal have!

Alas! he had taken honesty as a matter of course in *his* family. Were they not *his* children? He had not thought of God as the bond of life between him and them, nor sought to nourish the life in them. He

was their father and was content with them. He had pondered much the laws by which society proceeds and prospers, but had not endeavoured in his own case to carry towards perfection the relation that first goes to the making of society: the relation between himself and his children had been left to shift for itself. He had never known anything of what was going on in the mind of his son. He had never asked himself if the boy loved the truth —if he cared that things should stand in him on the footing of eternal reason, or if his consciousness was anything better than the wallowing of a happy-go-lucky satisfaction in being. And now he was astonished to find *his* boy no better than the common sort of human animal! My reader may say he was worse, for there is the stealing; but that is just the point in which I see him likest the common run of men, while in his home-relations he was worse. It is my conviction that such an act of open disgrace as he had been guilty of, may be the outcome of evil more easy to cast off than that indicated by home-habits embodying a selfishness regarded as a mere matter of course. There is little hope of the repentance and redemption of certain some until they have committed one or another of the many wrong things of which they are daily, through a course of unrestrained selfishness, becoming more and more capable. Few seem to understand that the true end is not to keep their children from doing what is wrong, though that is on the way to it, but to render them incapable of doing wrong. While one is capable of doing wrong, he is no nearer right than if that wrong were done—not so near as if the wrong were done and repented of. Some minds are never roused to the true nature of their selfishness until, having done some patent wrong, the eyes of the collective human conscience are fixed with the essence of human disapprobation and general repudiation upon them. Doubtless in the disapproving crowd are many just as capable of the wrong as they, but the deeper nature in them, God's and not yet theirs, utters its disapproval, and the culprit feels it. Happy he if then at last he begin to turn from the evil itself, so repenting! This Cornelius had not begun to do yet, but his illness, while perhaps it delayed the time when the thought of turning should present itself, made it more likely the thought would be entertained when it did present itself.

The father came back from his lonely walk, in which his communion with nature had been of the smallest, as determined as before that his son, having unsonned himself, should no more be treated as a son. He could not refuse him shelter in his house for a time, but he should be in it on sufferance—in no right of sonship, and should be made to understand it was so!

But the heart of the mother was longing after her boy, like a human hen whose chicken had run from under her wing and come to grief. He had sinned, he had suffered, and was in disgrace—good reasons why the mother's heart should cling to the youth, why her arms should long to fold him to her bosom! The things which made his father feel he could not speak to him again, worked in the deeper nature of the mother in opposite fashion. In her they reached a stratum of the divine. Was he unlovely?—she must love him the more! Was he selfish and repellent?—she must get the nearer to him! Everything was reason to her for love and more love. If he were but with her! She would clasp him so close that evil should not touch him! Satan himself could not get at him with her whole mother-being folded round him! She had been feeling of late as if she could not get near him: now that sickness had reduced his strength, and shame his proud spirit, love would have room to enter and minister! The good of all evil is to make a way for love, which is essential good. Therefore evil exists, and will exist until love destroy and cast it out. Corney could not keep his mother out of his heart now! she thought. There were ten things she could do for him now to one she could have done for him before! When, oh when would he appear, that her heart might go out to meet him!

CHAPTER XLIX.—THE RETURN.

THE day came. It was fine in London. The invalid was carefully wrapt up for the journey. Hester, the major, and Miss Dasomma followed the young couple to the station. There the last received the poor little wife, and when the train was out of sight, took her home with her. The major, who got into the next carriage, at every stop ran to see if anything was wanted; and when they reached the station, got on the box of the carriage the mother had sent to meet them, and so Hester bore her lost sheep home —in little triumph, and much anxiety.

When they stopped at the door no one was on the outlook for them. The hall was not lighted, and the door was locked. The major rang the bell. Ere the door was opened Hester had got down and stood waiting. The major took the youth in his arms and

carried him into the dining-room, so weary that he could scarcely open his eyes. There seemed no light in the house except the candle the man brought when he came to open the door.

Corney begged to be put to bed.

"I wish Amy was here!" he murmured.

Hester and the major were talking together.

Hester hurried from the room and returned in a moment.

"I was sure of it!" she whispered to the major. "There is a glorious fire in his room, and everything ready for him. The house is my father, but the room is my mother, and my mother is God."

The major took him again and carried him up the stair—so thin and light was he.

The moment they were past the door of her room, out came the mother behind them in her dressing gown, and glided pale and noiseless as the disembodied after them. Hester looked round and saw her, but she laid her finger on her lips, and followed without a word. When they were in the room, she came to the door, looked in, and watched them, but did not enter. Cornelius did not open his eyes. The major laid him down on the sofa near the fire. A gleam of it fell on his face. The mother drew a sharp quick breath, and pressed her hands against her heart: there was his sin upon his face, branding him that men might know him! But therewith came a fresh rush from the inexhaustible fount of mother-love. She would have taken him into her anew, with all his sin and pain and sorrow, to clear away in herself brand and pollution, and bear him anew—even as God bears our griefs and carries our sorrows, destroys our wrongs, taking their consequences on himself, and gives us the new birth from above. Her whole wounded heart seemed to go out to him in one trembling sigh as she turned to go back to the room where her husband sat with hopeless gaze fixed on the fire. She had but strength to reach the side of the bed, and fell senseless upon it.

He started up with a sting of self-accusation: he had killed her, exacting from her a promise that by no word would she welcome the wanderer that night. For she would not have the father imagine in his bitterness that she loved the erring son more than the husband whose heart he had all but broken, and had promised. She was in truth nearly as anxious about the one as the other, for was not the unforgivingness of the one as bad—was it not even worse than the theft of the other?

He lifted her, laid her on the bed, and proceeded to administer the restoratives he now knew better than any other how to employ. In a little while her eyelids began to tremble. "My baby!" she murmured, and tears began to flow.

"Thank God!" he said, and got her to bed.

But for all his stern fulfilment of duty he did not feel fit to lie down by his wife. He would watch: she might have another bad turn!

From the exhaustion that follows excess of feeling, she slept. He sat wakeful by the fire. She was his only friend, he said, and now she and he were no more of one mind! Never until now had they had a difference!

Hester and the major got Corney to bed, and he was instantly fast asleep. The major arranged himself to pass the night by the fire, and Hester went to see what she could do for her mother. Knocking softly at the door and receiving no answer, she peeped in: there sat her father, and there slept her mother: she would not disturb them, but, taking her share in the punishment of him she had brought home, retire without welcome or good-night. She too was presently fast asleep. There was no gnawing worm of duty undone or wrong unpardoned in her bosom to keep her awake. Sorrow is sleepy, pride and remorse are wakeful.

CHAPTER L.—A HEAVENLY VISION.

THE night began differently with the two watchers. The major was troubled in his mind at what seemed the hard-heartedness of the mother, for he loved her with a true brotherly affection. He had not seen her looking in at the door; he did not know the cause of her appearing so withdrawn and unmotherly: he forgot his shilling novel and his sherry and water, and brooded over the thing. He could not endure the low-minded cub, he said to himself; he would gladly, if only the wretch were well enough, give him a sound horse-whipping; but to see him so treated by father and mother was more than he could bear: he began to pity a lad born of parents so hard-hearted. What would have become of himself, he thought, if his mother had treated him so? He had never, to be sure, committed any crime against society worse than shocking certain ridiculously proper people; but if she had made much of his foibles and faults, he might have grown to be capable of—how could he tell what? Who would turn out a mangy dog that was his own dog! If the fellow were

his he would know what to do with him! He did not reflect that just because he was not his, he did not feel the wounds that disabled from action. It was easy for him unhurt to think what he would do if he were hurt. Some things seem the harder to forgive the greater the love. It is but a false seeming, thank God, and comes only of selfishness, which makes both the love and the hurt seem greater than they are.

And as the major sat thinking and thinking, the story came back to him which his mother had so often told him and his brothers, all now gone but himself, as they stood or sat or lay gathered round her on the Sunday evenings in the nursery—about the boy that was tired of being at home, and asked his father for money to go away; and how his father gave it him, thinking it better he should go than grumble at the best he could give him; and how he grew very naughty, and spent his money in buying things that were not worth having, and eating and drinking with greedy, coarse, ill-behaved people, till at last he had nothing left to buy food with, and had to feed swine to earn something; and how he fell a thinking, and would go home. It all came back to his mind just as his mother used to tell it—how the poor prodigal, ragged and dirty and hungry, set out for home, and how his father spied him coming a great way off, and knew him at once, and set out running to meet him, and fell on his neck and kissed him. This father would not even look at the son that had but just escaped the jaws of death. True, the prodigal came home repentant; but the father did not wait to know that, but ran to meet him and fell on his neck and kissed him! Only he had to go home, else how was his father to receive him!

As the major thus reflected, he kept coming nearer and nearer to the individual *I*, lurking at the keyhole of every story.

"I wonder now," he said, "if when a man dies, that is counted for going home! I hardly think it; that is a thing the man can't help at all; he has no hand in the doing of it. Who would come out to meet a fellow because he was flung down dead at his door! I fear I should find myself in no better box than this young rascal when he comes home because he can't help it!"

The end of it was that the major, there in the middle of the night, went down on his knees, and, as he had not now done since the eve of his last battle, tried to say the prayers his mother had taught him. Presently he found himself saying things she had not taught him—speaking from his heart as if one was listening, one who in the dead of the night did not sleep, but kept wide awake lest one of his children should cry.

"It is time," said the major to himself the next day, "that I began to think about going home. I will try again to-night!"

In his wife's room Gerald Raymount sat on into the dead waste and middle of the night. At last, as his wife continued quietly asleep, he thought he would go down to his study, and find something to turn his thoughts from his misery. None such had come to him as to his friend. He had been much more of a religious man than the major—had his theories concerning both the first and the second table of the law; nor had he been merely a talker, though his talk, as with all talkers, was constantly ahead of his deed: well is it for those whose talk is not ahead of their endeavour! but it was the *idea* of religion, and the thousand ideas its brood, more than religion itself, that was his delight. He philosophized, and philosophized well of the relations between man and his maker, of the necessity to human nature of belief in a God, of the disastrous consequences of having none, and such like things; but having such an interest is a very different thing from being in such relation with the father that the thought of him is an immediate and ever returning joy and strength. He did not rejoice in the thought of the inheritance of the saints in light, as the inheriting of the nature of God, the being made partaker of the Father's essential blessedness: he was far yet from that. He was so busy understanding with his intellect, that he missed the better understanding of heart and imagination. He was always so pleased with the thought of a thing, that he missed the thing itself—whose *possession*, and not its thought is essential. Thus when the trial came, it found him no true parent. The youth of course could not be received either as clean-handed or as repentant; but love is at the heart of every right way, and essential forgiveness at the heart of every true treatment of the sinner, even in the very refusal of external forgiveness. That the father should not have longed above all things for his son's repentance; that he should not have met even a seeming return; that he should have nourished resentment because the youth had sinned against *his* family in which as his he had gloried; that he should care to devise no measures for generating a sense of the evil he had done, and aiding such repentance as makes forgiveness a necessary consequence; that he

should ruminate how to make him feel most poignantly his absolute scorn of him, his loathing his all but convict son—this made the man a kind of paternal Satan who sat watching by the repose of the most Christian, because most loving, most forgiving, most self-forgetting mother, stirring up in himself fresh whirlwinds of indignation at the incredible thing which had become the fact of facts, heaviest, stinging deepest, seeming unchangeable. That it might prove a blessing, he would have spurned as a suggestion equally degrading and absurd. "What is done is done," he would have said, in the mingled despair of pride and pride of despair; "and all the power of God cannot make the thing otherwise. We can hold up our heads no more for ever. My own son has not only disgraced but fooled me, giving men good cause to say, 'Physician heal thyself!'"

He rose, and treading softly lest he should wake the only being he *felt* love for now, and whom he was loving less than before, for self-love and pride are antagonistic to all loves, left the room and went to his study. The fire was not yet out; he stirred it and made it blaze, lighted his candles, took a book from a shelf, sat down, and tried to read. But it was no use; his thoughts were such that they could hold no company with other thoughts; the world of his kind was shut out; he was a man alone, because a man unforgiving and unforgiven. His soul slid into the old groove of miserable self-reiteration, whose only result was more friction-heat; and so the night slid away.

The nominal morning if not the dawn was near, when, behold, a wonder of the night! The door between the study and the old library opened so softly that he heard nothing, and ere he was aware a child in long white gown stood by his side. He started violently. It was Mark—but asleep! He had seen his mother and father even more than usually troubled all day, and their trouble had haunted him in his sleep; it had roused him without waking him from his dreams, and the spirit of love had directed his feet to the presence of his father. He stood a little way from him, his face white, his mouth silent, haunted by a smile of intense quiet, as of one who, being comforted, would comfort. There was also in the look a slight something like idiocy, for his soul was not precisely with his body; his thoughts, though concerning his father, were elsewhere; the circumstances of his soul and of his body were not the same; and so being twinned, that is divided, *twained*, he was as one beside himself. His eyes, although open, evidently saw nothing; and thus he stood for a little time.

There had never been tender relations between Mark and his father like those between the boy and his mother and sister. His father was always kind to him, but betwixt him and his boys he had let grow a sort of hard skin. He had not come so near to them as to the feminine portion of his family—shrank indeed from close relations with their spirits, thoughts, or intents. It arose, I imagine, from an excess of the masculine element in his nature. Even when as merest children they came to be kissed before going to bed, he did not like the contact of their faces with his. No woman, and perhaps not many men will understand this; but it was always a relief to Mr. Raymount to have the nightly ceremony over. He thought there was nothing he would not do for their good; and I think his heart must in the main have been right towards them: he could hardly love and honour his wife as he did, and not love the children she had given him. But the clothes of his affections somehow did not sit easy on him, and there was a good deal in his behaviour to Cornelius that had operated unfavourably on the mind of the youth. Even Mark, although, as I have said, he loved him as few boys love a father, was yet a little afraid of him—never went to him with confidence—never snuggled close to him—never sat down by his side to read his book in a heaven of twilight peace, as he would by his mother's. He would never have gone to his father's room for refuge from sleeplessness.

Not recognizing his condition his father was surprised and indeed annoyed as well as startled to see him: he was in no mood for such a visit. He felt also strangely afraid of the child, he could not have told why. Wretched about one son, he was dismayed at the nocturnal visit of the other. The cause was of course his wrong condition of mind; lack of truth and its harmony in ourselves alone can make us miserable; there is a cure for everything when that is cured. No ill in our neighbours, if we be right in ourselves, will ever seem hopeless to us; but while we stand wrapped in our own selfishness, our neighbours may well seem incurable; for not only is there nothing in us to help their redemption, but there is that in ourselves, and cherished in us, which cannot be forgiven, but must be utterly destroyed.

There was an unnatural look, at the same time pitiful and lovely, about the boy,

and the father sat and stared in gathering dread.

He had nearly imagined him an angel of some doom.

Suddenly the child stretched out his hands to him, and with upcast, beseeching face, and eyes that seemed to be seeing far off, came close to his knee. Then the father remembered how once before, when a tiny child, he had walked in his sleep, and how, suddenly wakened from it, he had gone into a kind of fit, and had for a long time ailed from the shock. Instantly anxious that nothing of the kind should occur again, he took the child softly in his arms, lifted him to his knees, and held him gently to his bosom. An expression of supreme delight came over the boy's face—a look of absolute contentment mingled with hope. He put his thin hands together, palm to palm, as if saying his prayers, but lifted his countenance to that of his father. His gaze, however, though not its direction, was still to the infinite. And now his lips began to move, and a murmur came from them, which grew into words audible. He was indeed praying to his father, but a father closer to him than the one upon whose knees he sat.

"Dear God," said the child—and before I blame the familiarity, I must know that God is displeased with such address from the mouth of a child: this was not a taught prayer he neither meant nor felt:—"Dear God!" said the child, "I don't know what to do, for papa and Corney, I am afraid, are both naughty. I would not say so to anybody but you, God, for papa is your little boy as I am his little boy, and you know all about it. I don't know what it is, and I think Corney must be more to blame than my dear papa; but when he came home to-night he did not go to papa, and papa did not go to him. They never said How do you do, or Good-night—and Corney very ill too! and I am always wanting to come to you, God, to see you. O God, you are our big papa! please put it all right. I don't know how, or I would tell you; but it doesn't matter—you would only smile at my way, and take a much better one of your own. But please, dear God, make papa and Corney good, and never mind their naughtiness, only make it just nothing at all. You know they must love one another. I will not pray a word more, for I know you will do just what I want. Good-bye, God; I'm going to bed now—down there. I'll come again soon."

With that he slipped from his father's knee, who did not dare to detain him, and walked from the room with slow, stately step.

By this time the heart of the strong hard man was swelling with the love which, in it all along, was now awake. He could not weep, but sobbed dry, torturing sobs, that seemed as if they would kill him. But he must see the boy was safe in bed, and rising he left the room.

In the corridor he breathed more freely. Through an old window the bright moon, shining in peace with nobody to see, threw partly on the wall and partly on the floor, a shadow-cross, the only thing to catch the eye in the thin light. Severe protestant as Gerald Raymount was, he found himself on his knees in the passage before the shadow—not praying, not doing anything he knew, but under some spiritual influence known only to God.

When the something had reached its height, and the passion for the time was over—when the rush of the huge tidal wave of eternity had subsided, and his soul was clearing of the storm that had swept through it, he rose from his knees and went up to Mark's room, two stories higher. The reflected moonlight was there too, for the boy had drawn back the window-curtains that from his pillow he might see the stars, and the father saw his child's white bed glimmering like a tomb. He drew near, but through the gray darkness it was some seconds before he could rightly see the face of his boy, and for a moment—I wonder how brief a moment is enough for a death-pang to feel eternal!—for an awful moment he felt as if he had lost him: when he left the study, he had been lifted straight to the bosom of the Father to whom he had prayed! Slow through the dusk dawned his face. He had not then been taken bodily!—not the less was he gone!—that was a dead face! But as he gazed in a fascination of fear, his eyes grew abler to distinguish, and he saw that he breathed. He was astonished to find how weak was the revulsion: we know more about our feelings than about anything else, yet scarcely understand them at all; they play what seem to us the strangest pranks—moving all the time by laws divine.

The boy seemed in his usual health, and was sleeping peacefully—dreaming pleasantly, for the ghost of a smile glinted about his just parted lips. Then upon the father—who was not, with all his hardness, devoid of imagination—came the wonder of watching a dreamer: what might not be going on within that brain, inaccessible as the most distant star?—yea, far more inaccessible, for what were gravity and distance compared with

difficulties unnamed and unnamable! No spirit-shallop has yet been found to float us across the gulf, say rather the invisible line, that separates soul from soul. Splendrous visions might be gliding through the soul of the sleeper—his child, born of his body and his soul—and not one of them was open to him! not one of the thoughts whose lambent smile-flame flitted about his child's lips would pass from him to him! Could they be more divided if the child were dead, than now when he lay, in his sight indeed, yet remote in regions of separate existence?

But how much nearer was the child to him in reality when awake and about the house? How much more did he know then of the thoughts, the loves, the imaginations, the desires, the aspirations that moved in the heart and brain of the child? For all that his contact with him came to, he might as well be dead! A phantom of him moving silent about the house might fill the part as well! The boy was sickly: he might be taken from him ere he had made any true acquaintance with him! He was just the child to die young! He would see him again, it was to be hoped, in the other world, but the boy would have so few memories of him, so few associations with him, that it would be hard to knot the new to the old!

He turned away, and went back to his room. There, with a sense of loneliness deeper than he had ever before felt, he went down on his knees to beg the company of the great being whose existence he had so often defended as if it were in danger from his creatures, but whom he had so little regarded as actually existent that he had not yet sought refuge with him. All the house was asleep—the major had long ended his prayers and was slumbering by the fire—when Raymount knelt before the living love, the source of his life, and of all the love that makes life a good thing, and rose from his knees a humbler man.

CHAPTER LI.—A SAD BEGINNING.

Towards morning he went to bed, and slept late—heavily and unreposefully; and, alas! when he woke, there was all the old feeling returned! How *could* he forgive the son that had so disgraced him!

Instead of betaking himself afresh to the living strength, he began—not directly to fight himself, but to try to argue himself right, persuading himself on philosophical grounds that it was better to forgive his son; that it was the part of a wise man, the part of one who had respect to his own dignity, to abstain from harshness, nor drive the youth to despair: he was his son—he must do what he could for him!—and so on. But he had little success. Anger and pride were too much for him. His breakfast was taken to him, in the study, and there Hester found him an hour after, with it untasted. He submitted to her embrace, but scarcely spoke, and asked nothing about Corney. Hester felt sadly chilled, and very hopeless. But she had begun to learn that one of the principal parts of faith is patience, and that the setting of wrong things right is so far from easy that not even God can do it all at once. But time is nothing to him, who sees the end from the beginning; he does not grudge thousands of years of labour. The things he cares to do for us require our co-operation, and that makes the great difficulty: we are such poor fellow-workers with him! All that seems to deny his presence and labour only necessitates a larger theory of that presence and labour. Yet time lies heavy on the young especially, and Hester left the room with a heavy heart.

The only way in such inward stubbornnesses of the spirit, when we cannot feel that we are wrong, is to open our hearts, in silence and loneliness and prayer, to the influences from above—stronger for the right than any for the wrong; to seek the sweet enablings of the living light to see things as they are—as God sees them, who is never wrong, because he has no selfishness, but is the living Love and the living Truth, without whom there would be no love and no truth. To rise humbly glorious above our low self, to choose the yet infant self that is one with Christ, who sought never his own but the things of his father and brother, is the redemption begun, and the inheritance will follow. Mr. Raymount, like most of us, was a long way indeed from this yet. He strove hard to reconcile the memories of the night with the feelings of the morning—strove to realize a state of mind in which a measure of forgiveness to his son blended with a measure of satisfaction to the wounded pride he called paternal dignity. How could he take his son to his bosom as he was? he asked—but did not ask how he was to draw him to repentance. He did not think of the tender entreaty with which, by the mouths of his prophets, God pleads with his people to come back to him. If the father, instead of holding out his arms to the child he would entice to his bosom, folds them on that bosom and turns his back—expectant it may be, but giving no

sign of expectancy, the child will hardly suppose him longing to be reconciled. No doubt there are times when and children with whom any show of affection is not only useless but injurious, tending merely to increase their self-importance, and in such case the child should not see the parent at all; but it was the opposite reason that made it better Cornelius should not yet see his father: he would have treated him so that he would only have hated him.

For a father not to forgive is in truth far worse than for a son to need forgiveness; and such a father will of course go from bad to worse as well as the son except he repent. The shifty, ungenerous spirit of compromise awoke in Raymount. He would be very good, very gentle, very kind to every one else in the house! He would, like Ahab, walk softly; he was not ready to walk uprightly: his forgiveness he would postpone! He knew his feelings towards Corney were wearing out the heart of his wife—but not yet would he yield! There was little Mark, however! he would make more of him, know him better, and make the child know him better! I doubt if to know his father better just then would have been for Mark to love him more.

He went to see how his wife was. Finding that, notwithstanding all she had gone through the day before, she was a trifle better, he felt a little angry and not a little annoyed: what added to his misery was a comfort to her! she was the happier for having her worthless son! In the selfishness of his misery he looked upon this as lack of sympathy with himself. Such weakness vexed him too in the wife to whom he had for so many years looked up with more than respect, with unacknowledged reverence. He did not even allude to Cornelius, but said he was going for a walk, and went to find Mark—with a vague hope of consolation in the child who had clung to him so confidently in the night. He had forgotten it was not to him *his soul* had clung, but to the father of both.

Mark was in the nursery, as the children's room was still called. The two never quarrelled; had they been two Saffies, they would have quarrelled and made it up twenty times a day. When Mark heard his father's step, he bounded to meet him; and when his sweet moonlit rather than sunshiny face appeared at the door, the gloom on his father's yielded a little; the gleam of a momentary smile broke over it, and he said kindly,

"Come, Mark, I want you to go for a walk with me."

"Yes, papa," answered the boy.—"May Saffy come too?"

The father was not equal however to the company of two of his children, and Mark alone proceeded to get ready, while Saffy sulked in a corner.

But he was not doing the right thing in taking him out. He ought to have known that the boy was not able for anything to be called a walk; neither was the weather fit for his going out. But absorbed in his own trouble, the father did not think of his weakness; and Hester not being by to object they went away. Mark was delighted to be his father's companion, never doubted all was right that he wished, and forgot his weakness as entirely as did his father.

With his heart in such a state, the father naturally had next to nothing to say to his boy, and they walked on in silence. The silence did not affect Mark; he was satisfied to be with his father whether he spoke to him or not—too blessed in the long silences between him and God to dislike silence. It was no separation—so long as like speech it was between them. For a long time he was growing tired without knowing it: when weariness became conscious at last, it was all at once, and poor Mark found he could scarcely put one leg past the other.

The sun had been shining when they started—a beautiful, though not very warm spring-sun, but now it was clouded and rain was threatened. They were in the middle of a bare, lonely moor, easily reached from the house, but of considerable extent, and the wind had begun to blow cold. Sunk in his miserable thoughts, the more miserable that he had now yielded even the pretence of struggle and relapsed into unforgiving unforgiveness, the father saw nothing of his child's failing strength, but kept trudging on. All at once he became aware that the boy was not by his side. He looked round: he was nowhere visible. Alarmed, he stopped, and, turning, called his name aloud. The wind was blowing the other way, and that might be the cause of his hearing no reply. He called again, and this time thought he heard a feeble response. He retraced his steps rapidly.

Some four or five hundred yards back, he came to a hollow, where on a tuft of brown heather, sat Mark, looking as white as the vapour-like moon in the daytime.

His anxiety relieved, the father felt annoyed, he was angry with its object, and

rated the little fellow for stopping behind.

"I wasn't able to keep up, papa," replied Mark. "So I thought I would rest a while, and meet you as you came back."

"You ought to have told me. I shouldn't have brought you had I known you would behave so. Come, get up; we must go home."

"I'm very sorry, papa, but I think I can't."

"Nonsense!"

"There's something gone wrong in my knee."

"Try," said his father, again frightened: Mark had never shown himself whimsical.

He obeyed and rose, but with a little cry dropped on the ground. He had somehow injured his knee that he could not walk a step.

His father stooped to lift him.

"I'll carry you, Markie," he said.

"Oh, no, no, you must not, papa! It will tire you. Set me on that stone, and send Jacob. He carries a sack of meal, and I'm not so heavy as a sack of meal."

His father was already walking homeward with him. The next moment Mark spied the waving of a dress.

"Oh," he cried, "there's Hessie! She will carry me!"

"You little goose!" said his father tenderly, "can she carry you better than I can?"

"She is not stronger than you, papa, because you are a big man; but I think Hessie has more carry in her. She has such strong arms!'

Hester was running, and when she came near was quite out of breath.

She had feared how it would be when she found his father had taken Mark for a walk, and her first feeling was of anger, for she had inherited not a little of her father's spirit: indirectly the black sheep had roused evils in the flock unknown before. Never in her life had Hester been aware of such a feeling as that with which she now hurried to meet her father. When, however, she saw the boy's arms round his father's neck, and his cheek laid against his, her anger went from her, and she was sorry and ashamed, notwithstanding that she knew by Mark's face, of which she understood every light and shade, that he was suffering much.

"Let me take him, papa," she said.

The father had no intention of giving up the child. But before he knew, Mark had stretched his arms to Hester, and was out of his into hers. Instinctively trying to retain him, he hurt him, and the boy gave a little cry. Thereupon, with a new pang of pain and a new sting of resentment, which he knew unreasonable but could not help, he let him go, and followed in distressed humiliation.

Hester's heart was very sore because of this new grief, but she saw some hope in it.

"He is too heavy for you, Hester," said her father. "Surely, as it is my fault, I ought to bear the penalty!"

"It's no penalty—is it, Markie?" said Hester merrily.

"No, Hessie," replied Mark, almost merrily. "—You don't know how strong Hessie is, papa!"

"Yes, I am very strong. And you ain't heavy—are you, Markie?"

"No," answered Mark; "I feel so light sometimes, I think I could fly; only I don't like to try for fear I couldn't. I like to think perhaps I could."

By and by Hester found, with all her good will, that her strength was of the things that can be shaken, and was obliged to yield him to her father. It was much to his relief, for a sense of moral weakness had invaded him as he followed his children: he was rejected of his family, and had become a nobody in it!

When at length they reached home, Mark was put to bed, and the doctor was sent for.

CHAPTER LII.—MOTHER AND SON.

In the meantime Cornelius kept his bed. The moment her husband was gone, his mother rose and hastened to him. Here again was a discord! for the first time since their marriage, a jarring action: the wife was glad the husband was gone that she might do what was right without annoying him: with all her strength of principle, she felt too weak to go openly against him, though she never dreamt of concealing what she did. She tottered across his floor, threw herself on the bed beside him, and took him to her bosom.

With his mother, Corney had never pretended to the same degree as with other people, and his behaviour to her was now more genuine than to any but his wife. He clung to her as he had never clung since his infancy; and felt that, let his father behave to him as he might, he had yet a home. All the morning he had been fretting, in the midst of Hester's kindest attentions, that he had not his wife to do things for him as he liked them done;—and in all such things as required for their well-doing a fitting of self to the notions of another, Amy was indeed before Hester—partly, perhaps, in virtue of having been a little while married. But now

that Cornelius had his mother, he was more content, or rather less discontented—more agreeable in truth than she had known him since first he went to business. She felt greatly consoled, and he so happy with her that he began to wish that he had not a secret from her—for the first time in his life to be sorry that he was in possession of one. He grew even anxious that she should know it, but none the less anxious that he should not have to tell it.

A great part of the time when her husband supposed her asleep, she had been lying wide awake, thinking of the Corney she had lost, and the Corney that had come home to her instead: she was miserable over the altered looks of her disfigured child. The truest of mothers, with all her love for the real and indifference to outsides, can hardly be expected to reconcile herself with ease to a new face on her child: she has loved him in one shape, and now had to love him in another! It was almost as if she had received again another child—her own indeed, but taken from her the instant he was born and never seen by her since—whom, now she saw him, she had to learn to love in a shape different from that in which she had been accustomed to imagine him. His sad, pock-marked face had a torturing fascination for her. It was almost pure pain, yet she could not turn her eyes from it. She reproached herself that it gave her pain, yet was almost indignant with the face she saw for usurping the throne of her son's beauty: through that mask she must force her way to the real beneath it! At the same time very pity made her love with a new and deeper tenderness the poor spoilt visage, pathetic in its ugliness. Not a word did she utter of reproach: his father would do—was doing enough for both in that way! Every few minutes she would gaze intently in his face for a moment, and then clasp him to her heart, as if seeking a shorter way to his presence than through the ruined door of his countenance. Hester, who had never received from her half so much show of tenderness, could not help, like the elder brother in the divine tale, a little choking at the sight; but she soon consoled herself that the less poor Corney deserved it the more he needed it. The worst of it to Hester was that she could not with any confidence look on the prodigal as a repentant one; and if he was not, all this tenderness, she feared, and with reason, would do him harm, causing him to think less of his crime, and blinding him to his low moral condition. But she thought also that God would do what he could to keep the love of such a mother from hurting; and it was not long before she was encouraged by a softness in Corney's look, and a humid expression in his eyes which she had never seen before. Doubtless had he been as in former days, he would have turned from such overflow of love as womanish gush; but disgraced, worn out, and even to his own eyes an unpleasant object, he was not so much inclined to repel the love of the only one knowing his story who did not feel for him more or less contempt. Sometimes in those terrible half-dreams in the dark of early morn when suddenly waked by conscience to hold a *tête-à-tête* with her, he would imagine himself walking into the bank, and encountering the eyes of all the men on his way to his uncle, whom next to his father he feared—then find himself running for refuge to the bosom of his mother. She was true to him yet! he would say: yes, he used the word! he said *true!* Slowly, slowly something was working on him—now in the imagined judgment of others, now in the thought of his wife, now in the devotion of his mother. Little result was there for earthly eye, but the mother's perceived or imagined a difference in him. If only she could descry something plain to tell her husband! If the ice that froze up the spring of his love would but begin to melt! For to whom are we to go for refuge from ourselves if not to those through whom we were born into the world, and who are to blame for more or less of our unfitness for a true life!—"His father *must* forgive him!" she said to herself. She would go down on her knees to him! Their boy should *not* be left out in the cold! If he had been guilty, what was that to the cruel world so ready to punish, so ready to do worse! The mother still carried in her soul the child born of her body, preparing for him the new and better, the all-lovely birth of repentance unto life.

Hester had not yet said a word about her own affairs. No one but the major knew that her engagement to lord Gartley was broken. She was not willing to add yet an element of perturbance to the overcharged atmosphere: she would not add disappointment to grief.

In the afternoon the major, who had retired to the village, two miles off, the moment his night-watch was relieved, made his appearance, in the hope of being of use. He saw only Hester, who could give him but a few minutes. No sooner did he learn Mark's condition, than he insisted on taking charge

of him. He would let her know at once if he wanted to see her or any one: she might trust him to his care!

"I am quite as good at nursing—I don't say as you, cousin Hester, or your mother, but as any ordinary woman. You will see I am! I know most of the newest wrinkles, and will carry them out."

Hester could not be other than pleased with the proposal; for, having both her mother and Corney to look after, and Miss Dasomma or Amy to write to every day, she had feared the patient Mark might run some risk of being neglected. To be sure Saffy had a great notion of nursing, but her ideas were in some respects, to say the least, a little peculiar; and though at times she was a great gain in the sick room, she could hardly be intrusted with entire management of the same. So the major took the position of head-nurse, with Saffy for aid, and one of the servants for orderly.

Hester's mind was almost constantly occupied with thinking how she was to let her father and mother know what they must know soon, and ought to know as soon as possible. She would tell her father first; her mother should not know till he did: she must not have the anxiety of how he would take it. But she could not see how to set about it. She had no light, and seemed to have no leading—felt altogether at a standstill, without impulse or energy. She waited, therefore, as she ought; for much harm comes of the impatience that outstrips guidance. People are too ready to think *something* must be done, and forget that the time for action may not have arrived, that there is seldom more than one thing fit to be done, and that the wrong thing must in any case be worse than nothing.

Cornelius grew gradually better, and at last was able to go down stairs. But the weather continued so far unfavourable, that he could not go out. He had not yet seen his father, and his dread of seeing him grew to a terror. He never went down until he knew he was not in the house, and then would in general sit at some window that commanded the door by which he was most likely to enter. He enticed Saffy from attendance on Mark to be his scout, and bring him word in what direction his father went. This did the child incalculable injury. The father was just as anxious to avoid him, fully intending, if he met him, to turn his back upon him. But it was a rambling and roomy old house, and there was plenty of space for both. A whole week passed and they had not met—to the disappointment of Hester, who cherished some hope in a chance encounter.

She had just one consolation: ever since she had Cornelius safe under her wing, the mother had been manifestly improving. But even this was a source of dissatisfaction to the brooding selfishness of the unhealthy-minded father. He thought with himself—"Here have I been heart and soul nursing her through the illness he caused her, and all in vain till she gets the rascal back, and then she begins at once to improve! She would be perfectly happy with him if she and I never saw each other again!"

The two brothers had not yet met. For one thing, Corney disliked the major, and for another, the major objected to an interview. He felt certain the disfigurement of Corney would distress Mark too much, and retard the possible recovery of which he was already in great doubt.

CHAPTER LIII.—MISS DASOMMA AND AMY.

Miss Dasomma was quite as much pleased with Amy as she had expected to be, and that was not a little. She found her very ignorant in the regions of what is commonly called education, but very quick in understanding where human relation came in. A point in construction or composition she would forget immediately; but once shown a possibility of misunderstanding avoidable by a certain arrangement—Amy would recall the fact the moment she made again the mistake. Her teachableness, coming largely of her trustfulness, was indeed a remarkable point in her character. It was partly through this that Corney gained his influence over her: superior knowledge was to her a sign of superior goodness.

She began at once to teach her music: the sooner a beginning was made the better! Her fingers were stiff, but so was her will: the way she stuck to her work was pathetic. Here also she understood quickly, but the doing of what she understood she found very hard—the more so that her spirit was but ill at ease. Corney had deceived her; he had done something wrong besides; she was parted from him, and could realize little of his surroundings: all was very different from what she had expected in marrying her Corney! Also, from her weariness and anxiety in nursing him, and from other causes as well, her health was not what it had been. Then Hester's letters were a little stiff! She felt it without knowing what she felt, or why they made her uncomfortable. It was from no pride or want of love

they were such, but from her uncertainty—the discomfort of knowing they were no nearer a solution of their difficulty than when they parted at the railway: she did not even know yet what she was going to do in the matter! This prevented all free flow of communication. Unable to say what she would have liked to say, unwilling to tell the uncomfortable condition of things, there rose a hedge, and seemed to sink a gulf between her and her sister. Amy therefrom naturally surmised that the family was not willing to receive her, and that the same unwillingness, though she was too good to yield to it, was in Hester also. It was not in her. How she might have taken this marriage had Corney remained respectable I am not sure; but she knew that the main hope for her brother lay in his love for Amy and her devotion to him—in her common sense, her true, honest, bright nature. She was only far too good for Corney.

Then again Amy noted, for love and anxiety made her very sharp, that Miss Dasomma did not read to her every word of Hester's letters. Once she stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence, and after a pause went on with another! Something was there she was not to know! It might have some reference to her husband! If so, then something was not going right with him! Was he worse, and were they afraid to tell her, lest she should go to him? Perhaps they were treating him as her aunts treated her—making his life miserable—and she not with him to help him to bear it! All no doubt because she had married him! It explained his deceiving her! If he had told them, as he ought to have done, they would not have let her have him at all, and what would have become of her without her Corney! He ought not certainly to have told her lies, but if anything could excuse him, this would! So that, making the best of things, and excusing her husband all she could, she was in danger of lowering her instinctively high sense of moral obligation.

She brooded over the matter, but not long; she threw herself on her knees, and begged her friend to let her know what the part of her sister's letter she had not read to her was about.

"But, my dear," said Miss Dasomma, "Hester and I have been friends for many years, and we may well have things to say to each other we should not care that even one we loved so much as you should hear!—A lady must not be inquisitive, you know."

"I know that, and I never did pry into other people's affairs. Tell me it was nothing about my husband, and I shall be quite content."

"But think a moment, Amy!" returned Miss Dasomma, who began to find herself in a difficulty; "there might be things between his family and him, who have known him longer than you, which they were not quite prepared to tell you all about before knowing you better. Some people in the way they treated you would have been very different from that angel sister of yours! There is nobody like her—that I know!"

"I love her with my whole heart," replied Amy sobbing, "—next to Cornelius. But even she must not come between him and me. If it is anything affecting him, his wife has a right to know about it—a greater right than any one else; and no one has a right to conceal it from her!"

"Why do you think that?" asked Miss Dasomma, entirely agreeing with her that she had a right to know, but thinking also, in spite of logic, that one might have a right to conceal it notwithstanding. She was anxious to temporize, for she did not see how to answer her appeal. She could not tell her a story, and she did not feel at liberty to tell her the truth; and if she declined to answer her question, the poor child might imagine something dreadful.

"Why, miss," answered Amy, "we can't be divided! I must do what I can—all I can for him, and I have a right to know what there is to be done for him."

"But can you not trust his own father and mother?" said Miss Dasomma—and as she said it, her conscience accused her.

"Yes, surely," replied Amy, "if they were loving him, and not angry with him. But I have seen even that angel Hester look very vexed with him sometimes, and that when he was ill too! and I know he will never stand that: he will run away as I did. I know what your own people can do to make you miserable! They say a woman must leave all for her husband, and that's true; but it is the other way in the Bible—I read it this morning! In the Bible it is—'a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife;' and after that who will say there ought to be anything between him and his parents she don't know about. It's *she* that's got to look after the man given to her like that!"

Miss Dasomma looked with admiration at the little creature—showing fight like a wren for her nest. How rapidly she was growing! how noble she was and free! She was indeed

a treasure! The man she had married was little worthy of her, but if she rescued him, not from his parents, but from himself, she might perhaps have done as good a work as helping a noble-hearted man!

"I've got him to look after," she resumed, "and I will. He's mine, miss! If anybody's not doing right by him, I ought to be by and see him through it."

Here Miss Dasomma's prudence for a moment forsook her: who shall explain such *accidents!* It stung her to hear her friends suspected of behaving unjustly.

"That's all you know, Amy!" she blurted out—and bit her lip in vexation with herself.

Amy was upon her like a cat upon a mouse.

"What is it?" she cried. "I *must* know what it is! You shall *not* keep me in the dark! I *must* do my duty by my husband. If you do not tell me, I will go to him."

In terror at what might be the result of her hasty remark, Miss Dasomma faltered, reddened, and betrayed considerable embarrassment. A prudent person, lapsing into a dilemma, is specially discomfited. She had committed no offence against love, had been guilty of no selfishness or meanness, yet was in miserable predicament. Amy saw, and was the more convinced and determined. She persisted, and Miss Dasomma knew that she would persist. Presently, however, she recovered herself a little.

"How can you wonder," she said with confused vagueness, "when you know he deceived you, and never told them he was going to marry you?"

"But they know nothing of it yet—at least from the way Hester writes!"

"Yes; but one who could behave like that would be only too likely to give other grounds of offence."

"Then there *is* something more—something I know nothing about!" exclaimed Amy. "I suspected it the moment I saw Hester's face at the door!"—She might have said before that.—"I *must* know what it is!" she went on. "I may be young and silly, but I know what a wife owes to her husband; and a wife who cares for nothing but her husband can do more for him than anybody else can. Know all about it I will! It is my business!"

Miss Dasomma was dumb. She had waked a small but active volcano at her feet, which, though without design against vineyards and villages, would go to its ends regardless of them! She must either answer her questions or persuade her not to ask any.

"I beg, Amy," she said with entreaty, "you will do nothing rash. Can you not trust friends who have proved themselves faithful?"

"Yes, for myself," answered Amy; "but it is my *husband!*"—She almost screamed the word.—"And I will trust nobody to take care enough of *him.* They can't know how to treat him or he would love them more and would not have been afraid to let them know he was marrying a poor girl.—Miss Dasomma, what have you got against him? I have no fear you will tell me anything but the truth!"

"Of course not!" returned Miss Dasomma offended, but repressing all show of her feeling. "Why then will you not trust me?"

"I will believe whatever you say; but I will not trust you to tell or not tell me as you please where my husband is concerned. Tell me what it is or——"

She did not finish the sentence: the postman's knock came to the door, and she bounded off to see what he had brought, leaving Miss Dasomma in fear lest she should appropriate a letter not addressed to her. She returned with a look of triumph—a look so wildly exultant that her hostess was momentarily alarmed for her reason.

"Now I shall know the truth!" she said. "This is from himself!"

And with that she flew to her room. Miss Dasomma should not hear a word of it!! How dared she keep from her what she knew about her husband!

It was Corney's first letter to her. It was filled not with direct complaints, but a general grumble. Here is a part of it.

"I do wish you were here, Amy, my own dearest! I love nobody like you—I love nobody but you. If I did wrong in telling you a few diddle-daddles, it was because I loved you so I could not do without you. And what comforts me for any wrong I have done is that I have you. That would make up to a man for anything short of being hanged! You little witch, how did you contrive to make a fool of a man like me! I should have been in none of this scrape but for you! My mother is very kind to me, of course—ever so much better company than Hester. She never looks as if a fellow had to be put up with, or forgiven, or anything of that sort, in her high and mighty way. But you do get tired of a mother always keeping on telling you how much she loves you. You can't help thinking there must be something behind it all. Depend upon it she wants something of you—wants

you to be good, I daresay—to repent, don't you know, as they call it! They're all right, I suppose, but it ain't nice for all that. And that Hester has never told my father yet!

"I haven't even seen my father. He has not come near me once! Saffy wouldn't look at me for a long time—that's the last of the litter, you know; she shrieked when they called to her to come to me, and cried, 'That's ugly Corney! I won't have ugly Corney!' So you may see how I am used! But I've got her under my thumb at last, and she's useful. Then there's that prig Mark! I always liked the little wretch, though he is such a precious humbug! He's in bed—put out his knee, or something. He never had any stamina in him! Scrofulous, don't you know! They won't let me go near him—for fear of frightening him! But that's that braggart, major Marvel—and a marvel he is, I can tell you! He comes to me sometimes, and makes me hate him—talks as if I wasn't as good as he—as if I wasn't even a gentleman! Many's the time I long to be back in the garret—horrid place! alone with my little Amy!"

So went the letter.

When Amy next appeared before Miss Dasomma, she was in another mood. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her hair was in disorder. She had been lying now on the bed, now on the floor, tearing her hair, and stuffing her handkerchief in her mouth.

"Well, what is the news?" asked Miss Dasomma, as kindly as she could speak, and as if she saw nothing particular in her appearance.

"You must excuse me," replied Amy, with the stiffness of a woman of the world resenting intrusion. But the next moment she said, "Do not think me unkind, miss; there is nothing, positively nothing, in the letter interesting to any one but myself."

Miss Dasomma said nothing more. Perhaps she was going to escape without further questioning; and though not a little anxious as to what the letter might contain to have put the poor girl in such a state, she would not risk the asking of a single question more.

The solemn fact was, that his letter, in conjunction with the word Miss Dasomma let slip, had at last begun to open Amy's eyes a little to the real character of her husband. She had herself seen a good deal of his family, and found it hard to believe they would treat him unkindly, nor did he exactly say so; but his father had not been once to see him since his return!—Corney had not mentioned that he himself had all he could, avoided meeting his father.—If then they did not yet know he was married, that other thing—the cause for such treatment of a son, just escaped the jaws of death, must be a very serious one! It might be very hard, it might be even unfair treatment—she could not tell; but there must be something to explain it—something to show it not altogether the monstrous thing it seemed! I do not say she reasoned thus, but her genius reasoned thus for her.

Of course it must be the same thing that made him take to the garret and hide there! The more she thought of it the more convinced was she that he had done something hideously wrong. It was a sore conviction to her, and would have been a sorer yet had she understood his playful blame of her in the letter. But such was the truth of her devotion that she would only have felt accountable for the wrong, and bent body and soul to make up for it.

From the first glimmer of certainty as to the uncertain fact, she saw with absolute clearness what she must do. There was that in the tone of the letter also, which, while it distressed her more than she was willing to allow, strengthened her determination—especially the way in which he spoke of his mother, for she not only remembered her kindness at Burcliff, but loved the memory of her own mother with her whole bright soul. But what troubled her most of all was that he should be so careless about the wrong he had done, whatever it was. "I must know all about it!" she said to herself, "or how am I to help him?" It seemed to her the most natural thing that when one has done wrong, he should confess it, and confess it wrong—so have done with it, disowning and casting away the cursed thing: this, alas, Cornelius did not seem inclined to do! But was she, of all women in the world, to condemn him without knowing what he had to say for himself? She was bound to learn the truth of the thing, if only to give her husband fair play, which she must give him to the uttermost farthing! To wrong him in her thoughts was the greatest wrong woman could do him; no woman could wrong him as she could!

By degrees her mind grew calm in settled resolve. It might, she reasoned, be very well for husband and wife to be apart while they were both happy: they had only to think the more of each other; but when anything was troubling either, still more when it was anything *in* either, then it was horrible and unnatural that they should be parted.

What could a heart then do but tear itself to pieces, thinking? It was enough to make one kill oneself!

Should she tell Miss Dasomma what was in her thoughts? Neither she nor Hester had trusted her: need she trust them? She must take her own way in silence, for they would be certain to oppose it! Could there be a design to keep her and Corney apart?

All the indignant strength and unalterable determination of the little woman rose in arms. She would see who would keep them asunder now she had made up her mind! She had money of her own—and there were the trinkets Corney had given her! They must be valuable, for Corney hated sham things! She would walk her way, work her way, or beg her way, if necessary, but nothing should keep her from Corney!

Not a word more concerning their difference passed between her and Miss Dasomma. They talked cheerfully, and kissed as usual when parting for the night.

The moment she was in her room, Amy began to pack a small carpet-bag. When that was done she made a bundle of her cloak and shawl, and lay down in her clothes. Long before dawn she crept softly down the stairs, and stole out. Thus for the second time was she a fugitive—then *from*, now *to*.

When Miss Dasomma had been down some time, she went up to see why Amy was not making her appearance: one glance around her room satisfied her that she was gone. It caused her terrible anxiety. She did not suspect at first whither she had gone, but concluded that the letter which had rendered her so miserable contained the announcement that their marriage was not a genuine one, and that, in the dignity of her true heart, she had thereupon at once and for ever taken her leave of Cornelius. She wrote to Hester, but the post did not leave before night, and would not arrive till the afternoon of the next day. She had thought of sending a telegram, but saw that that might do mischief.

When Amy got to the station she found she was in time for the first train of the day. There was a third-class to it, of course, and she found she had enough money for her ticket, though the purchase of it left her almost penniless.

THREESCORE AND TEN.

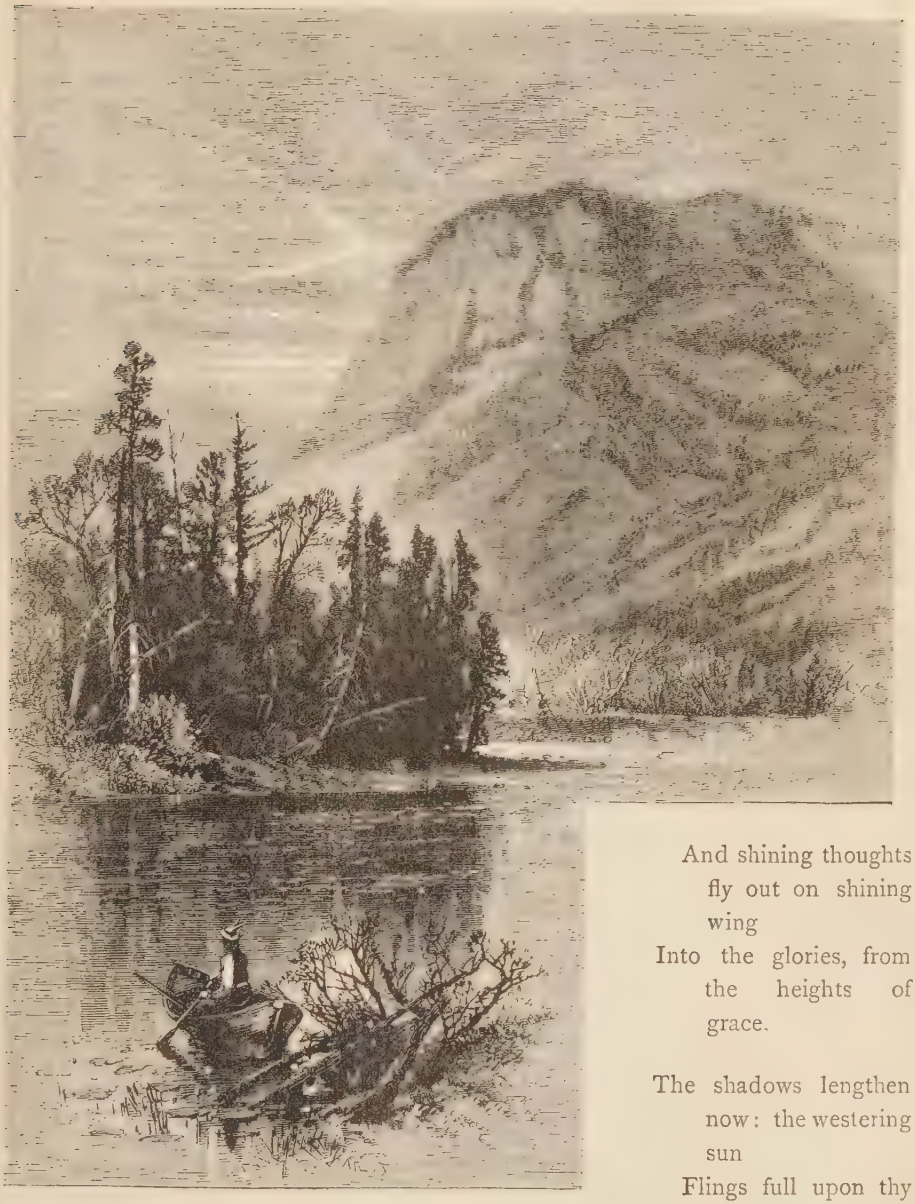
By the Rev. HENRY BURTON, M.A.

LIKE an up-sloping mount thy life has been,
Some Monte Generosa grand and calm,
Whose heights, all vocal with a silent psalm,
Touched Heaven's deep blue with their deep fadeless green.

And Faith and Hope have kept up ceaseless song,
Singing the nights away, the mornings in,
Telling how much of Heaven our earth may win,
If but our lives be true, our hearts be strong.

The busy world with all its din and strife
Lay at thy feet; thy heart and thoughts were high
Above the world, outlooking on the sky,
Claiming the riches of the heavenly life.

The sorrowing and the sad, like timid birds,
Have flown to thee for shelter and for rest,
Sure of a refuge in thy loving breast,
Sure of some music in thy cheery words:



While from thy life a thousand quiet rills
Have sung and circled through the lower lands,
O'erflowing from thy open lips and hands,
Till pleasures grew from pain, and good from ills.

Thy children's children love that sunny face—
A "Holy Mount" where angels sit and sing,
And shining thoughts fly out on shining wing
Into the glories, from the heights of grace.

The shadows lengthen now: the westering sun
Flings full upon thy slope his parting beams;
So bright is thy still eventide, it seems
As if the heavenly morning had begun.

ALEXANDER RALEIGH, D.D.

By A. MACLEOD SYMINGTON, D.D.

THERE is more in the following story than appears on the surface.

"During one of his Highland journeys, he happened to travel for some hours in the company of the late Mr. Campbell, of Monzie. A party of Oxford men, with High Church proclivities, joined them, and the conversation, turning upon Church matters, grew somewhat warm. Mr. Raleigh took a middle position in the discussion, and expressed broader views than a staunch Tory and a Free Church Presbyterian could approve. As the party was about to separate, Mr. Campbell looked with a little disappointment at his countryman in the tweed suit and broad felt hat, and asked, 'What minister do *you* sit under in London?' The reply, 'I don't sit under anybody,' brought the vehement rejoinder, 'Oh, I thought you were one of these lost Scotchmen!' Mr. Raleigh enjoyed the mistake too much to offer any explanation."*

Genuine modesty, and a reticence which formed one of the most characteristic features of the man, may have had as much to do with Raleigh's silence on this occasion as his sense of humour. Few men were then labouring with more earnestness to restore the "lost," whether Scots or Englishmen, than the minister of Hare Court Chapel; but he was also liberal with the liberality which an independent and honest thinker is always ready to grant to his fellow-men, and he probably regarded the occasion as not a very suitable one for proving that orthodox opinions are best held in a sound liberal spirit. "The central truth," he said, "the essential gospel, is the most important thing. But a centre supposes a circumference, and in this case the circumference is wide; indeed it is like the horizon—it moves as we approach it. If we are always on our way to the outlying fields, our ministry will become vague and thin. If we are always at the centre, it will almost inevitably become the centre of less and less. . . . Let us distinctly understand it: we may preach the very Cross until it is not the Cross any longer—the mysterious, glorious, all-related Cross on which the Son of God reconciled earth and heaven—but just a wooden crucifix." So much for the largeness of grasp with which he held Christian doctrine; of the largeness of heart which gave him sympathy with human nature mor must be said. It was said of him in thi magazine, at the time of his death, "Hi mind was one at once of rare delicacy and c rare vigour. There was the touch of geniu in his sermons, which were often radian with poetic beauty, rich in felicitous sugges tion, and instinct with strong spiritual feelin There were signs also in them of a thoroug mental training, of an engaging and beautifu candour, and of a steady determination t reach the point at which truth and beauty blend in one, but never to sacrifice truth Gifted with a fine presence, and a face strik ing in its combination of intelligence an kindliness, Dr. Raleigh had many of th natural qualifications of an orator, and h cultivated his gifts with most assiduous an religious care."

Dr. Raleigh died very soon after he had completed his sixty-third year. There is a remarkable contrast between the first and the last half of this period; yet we can see, now that the one is laid open to us, how it was a long preparation for the other; the distinguished success of his career had its roots in a humble Scottish home.

Alexander Raleigh's parents were earnest members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, which served itself heir to those who had borne the brunt of the Stuart tyranny through the fifty years' struggle of the Covenant; and he himself was baptized at a field preaching. He might well imbibe a high notion of the value of religion and of the powe of preaching, as he grew up among a "people whose religion was their all, not only bringing to them immortal hopes, but supplying interest, romance, and intellectual food t lives that would otherwise have been poor." His father was a farmer in a very small way in Buitle, and afterwards removed to the neighbouring town of Castle Douglas, an honest hard-working, and intelligent man, but no successful. His mother was a woman of exceptional strength of character, who "encountered cheerfully all the difficulties o small means, a small house, and a large family, and managed to preserve, in spite o many labours and anxieties, her love of reading and her interest in poetry and speculative theology." Her name is still mentioned with honour in Castle Douglas, and all her children have risen up to call her blessed. She would

* "Alexander Raleigh: Records of his Life." Edited by Mary Raleigh. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. The book is in excellent taste, well written, and worthy of its subject.

sometimes bring her boys a Latin book when she returned from the market, and would enliven the cottage fireside with recitations from such poets as Milton and Thomson.

Alexander received his education at the parish school; and was known among his playmates as a boy of independent spirit, not eager to fight, but an awkward enemy, and ambitious to lead. A school companion once held him by the heels over a bridge in order to compel him to swear. He threw one stone at a bird, only one: his success in killing the bird proved the steadiness of his eye, but also brought wholesome shame. His mother said "that none of her children owed less to nature and more to grace, in the matter of temper, than Alexander, and that in none was the victory more complete."

For one year after leaving school he tried to earn bread by teaching the children in a superior farm-house, but the earnings of trade were better, and from his fifteenth to his twenty-third year the future preacher was a draper's assistant, first in Castle Douglas then in Liverpool, in which latter town he made that whole-hearted surrender of himself to Christ which is called conversion. What his wife says on that matter had better be quoted.

"In later years Dr. Raleigh was led to widen in some degree the evangelical theory of conversion. Without surrendering the belief that all men are sinful and require to be turned from sin to God, he saw that there were souls with what he calls 'a congenital aptitude for grace,' with whom the turning is gradual and almost unconscious. But in his earlier sermons the notion of conversion, as a definite, conscious change of heart and life, is very prominent. These sermons were probably drawn from his own experience. He knew that he himself had been 'born again,' and could fix the season of the happy change from blindness to clear vision."

This change gave a definite point from which his aspirations after the ministry of the Gospel began to take absorbing possession of the whole man.

He first undertook the teaching of a large Bible class; and it was there, after fully a year, that the ointment of his right hand —that by which he was holding fast to the Lord Christ—began to bewray itself. When the year 1839 was about to expire the whole school was gathered, and Raleigh took everybody by surprise with an address, "simple and admirably adapted to his audience, yet elegant and poetic, and delivered with such point and earnestness" as drew tears from some. The good minister, already honoured to send forth more than one devoted missionary from his class, urged him to study for the profession of a preacher; his mother and family joining their hearty persuasions. The letter written by an absent brother shows of what stuff the Raleighs were made.

"You must ask yourself, 'Am I fit for this life of single purpose? Do I possess that rare quality of character which will guarantee unflinching perseverance in the pursuit of this, the grand object of my ambition?' In all candour and in severest truth, I think you do. Strength of purpose is one of your marked characteristics. My impression is that you carry out a principle of conduct with a rigour perhaps if anything too little conciliatory to the prejudices and established habitudes of others. Your earnestness of conviction rests satisfied with nothing short of agression upon the opposite error. My first thought after reading your letter was, There at last is the right thing, and it shall go hard but we will realise it sooner or later."

The determination was made, and his twenty-fourth birthday came during his first session at the Lancashire Congregational College. We need not linger over the years spent at Blackburn and Manchester.

It was during this time that he was called to preach his first sermon. Twenty-five years later, when teaching students how to preach, he had not forgotten the cottage on the outskirts of Blackburn, "filled to the door with simple people—sharp enough, too, some of them," nor the text—the first Psalm. "It was a poor thing, of course," he said, "but it was the beginning of what has been to me a very pleasant and advantageous habit of my ministry, which I now most honestly and earnestly commend to you for yours," the thorough study and exposition of connected passages of the word in preference to "preaching here and there on a conspicuous text."

At twenty-eight years of age Alexander Raleigh entered on his ministry as pastor of a congregation in Greenock. Here his health and spirits soon gave way under an unequal struggle to realise his own very high conception of preaching in the face of straitened means, dyspepsia, and an unintelligent, although natural, dislike on the part of his people to seeing written paper in the pulpit. He himself, like all masters of homiletics, understood that a sermon must be, first of

all, "The living voice, the glowing, melting features, the kindling eye, the senses all in vivid and rapid action, to deliver and meekly to express the meaning of the indwelling soul;" but he seems not to have perceived at that time that in some cases all this may be rather assisted than hindered by a man's having his manuscript before him. So he laboured at the treadmill of a verbal learning by rote—*not* by heart; went to the pulpit in bondage to the turning of invisible pages; and often left it depressed. He grew thin and grey; the good folks of Greenock thought he was soon to die; and in the summer of 1848 he resigned, and went for two years "into the desert."

These years were as little loss to him as the like period spent in the solitudes of Arabia Petræa was loss to Paul. In converse with his own soul and with his Saviour, his zeal to preach received a fresh consecration, from which came the singular humility and purity that gave such beauty and fragrance to his later ministry, in the pulpit and out of it. At length he came forth, renewed in hope and courage, through the care of loving friends, and perhaps most of all by the heart sympathy of the lady who soon became his wife. We have no intention of following him through the successful, and on the whole happy years of labour in Masboro', in Glasgow, and in London, in all of which places he drew to him thoughtful men, and earnest persons of all classes, whether they could or could not be called thoughtful and cultivated. Eminent physicians, the better sort of writers for the press, and the like, were among his friends and admirers; yet at the same time the common people heard him gladly.

For his sympathy with human nature in all its phases was most genuine, and always getting broader. When on his visit to America —one of those long holidays which the strain of his London work demanded—an old, weather-beaten man came on board to pilot the vessel out of Halifax harbour. Dr. Raleigh soon ascertained from the captain that he was suffering from an incurable disease, got into talk with him, and found out by degrees that he had "long ago engaged the Pilot who can guide us through the dangers of that voyage which can be made by each person only once." Again, when resting in Switzerland, he sent home letters to his Canonbury congregation, couched in the simplest form of language, yet fragrant with brotherly love. There is no part of this book from which we would more willingly quote than the chapter which consists of letters to afflicted friends. These letters are not short, and they extend over considerable periods. They present the ripe fruits of his own devout experience in the most tender, faithful and genuinely sympathetic form; and one of them closes with a touching form of prayer written at the invalid's request. While he himself was nearing death he frequently visited a youth sinking in consumption, and "his words were the greatest help and comfort to the dying boy."

His relation to public questions was instinctively sound, and he was always careful to be fair to his opponents.

To turn to other aspects of his wide humanity. In the long struggle which preceded the abolition of slavery in the United States, he took early, and warmly maintained, the side of the North, although that was not the side most favoured in London at the first. When the bicentenary of the English Bartholomew day was celebrated, Dr. Raleigh was drawn into a correspondence with Canon Kingsley, which increased the mutual regard of two independent evangelicals, and in which the Puritan side lost nothing by the candour and liberality of its champion. He had left Glasgow before the Sabbath controversy arose in connection with Dr. Norman Macleod's famous speech, and felt himself "happy to be out of such a strife." Writing to thank a friend for a correct copy of the speech, he said, "I have seen distorted fragments of it, which I felt quite sure had passed through the hands of the father of lies before being presented to the public. I have been with him in spirit, although I hardly think I shall accept his arguments or his views in the forms in which he presents them. His idea of complete abrogation cannot, I think, be maintained. It is not like God's procedure in other things to make a sharp severance and a wide gulf. The idea of *development* is the true one, the one that agrees best with and will most firmly secure the expansion and liberty which belong to the Lord's Day."

But these things are only referred to as illustrations of the breadth of sympathy which entered into Dr. Raleigh's ministry. For he was above all things a preacher. He had some of the natural gifts which every preacher must have to attain any position of usefulness; but he had also a divine impulse thrusting him forth into the harvest field, and his rare fidelity to that impulse made him great. His death took place on the 29th of April, 1880; and on the 30th of December

preceding he delivered an address to ministers of various denominations on the Changed Aspects of the Evangelical Faith, in which, among other memorable things, he said, "If some say the faith is antiquated, we may remind them that it shares this disadvantage with the sun, moon, and stars, which will, I suppose, continue to shine in the sky, old as they are—until brighter lights take their place. The sceptical world has only one thing to do, but it *has* that one thing to do in order to succeed, and that is to make and set before the world another Christ, who shall be different from, and yet better than, the Christ whom we love and serve. While they are doing this, let us fill the world with His name."

For another month his strength continued. He saw his "Lectures on Esther" through the press, and even in February said to a friend, "I feel quite young whenever I get into the pulpit. I think I have ten years' work before me yet." He was to preach only one sermon more. The text and the preacher's face were prophetic of the coming translation —"And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him." That was on the 22nd of February. At the end of March he was gently told that he could not recover, and said, "Then my ministry is ended. My ministry! it is dearer than my life!" He spent the last days with composure, almost with cheerfulness, in his study and with his family. "I believe I shall preach in heaven; it would not be heaven to me if I did not," he had once said long before; and we may at least use of him the words of old Samuel Rutherford, "What he could have done in this lower house, he is now upon that same service in the higher House; and it is all one, it is the same service and the same Master, only there is a change of conditions."

THE JAFFA GAZELLE.

A Chapter on Church Work.

THE first or last impressions of Palestine are usually received at Joppa. Those whose life-long yearning has been to see the land of Israel, to cross the brooks, to climb the hills, and explore the ruins of the goodly country promised to the fathers of the chosen people, and so realise more vividly than would otherwise be possible the ways of Him whose goings forth have been from of old, are often painfully disillusioned when they first come in sight of the mean little seaport. The harbour, although one of the oldest in the world, is both inconvenient and insecure. Its streets—or rather its one street with its alleys—are narrow and dusty. The houses are unattractive and poor. One can hardly conceive how so much of the wealth and greatness of the East and West could have passed and repassed for so many centuries through its gateways and left so little trace behind. Yet the first impression of Joppa, like that of the land to which it introduces the modern traveller, is neither the best nor the most lasting. The city grows in interest, and even in beauty, on acquaintance. The deep blue waters of the Mediterranean lend eternal freshness to its shell-covered beach. The citron and orange groves and waving corn plains of its environs, the fragrance of its olive, apple, lemon, apricot, plum, and china-trees, in spring blossom or golden autumn fruit, the beauty of "three hundred and fifty gardens and orchards, the smallest being three or four acres in extent, the largest ten or twelve,"* the wilderness of Eastern wild-flowers, with Sharon's roses and lilies on the uplands, the numberless little streams and fountains which water the land of the Philistines and insure its perennial bloom and productiveness, go far to redeem the landscape from the tame and commonplace character of the first impression, and sweeten the foretaste of The Promised Land.

But, like almost every other city in that sacred country, it is rather in the history, traditions, and stirring memories of the past, than in the social, physical, and political aspects of the present, that Jaffa is rich and beautiful. Its imports and exports are insignificant and valueless compared with its contributions to the Church's and the world's history. In this respect its merchandise has been better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.† Was it here, as tradition reports, in the cells of its island castle, that Noah, the old grey father of the world, was buried?‡ Was this the port of Melchizedek and his "order" of Priest-kings of Jerusalem in the earlier and better days of the Jebusites? Have we here the "Japolis" of Andromeda and Perseus, with other famous legends, re-

* "Eastward." Dr. Norman Macleod.
† Proverbs iii. 14. ‡ Chateaubriand, i. 357.

corded by Jerome, of the world's ancient faith?* Time and research may perhaps some day throw light upon, and convert into history, what is now at the best only conjecture and mythology. An age that gazes upon the long-buried faces of the Pharaohs of the Pentateuch, the relics of Agamemnon, the palaces, temples, and chronicles of the earliest post-diluvian kings of Nineveh and Babylon, may have deeper wonders in store for it. But however this may be, we are treading on surer ground at present in recalling at Joppa the cedar fleets and Sidonian traffic under Solomon, not only filling its harbour with merchandise, and the city with employment, but the minds and hearts of its citizens with thoughts of higher and holier things, the building of God's House at Jerusalem. Here the Hebrew Jonah embarked on his involuntary voyage to Nineveh to warn the worshippers of Bel and Nisroch† (Isaiah xxxvii. 38), of impending judgment, and, by preaching the vengeance of the law with his lips, while his own life-history proclaimed the mercy of the Gospel to the penitent, to revive their faith in their primeval worship, and reclaim them to allegiance with the God of the Deluge. And here, above all, after a vision of the ark in miniature on Simon's housetop "by the seaside,"‡ Peter was commanded to open the door of the Church, by baptism,§ to the Gentiles. It will thus appear that Joppa has been the scene of intercourse, not only in a geographical and commercial, but in a moral and religious sense, between the Jew and Gentile in all ages; good men and true of every land and language have met within its walls, as they do now, to testify their faith in and love for their common Lord, to express their reverence for His Land and Book, and so manifest their union to Him and to each other by the strongest of all ties—charity, the bond of perfectness.

As if in illustration of this peculiar character, position, and influence of the Hebrew sea-port, we have, from the pen of "the beloved physician," the brief but touching story of the Jaffa Gazelle.

"Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called *Dorcas* (Gazelle): this woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days that she fell sick and died: and when they had washed her, they laid her in an upper chamber. And as Lydda was nigh unto Joppa, the disciples, hearing that Peter was there, sent two men unto him, intreating him, Delay not to come to us. And Peter arose and went with them. And when he was come they brought him into the upper chamber; and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them. But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down and prayed; and turning to the body, he said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter she sat up. And he gave her his hand and raised her up; and calling the saints and widows he presented her alive. And it became known throughout all Joppa: and many believed on the Lord."*

Thus, in clear and bold, though delicate lines, the picture of Tabitha is drawn. She is Joppa's fairest daughter. Many of them, no doubt, have done virtuously, but Dorcas excels them all. Before all things she is "a disciple." She had witnessed a good confession, and been baptized into the Name above every name. And she was doubtless a "disciple whom Jesus loved." Moreover, her life and work were in keeping with her Christian character, and her walk and conversation became the gospel she professed to believe. She was full of alms-deeds, and the good works which she did at Joppa praised her in its gates. It was not without significance, therefore, she was named "Gazelle." There was beauty in her eye, grace in her step, the law of kindness upon her lips, and love and sympathy in her heart, as she mingled with the poor of the city, and ministered with her own hands† to their wants. It was "a name to live." And wide has been the sisterhood, beneficent the influence, and noble the work, which her name, spirit, and example have initiated and stimulated in the Church. Although she now rests a second time from her labours, her works still follow her. "She fell sick and died." Yes, all too brief, as it seemed to those who knew and loved her best, were the happy and useful years she had spent "with them." Beautiful lives are always short. Those whom the gods love die young. It is as if God stamps the impress of heaven upon those whom He designs to take early to Himself. When the Master visits His garden He is certain to pluck the fairest flower the gardener has trained.

* Harcourt's "Doctrine of the Deluge," vol. i. 338.
† "Beam of Noah's Ark—*Rashi*," (Smith's Bible Dictionary).
‡ Acts xi. 4—10.
§ Cf. 1 Peter iii. 19—22.

* Acts ix. 36—42, Revised Version.
† ὧν ἐποίει·

"I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!" *

But Dorcas was not only raised up, and spared, and restored, through Peter's prayer, to the Church for a season, but her name and influence have become immortal, and a double portion of her spirit has been bequeathed with her mantle, so that "being dead she yet speaketh" through all the ages: "We desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end; that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." †

Two things possessed by the gazelle of Palestine render its name appropriate to those "disciples" who would devote themselves to this department of Christian work.

I. The gazelle is said to possess the most *beautiful eye* of any creature in the world. Soft, liquid, gentle, full of solicitude and tenderness when turned towards its young, quick and far-reaching to detect danger, with a quiet, dreamy restfulness in it withal as it watches the shadows of the morning cloud chase each other on the mountains and waits for the day, the eye of the gazelle has been a favourite theme of Eastern poets and moralists in all lands and ages.

"It's airy step and glorious eye," ‡

led Lord Byron to think of the grace and beauty of "Judah's statelier maids," now no longer in the homes of their fatherland. They remind us of Dorcas. First among the qualities of those who would devote themselves to work among the poor is the beautiful eye of the gazelle. Softening at the sight of want, melting at the tale of sorrow, glistening with pity when the Lord's poor ones appeal for help and sympathy, sparkling with hope and triumph over every sign of improvement, and glowing with love and tenderness over the rescued and the penitent; its beauty may well be reckoned peerless, for the "greatest" grace "is charity." And beautiful in this truest and highest sense are the eyes of the Church's daughters who make the poor their care. If the Tabithas of our upper and richer classes would be persuaded to undertake and prosecute more frequently and earnestly hearty, active, systematic mission work among their less favoured sisters, visiting them personally in their homes, assisting them by kindly word and deed, encouraging by precept and example to strive to help themselves, and, above all, teaching them to look upward through the morning mists for the dawn of a better day, not only would their own physical health and spirits be improved by the exercise, but the inner strength and beauty of their Christian character would be enhanced by "grace divine." It is not by sedentary habits of "light reading," fatiguing drawing-room pleasures, or long exciting hours at the opera or theatre, that gazelle-like freshness of eye and elasticity of step can either be acquired or preserved. Fictitious emotion over the novelist's or actor's skill in depicting human misery is neither helpful nor healthful to mind or body. Earnest, painstaking, and persevering effort to alleviate that distress, on the other hand, brings blessing upon the donor and recipient, lends beauty and expression to the eye, gentleness and force to the character, sweetness and persuasiveness to voice and manner, delicacy and kindliness to hand and ear: it distinguishes at once the "lady" (laéf-die = loaf-giver),* from her "ladylike" counterfeit, and to her natural gifts adds the charm of heavenly grace, making her, like the king's daughter, "all glorious within." As one of the things, therefore, which are "pure and lovely, and of good report" in the Church this gazelle work should be "thought upon," and "done," if the "God of peace" is to be with us.

II. The gazelle has *beautiful feet*. Swift, sure, and graceful is the step of the wild hart of the East as it bounds across the plain, springs fearlessly from crag to crag upon the mountains, easily outstripping all pursuers in its flight, and making a dwelling for its young in the "munitions of rocks." Jacob compares Naphtali to "a hind let loose." † "Asahel was light of foot as a wild roe." ‡ "He maketh my feet like hind's feet," sings David, "and setteth me upon my high places." § And Isaiah speaks of the "beautiful feet upon the mountains" running with glad tidings to Zion. ‖

"The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound." ¶

And beautiful in their swiftness must have been the feet of Dorcas in those sad times, as she hurried through those Joppa streets carrying to "ragged homes" the coats and garments she had made, beautiful at all events in the memories of the saints and widows who wore her apparel, and were inconsolable at the thought that they should see their gazelle no more. *Bis dat qui cito*

* Lalla Rookh. † Hebrews vi. 11. ‡ Hebrew Melodies.

* Carlyle, "Past and Present," p. 181.
† Genesis xlix. 21. ‡ 2 Samuel ii. 18.
§ Psalm xviii. 33. ‖ Isaiah lii. 7.
¶ Hebrew Melodies.

dat should be the motto of the Dorcas sisterhood. The feet of those rushing to the rescue are always beautiful. The tramp of the relieving army is heart-stirring and heart-filling music to the besieged. Never to be forgotten by the despairing little garrison at Lucknow the swift, firm, Highland tread of their countrymen who brought them deliverance. The finest touch of nature, or of grace, as we should rather call it, in what has been called "the crown and pearl of all the parables," is the *running* of the father to welcome and restore his long lost son when he returns in rags and penitence from the far country. To find pleasure in relieving distress, to rush with alacrity at the cry of the perishing, to obey the impulse to benevolence at all costs to self-comfort, ease, or convenience, is a quality which finds favour not only in human eyes but brings blessing from above. "When the eye saw me," says Job, "it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

But sure as well as swift is the footfall of the gazelle upon the mountains. With unerring tact and instinct it descends upon the rocky ledge and maintains its hold amid a thousand dangers. One false step would be destruction. And if charity is not to be abused, and good evil spoken of, there must be careful and wise discrimination between the worthy and worthless objects of it. Intuitive perception of character, instinctive discernment of motive, unfailing tact and judgment in deciding between the genuine and the spurious, are essential qualifications for this mission work. Eleemosynary help is often moral hindrance, and indiscriminate almsgiving is the parent of imposture. The professional and confirmed mendicant is as careful in the study of his part as an actor upon the stage. He probably derives as much enjoyment from its success. Every fresh triumph deepens his confidence in himself and in his trick. Unlike Naphtali, he is a *hound* let loose upon society, and the gazelle is his special prey. There is a further danger and of another sort. How often are self-respect and the spirit of self-reliance and independence on the part of the poor wounded or sacrificed by over-zealous effort to relieve temporary distress? There the bruised reed is broken and the smoking flax is quenched. How frequently, too, is the moral effect of the kindest action marred or destroyed by the manner or the words of the giver? There gratitude is checked, and the lesson for the Master is lost.

But swift and fearless as the steps of the gazelle are when escaping from its enemies, they can yet be timed and adapted to the pace of its young. The daring leap across the chasm, the fearless rush over the mountain ridge, which would set the king of the herd free from all pursuit, might be unsafe or impracticable for the flock he is leading; he must run with the youngest and leap with the weakest. And kindly sympathetic considerateness for the condition and circumstances of the visited must regulate the walk and conversation of the visitor. Dress, language, modes of thought and deportment should be carefully studied and conformed, as far as possible, to the mental and moral condition of those we seek to benefit. "Be not conformed" to the world's fashions, should be the marching orders of the Dorcas sisterhood in visiting; "but be ye transfigured" (μεταμορφοῦσθε),* after the fashion of Christ on the mount. Even Christ pleased not himself. He emptied himself and took the form of a servant.† Hence his present power and glory. And could every "disciple" who essays the work to which Dorcas addressed herself always remember Him whom she represents, look upon herself merely as a stewardess of her Lord's goods, and employed by Him to "distribute to the necessity of saints," ‡ and to "give with simplicity," much that is often harsh and unseemly in manner and spirit would be altered, gazelle-like gracefulness would characterize their movements, God would make their feet like hind's feet, and set them on His high places.

Many of God's most beautiful children are found in the lowliest places, and surrounded by the thorniest circumstances. What a privilege it is to witness the simple piety of the Christian cottage home! The Dorcas visitor finds there a garment more beautiful than that she brings. "The righteousness of saints" is the covering of the poor in spirit, and even Solomon's kingly robe is mean and poor beside it. The thorns are but the rough setting of the royal gem. "God hath chosen the poor of this world rich in faith and heirs of His kingdom." The white-robed saints who meet the Lamb on Mount Zion have "come out of great tribulation." Christ is the head of the Dorcas band, and leads His flock into green pastures and makes them to lie down by still waters.

R. BALGARNIE.

* Romans xii. 2. † Philippians ii. 7.
‡ Romans xii. 13.

HIDDEN, NOT LOST.

AS in his sleep a baby lies
Buried, till waking bids him rise;
As in the acorn trees are hid,
To show themselves when summers bid;
As in the mind dear faces lurk
Unseen till memory's wand shall work:
So sleeps my love within her grave—
Not 'neath that sod,
But there with God!
Alone,
Till, dying, I shall death obey,
And follow her the selfsame way
She went;
Then shall I see her face to face—
The old delight with double grace—
And each to each shall wake from sleep,
Love's endless fellowship to keep—
Not there,
Beneath that rounded sod,
But there,
In heaven, in life with God!

MARY HARRISON.

NOBODY'S CHARLIE.

A Thread picked up.

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

WE left him with cropped hair instead of golden curls, with trousers instead of baby frocks, but we left him also without that which does not always go, thank God, with infancy—without his beautiful smile.

For long we thought only that his new home was a very grave one, that his adopted mother was a little too prim and exact to be a child's chief companion; we knew he threaded needles in his playtime, and walked home without any straying, hopping, or marble-playing, his slate under his arm, and his head held a little too low, having been admonished to "keep to hisself."

But soon the grave look changed to a really cowed expression. The bright, confiding manner of his lodging-house days disappeared altogether, and in the house he sat silent and downcast, while in the streets, if stopped and spoken to, his answer would be a violent start. Neighbours began to say Nobody's Charlie was not well-used; that he was left long weary hours in charge of the house, afraid with that fear that only a helpless little child can know, of moving down the stair while at his dreary post of duty; that he was made to do housework in his playhours; that he was frightened till he began at last to protect himself by little lies—in fact the motherhood of the neighbourhood, always jealous of the rights of a motherless child, was sorely agitated about the woes of our little waif.

Neighbourly criticisms, as we know, cannot always be trusted. But so entirely was the opinion of Charlie's companions corroborated by every sign which goes to prove a loveless childhood, if not a childhood spent in a constant attitude of fear, that we could no longer be silent. Charlie's adopted mother was asked some searching questions—Why did he look so startled and afraid at meeting even old friends? Had she tried a little kindness instead of constant exhortation? Finally, would she, if he gave so much trouble as she declared, be willing to allow him to be sent to a school, where he could be boarded and taught a trade?

To the first question the answer was very simple. "Oh, I use Mr. ——'s name to him when he's a bad boy—that'll be why he's afeared of him." To the second, the reply was rather unsatisfactory and vague. To the third there was a civil but decided refusal given. She had got used to the boy, and would not like to part with him now.

We hoped for better things, and for a time better things seemed to come. Charlie looked rather brighter, and smiled instead of starting when we met him, and the arrival of a little "Nelly," another adopted child, into the home, seemed to promise well for the future of the hitherto lonely little fellow. The so-called mother, or, as Charlie called her "Ma," began to join mothers' meetings, and gave other hopeful signs that made us think the acerbity of her temper might be softened down.

But, alas! the old stories of Charlie's ill-usage began to be whispered about again. His clothes got more ragged from week to week, and while Nelly was more or less in favour, Charlie never did or said anything that was right. The poor little boy, breaking out after the unnatural silence and constraint of his bondage at home, became troublesome in the choir and at school: and yet to complain of him was only to bring down harsh words and the heavier thwack of the leathern "tawse" on his poor little back.

At last child-nature could no longer endure, and, to escape the beatings which awaited him each time he returned home, Charlie fled one evening from the house, stockingless, shoeless, and without a coat. We know the terrors of a night alone to a little child, the greater terrors of sleeping in some strange and unaccustomed place. So we can judge a little what a nightmare home had become to Charlie when we know he chose to sleep in the field rather than run the gauntlet of the "tawse." This happened three or four times. At last his good friend the clergyman who was his choir-master, found him, half-clothed, in the field one morning, and, finding the marks of ill-usage on his legs, took him to the "House" till an arrangement could be made for getting him into an Orphanage.

I have sometimes thought the child is happy whose ill-usage takes the form of black marks. So many are born to loveless lives and the ill-treatment of unjust dislike, of sharp words and sharper looks; and the world knows nothing of it, because there is no cane in the nursery, no "tawse" in the

drawing-room, no bruises on the fine little limbs, and the nursery table is well supplied. So the years go by, and the quiet child grows up into the misunderstood, perhaps embittered woman, and only the heart knows its own bitterness, except when here and there a keen observer reads in the hesitating nervous manner and in the sad or soured looks, that the human plant can no more come to beauty without love than flower or fruit without sun.

For such a child there is no rescue, the outside of the platter is so white and smooth. But wounds and black marks cry out so loudly that rescue is possible. So it was with Nobody's Charlie. Happy in so far that he was born in the class that is not above the use of the stick and leather strap, his little body told the tale a child will never tell till the spell of fear has been lifted off him; and with the third or fourth night in the field ended his days in his fourth home.

"There's the workhouse, look you, Mr. F——," he said, as he and his friend walked hand in hand from the black town, past the still half-black fields, into the country. Charlie did not know he was being taken there, his friend had not yet had heart to tell him. But he took it quietly when he was assured that he would be only a few days there, that he was but to wait there for a better home.

And Charlie, who arrived neglected and filthy, bare-footed and jacketless, found the workhouse a nice place. "They never touched me there," was his remark afterwards, and his blue eyes brightened when he spoke of the good workhouse food. In a few days the parish nurse, her kind heart melting with pity, arrived at the "House" and fetched Charlie away. "Yes, we can have him," said the telegram from the good warden of the Orphanage, and a lady going the same way was able to transplant Charlie from the black Tyne-side to the braes and heather of Scotland in bonny July.

He stood beaming on the platform of the Newcastle Station, the cowed look already gone, dressed in a smart suit of dark clothes, a little Highland bonnet on his head, his hand in the hand of his kind friend and choir-master, looking out anxiously for the train which was to carry him so far. Five homes he had had, and yet his trust was not shaken. No wonder Christ said we ought to become as little children. Surely the "kindly light" led on this little boy who

> "— not ask to see the distant scene,
> One step enough for me!"

Unusually thoughtful and observant for his tender age, his prattling during the long journey was very interesting. When he talked of his last home it was with a sad pathos.

"How did Mrs. —— beat you, for I hear she is ill in bed?" he was asked.

"She used to drag me up upon the bed."

"Is she kinder to Nelly?"

"Yes, ma'am, kinder than she was to *me*. Nelly used to bring in tales, and then I'd get the 'tawse' when I came in."

"Weren't you very cold the night you slept out in the field?"

"Yes, ma'am, very." And he added, "She'd keep me off my food—that's happened many times."

No wonder he relished workhouse fare.

We passed one station where his adopted father had had work.

"This is where we was!" he exclaimed; "and you mind a Mr. ——? He was here, and father worked under him. And there's Sarah, who used to be at our house."

Flying pieces of torn paper out of the window, crying out when he spied the wild roses in the hedges, munching his little provision of bread and cheese, packing and unpacking his luggage—these diversions helped him wonderfully through the journey. He and his companion had no trouble with the luggage van, as far as Charlie's effects were concerned. His luggage was in an envelope. A little prayer-book, a red story book, and an addressed envelope and sheet of paper, were all the worldly goods Charlie had, besides the clothes upon his back. But it was more than he had ever possessed, and he was radiant over them: happier by a long way than many anxious millionaires.

But the thing that struck his companion most was the child's thoughtfulness for others. He could hardly be persuaded to eat any of her sandwiches—rather he wanted her to share the biscuits he was given, and when she refused he put one into the lap of a little girl who happened to be in the carriage.

Seeing the tears in his companion's eyes, he thrust forward his own new handkerchief for her use, without speaking. After a little, noticing them again, for we children of a larger growth, upon whom the world seems to smile, have our sorrows as well as Charlie, he grew puzzled. No doubt he thought to himself, for he is a thinker, that comfortably dressed, well fed, kindly treated people could have no cause for tears. At length after a silence, he solved the problem.

"You've getten cold in your eyes; that's with sitting so near the window."

By-and-by, as the sun faded out of the

sky and bed-time came, Charlie became drowsy—he laid himself down on the carriage seat and slept the sleep of the just. Beyond that he had a friend beside him now, he seemed to have no thought.

"When you leave where you're going to, shall I have to stay where I is?" was the only question which betrayed any anxiety. He had had two half-pence given him before he left. These certainly were the ground of a little quiet forethought and calculation.

"Is there shops in Scotland? I won't spend this *all at once*, whatever." With such cares as these and no others, Charlie might well sleep.

And while he slept came the short hour or two of darkness that makes a Scotch summer's night: and after it the grey, quiet, ghost-like dawn, stealing over the barren moor and grey crags of rock, over the silver streaks of quiet water in the lakes, and the hurried murmur of the brown burn rushing to the river. Slowly the mists lifted up the mountain-sides, and the fir-trees in the Pass of Killiecrankie moved solemnly in the morning breeze. Is the change in this little child's life to be as great as is the contrast between the town from which he has been taken and the scenes through which the steam-horse is leading him now?

Before five the time of parting comes, and Charlie has to begin the world alone. Half asleep still, he is told that this is his station, and mechanically he puts out his hand to carry some of his friend's things.

"Not that, Charlie; you have only to take your own things here."

His own things—packed in the envelope, held tight in his tiny hand.

The train moves on: white and wistful, Charlie is seen in the grey early morning light on the platform of the little Highland station, alone once more in the world.

But how good the bad old world is to such as him! Before he reached the end of his journey, in a little more than an hour, Charlie had added to his income to the amount of one shilling and twopence halfpenny. "Because you've got no father or mother here's a shilling for you," said one. And at the end a kind messenger from the Orphanage received him.

"Charlie has just arrived," wrote the warden, "smiling all over his handsome face."

What a new life begun! The long interminable passages, the many dormitories and hundred beds; the beautiful church close by, with its crosses marking the spot where "some have fallen asleep;" the bright flowers, the fresh mountain air, the fountains above all the back yard where the "pets" are kept, and the playground where cricket is played.

"I fretted a good bit at first," says Charlie, "but now I see it's the best home I have had yet. When you get fed and brought up, then you begin to feel at home. They call us orphans in the village; maybe *they* may be orphans themselves yet."

"If you were called thief, Charlie, you would have cause to be ashamed. But there's no shame in God having taken your parents from you."

"Some of them says," he replied, "that I have got a father and mother, but I haven't; I haven't got nobody."

"But you've got good friends, Charlie."

"Yes, I've got good *friends;* Mr. ——" (naming the warden) "is a good friend; but I've no father nor mother, and no home."

Charlie has already had a visit from a friend. He has showed her with pride his little bed with its red coverlet, his little "lock up" beside the bed, and the rabbits in the back yard. He, too, is to have a rabbit of his own. No doubt to this lonely little soul, the rabbit, which we think loves only his parsley, will become a "friend."

"If you'll tell me when you're coming again, I'll have a lot of roses picked for you," he said, as he ran beside his visitor to the station. As it came in sight, Charlie disappeared. He had squatted down by the roadside, with his back turned. He did not want to say that nasty word "good-bye." But he was persuaded to come on, as the kind warden was there to walk back with him.

And then the silent tears began to fall from under his long lashes, and he did not speak again.

With a full heart, but thankfully, his friend left him where he would be "fed and brought up" in the "best home he has had," catching a last sight of his little brown Tam o' Shanter, with its red knob, as the train moved out—the hat of which he had himself explained, "*The boy belonging to this hat is dead.*"

To take such as he, and not only to feed and bring them up, but to be their father, friend, and doctor, the warden of this Orphanage and his good wife are spending themselves. Cruel wrongs have been righted under their care, ill-used half-imbecile children are received there with open arms. But we

cannot say, "Yet there is room." Week by week orphan children are refused (and every refusal brings its pang) because money is not forthcoming, because debt has to be fought, and so many helpless creatures, already undertaken, must be clothed and fed.

If any, out of their superfluity, will give to Charlie's new good friend and father,* money, clothes, or even pictures and books, they may believe that they are in a very literal sense providing for some of "the least of these His brethren," and so are doing it unto Christ Himself.

* The Warden, The Orphanage of the Scotch Episcopal Church, Aberlour, Craigellachie.

THE TAPESTRY-WORKER.

By MARGARET SCOTT MACRITCHIE.

"CARRY me out, my brethren;
For I can work no more.
Carry me out to meet Him—
My Master at the door!
The sun is slowly setting,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
And the task He gave is finished;
Carry me out to Him!

"The task He gave is finished:
I mind when it began,
How joyously and swiftly
The busy moments ran;
In ardour for His service,
Methought I wrought so well
That e'en His own appointings
I should at last excel.

"But through my vain ambition
There fell the hand Divine,
That quietly effac'd it—
My dearly-loved design.
And whilst I sore lamented
For beauty swept away,
'*More beauty hath obedience*,'
I heard the Master say.

"Then I was still, my brethren,
And turned to toil anew,
Leaving to *Him* the guidance,
Whose plans are sure and true;
And though to trace His pattern
At times I vainly tried,
My heart found rest remembering
He sees the other side.

"I sat behind the canvas,
I saw no beauty grow,
I held His own directions—
Enough for me to know;
Many had wider portions
Of clearer, brighter hue,
But the old man in the corner
The Master needed too.

"And if nor gain nor glory
Shine out from this my weft,
Still He will not be angry—
I did the task He left.
And now that I am helpless,
And weary is my frame,
My brethren, in the distance
I hear Him call my name."

They bore the old man gently
Forth from the working-room,
Forth from the ended labour,
Forth from the silent loom,
And down a Voice came floating,
A Voice serene and blest,
"O good and faithful servant!
Enter thou into rest.

"Long, long in patient duty
Thy yearning soul was tried;
Open thine eyes to beauty
Upon the *other* side!
Behind the canvas toiling,
Thou didst not dream of this,
That every shadow-tangle
Wrought out eternal bliss;

"And every thread mysterious
Into the pattern given,
Was weaving rich perfection
Of love and life in heaven.
Now rise thou to the glory
By lowly hearts possessed,
Who but fulfil My bidding,
And leave to *Me* the rest!"

LEGENDS CONNECTED WITH TOURISTS' CATHEDRALS.

By E. NEVILLE JOHNS.

NO. I.

IN connection with the cathedrals and churches of most old continental towns, there have grown up together with their true history a number of legendary tales, at times rude and grotesque, often showing curious superstitions, but now and then beautiful and touching. They are generally interesting, not only because they may be turned into pleasing allegories, but, chiefly as Ruskin has remarked, because "they have once been sincerely believed by good men, and have had no ineffective agency in the formation of the existent European mind."

These legends often show how in less enlightened ages, light and darkness, good and evil, struggled together, and how even in the roughest times God did not leave Himself without witnesses, but that justice, righteousness, and admiration for things lovely and of good report, never died out of the hearts of men, though often the smaller figures of saints and angels mingled with the great objects of their worship and the simple facts of Christianity were confused with traditions.

Considering how high a place is given by Roman Catholics to the Mother of our Saviour, it is not surprising that she should figure largely in the legends of cathedrals and churches.

Had a man or woman spare money to devote to the glory of God, what could they do better than erect a temple in honour of the Virgin? Who would be more loving and compassionate than the divine Mother? The rich donors, the architects, the builders even, fancied themselves specially under her protection while engaged in the work of erection, and when the sanctuary was completed, various were the traditions regarding the manner in which this gracious lady had bestowed her assistance and support.

The way in which this belief may have first arisen is shown in a tradition connected with the cathedral of Chartres. Here it is said there existed *before* the time of Christ a cave or grotto, dedicated to "the Virgin who should bring forth," and the king and people of that neighbourhood honoured her with their worship.

But when missionaries preached Christ to the people, and their efforts were proved successful by the conversion of the Chartrians, the grotto, instead of being pulled down, was turned into a Christian church and dedicated to "the Virgin who had brought forth." This was said to be the beginning of the present cathedral.

Without entering into the subject as to whether the ancient Chartrians gained this idea of coming deliverance to the world through a virgin from the well-known prophecy of the Old Testament or not, it can easily be seen that many of the earliest preachers of Christianity hailed these evidences of a wide-spread hope and offered the Saviour as the fulfilment of the symbolism of "the desire of all nations."

But besides the sacred grotto Chartres became in time possessed of no less precious a relic than the veil worn by the virgin mother herself. It had, it was said, been long preserved at Constantinople, but was at length brought from thence to Charlemagne at Aix by the Empress Irene, and conveyed from Aix to Chartres by Charlemagne's grandson, Charles the Bold. This relic was always preserved wrapped up in another silken veil, and enclosed in a reliquary wrought of cedar and enriched with gold and precious stones. On more than one occasion the sacred veil, so tradition says, did good service to the people of Chartres. Once in 911, when the Northman Rollo besieged the town and every one feared it was about to fall into his hands, the bishop boldly advanced into the very midst of the combatants bearing the box which contained this relic, at the sight of which the Normans were so terrified that they fled in all directions, and the town was saved from destruction.

It is possible that thoughts of Joshua and the taking of Jericho may have either inspired the action of the bishop or given rise to the tradition, but to the people of Chartres the box of cedar which contained the sacred veil was held in as much reverence as the Ark of the Lord by the Jewish nation.

And as century after century the cathedral grew, and its lofty spire could be seen towering for more than four hundred feet above the hill on which it stood, while its painted glass windows, one hundred and thirty in number, had become the wonder of France, pious worshippers still looked back to the ancient grotto of heathen times, and spoke

with awe of the sacred veil hidden within the sanctuary.

But a time came when inquisitive glances could be restrained no longer. In 1792 the revolutionists broke into the cathedral and seized the casket. Even then a certain feeling of reverence crept over the minds of these intruders; a priest was sent for and told to open the box. When this had been done, they cut off a small portion of the veil and sent it to the Abbé Barthélémy, an oriental scholar, who pronounced it to be of great antiquity and such as worn by Eastern women. But this did not save it. The casket was left open, and the sacred veil became the prey of common hands, being carried about to various places more as a relic of a bygone belief than as a fit object for worship.

Another cathedral which Roman Catholics tell us is specially honoured by the Virgin is that of Le Puy De Dôme. The edifice itself is perhaps more interesting than beautiful, and has not been improved by modern restoration. But no one interested in the past could fail to pause if travelling that way in order to view a sanctuary so rich in historical memories.

Hither came in the Middle Ages crowds of devout pilgrims, kings, popes, and cardinals, knights who had fought in Palestine, priests, monks, and rough-handed peasants, to kneel at the shrine of the Virgin and Child, whose miraculous image was said to have been made by the early Christians of Mount Lebanon. Here, too, Bertrand Du Guesclin, whose name was so famous during the "Hundred Years' War," found a resting-place. His effigy may still be seen on his tomb, the hands folded as if in prayer.

But that which gave to Le Puy its earliest fame was the legend that in this spot after her death the Virgin first appeared to mortal eyes.

It is related that in the year 46 or 47 A.D. some Christian missionaries came to Gaul, and amongst them a certain George of Valley, who was afterwards canonised. Among his new converts to Christianity was a widow named Villa. It happened that Villa fell sick of a fever, and during her illness she sought the aid of the Virgin. She at once came to her assistance, and told her in a vision to arise and go to the top of Mount Corneille, a neighbouring hill; for on that place should be erected hereafter a sanctuary in her honour. Villa, who was unable to walk, was at once carried to the hill, and there, resting her head on a stone, she fell asleep. When she awoke she was perfectly healed.

The news of this miracle was at once told to the bishop, who immediately went with his clergy to Mount Corneille. There a strange sight met his view, for, although it was the height of summer, the top of the hill was covered with sparkling snow. While they were looking at this wonder, a stag bounded out from a neighbouring thicket, ran round the rock, and then darted back again into its covert. The bishop, deeming this a divine sign, ordered the space thus marked out to be enclosed by a hedge, as that was, in all probability, the spot on which the future church was to be built. Here another bishop, St. Martial, afterwards erected an altar, and left there a shoe of the Virgin as a relic.

No church, however, was built until 320, when, after a woman had been cured of paralysis by being laid on the same stone whereon the widow Villa rested her head, the bishop Evodius determined to build his church and fix his episcopal seat at Anis. Before he could carry his design into execution he was forced to get permission from Rome, whither he went, returning with a young Roman architect. After seven years' labour the round apse and cupola were finished, and the bishop again set out for Rome, this time to get leave for the consecration. But ere he had gone very far he was met by two men of very venerable appearance, each of whom held in his hands a golden casket, which they presented to Evodius, saying that they contained relics brought from Rome, and were to be placed in the church which was even then being consecrated by angels. With these words they vanished.

The bishop, thinking there was no longer any need for his journey, returned to the church, and when he entered it barefoot he found it lit up by three hundred torches, which gave forth a delightful fragrance. Two of these torches, says a Roman Catholic writer, are still preserved in the treasury of Puy, and that portion of the cathedral which is now occupied by the Chapter stalls is called the Angelic Chamber. This story seems to show that at a very early date in the Christian era divine honours were bestowed on the Mother of Our Lord, and, indeed, all the legends with which she is connected serve to illustrate how great a place she held in the popular mind, and how it was to *her* rather than to Jesus Christ, for some evidently widely prevailing reason, —the hard false view that had been given of

Christ, it has been supposed—that men and women looked in times of trouble.

Cathedral of Chartres.

The belief that angels are constantly attending on mankind and helping them in their daily labours seems to have been very prevalent, and for it there was certainly some foundation. We may smile at the idea of the appearance of the "reverend and ancient men" with their golden boxes of relics, but it must be remembered, if justice is to be done to the days when these legends first arose, that no doubt of a miracle occurring at any place or time ever crossed men's minds. If angels appeared to Abraham why not to them? and if they "were all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who should be heirs of salvation," why should they not, in order to save a good man from a toilsome journey, consecrate a Christian church?

The marking out of ground, by snow "coming down from heaven," or the footsteps of an animal, to be in future sanctified by the building of a church, was not uncommon. The abbey church on Mount St. Michael was built by William the Conqueror and his father on the spot said to be pointed out in a vision to St. Aibert, Bishop of Avranches, by the archangel Michael, who told the saint that if he repaired to this place he would find a bull tied, and on the portion of ground the animal had trampled with its feet a church was to be built in his honour.

A somewhat similar legend is attached to St. Mary Major, Rome.

A wealthy Roman and his wife wished to devote their money to the glory of God and the Virgin Mary, and being anxious to make no mistake in the matter, they besought with many prayers for divine guidance. One night after they had fallen asleep, they both dreamed that Mary appeared to them, and bade them build a church on the Esquiline Hill upon a certain spot that they would find in the morning covered with snow.

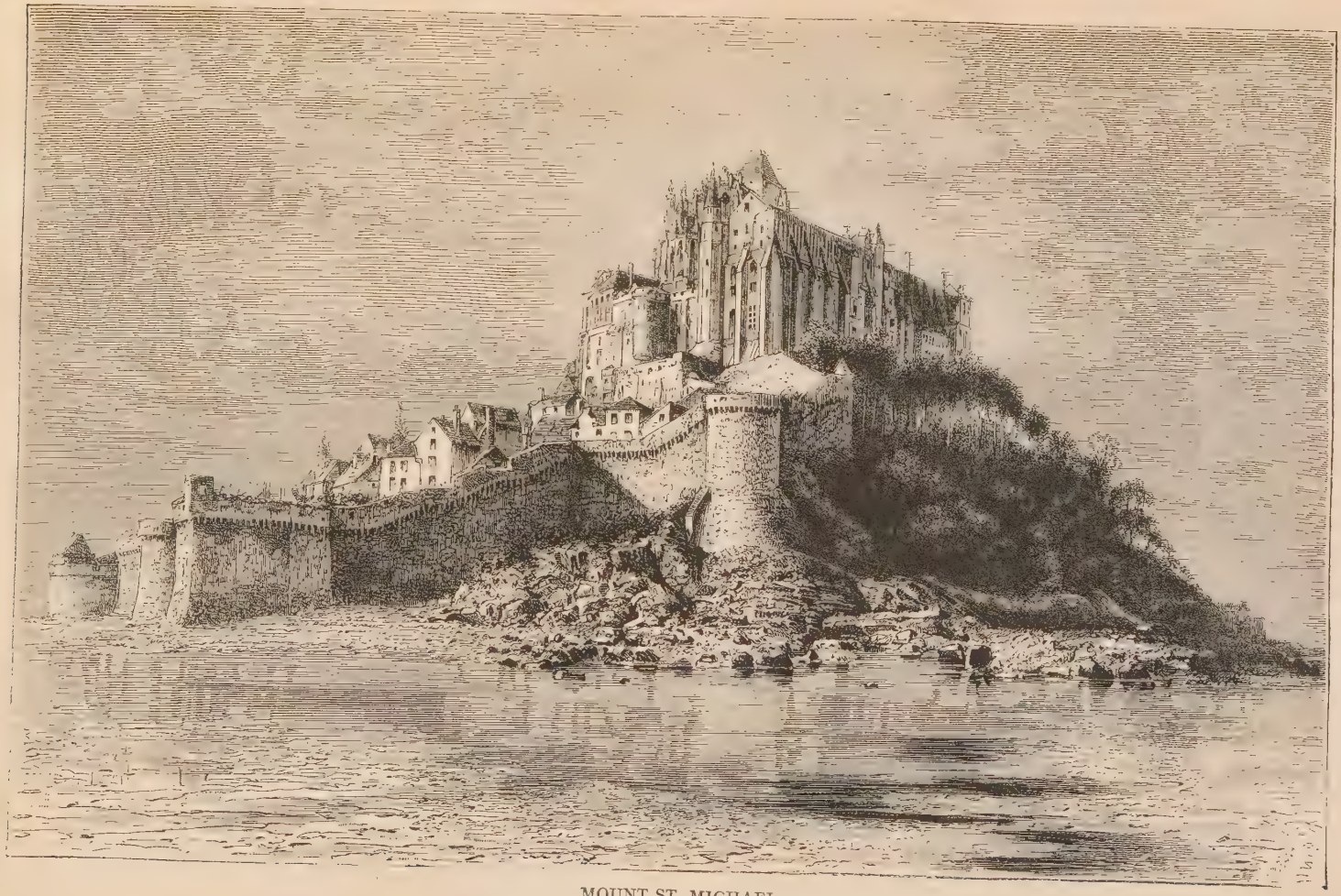
When day dawned the couple hastened to the Pope to inform him of this marvel, and found to their astonishment that he had dreamed a similar dream. Then, accompanied by the Pope and his clergy, they went to the hill, and found everything as they had seen it in their dream. The snow had fallen, but only covered space sufficient whereon to build a church.

Churches were often built on spots said to have been pointed out by the Virgin and other saints, especially where they were also reported to have come to the aid of communities distressed by plague or sickness.

One of the most striking of these legends is told in connection with the above-mentioned church.

Helen, the mother of Constantine, brought from the Holy Land a picture of the Virgin Mary believed to have been painted by St. Luke. This picture was held in high honour, and when the city of Rome was devastated by plague, Pope Gregory the Great ordered that the painting should be borne in solemn procession from St. Mary Major to St. Peter's, while prayers were offered to God for the cessation of the disease.

As the clergy marched along singing their solemn litanies, choirs of angels were heard above their heads chanting a hymn celebrating the joys of the Mother of our Lord, and by the tomb of Hadrian the wondering



MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

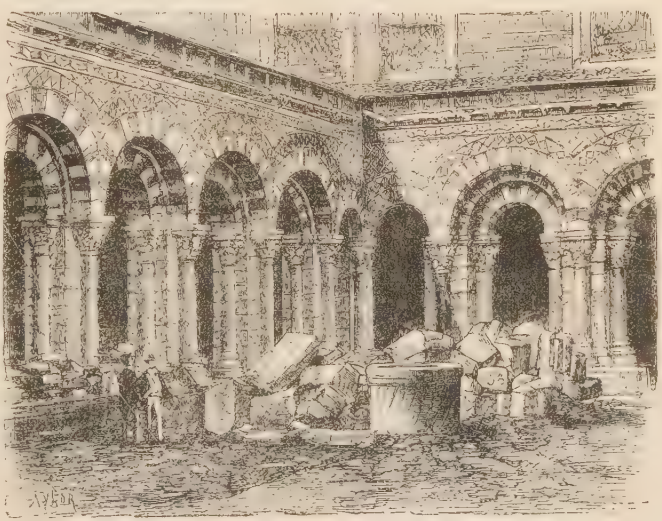
company had a vision of the archangel Michael sheathing his sword, whereby they knew that their prayers were heard and that the plague had abated.

There is not much difficulty in tracing this legend to its foundation in the account of the pestilence, 1 Chronicles xxi, when we are told that "David lifted up his eyes, and saw the angel of the Lord stand between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand." Then, after prayers and sacrifices had been offered, "the Lord commanded the angel, and he put up his sword again into the sheath thereof."

There are numerous other legends connecting the Virgin with places of worship, but they are chiefly interesting as proving the extent of the wonderful and miraculous powers attributed to her. For instance, we read how St. Herman when a child passed every day on his way to school the church dedicated to St. Mary at Cologne, and kneeling before the image of the Virgin and Child offered his prayers to them. Once carrying an apple that was his whole dinner, he held it towards the image, and the Virgin stretched forth her hand and took it, smiling, and gave it to the holy Infant, who also smiled. Another legend relates that the house in which she lived at Nazareth was, at the very time when in danger of being destroyed by the Turks, carried across the sea by angels and deposited first at Dalmatia, and afterwards at Loretto in Naples, and that a cathedral was built there, enclosing within the walls the sacred cottage. An equally strange tale relates that various heretics called in question the perpetual virginity of the Holy Virgin, and St. Ildefonso, Archbishop of Toledo, wrote a book in her defence. Therefore, when he entered his cathedral, during a midnight procession, he saw a blaze of light coming from the high altar. When he, alone of all the clergy, ventured up to it, he found the Virgin herself seated on his episcopal throne, surrounded by a great company of angels, and as he bowed to the ground before her she said, "Come hither, most faithful servant of God, and receive this which I have brought from the treasury of my Son." With these words she threw over him a chasuble and cassock of most heavenly tissue. It appears, however, that this wonderful robe was never to be worn, for when in after years the Archbishop of Lisberto attempted to sit on the ivory throne and array himself in the miraculous chasuble, he immediately died.

Nothing can show more plainly than these latter stories the absurdities which may take possession of the mind which pays devotion to any being less than the Divine manifest in Christ.

The picture of the Mother of our Saviour drawn by the Evangelists is not surely that of a woman who would expect or desire worship. Pure, tender, and loving she undoubtedly was, the type indeed of all that is good and most beautiful in the woman character. But whilst we cannot refrain from cherishing with affection and reverence the memory of her whom "all generations shall call blessed," still her worship is idolatry, and like all things base must sooner or later be destroyed.



Le Puy De Dôme.

Marksbury.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By SARAH DOUDNEY,

Author of "Stepping Stones," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—"AND WHAT IS FRIENDSHIP BUT A NAME?"

ON the day that followed the garden-party two women mutually avoided each other.

Rosa scarcely liked to own, even to herself, that she was reluctant to be alone with Myra, and yet such was verily the case. That garden-party had wrought a wonderful change in the self-possessed Mrs. Rose.

She had suddenly made the discovery that the heart she had thought so dead and cold, was alive and warm after all.

During her seven years of wandering with Mrs. Mornington, she had had admirers in plenty, and more than one earnest lover. An enraptured artist had painted her as the Lady of Shalott, and laid his heart at her feet before the picture was half finished; and a well-known novelist had chosen her as the heroine of his story, and had asked her to share his fortune before the third volume was completed. But Rosa had told them a brief tale of endless sorrow and widowhood, and they had left her in peace.

She had never for a moment supposed that she could love again. To dream of a second love would have been, she thought, a treason to the first love who was waiting for her long-delayed coming to the eternal home.

And then came the reunion with her child; but that reunion, instead of closing her heart

to other influences, had made her more open to receive new impressions. Her inner world had unclosed freely to the sun. Now that Essie was hers, she was gradually learning to think less and less of him who was gone.

She did not forget him. Forgetfulness, with such a faithful nature as hers, was impossible. But the dear image, which had once been the most distinct object in her life, was now softly veiled in mist. Sometimes, with a vague self-reproach, she would recall the face, the voice, the touch, and find that memory was answering less readily to her summons. The keen sense of loss was gone; the grave was still to be seen in her daily path, but it was nearly hidden under moss and flowers.

And now, when a new voice was beginning to stir her pulses, as his had once stirred them, she was almost overwhelmed with shame. Time and nature had been doing their common work in her life, filling up gaps and healing old wounds, but she failed to recognise them as the angels of God. Had she been strong enough she would have undone that silent work of years, and had her sorrow fresh and new again. But that could not be. We can no more revive a dead grief than we can reanimate a lifeless joy. Anguish and rapture have their little hour in our lives, and quietly perish in the merciful routine of daily existence.

There was another reason why she was trying to struggle against the new influence that was laying hold of all her thoughts. She dreaded the effect of the inevitable disclosure of her real name.

Major Lothian was one of those men to whom truth has been made doubly precious by falsehood. That first vision of Mrs. Rose, in her spotless robes, carrying the faintly scented white flowers, was still ever present in his mind. To him she was an embodiment of all that was fair and white: to have imagined just one speck on those snowy draperies would have half destroyed the spell. Her deceit would, in many eyes, have seemed merely a perfectly justifiable stratagem; but Major Lothian would not be able to look upon it in that light. In any other woman he might have condoned the offence easily enough. But there must be no soil on the plumage of a dove; no stain upon the petals of a white flower. And Mrs. Rose, if she would still reign as the Snow Queen, must be *sans reproche* as snow itself.

No declaration of love had as yet passed his lips, but Rosa could not fail to know herself beloved. Slight as their intercourse had been, its progress could be easily traced, and its end foreseen from the beginning.

In one of his loveliest poems, Théophile Gautier has endeavoured fancifully to explain the mystery of that sympathetic attachment which we call affinity. The love that seems a new-born passion between two strangers has, in the poet's dream, a far earlier origin. Deep in the vanished ages, these lovers loved in another guise, and perhaps in another fashion; and the affection of to-day is but the old feeling cast into a new shape. In her troubled yet not unhappy mood, Mrs. Rose fell to musing over that sweet fantasy until she almost taught herself to believe that there was nothing new in this lately revealed love.

In every look and tone of Major Lothian's there was something that seemed to recall a dimly remembered past. He was no stranger. Without effort the pair had glided into intimacy; their tastes harmonized, they had read the same books and thought the same thoughts. The happiness of being together was a perfectly familiar bliss. But where and when these spirits had met and blended Rosa could not tell, and she hung over Gautier's poem as if it verily contained a key to the mystery.

On the day of the garden-party Lucian Jervaux had been summoned away from home to attend to some law business, which would be likely to keep him in London for several days. There was a talk of the whole family running up to town in June, but meanwhile the May weather was balmy and bright, and fêtes of divers kinds were going on merrily in the country.

Most of the leading people of Marksbury were interesting themselves in a bazaar, which was about to be held in aid of a fund for soldiers' widows. The Jervaux household had been busily engaged in doll-dressing and all kinds of fancy work, and Mrs. Rose's services were in constant demand.

She had spent much of her time in the nursery dressing a whole family of dolls, to the great delight of Essie and Harper. The bazaar was to come off in Marksbury a few days after the garden-party; and as Mrs. Jervaux had consented to preside over a stall, it was understood that a good deal of assistance would have to be rendered by Rosa and Myra on the day of the sale.

As for Myra, she still continued to retain the subdued manner which had been the result of her conversation with Malcolm Ramsay.

There was no resentment now in her bearing to Mrs. Rose. She treated her, on the whole, with a more studied courtesy than she had ever displayed before; but she shunned all opportunities for close conversation, and did not go to her, as usual, to ask counsel concerning her dress.

All these signs of reserve were noticed by Rosa, and they made her heart ache.

It is seldom, perhaps, that we ever gain one heart without losing another, for a loss waits upon every gain like its shadow. The tide that laves the strand at our feet has left another shore bare; the sun that shines on us has doomed another land to night. Poor Myra, smarting still under an imaginary desertion, could not yet forgive Mrs. Rose for winning what Myra herself had failed to win.

So the sense of distance between these two was hourly increased. And the party, driving to Marksbury on the day of the bazaar, would have been unusually silent but for Essie's happy tongue.

The biggest wax doll on Mrs. Jervaux's stall had already been bespoken for the Queen of Hearts. That doll, splendid in bridal robes, was to be the chief object of admiration to a gazing crowd; but a pink ticket attached to her skirt would apprise all would-be purchasers that the charmer was disposed of. Nevertheless, Essie once or twice betrayed a little uneasiness respecting her beautiful bride, and required a great deal of reassurance from Mrs. Rose.

"Suppose somebody should *insist* on buying her," she said, with widening eyes. "Suppose some little girl should feel that she couldn't live without her—just as I did when I saw her finished."

"The little girls will have to control their feelings," Mrs. Rose replied. "The pink ticket will warn them to curb their desires. What a beautiful discipline it will be!"

"I do think it's almost too cruel," observed Mrs. Jervaux, laughing. "To feel that they are cut off from all possibility of possession! To feel that even if an indulgent parent deposits the price at her white satin feet, she can never be bought!"

"Never be bought!" echoed Essie with a triumphant and pitiless smile.

"It will be, as Mrs. Rose says, a beautiful discipline," remarked Myra bitterly. "Only she does not seem to see that Essie is in need of some such discipline herself. It can't be good for her to stand by and gloat over the thwarted desires of other little girls."

Mrs. Rose coloured. It was clear enough that Myra was hinting at a flaw in the child's training.

"Essie won't be glad that others are disappointed," she rejoined. "It will not please you if a little girl wants your doll, and is made sorry because she can't get it—eh, darling?"

But Essie's answer was not exactly what it ought to have been.

"For the Queen of Hearts."

"It will please me—rather," she admitted frankly.

Myra gave a short laugh of exultation. Mrs. Jervaux tried to appear properly shocked, but could not help betraying amusement.

Rosa, it must be admitted, showed rather more temper than the occasion demanded. The carmine flush deepened on her deli-

cate cheeks; her sweet mouth took a very unwonted expression.

"I am sorry, Essie—more sorry than I can now say," she said, almost sternly. "We will talk about this matter at another time; but you have made me feel very unhappy."

The Queen of Hearts was quite startled out of her ordinary composure. It was the first time that so sharp a reproof had ever issued from those gentle lips. The large hazel eyes filled with tears, and then the blue eyes, as if in sudden sympathy, filled too.

The carriage was now drawing near Marksbury, and Mrs. Jervaux observed these signs of emotion with exceeding discomfort. It seemed to her that they were positively on the verge of a scene. What could possess Mrs. Rose, who was usually so placid and self-controlled, to be agitated and annoyed by such a trifle?

Of course Myra was at the bottom of the unpleasantness; and her step-mother remembered that Myra, at the garden-party, had been not altogether unlike her old intractable self. But then a softer mood had set in; Mrs. Jervaux had noted, with gratification, the growing friendship with the Ramsays, and had entertained comforting hopes for the future. It now occurred to her, however, for the first time, that Mrs. Rose and Myra were evidently not on quite such familiar terms as usual.

She could not, of course, detect the undertone of bitter meaning in Myra's remarks. But Rosa understood it too well, and was filled with a kind of angry regret.

That unfortunate confession in the twilight was still fresh in the minds of both these young women. Mrs. Rose could not help feeling that the blame of having made it rested on Myra alone; she had done nothing to encourage Miss Jervaux's confidence, and could not accuse herself of having helped to build up a false hope. And yet her heart was full of the deepest compassion for the disappointed girl, and she was longing to be convinced that the wound was only a slight one.

That Essie should show the very spirit that Rosa most despised was too much for nerves already secretly unstrung. And Myra's taunting little laugh stung her painfully. She felt her self-control giving way, and was seized with a sudden desire to escape from Myra and the bazaar and everybody, and be alone and at peace.

Looking up into Mrs. Rose's face, and seeing her in tears, poor Essie was completely overcome. She broke forth into pitiful sobs; and Rosa, putting her arm round the child, drew her close to her breast.

"Never mind, dearest," she said. "I am sorry now that I dressed that unfortunate doll, and bought it for you. But you will know one day that I have tried to do my duty in teaching you good things. It would break my heart if you grew up unfeeling and selfish."

"My dear Mrs. Rose, there is no reason to be sorry about anything!" cried Mrs. Jervaux. "We all know how much we have to thank you for your good management of Essie. It grieves me to see you so distressed. I don't think Myra meant to hurt your feelings; but she spoke unwisely."

Myra, startled and astonished at the agitation she had caused, was already beginning to repent her ill-humour. She recollected that the Ramsays would be waiting to join her at the bazaar, and she did not want them to suspect that she was on bad terms with Mrs. Rose. Somehow the good opinion of Janet and her brother was really assuming an importance in her eyes. Still, she was not the girl to make concessions on the spur of the moment, and she said coldly—

"I am not prepared to admit that I was unwise, mamma. There certainly was truth in my remark, and Essie's answer proved that I was justified in making it."

"You were not justified in saying unpleasant things, and upsetting us all!" exclaimed the stepmother, losing her patience, and becoming really angry. "You are always taking trifles *au sérieux*, and making disturbances. But I will not have Mrs. Rose teased by unkind speeches."

Essie's sobs had ceased, and Rosa, rather ashamed of her emotion, had regained her composure. She smiled brightly at Mrs. Jervaux, but avoided looking in Myra's direction.

And then Myra was vexed with herself for not having said, readily and cheerfully, that she was sorry to have wounded Mrs. Rose.

The carriage approached a meadow, close to the town, where the fancy fair was to be held in a large tent. The sale was to begin at three in the afternoon; already it was half-past two, and all the other selling ladies were upon the spot, quite ready for action. Mrs. Jervaux and her companions were at once surrounded by a little group, and Rosa and Myra easily drifted apart. But they had to come together again when they put the finishing touches to the arrangement of their stall. Mrs. Jervaux, who,

even in her early days, had never taken any lively interest in bazaars, quickly subsided into an arm-chair, and was soon absorbed in a conversation with Mrs. Ramsay; and it was necessary that Myra and Mrs Rose should exchange a few remarks now and then.

Rosa, however, looked at, and spoke to, her colleague with a coldness that told she was seriously offended. She did not show the slightest disposition to make any advances, nor did she encourage Myra to chat in her usual unrestrained fashion. She was frigidly courteous, and Myra, naturally wayward, began to wish passionately that she could win back Mrs. Rose's former friendliness.

Janet Ramsay and Mrs. Clive had taken charge of Mrs. Ramsay's stall, and, busy as Rosa was, she could not help seeing that the young matron gave her many a pleasant glance and smile. She was but slightly acquainted with Mrs. Clive; but Angus Lothian, always quietly enthusiastic about his friends, had given her some description of sweet Amy and her ways.

There is, perhaps, no stronger proof of our liking for a person than the interest we take in his associates. The hands that he has touched, the voices he has listened to, acquire a dearness altogether independent of personal charms. We pass in the street some friend of his, and our hearts throb unaware; here is one, we say, who has shared with us the pleasure of familiar intercourse with our best beloved. And Rosa, now becoming all too conscious of the state of her own feelings, found herself watching Amy Clive's sweet face with an irrepressible desire to know her better. It was a relief to look from Myra to Mrs. Clive—a relief to turn from the moody, dissatisfied girl to the peaceful young wife and mother. And yet if Mrs. Rose could have been vouchsafed a glimpse into the hidden future, she might have seen Myra as calm and blest, albeit not so beautiful, as sweet Amy Clive.

CHAPTER XV.—"BUT THERE'S NO TURNING BACK."

It was about five o'clock, and the great tent was so crowded with throngs of fashionables that the fair saleswomen had plenty of real work to do. Myra, who had been won back to good-humour by the pleasant words and ways of the Ramsays, was entering into the spirit of the hour, and performing her task with genuine zeal.

Malcolm Ramsay had stationed himself at her side, giving most efficient help in his quiet manner. More than once both had spoken of the universal admiration excited by Mrs. Rose, who that day was looking her very best. But although Malcolm openly admired Rosa, he pointedly devoted himself and his services to Myra Jervaux. And as the girl's heart grew lighter and the clouds cleared away from her mind, she began to wonder inwardly at her own foolish jealousy.

After all, she owned to herself, there were few women whose heads could stand flattery as Mrs. Rose had done. She was beginning now to see Rosa and her conduct in a new light; quite unconsciously, too, she was looking at the young widow from a man's point of view. She had followed Malcolm Ramsay to his standpoint, and was regarding Rosa as he regarded her.

She now beheld in Mrs. Rose a woman most bountifully gifted by nature and chastened and refined by early sorrow. Cheerful, but never gay; sweet, but never insinuating; frank, but never free, Rosa's manner was just the manner that best becomes an acknowledged beauty. And seeing her so openly courted and sought, yet so quiet withal, Myra's respect for her hourly strengthened.

The number of loungers and buyers was still increasing when Malcolm Ramsay received a sudden summons. Looking over the people's heads, he saw Major Clive beckoning.

"I will come back in a moment," he said to Myra; and then quietly made his way through the throng.

He was as good as his word. Only a few minutes elapsed before Myra found him by her side again, his calm face a little flushed, and a look of unusual earnestness in his eyes.

"You are one of us," he whispered. "You know all that we have been hoping and fearing for Major Lothian. Well, that woman—Mrs. Heath—has come here."

"Is he here, too?" Myra asked anxiously.

"Clive expects him every minute. Of course he will make straight for this stall, and we want her to find him fully occupied with Mrs. Rose."

"And how is it to be managed?"

"You must persuade your friend to go with him to the refreshment tent. Tell her that you won't have any tea yourself till she has been served. We are all depending on your tact, you see."

Pleased and flattered by the confidence reposed in her, Myra cast all her old feelings of jealousy to the winds. In the next moment Major Lothian and Harold Clive appeared in front of the stall; and she

felt herself to be fully equal to the occasion.

"You must have been working hard," said Angus Lothian to Mrs. Rose, when the first greetings had passed. "Isn't it time to take a little rest, and get some air and some tea?"

But Rosa shook her head.

"Indeed, you ought to snatch a few minutes," said Myra, coming to Mrs. Rose's side. "Do go with Major Lothian—please do, or I shall think that you are still offended with me."

Rosa looked at the pleading face with surprise, and then hesitated.

"Don't refuse," Myra persisted. "Mr. Ramsay will take me out when you return. Pray go at once, dear Mrs. Rose."

So Myra gained her point, and Rosa's smile plainly told her that she had won back her friend. She saw the pair depart without even the faintest pang, and then turned to Malcolm, like a child, to receive her due meed of praise.

Mrs. Rose, with her hand on Major Lothian's arm, was conducted gently through the crowd, and looked upon all the faces around her as if she beheld them in a dream. She was happy in spite of inward whisperings, happy, although she wished that they were miles away from this fashionable throng, with only the birds and flowers to bear them company.

This new love of hers was rapidly strengthening her aversion to a worldly existence. An affair of the heart too often thrives badly in a society life; it flourishes best in "untrodden ways" and beside still waters. And Rosa knew the world quite well enough to dread its blighting influence on her happiness.

As yet she had made no enemies. Myra's resentment, soon kindled, was as easily extinguished; Malcolm Ramsay's attentions had quickly consoled her for the loss of her fancied admirer. From Myra, then, Mrs. Rose had nothing to fear; but there were others whose eyes were beginning to follow the pair with those evil glances that bode ill for a newly-born affection.

Major Lothian had not yet outlived his reputation. His story was still fresh in people's minds, and it was also generally known that good private means made an appropriate background for his blushing honours. Even the Victoria Cross is a decoration that requires to be set in gold; mothers and daughters, weaving their spells for the wearer, were perfectly aware that they were scheming for something more substantial than a mere hero.

That inevitable question, "Who is she?" would fill the air around Mrs. Rose. She knew it; she could fancy that she heard it softly spoken on all sides, and she knew too well how much malignity there may be in those low trained voices. Far away in Deanwood, Polly at the mill and Nancy of the inn would have "had it out" about some rustic beau in tones that could have been heard from one end of the village to the other. But even a sounding slap, instantly returned, would never deter these country lasses from future reconciliation. And poor Rosa could not help thinking that she would rather have had one of Polly's hearty smacks than Mrs. Grundy's fatal whisper and insidious smile.

Just at the door of the tent they came suddenly upon three ladies who were slowly making their entrance. One was old, the second middle-aged, the third young and beautiful—so beautiful that Mrs. Rose's gaze rested upon her at once with involuntary admiration.

It was a face that might have belonged to a marquise of Louis the Fourteenth's time, with its brilliant complexion and diamond-bright dark eyes, and the whole figure of the woman was pervaded by a sort of graceful restlessness that told of irrepressible vitality and vivacity. Creamy lace and golden satin ribbon brought out the ripe pomegranate of the cheek and lips, and there was something about this beauty that reminded Rosa of the splendour of a tropical flower, a flush and glow that seemed to cast all paler charms into the shade.

La belle marquise returned Rosa's look with one flashing glance, and then stopped abruptly in front of the couple.

"Angus," she said, holding out a plump little hand, perfectly gloved, and speaking in a clear silvery voice.

And then Mrs. Rose knew by instinct that Major Lothian's old love was standing before her, with feeling, real or simulated, sparkling in those bright dark eyes.

Lookers-on, well accustomed to such scenes, might have perceived that each woman was silently gathering up her forces and preparing for a trial of strength. At the first sight of this antagonist all Rosa's doubts and fears were forgotten in an instant.

She had heard the whole story of Mabel Conway's treachery and Angus Lothian's suffering, and the protective instinct at once awakened in her nature. She would

guard this man by her side from the evil enchantress and her spells; ay, rather than yield him back to that woman, she would unlock the casket of her own heart, and let him see the treasure that she had been hiding from his sight.

She glanced up in his face to see how he bore the shock of the meeting. There were lines on that face that had not been graven there by war, or climate, or sickness, although all those had left their distinct traces. But there were other signs that told of unfaith, and bitterness, and disappointed dreams; and these signs would never be worn away till the sleep of eternal peace had smoothed them out. In many lives there are cruel crises; times when men have plunged into wild excess, or have gone to meet their death in battle, just because they have mistaken the false for the true. There is, perhaps, no agony like the agony of being deceived; and it was this bitter trial that had stamped Major Lothian's features with the furrows that no after happiness could ever quite efface.

As Mrs. Heath's eyes met his, a flush mounted to his very forehead; but this was the only token of agitation. She was standing before him, her beauty more radiant than when he had beheld her last, her face lit up with the old earnest look that had made it so hard to doubt her truth. And yet, after the first thrill of recognition, his nerves were quieted in a moment, and he greeted her with perfect calmness.

It has been finely said by an American writer that "where a true love has once bolted the door, a false one serenades in vain under the window." A true love had now got full possession of Major Lothian's heart, and the voice of the false charmer charmed in vain.

"You are a good deal changed," said Mrs. Heath, and there was perhaps a touch of real emotion in her tone. She recalled the healthful, boyish face that she had known years ago, and looked wistfully at the hollow cheeks and sad eyes that confronted her to-day. It is probable, too, that she might have recognised some of her own handiwork, and have felt a faint pain of remorse.

"Yes, time and climate have been rather hard on me," he answered, smiling. "But you are looking bright enough, Mrs. Heath."

He uttered her name with unruffled composure. And this coolness set her heart beating, and crimsoned her cheeks with a sense of defeat. She glanced again, almost insolently, at his companion.

"We must have a long talk about old times," she said, as he was moving away. "You mustn't forsake old friends entirely."

"I never forsake a friend," he replied, laying a slight emphasis on the last word.

Mrs. Rose, who had steadily returned her look, saw the scarlet lips compressed tightly for an instant, and caught a dangerous glitter in the dark eyes.

"*Au revoir*," Mrs. Heath said lightly, and Rosa and Major Lothian passed on.

In silence they crossed the little space of sward that separated the large marquee from the small tent where refreshments were served. In this tent there were but few persons; a quiet nook, made pleasant with flowers and ferns, was easily found, and having supplied Rosa's wants, her companion brought a chair to her side.

"You don't care about going back into that stifling crowd just yet," he said, drawing a breath of relief. "Miss Jervaux and her cavalier will work very well without your assistance. It is deliciously cool and quiet here."

"I am beginning to pine for quietness," Rosa remarked. "This life is altogether too gay for me."

"You have withdrawn yourself very much from society of late," he answered. "One has hardly caught a glimpse of you. Tell me what it is that has taken the sweetness out of these gaieties?"

"I have never found much sweetness in them," she confessed, knowing that his soft, sad eyes were watching her intently. "And lately I have been feeling a little like Mrs. Browning's tired child at a show, 'who sees through tears the jugglers leap.'"

"I have had quite enough of the jugglers myself," rejoined Angus with more energy than usual. "And one knows all the stale old tricks so well! The wonder is that I could ever have found them interesting. A clean life, a quiet conscience, a steady resolve to face one's duties whatever they may be—these are the things that make peace in the heart, and keep us from being disgusted with ourselves and the whole world!"

"And peace is the best thing on earth," said Rosa gently. "It is a gift that we need never part with, and never can part with, unless we let the world into our souls. And there is a danger of its creeping into one's soul if one never goes into retreat at all."

"I, too, am pining to go into retreat," he remarked, bending a little nearer to her. "I should like to bury myself in some quiet spot with some one who is very good and

" You did not show much mercy to your brother! "—Page 747.

true. A few moments ago I was thinking how terrible a thing falseness is, and how awful it would be to spend one's life with a false woman!"

Rosa's heart gave a sudden throb of pain. What would he say to her deception?

"They say that truth comes more easily to men than to women," he went on. "That we can reach our end by a straight road, while they are forced to tread crooked ways. I have tried to accept these excuses for them; I have even tried to believe that one woman, who was false to me, was equally false to her real self. But that kind of reasoning won't do. Nothing but absolute truthfulness would ever satisfy me now."

His glance had wandered away from Rosa for a moment, and his thoughts had drifted back to the past. But the present was too sweet to be lost sight of for more than a second or two.

His eyes returned to her face as if to seek rest and refreshment in its calm beauty. And then he started to see that she was as pale as the white roses that she wore—a pallor so striking that even a waiting-woman left her trays, and drew near with a look of concern. But Rosa quietly motioned her away.

"You are just fagged to death," he said tenderly. "These bazaars are horrid things. You shan't go back into that sickening place again."

"Indeed, I must go back," she murmured.

"Indeed, you must not. Why won't you let me take care of you? Do you suppose that I can look on calmly and let you waste your strength?"

"I am not quite such a poor creature as I seem," she said, trying to rally her powers. "But I was not made to live always in society, it takes the life out of me. In fact, I am making plans to run away and hide myself in a little cottage in the country."

"Not alone?" he asked.

"I hope to take Essie with me. It would be scarcely possible to live without her now."

"And will the child's companionship suffice you?"

She hesitated, and the blood rushed back into her cheeks. A little while ago she could have said "Yes" truthfully enough; but if the word were uttered now it would be a falsehood. And poor Rosa was feeling such an intense loathing of even a conventional equivocation that she could not force herself to speak an affirmative.

"I—shall devote myself to her," she said, almost confusedly.

"But not always. You may form new ties, and find new interests. Is it wise to take the charge of this little girl entirely on yourself?"

"Yes, I am sure it is," she answered more firmly. "In finding her I have found my mission."

Major Lothian smiled indulgently; the smile of a man who feels that even the best women must have their little absurdities.

"This is your pet bit of romance," he said, again drawing closer to her side. "But circumstances alter sometimes, and then our hobbies become our burdens."

She was silent, feeling how little he understood the true state of the case, and realising more and more the difficulty into which she had plunged herself.

Oh, if she could but have lived her past over again, how differently she would have acted! If she could only have gone back to the day on which she found herself an heiress and started on her path afresh, it would have been a far straighter road. But the question was, how was she to get out of her crooked way? It had seemed very easy at first to carry out her scheme and leave everything to time and chance; and she had never dreamed that she was coming to the Bushes to find not only a daughter but a lover

"Essie will never become a burden, that is quite impossible," she said after a pause, and he saw that her face was troubled.

"But doesn't it occur to you that this child, interesting as she is, may yet be superseded in your affections? She is not, after all, a part of yourself; and she never can be to you what a child of your own would be."

Rosa felt as if the throbbing of her pulses would stop her breath. Her lips paled and parted, and a frightened look came into her eyes; a look that Angus Lothian had never seen there before.

And then he suddenly remembered something that had been told him after he first saw Mrs. Rose—something about a baby lost very early in her brief married life and always mourned for.

What a brute he had been! There were little mysteries of loss and yearning in the lives of all good women, and it ill became a man to meddle clumsily with such sacred things. This woman beside him, who looked no older than a lovely girl, had been a wife and mother; and he was forgetting it, and wooing her as if she were ignorant of life's holiest experiences.

Could he wonder that she was agitated and distressed by his thoughtless words? A

great wave of tenderness swept over him as he looked at her; and the desire to gather her into his arms became painfully strong.

He wanted to tell her that life had richer blessings in store for her than she had ever known—that the devotion of his manhood would make royal amends for her sorrowful youth. He wanted to break down all the frivolous barriers of conventionality, and speak as a man to a woman, reverently, yet boldly, with only God standing by.

But he could not speak as he wished in that gay tent, with those waiting-girls in their smart caps and aprons looking on. Many a good-natural impulse is stifled for lack of fresh air to breathe in. Other couples were entering the tent, bringing with them the artificial perfumes and unreal chatter of society; and as the scents and sounds of the fashionable world came drifting in, both Angus and Mrs. Rose felt that their hour was over.

They rose from their seats and went back, almost in silence, to the large marquee. And it is a noteworthy fact that Major Lothian never thought of the possibility of a second meeting with Mrs. Heath; one woman had so completely swept the other out of his mind that he had nearly forgotten his encounter with his old love.

But Mrs. Heath, although she had mingled with the crowd and was laughing and flirting and making bargains as all the rest were doing, had by no means forgotten her former lover. Those dark eyes of hers glittered with expectation; she was ever on the watch, ever on the alert, while she chaffered and chatted with the merriest. And all the while some one was watching *her*, with a grim smile and a cold triumph in his face.

It was Harold Clive, contemptuously courteous, who had stationed himself near *la belle marquise*, and was closely observing her words and ways.

"Here comes Lothian again," he said at last, speaking distinctly into her ear. "By the way, Mrs. Heath, what do you think of the new beauty?"

"What beauty? I didn't know there were any beauties here," she retorted.

"There she is, on Lothian's arm. And worth looking at, isn't she?"

"Ah, yes; a Burne Jones kind of woman. Isn't it astonishing how they manage to bring the hair to the true æsthetic red? She has certainly dyed hers very artistically; but I am not fond of the colour."

"And the eyes. Is there any dye for producing the deep blue?"

"I don't know; I dare say there is. Poor Angus Lothian, what a wreck he has become! he is all angles, and wrinkles, and cheek-bones."

And then Mrs. Heath retreated smilingly, thinking within herself that Harold Clive had not got the best of it, and yet feeling as if her own intense heart-burning must needs betray itself if she lingered longer in the tent.

She had very little sentiment, this brilliant dark woman, but she possessed a monstrous vanity that, when wounded, was capable of acute suffering.

Moreover, as a rich matron, she found time hang heavily on her hands, and she had looked forward with secret pleasure to the meeting with her old love. Excitement was always pleasant; it would be amusing to draw out his memories of the past, and make soft excuses for her faithlessness. And Angus was sure to believe them all; it had always been so easy to make him believe anything.

But it was not the old Angus who had met her that day. It was a calm, dignified man, shielded doubly by his true self-respect and the pure influence of a real love.

CHAPTER XVI.—"I NOW AM FULL RESOLVED TO TAKE A WIFE."

THEY were putting out the lights in the great tent, and heaping unsold articles into boxes and baskets, when Major Lothian seized another moment alone with Mrs. Rose.

"Are you still so tired?" he whispered, wrapping a light woollen shawl round her shoulders.

"Not quite," she answered, avoiding his eyes, and yet feeling an uncontrollable thrill of gladness as his hands gently touched her.

"I wish I could come to the Bushes to-morrow," he said. "I have so much to say to you. But there is some weary law business that must be settled before we meet again. Promise me that you will take care of yourself till then."

"I take care of myself always," she answered, with a shy smile.

"It won't be necessary for you to do it any longer. That is, if you are willing to trust yourself to me."

What was Major Lothian about? Mrs. Jervaux came up to the pair just in time to check Rosa's reply; and then at last her eyes were opened to the true state of things. Major Lothian was plainly making love to Mrs. Rose; it was impossible to mistake his

look and manner. And, old woman though she was, Mrs. Jervaux recalled with a pang those glances and tones that had once made her life so sweet.

She sighed as Rosa seated herself beside her in the carriage. The big house at home would be dull without Mrs. Rose's sweet face and pleasant ways; moreover, there were certain signs that told her that Myra, too, would be flitting by-and-by. She had wished to see her step-daughter married, and yet how dreary it would be to live all alone with Lucian! Not all alone with him, however; Essie would be the pet and plaything of the household for many a year to come.

As to Lucian, he was quite settled in his steady bachelor life. Poor Henry's luckless marriage had frozen a heart already cold, and it was not probable that Lucian's dislike to matrimony would ever be overcome. He was one of those men who find the services of well-trained servants and a good cook quite sufficient for their lives.

And yet he, too, would find life more uninteresting when Mrs. Rose had left the Bushes. He had taken pleasure in her company, and paid her marked deference always, and he had been the means of introducing her into their domestic circle.

It was not yet very late, the carriage turned in at the gates at five-and-twenty minutes to eleven, and the sweet scents of dewy flowers and shrubs came drifting in to the three silent women as they leaned back in their corners. Mrs. Jervaux bent forward and looked at the lighted windows of the drawing-room. In all probability Lucian had returned from town, and the stepmother resolved to have a chat with him that very night before she went to rest.

She was feeling a little discomfited and disturbed. If Major Lothian meant to take Mrs. Rose away very soon, what would become of Essie and her training? And then there were Myra and her prospects to be discussed. Mrs. Jervaux owed it to Lucian to keep him informed of all that deeply concerned his sister.

It would be easy enough to send both the young ladies off to their rooms. Both were tired, and both were evidently occupied with their own meditations. Just before the carriage stopped at the terrace steps Mrs. Jervaux addressed them in a motherly tone.

"You had better go up-stairs at once, my dears," she said. "Jane will bring you some refreshments before you sleep; you have had a most tiring day."

"I am scarcely awake," murmured Myra.

"And Mrs. Rose is terribly fagged. N do be ruled by me, and go to rest at once."

They needed little pressing. Without ling ing a moment in the hall they walked strai up-stairs to their respective chambers, and M Jervaux entered the drawing-room alone.

Lucian, in his favourite arm-chair, w lazily amusing himself with newspapers. H greeted his step-mother with his usual bla smile, and threw the papers aside to prep for conversation.

"You must be all quite used up," he marked in a sympathetic tone. "The bazaars are ridiculous things."

"It has gone off very well," Mrs. Jerva replied, "but I am unfeignedly thankful th it is over; to me, all these affairs are a gre nuisance. I have been looking on while t young people did the work."

"Yet you seem very tired, *belle-mere*."

"I am thoroughly worn out. Wherev there are young women, there mu be anxiety."

"What anxiety have they caused you t day?" asked Lucian eagerly. "Has My been doing anything odd?"

"No, she has behaved extremely we But Malcolm Ramsay is becoming qui marked in his attentions, and she shows good deal of pleasure in them."

"Well, there can be no great objection t him," the brother responded. "We shoul have liked more money, but if Myra satisfied we will let the matter go on. H connections are unexceptionable."

"Yes, I think her father would have ap proved of him," said Mrs. Jervaux, sighing "Still, I am feeling a little worried to-night it is so unsettling to see philandering goin on furiously on all sides. Just as we wer leaving the place I caught Major Lothia making love to Mrs. Rose."

Lucian started from his chair as if he ha been stung, and stood bolt upright, lookin down on his step-mother with a face that pos tively frightened her.

"Making love! Are you sure of it? Bu you ladies are always so imaginative. I don' believe it."

He jerked out the words in a harsh tone and Mrs. Jervaux felt all her nerves quivering What did this unwonted excitement por tend? Some dim glimmering of a direfu truth began to steal into her mind, and she answered in a trembling voice,

"You would have believed it if you had seen them. I am not sure that he has already proposed, but I am certain that he means to do so."

"He shan't have her!" muttered Lucian, oarse with passion. "I will speak to her nyself to-morrow. I mean her to be my ife, and I must win her! I have never een any other woman that I cared to marry. Iow dared he think of her!"

"I am very much startled," said poor Mrs. ervaux feebly. "If you had confided in ne, Lucian, I would have kept a watch upon ll her actions."

"You mean well, I know," he rejoined, vith more gentleness. "But I didn't want o talk about my feelings, and I thought you vould see my intentions."

"I always believed that you would never narry, Lucian."

"I never wanted to marry till I saw her. My hour is come. I tell you that I must ave her."

"I hope she doesn't think seriously of Major Lothian," Mrs. Jervaux remarked uneasily.

"Why should she think seriously of him? I have had a better chance than his. We ave lived under one roof, she and I, and we ave had opportunities of studying each ther. Does she know that I care for her?"

"How can I tell, Lucian? I did not, myelf, discover your attachment; and, honestly, don't think that she suspects it in the least."

"Why shouldn't she suspect it? Why hould you all be so blind?"

"Because we all looked on you as a conrmed bachelor. Myra has said so a hunred times in Mrs. Rose's presence."

"Confound Myra! But Mrs. Rose would ot notice her empty chatter. Her instincts vould tell her that Myra was as wrong as sual."

"I don't believe they have told her anyning."

As Mrs. Jervaux spoke she rose from her hair with a heavy sigh. Her confidential hat with her step-son had taken a very unleasant turn, and she heartily wished that he had followed the young ladies instead of ntering the drawing-room.

It was all disagreeable and strange, and et she sincerely sympathised with Lucian. t was quite true that they had been blind, nd she began to fear that they had innoently blinded Mrs. Rose. Perhaps if the oung widow had not been so frequently told iat Lucian was a confirmed bachelor, she ight have seen a meaning in his attentions.

Mrs. Jervaux was not at all unwilling that er son should marry Mrs. Rose. She was uite ready to retire into a small house with ssie and Harper, and leave the Bushes to a ounger mistress. And if only there had been no doubts concerning the state of Mrs. Rose's mind, she would have received Lucian's avowal with genuine satisfaction. But there were very grave doubts indeed. Something of womanly shrewdness remained to her still, and she remembered the quick flush which Major Lothian's whisper had brought to that fair cheek. She recollected, too, that he had spent some minutes in arranging the woollen shawl; and she reflected that a woman does not permit a man to linger lovingly about her unless she finds a pleasure in the proximity.

And then how silent Mrs. Rose had been as they drove homeward. Once or twice she had responded quite absently to Mrs. Jervaux's remarks, and there had been a dreamy look on her face as she went up-stairs to her room. When Mrs. Jervaux recalled these little signs of a preoccupied heart, she sadly told herself that Lucian's chances of success were very poor indeed.

The house was quite still when she went slowly to her chamber. Essie had been sent home early, and had been asleep for hours before the others returned from the bazaar, and her grandmother thought sorrowfully of the shadow that would soon fall on that bright little spirit. If Mrs. Rose refused Lucian her stay at the Bushes would come quickly to an end. She was not the woman to remain in a house after she had rejected the hand of its master.

To part with Mrs. Rose would be an agony to Essie. It was impossible that they could ever fill the place of this beautiful, gifted woman who had exerted so strong an influence over them all. Mrs. Jervaux herself was conscious how sorely she should miss the cultivated companion, to whom she had opened her heart with an unwonted freedom. Truly she had never seen any one whom she had so much desired to have as a daughter. In Mrs. Rose all the qualities that she most admired were happily combined. Dignity, sweetness, intellectual powers—all were there; and rare tears filled her eyes as she thought of the long farewell that would perhaps very soon be spoken.

"If I value anything I am sure to lose it," she mused sadly. "I ought to have got used to losses, but I am getting strangely weak-hearted in my old age." And then (she knew not why) the vision of a certain boyish face returned suddenly to her memory. She saw Henry Jervaux looking at her with those large hazel eyes that had always seemed to be mutely asking for love, and she remembered that no love had been given to him.

She had bestowed upon the child all the affection that had been denied to the father. Essie had been rescued from poverty and obscurity to become a household darling, carefully nurtured and cherished. Nevertheless there were moments when Mrs. Jervaux's conscience reminded her that nothing could ever atone for the harshness to Henry; and this thought often rested heavily on a spirit already bowed by increasing years.

Mrs. Rose slept peacefully through the night hours, and was ready to rise and appear in the breakfast-room at the usual time. In spite of doubts and difficulties she could not help feeling herself a happy woman. She loved and was beloved; the consciousness enfolded her life like the summer sunshine, and she could not brood over the perplexities of her lot. As she went down-stairs she began, unconsciously, to sing an old song in an under-tone. Not a fashionable drawing-room song, but a simple rustic ballad learnt at Deanwood years ago.

If love is a reality in a woman's heart it always renews her youth. She is never, perhaps, more utterly a child in spirit than at the time when she is about to become a wife. And Rosa longed that morning to go out into the fields with Essie and the dolls, and make daisy-chains, just as she had done in her childish days.

Mrs. Jervaux and Lucian were already in the breakfast-room when she entered; and if she had been less preoccupied she might have noticed a certain constraint in the manner of the former. The old lady looked pale and worn, and spoke in a lower tone than usual, but Lucian was flushed, and his eyes were bright with suppressed excitement. Myra was too sleepy to rise, and the three sat down to breakfast without her.

"Are you not glad that the bazaar is over?" said Lucian to Mrs. Rose.

"Yes," she replied; "and yet it was not half so tedious as I expected. You have no idea what a capital saleswoman Myra made; I think she outdid everybody. Her spirit never seemed to flag."

"Oh, Myra is strong enough for anything! But the fatigue must have been too great for you."

"Do I look much the worse for it?"

She asked the question with the frankest of smiles, and the blue eyes looked into his with all the candour of a child. Mrs. Jervaux, glancing sadly across the table, drew her own conclusions from that utter lack of embarrassment.

"No, it hasn't hurt you," answered Lucian a little huskily. "I did not think you could have stood it all so well."

"I am an unintentional humbug," said Rosa laughing. "People are always taking me for a feeble invalid, and then they are astonished at the amount of work I can get through."

"I wish I had been able to help you yesterday," Lucian remarked.

"We had a great deal of help," she responded. "Mr. Ramsay was ever at Myra's side, and Major Clive was most kind and useful."

"Then I am to conclude that I was not wanted?"

"By no means. We should have been very glad of your services."

"We all wanted you, Lucian," said Mrs. Jervaux kindly. "As to the young ladies, they can get cavaliers in plenty; but I am an old woman, and I missed your attentions."

The breakfast-room was pleasantly situated, with French windows looking upon the smooth greensward, bounded by the shrubberies. The turf was strewn with the light blossoms of fruit trees; gay anemones and ranunculuses glistened in the fresh morning light. As Rosa was leaving the table she gave a longing glance at the bright scene out of doors, and found herself inwardly disinclined to settle to the duties of the day.

The breakfast-room opened into the library, a smaller but still prettier apartment, where Mrs. Jervaux's hyacinths filled a flower-table, and every article of furniture told of frequent and familiar use. In this room the General had been wont to sit when there were letters to be written or new books to be read; and here his widow came often, to escape, perhaps, from Myra's piano, or to recall those happier days. Some of the old school-books were still kept here, and it was to search for one of these that Rosa turned her steps to the library.

She was quickly followed by Lucian, who instantly shut the door of communication between the two rooms, and came towards her with a face that was now very pale.

"I want to talk with you for a few minutes, Mrs. Rose," he said.

She paused by the open window, and looked up at him, candidly, with surprised eyes. The day was calm and sweet, only a soft breeze moved the lace curtains, and stirred a loose tress of her bright hair as she stood confronting him, looking very fresh and girlish in her chintz gown.

There was an awkward moment of silence, for words did not come readily to his lips;

and Rosa's glance wandered away to a yellow butterfly that went flitting gaily through the sunbeams.

"I love you," he said at last, speaking hurriedly and in a broken voice. "You are the first woman I ever have loved and wanted to make my wife! It seems impossible that you can have lived here all these weeks without discovering my feelings. I hardly know why I have not spoken out before; but now—now I can keep silence no longer."

All the soft rose-tints had faded out of Mrs. Rose's face, leaving it as white and cold as marble. She drew back a step, as if to put a greater distance between them, and her eyes met his with a strange look that was half sad, half defiant. He would have gone on speaking, but she lifted her hand, almost solemnly, to warn him to be silent.

"If I had only known!" she said, drawing a long breath. "But I never thought of this. You will believe me when I say that I never once suspected it?"

"You were blinded;—it was quite natural," he cried hastily. "They were all persuaded that I should not marry, and you adopted their notions. But——"

"Hush, Mr. Jervaux. In another minute you will not wonder that I have interrupted you; in another minute your love will probably have turned to something very like hate."

"Ah, I know what you are going to say," he broke out passionately. "Some one has been before me;—it was what I feared;—yet, Mrs. Rose——"

"Oh, hush, for heaven's sake!" she entreated. "Let me tell you the bitter truth that ought never to have been concealed. You do not know whom you are wooing, Mr. Jervaux!"

"You are trying to get up a mystery," he said, struggling to recover his self-control, and speak in his old hard manner.

"There has been a mystery too long; there must be nothing but the plainest dealing now," she answered. "If I hesitate it is because I shrink from striking a blow; and yet—you did not show much mercy to your brother!"

"What had my brother to do with you?" he asked.

"My name is Rosa Rose Jervaux; and I am Henry's widow. I am that low-born creature who was supposed to have entrapped a weak boy into a ruinous marriage;—I am the unfortunate mother whom you forced to sign away the right to reclaim her child! It was to win that child's heart in spite of you all that I came here, by your invitation. You paved the way for me; you opened your doors, and I entered them. Look at me;—do you see any resemblance to that picture of the buxom milkmaid that you painted so cleverly? Do you still censure your dead brother for those low tastes that led him to make me his wife?"

Her face had changed again as she spoke; the cheeks were dyed now with the deep carmine of excitement; the blue eyes shone like jewels. Yet the voice was not raised above its usual sweet key; and she stood perfectly still, with the morning sunshine lighting up all that singular beauty which had wrought such a change in the cold heart of Lucian Jervaux.

"God help me!" he said suddenly and brokenly. "I am very miserable."

Her look softened in a moment.

"Forgive me," she pleaded, almost humbly. "I did not come to make you unhappy;—I only came for my child. And now that I have won her love I will take her away and never come back any more. You need not see me again; I will not cross your path in the future. But try to remember that I shall think of you kindly—as a brother—always."

She turned and left the room by another door before he could hardly realise that she was gone.

For some moments he remained standing motionless by the window, trying feebly to grope his way through the thick darkness that had fallen so suddenly on his life. It was altogether such a cruel bewilderment, such a dreadful destruction of the first real love that he had ever known!

It seemed to him, as he stood there, as if the woman he had loved had never had any existence at all. She had been a myth, a phantom, as unreal as the German Elle-maid; and all the feeling that he had lavished upon her had been mere waste. Mrs. Rose was gone for ever, and in her stead had come his brother's widow, Rosa Jervaux.

The sun was still shining brightly; the butterfly that her glance had followed was still fluttering over the flowers. He left his station by the window, and went mechanically to an arm-chair beside the writing-table. The shock had unnerved him; he felt weary and spent, and he leaned back on the cushions of the chair and closed his eyes, almost wishing that he might never open them again.

And then he began to see the past more clearly than he had ever seen it before. He was not dreaming nor thinking, but simply *seeing*;—beholding his own life in its true light.

He saw the sweet-tempered, gentle boy-brother who had been for years an object of secret envy and dislike; he remembered, quite clearly, all the little artifices which he had used to make Henry unpopular with his step-mother. Every meanness, every misrepresentation that he had practised without the least remorse in those old days, was now recognised and abhorred. Those small bits of spite that had seemed so harmless then, how they had paved the way to the false dealing that had kept Henry from his father's death-bed, and sent the young husband to his early grave, uncared for and unforgiven!

For the first time it now began to dawn upon his mind that there is such a thing as retribution. Hitherto he had dealt out his measure without any fear that it would be meted to him again. And now, now he could see plainly enough that his own life, with all its ease and prosperity, was a poorer life than Henry's had ever been.

He had done his utmost to make Henry a poor man, and he had certainly succeeded in making him acquainted with poverty. But what of this strange new poverty of heart that he was feeling now? What of this sudden sense of loss and desolation, this emptiness which made him shrink from looking into himself?

At last the rustle of a dress and the unclosing of a door startled him out of his reverie. She had come back, perhaps; but no, it was only his step-mother who entered softly, with a slow step and a care-worn face.

"She has told me everything, Lucian," said Mrs. Jervaux, anxious to spare her stepson the pain of speaking the first word. "And she is going out of the house at once."

"At once? Then you have quarrelled with her; that was quite useless."

"There has been no quarrel. How can one feel strong enough to quarrel after such a crushing blow?"

"But this abrupt departure,—what will people think of it?" asked Lucian, rising and pacing the room, as the world rushed back into his mind again. Miserable as he was, he felt that he must look and act as if nothing had happened. His mask was waiting for him outside the door, and he must take it up and put it on, lest men should see his bitter grief and humiliation.

"They will think that she has received a sudden summons, that is all. I find that Harper has been in her secret all the while."

There was a silence, only broken by the sound of Lucian's footsteps as he still strode up and down the room. Mrs. Jervaux had spoken in a calm tone; but she was trembling a little, and her face looked very old and tired.

"I wish we had acted differently at first," Lucian said, pausing suddenly in his rapid walk. "I wish I had taken the testimony of that fool of a clergyman; he declared that Henry's widow was not a girl to be ashamed of! But it is too late now; I suppose we can hardly blame her for playing us all this wretched trick."

"She bitterly blames herself," Mrs. Jervaux answered. "Her distress is very great. She seems quite to forget that she has had reason to complain of our former harshness. All that she thinks of now is the trouble that she has brought into the household."

"Where is she going?" Lucian asked abruptly.

"To Deanwood; to the old cottage where she was born. Mr. Powell is now rector of the parish, and she has telegraphed to him, telling him to have preparations made. It seems that the cottage is her own property, and a woman lives there to take care of it."

"That man Powell seems to be very well acquainted with her affairs."

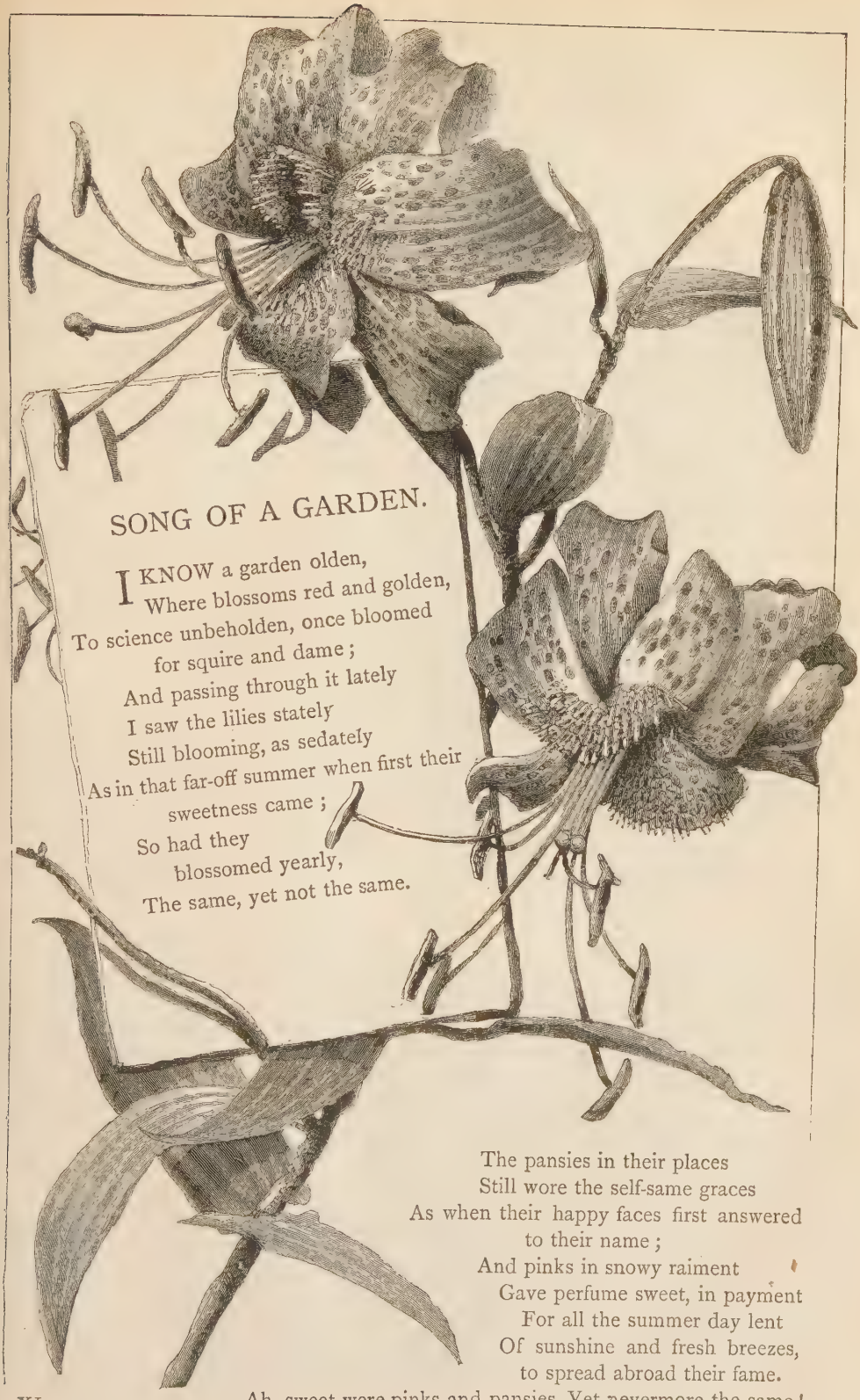
"Yes; he was Henry's great friend; and it now appears that he is the nephew of Mrs. Mornington."

Lucian began to pace the floor again. Mrs. Mornington, then, was concerned in the plot, and perhaps the Thorndykes had been taken into her confidence. He remembered his first meeting with Mrs. Rose, his first impressions of her grace and beauty, and his ardent desire to bring her to the Bushes. Blind fool that he had been! At that first meeting this ill-starred love had taken root in his heart, and he had flattered himself that Rosa had not looked upon him unfavourably.

"Are you going to let her have the child?" he said, coming to another standstill.

"God forbid that I should part her from Essie!" replied Mrs. Jervaux. The outburst of feeling was so unwonted and unexpected that Lucian looked at his step-mother in surprise. "She has suffered greatly," she went on. "And she is harder on herself than she ought to be. It is true that the deception was wrong; but were we not the cause of that wrong? Oh, Lucian, when I look back upon the past, I see that we never gave her the least chance of approaching us in a straightforward way!"

He covered his face with his hands. And when he had conquered himself enough to lift his head again, he found that Mrs. Jervaux had glided noiselessly out of the library.



SONG OF A GARDEN.

I KNOW a garden olden,
Where blossoms red and golden,
To science unbeholden, once bloomed
for squire and dame;
And passing through it lately
I saw the lilies stately
Still blooming, as sedately
As in that far-off summer when first their
sweetness came;
So had they
blossomed yearly,
The same, yet not the same.

The pansies in their places
Still wore the self-same graces
As when their happy faces first answered
to their name;
And pinks in snowy raiment
Gave perfume sweet, in payment
For all the summer day lent
Of sunshine and fresh breezes,
to spread abroad their fame.
Ah, sweet were pinks and pansies, Yet nevermore the same!

Year after year the roses,
Ungathered now for posies,
Bloom on till autumn closes their unregarded claim;
And there in stormy weather,
The sweetpeas cling together,
And near the prince's feather
The hollyhocks still linger, like sentinels of flame.
Oh, garden, sweet and olden,
The same, yet not the same!

The trees, once sculptured quaintly,
Droop o'er the lilies saintly,
Whose bells, vibrating faintly, lost melodies reclaim;
And from the tall carnations,
Long-vanished aspirations,
Rise, like forgotten blessings, unspoiled by praise or blame;
Sweet is their hoarded fragrance,
The same, yet not the same.

So, when the resurrection
Shall wake, in glad perfection,
Each faded recollection—by this life put to shame—
To eyes no longer holden,
The new world, fair and golden,
Shall still repeat the olden;
And flowers from earthly Edens shall there renew their fame
In dear familiar semblance—
The same, yet not the same!

MARY ROWLES.

"FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT."

The Story of the American Mission in Hawaii.

By C. F. GORDON CUMMING, Author of "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War."

PART II.

DURING these years (1837—1843) a wonderful wave of religious influence swept over the whole land. It was like an electric thrill, affecting all the Isles, so that from every corner of the group came accounts of what we should call great revival meetings. In remotest districts, having no connection one with another, the missionaries found the people becoming restless and uneasy, crowding round the mission stations and patiently waiting for hours, till their turn should come to have a personal talk with the men who could teach them the right way. For months this continued, and the missionaries could scarcely get time for needful sleep and food. Many who lived at distances of fifty and sixty miles came regularly to the Sunday services, devoting the whole of Saturday and Monday to travelling to and fro. Multitudes who had hitherto refused to listen to any teaching now flocked to school and chapel, while those who had never had a thought beyond the lowest pleasures were now roused to self-examination and prayer. Resolutely forsaking their old sins, they now began to lead a new life, and their old companions declared that the change was no outward show, but a great reality. Poor cripples crawling painfully on hands and knees came to every meeting, drinking in the good tidings they heard as though they were truly words of life. Blind men who had never before entered a church now bade some child guide them thither.

So vast were the congregations that assembled that they had to attend the church in relays, or else hold great camp-meetings in the open air. At Honolulu the people divided themselves into two congregations, one of two thousand, the other of four thousand. The women, and even the little children, had prayer-meetings among themselves. The story of one island was more or less that

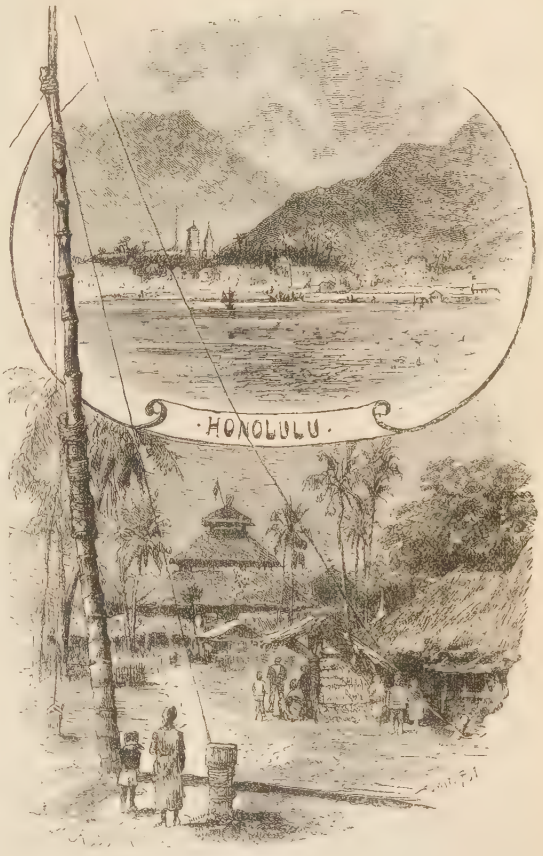
of all. Some of the most earnest seem to have met at early services to plead for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and in due time His gracious influence was vouchsafed both to themselves and to all around them.

Of course the missionaries strove to the uttermost to take advantage of this blessed state of feeling. They travelled on foot to the remotest villages, facing wild storms, crossing dangerous rivers, climbing difficult ravines, to seek out the scattered few who could not come to them. Each day was occupied in visiting, conversing, and examining the inquirers. They preached from seven to twenty, sometimes even thirty, times a week to hearers who seemed to hang upon their words as though they could never be satisfied.

On the island of Hawaii Mr. Coan, a most eloquent preacher and "muscular Christian," was especially active in seeking all, however difficult of access, and making himself personally acquainted with them. Endowed with a throat and limbs which knew no weariness, he sometimes commenced preaching at daybreak, and held three distinct services before he could find leisure so much as to eat. Once he preached no less than forty-three times in eight days.

Still the people were not satisfied. With one accord they determined to leave their villages for a season and assemble at Hilo, where all might daily hear the Word of Life. Here, then, they assembled, in number about ten thousand, and formed a vast camp-meeting which was continued for two years. They built themselves grass huts, they planted vegetable gardens, and went out fishing to provide their daily food, but otherwise they gave themselves up to learn whatever they could. The women and children were instructed in useful occupations by the wives of the two missionaries, and acquired a considerable amount of humanising.

To cut a long story short, during these six years, out of a total population of about a hundred and thirty thousand, upwards of twenty-seven thousand persons were admitted to baptism, never without a long period of probation and close personal intercourse. Naturally out of so great a multitude, who had hitherto been heathen savages, a certain number were afterwards, at least for awhile, reckoned backsliders according to the exceedingly rigid tests and lines drawn by men whose principles



were those of the Puritan Fathers of New England. When you consider that indulgence in the darling sin of smoking was sufficient to exclude a man from Church membership, the marvel is how so very small a proportion was found to fail—only an average of one in sixty. I should perhaps explain that the Hawaiian method of smoking was such as to produce a form of intoxication; hence this rigid rule.

It was not only in the comparative seclusion of their own isles that these converts stood firm; many found their way to California and Oregon, and some even joined in the rush to the gold diggings. But instead of bringing any discredit on their Christian profession, they were noted among the roughs of all nations as men who would neither drink, gamble, nor profane the Sabbath.

Twenty years more passed by, and in the year 1868 it was computed that a total of

about fifty thousand persons had joined the Church of Christ since the commencement of the mission in 1820.

Marvellous, indeed, was the change which had been wrought. A race of thievish, sanguinary savages had been transformed into a community of remarkably honest, neighbourly people. Throughout the Isles there was not a cottage which did not possess its Bible and Hymn-book, and in which daily family prayer and the custom of thanksgiving at every meal and a highly moral code in daily life were not invariable. The majority of the people could read and write. They had some notion of geography and mathematics, taught them by students at Lahaina College, which had already sent forth about eight hundred trained men. Some were fairly started in secular professions, as surveyors, lawyers, and even judges.

In short, the work done in fifty years had been so effectual that the parent society in Boston decided that Hawaii could no longer be considered as a mission-field, but must be treated as an independent, self-ruling Christian community.

THE SIMILITUDE OF GOD.

By the late Rev. W. ROBERTSON.

THERE was a long space, during which Moses abode under the fringe of the thick darkness of Sinai, detained there until God had spoken to him many sentences of law for the worship and the life of Israel. But suddenly there came a break in that high interview, and one of those passages occurred, which, in the story of the Israelite pilgrimage, arrest most deeply the reader's eye and memory. God bade Moses select Aaron, with his sons Nadab and Abihu, and seventy elders—aged, silver-headed representatives of the people, we doubt not—and with that company (in which also we should say Joshua was included), to come up unto the Lord. Accordingly, making way for this commission, Moses brought all Israel together, got their assent again to the body of precepts God had sent them down, and building an altar under the hill, the upper stone to be the table of sacrifice before God, its twelve pillars to signify the twelve Israel tribes, called on them to ratify their assent with fear. The youth of the camp, meaning, so to speak, Israel's first, unspotted strength, stood forward as priests of the occasion, slaying the sacrifice. Moses then, catching the blood, sprinkled one half on the broad altar-stone, on which, very likely, lay the book of laws he had written, and which he again read aloud; and the other half, held in basins, he sprinkled on the people, as an awful token that they and God's will were now knit in covenant as one. The rite done, he and his chosen company—Aaron, his sons, and the seventy elders—turned them in the morning light, for we infer it was yet early morning, and leaving the holy spot, wound their way upward till they were lost in the shadows of the mount.

They were not, as we afterwards see, admitted to the uppermost crest of Sinai, where the central spot of God's glory hung, but probably were made to pause on some lower height, from the vantage-point of which they could best catch the scenic wonder God had prepared gliding on their sight. There, accordingly, clustered silently and with raised eyes, they beheld, as on a higher and opposing cliff, the rising vision! Round about behind them were the round roof and walls of darkness, black and solid as if reared of black marble; but yonder, high up, were the plume-like lines of fire from the mountain's summit, and making a circle of light downward, as one would say, invading the darkness; and beneath that, first with fleecy transparency, as you can conceive, advancing into the gloom, then, shedding off its gossamer dimness and revealing itself intensely on the eye, there appeared a paved floor of sapphire stone, the blue so deeply vivid that it seemed as if it had been first cut in wedges and then tesselated together in a still and glorious floor, and all about it a floating of etherealness and beauty, according to the sacred account, like "the body of heaven in its clearness." What a noble symbol of the God of Israel—what a dazzling similitude, by its excess of light consuming, as it were, its own veil from off its face, and making the onlookers tremble as though the next step should be the very sight of Him "whom no man hath seen or can see!" Did the band Moses headed, as where they stood they caught rays upon their brow and dress, behold in reality with the living eye, or was it, prophet-wise, with the open eye but tranced brain? With the walls hewn from the utter darkness closing in on them behind, the

ever-streaming, ever-vanishing fire high above, and over against them the clear-cut sapphire floor lying in its haze of heaven, were they not, as in some vast chamber, borne up on wings of ecstasy they knew not whither, and, passing before them, a dream-vision of the living God? Who could tell? Yet even while they looked, and that unutterable loveliness of God was unfaded, a feast was spread upon the rock, as if in appeal to their every-day sober sense, and there, in the dread outbreak and nearness, but the perfect peace of a sheltering God, they did so humble a thing as eat and drink. What proof of the reality of that sight could have been given more conclusive, simpler, or better? The great God resplendent above—the common human meal below! It was no passage of a dream; it was the certainty made palpable of the two extremities — the height of heaven and the lowliness of earth—clasping hands in covenant and being at one!

So this symbolic scene passed, and Moses, summoned higher in the mount, left Aaron and the elders with a charge they should not desert the spot until his return, and, taking Joshua as his attendant a certain way with him in the ascent, climbed upward to the edge of that highest cloud that was both cloud and fire; there, at its nethermost part, there was a halt of six days, and finally Moses entered into the cloud, and, devouring fire as it was, dwelt in it forty days and forty nights with God.

Whither, then, does this sublime interlude, striking in among the communings of God with Moses, lead us? To interpret it somewhat, I believe we must first go back on the scene of the twelve-pillared altar at the mountain's base. There the ceremonial between God and His people began by the pouring out between them of the blood, and, in the blood, the life of an innocent victim. In that deed there was vicarious sacrifice—the innocent for the guilty—the death of one for the death of all. Wherefore, when Moses separated the blood into two quantities, and first sprinkled one of these upon the altar, there was meant in that, that God's anger was appeased, and His holy justice met; and when next Moses sprinkled the remaining part upon the people, there was meant in that, that they were not only redeemed from sin, but, by the sign of God's peace flung upon them, were also consecrated and raised up to life. They were both—God and His people—thus on the covenant level, and *at one*.

Now, passing on from these more material symbols at the base of Sinai, up to the loftier symbol in the mount itself, we arrive at its meaning as in effect the same, only writ in grander and more selected characters. There was the devouring fire on the hill's crest above, significant of the kindling and the burning of Jehovah's anger—truth, justice, holiness, clad not in majesty only, but in wrath. But, again, there was disclosed *under* that the sapphire floor bathed in the calm of heaven, and *that* was significant of the fires above being quenched ever as they fell; just as, could you think of showers of flame falling ever on the bosom of a still watersheet—fast as they should fall they would be drunk up, if I may say so; they would vanish on its face, and the lake would still lie smooth and luminous as glass. Even so the fiery flakes, as they fell from the ridge of Sinai, were seen by Moses and the elders to drop, as it were, to nothing on the blue ineffable depth beneath; holiness, in its righteous outbreathings, sinking down ever on the breast of utter mercy and of utter peace! And it would have been no gain had the flames ceased to be shot from their volcanic ridge; had they so ceased, the symbol would have been mutilated of half its sublime meaning, for the glory of the spectacle was that the fire-robed righteousness of God needed to be seen above, that it might excite a just and holy fear; while, falling in its tongues on the deep calm below it brought the assurance home that the twain in the one blessed God were one, that the wrath no longer reigned to the sinner's death, but, while justly due, was caught, and every moment quenched, in the sea-like depth of love underneath; that, in a word, as Scripture itself has described, "Mercy and truth had met together, righteousness and peace had kissed each other."

That, then, was, I think, the glorious shadowing forth Moses and his company beheld in Sinai. The *reality* appears to us now, my reader, in Him "who is the image of the Invisible God." Take our Lord, if you will, first in His Incarnation. Above, as on the ridges of heaven, there was the unapproachable, burning Godhead from which He came, and which, from its background, still threw its glories down upon Him on the earth; but then, below, in His human guise, there was the contrasted and beauteous calm. He was the meek and lowly Jesus. He in His human body and life was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners;" as it were, over again, the sapphire floor, and

the body of heaven in its clearness. We could not have drawn nigh to Him in the upper glories of His Godhead; but these were withheld from us; ever, as they broke forth, they dropped and disappeared in that Saviour-form we *can* approach, full, in its earthly way, of human tenderness and peace.

There is no eye, then, need ever waver, but the contrary, as it looks to Christ. You know it is one of the simplest of phenomena that, if a great circle of light be kindled anywhere in the midst of darkness, the darkness, ever as it sweeps upon it, is perpetually changed to light—its cloud breaks and vanishes—its vapour, just touching on the rim of that circle, first takes a ruddy colour, and then fades. So Christ is the light, as the body of heaven drinking all our darkness perpetually up. Let it be the darkness we fear from God's anger, let it be a vapour born of the earth, only bring it near enough to touch the full light of Christ, and it is dispersed and gone. The drooping eye, emerging into that light, grows clear—the spectral fear that haunted us outside at that shining border shrinks to nothing—the sorrow that rolled over us, carried thither, first is smitten as with hues of gold, then is gradually evaporated like mist, and its very shadow lost—and, above all, the wrath of God abiding on our sins and us, met by the light of Christ, even in *its* blackness, is absorbed as by the noonday. Verily, of this Christ it is true, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." All we cast upon Him—all we hurry with to Him—all that from the depth of our sin, and restlessness, and care, and broken life, and laden hearts we utter to Him—nay, all the condemnation of the holy God that would each hour destroy us if it fell—*all* He receives into Himself. He has an ear, and a pity, and a help, and a complete salvation for all; and while He takes all the miseries that oppress us thus home into Himself, He quenches all, and we find in Him nought but a sea of peace. So St. Paul commends his followers in trial to pour thus their sorrows into the depth of Christ, "and the peace of God that passeth understanding would keep their hearts and minds" through Him. So say we to the pilgrim now. Turn aside ever and anon into the mount to gaze on Him "Who is the image of the Invisible God." Gaze on Him till you feel His calm passing into you, and you becoming, if I dare say so, a portion both of Him and it—till you feel as beyond the reach of any ill to hurt you or destroy you any more—feel as drawn on, and standing with your very feet upon the paved floor, and the body of heaven in its clearness!

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.

By the late THOMAS JONES.

"Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not . . . And he cannot sin, because he is of God.—If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."—1 John iii. 6, 9, and i. 8.

THE apostle teaches here that Christians are born of God, abide in Christ, and therefore do not and cannot sin. God is righteous: they are born of Him, and hence they are righteous. "God is love:" they have received of His Spirit, and consequently are governed and guided by love.

Another statement must be made, which is perfectly true, although it appears quite opposed to what has been already said. There are thousands of people who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, love Him supremely, and build all their hopes for time and eternity upon Him as the divine Redeemer of the world, of whom it cannot be said that they "sin not, and cannot sin." They endeavour to obey the Gospel of Christ, and to follow His example, and they rejoice to regard Him as the Lord of their life. Aspiring after perfect holiness, and longing for that state in which they shall see the Saviour as He is, and be for ever with Him, they "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Judging from these evidences, they humbly hope and think that they are Christians "indeed, and in truth," and therefore born of God. But they are not sinless—they feel the power of sin, it is ever present in their consciousness; and they know and confess that it oftentimes appears also in their life and character. These two statements, to say the least of it, seem to contradict each other. St. John says, "He that is born of God cannot sin;" but the persons mentioned are God's children, and yet they *do* sin.

This difficulty has been felt by the expositors of this epistle, and in order to remove it they have weakened, toned down, and in some cases explained away the bold and

startling declaration of the apostle. A few examples of the comments upon his words may be given. He that is born of God "does not allow sin to reign over him—does not sin habitually—cannot sin deliberately and from design—cannot commit deadly sin—does not sin by violating the law of brotherly love—and cannot persist in sin so as to fall away utterly from grace." Observe here two things. First, these propositions are, no doubt, true in themselves. A good man is not ruled by sin; sin is not the chief habit of his life; he never draws out a plan or scheme of wickedness, and then goes forth deliberately to accomplish it; and by the grace of God he shall not so persist in sin as to make the salvation of his soul impossible. All this we find in the Word of God, and receive with gratitude. But, in the second place, these propositions are not found in the words of St. John here. His sayings are these, "Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not .... And he cannot sin, because he is born of God." There can be no mistake about his meaning; the words are not metaphorical, but simple, plain, and direct, as the commandment to love God with all our heart, or to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ that we may have everlasting life. Therefore we must not weaken his declaration in any way, but let his words stand as they are written, and go in another direction to seek a reason for their utterance.

Two lives, or states, or characters were before the mind of the apostle when he wrote this epistle—the *ideal* and the *actual*—and he sometimes speaks from what he sees in the first, and at other times from what he beholds in the second.

Think first of the *ideal Christian character*. Bring together from the different parts of the epistle all the profound thoughts and sayings of St. John concerning the Christian, and we shall see how holy, and great, and glorious his character is. "Born of the Spirit," he is a child, a son of God, loving and beloved, and the life of God which he has abiding in him excludes for ever the life of sin. He lives above the world; "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," by which so many are bewildered, have no dominion over him. While others live in the darkness of ignorance, and sin, and misery, he "walks in the light" of knowledge, purity, and divine blessedness. He is a receiver of special subjective revelations; a bright light from heaven shines into his mind; and resulting from this he has deep mental insight into divine things, and manifold spiritual knowledge, which are not possessed by other men. He knows the truth, knows God, and sees clearly the love which God has to him. "An unction from the Holy One" is upon his spirit, and "the anointing which he has received abides in him to guide, and help, and comfort his soul amid all the trials, temptations, sorrows, and perplexities of life and of death. His faith in the Gospel, and his hope for "the glory that shall be revealed," are not dependent upon human teaching and external evidence, for "he has the witness in himself," and he "knows all things." His heart is filled with love to God and man; so filled that fear, with all its torments, has no place therein; all the forms of evil to come, all the apparitions which pass and repass through the gloom of other minds, and cause so much alarm, are banished utterly from him. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment." There is still a sublimer height to which he has attained, an inner sanctuary into which he has entered, for he has "fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." *He dwells in God and God in him.* A partaker of the divine nature, his mind illumined with "the true light," his heart overflowing with love, his character sanctified by the Holy Spirit, and all his faculties quickened and strengthened by the pure energies of the "eternal life," he lives in a moral and spiritual region, where sin is for ever unknown and unfelt, and where it can no more exist than darkness can be found in the bright rays of the noonday splendour. *There*, within the inner, holy circle of the divine light, the divine love, and the divine protection, the apostle beheld him; and gazing upon his pure, holy, heavenly, and transcendently beautiful character, he exclaimed, "He sinneth not, and he cannot sin." This is a brief outline of the *ideal* Christian character.

The actual Christian is very different from this sublime vision. He is not free from sin; for "if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Looking at the Apostle Paul, thinking of his love to Christ, his zeal for the truth of the Gospel, his faith, humility, and reverence, his delight in God and His salvation, and the spiritual salvation of his life and character, we might naturally conclude that he was free from sin. But his own testimony is quite the reverse; he spoke of himself as a captive, and, burdened with the consciousness of sin, he wrote these agonizing and intensely sorrowful words: "O wretched man that I am! who shall

deliver me from the body of this death?" The author of this epistle was eminent for his goodness; the angel which he saw standing in the sun is the emblem of his moral and spiritual elevation. He lived near to God, dwelt in a higher region and a brighter spiritual life than Christians in general, and yet he places himself among his brethren, and writes: "If *we* say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

Again, Christians are called upon in this epistle to confess their sins, that they may receive the divine pardon, and to this call they all respond. They are divided upon many questions, their views of doctrines differ, they have formed themselves into many churches, and are known by different names; but when they come to God in prayer they all agree—there they feel themselves to be brothers in sin and sorrow, and make their penitent confession to God. Further, to assure their hearts that pardon shall be given, they are directed to the propitiation for sin, and the Intercessor with the Father. When the brazen serpent was raised in the camp of Israel, the wounded people were not slow to look to it that they might be made whole. They knew not how the virtue came that gave them health, neither did they make themselves anxious about that; but they looked, and received the benefit. Thus have Christians responded to the call to look to Christ, and thus also have they been healed. Countless numbers look to Him to-day; they see in the Cross a clear manifestation of God's love, and are assured that He will blot out their sins, and give them eternal life. Once more, Christians are called upon to overcome the world, the flesh, and the wicked one. It is perfectly correct to represent the life of a good man as a warfare, for it is indeed a very real moral struggle. There is sin in ourselves, a vulgar host of unholy passions and lusts, to be slain and cast out for ever. There is evil in the world around us—evil works, evil examples, and a spirit or genius of irreligion which must be resisted. And the wicked one and his angels must be overcome. We dwell on the frontiers of the kingdom of darkness, and influences from that region of blackest wickedness pass over to us. "Blasts from hell" as well as "airs from heaven" reach the place in which we live.

These two are one. The *ideal* is the Christian as he exists in the divine intention; and the *actual* shows him as he is in the present imperfect state. The first is what he shall be when his redemption is complete; the second is what he now is while the process of redemption is being carried on. One is the slender plant trembling in every breeze; the other is the same plant growing to be a tree, rich in foliage, and plentiful in fruit. One is the precious stone in the hand of the lapidary; the other is the same jewel flashing in the king's crown.

This explains and justifies the language of the apostle, and removes the apparent difficulty of the text. Think of an artist standing before a great picture which he is painting. He has two visions of it—one on the canvas and the other in his own mind. That on the canvas is imperfect; the outlines are there, but the colouring is inharmonious; the expression is feeble, the life is wanting, and the subduing power which belongs to a great work has yet to be created. Not so the vision in the mind, *that* is perfect. The forms are finished, every part is complete in itself, and right in its relation to every other; the colours mingle and agree like notes in sweetest music, and the picture as a whole is instinct with life, and clothed with beauty and grandeur. Now suppose the artist were to sit down to write a description of this picture. Looking at the canvas, he would speak of the imperfections of the work; but gazing upon the vision within, he would write of its completeness, power, and majesty. This is just what St. John did. Looking upon the actual Christian he spoke of sin, confession, pardon, and spiritual warfare; but while doing this the vision of the ideal hovered before his mind, and he wrote: "He sinneth not—cannot sin."

Learn one lesson from this subject. You do not ask concerning a child—has he the strength, the understanding, and wisdom of a man; but rather you say, "Is he a healthy child? Does he grow? Has he the intelligence that should belong to his years? And is he obedient to his parents?" So we need not ask, Are we perfect? have we reached the *ideal* state, and do we live in the pure region where sin is for ever unknown? But rather we should emphasize such questions as these: Is sin a real and hateful burden to us? Does it constrain us to make penitent confession daily before God, and to long for a sense of his pardon? Do we fix our gaze upon Christ crucified for us, and through Him upon the infinite love of God? Is our life a determined struggle against sin? Are we advancing in the divine life, growing up into Christ in all things? If so, then we shall reach the perfect state; it shall be true of us: "They sin not, and cannot sin."

"She suddenly flung herself on the floor at his feet."

"KING ROY."

By L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XII.

A WEEK had passed away since Roy was lost. Sunday came round again, finding Faith no longer in her neat and comfortable home, but a gutter child, dressed as badly, and in quite as great rags, as the worst-looking child around her. Meg was her companion and staunch friend, but it seemed no hardship in Meg's eyes to counsel Faith to pawn her neat and good clothes, and to receive in exchange garments in which her father would scarcely recognise her. The money received for the clothes had enabled the little girls to live for some days; and then they had sold matches and flowers, and in one way and another had managed to keep life within them. Faith, though really unaccustomed to any hardship, had borne up bravely. The hope with which she had awakened each morning that surely before the evening they would find Roy, had supported her spirits; but each night as it came, with its invariable disappointment, until even Meg began to own that she was puzzled as to what had become of the child, brought an added weight to Faith's heart. She was more than ever determined not to go home again without her little brother. But as she lay down on her musty bed on Saturday evening in the wretched cellar where she and Meg had found for themselves quarters, hope had vanished to a very low ebb indeed.

Sunday morning dawned. It would be a whole week to-day since she last had seen her darling little Roy. She felt very, very miserable. No, hope would not visit her heart that day, and as she lay in bed watching Meg putting on her clothes, the tears rolled down her pale cheeks, and dark and sceptical thoughts filled her mind. When Meg noticed her tears, she spoke.

"Its all a lie, Meg; its all a big, big lie."

"Wot's a lie," asked Meg, stopping in her dressing, and staring at Faith.

"Wot you telled me about Jesus. He didn't never love the little children; ef He loved 'em, and ef He is as strong as you say, He'd ha' helped us to find my little baby Roy."

A pained look came over Meg's white and careworn face. She did not answer Faith at all for a moment or two; but having quite finished her dressing, she bent down over her.

"I ha' made myself as clean as h'ever I could, and I'm off now to morning ragged school; ef you'll come too, I'll wait fur yer, Faithy?"

"No, no," replied Faith, shaking her head. "I'll stay and wait here. The ragged Sunday-school's all about Jesus, and I don't b'lieve in no Jesus now."

Meg said nothing more; she smothered a faint sigh, and closing the door behind her ran outside. She had more than a mile to walk to Sunday-school, and she was anxious to be in time; but as she walked along, the pained expression called up by Faith's words had not left her face.

Meg was a wild, untaught, uncared-for Arab child, a true offshoot of the lowest of the people, with a touch of gipsy blood in her veins, with the most ungoverned, uncontrolled passions; she yet was capable of a devotion, of an affection self-absorbing, self-forgetful. Offered up at any other shrine it would have been idolatry; offered at this, it was worship. Meg loved, something as Mary Magdalene, something as the women who followed to the sepulchere, must have loved our Lord.

All the love of a most loving nature had Meg given to Jesus. It was not alone gratitude which inspired this love. "It's jest cause He's so wonderful beautiful His own self," she would say; and it was agony to her, greater even than it would be to a mother to hear her little child abused, to have a word breathed against Him.

Faith's words had wrung her heart She was very sorry for Faith, very sorry that she could have so spoken; but she was more sorry for the pain she feared the words must have caused Jesus.

"I 'ope as yer 'll soon let us find the little 'un, for she's beginning to think real hard things of yer, and I can't abear 'em, I can't abear 'em," said Meg, looking up at the sky, and comforting herself with this very direct little prayer.

As she was leaving the Sunday-school at the end of the morning's lessons, it came into her head that perhaps while she and Faith were so earnestly seeking for little Roy, he might all this time be safely at home. How stupid of them both never to have thought of this before! She had heard all about Faith's respectable home from the little girl herself. Yes; she would go there now and set her mind at rest on this point before returning to Faith.

She reached the house. There was a common staircase, and the hall door stood open. She met no one as she ran up-stairs, and her feet, innocent of shoes and stockings, made no sound. A door was a little open on the first landing, and Meg, peeping in, saw a man seated by a table. He was a tall and powerful man, and Meg knew at once that she was looking at Faith's father.

There was profound silence in the house, and Meg heard the man, whose face was bowed over his hands, presently say,

"It's a lie, its all a lie. There is no good God. If there were, He would never have torn my children away from me like this. And I have asked Him so often and so long to bring them back again. Yes; God does not hear prayer. It's a lie, I say. There is no God, no Christ, no nothing."

"How dare yer!" said Meg, rushing into the room like a little fury. The man's words had stung her so hard that she lost both fear and self-control. She rushed at the man, and took his hands and shook them. "How dare yer, how dare yer!" she repeated. "Oh! yer a wicked, wicked man to say as there's no Jesus Christ."

Warden—for it was he—started, and stared at the furious little creature. He did not say a word, or attempt in his utter astonishment to oppose her. He only gazed hard, as one who was bereft of all reason.

"Oh! there is a Jesus Christ, and you sha'n't dare say there ain't," repeated Meg; and then she suddenly flung herself on the floor at his feet, and gave way to the most violent, most passionate sobs he had ever heard proceeding from human breast.

He got up and locked the door; then he got water and gave it to Meg. He was kind rather than otherwise to the poor child. When she was better, he even brought her over to sit on the sofa where little Roy had slept his last sleep in that room.

"Now, why did you rush in and speak to me in that strange way?" he asked.

"'Cause yer drove me near mad. You had no call ter say so dreadful a thing as that my Jesus Christ worn't there."

"You believe in Him then?" said Warden.

"I believe in Jesus Christ our Lord," said Meg. Her excitement was spent. She spoke quietly, raising her big, black eyes to heaven. There was something in her manner which must have impressed even the most utterly careless and indifferent with its absolute sincerity.

Warden was silent, gazing at her curiously, even with admiration.

"You must not only believe in Him, you must love Him very much," he said.

"Ay, I love Him; I'd die fur Him most willin'," said Meg, clasping her hard hands very tight together.

"But He hasn't treated you as He has me," said Warden. "You don't know, you can't even understand, what has happened to me. I was always a most respectable man. I tried to do my duty. I had two children. This day week I had two children, a son and a daughter. Now I have none. They did not die, but they ran away. The boy went first, then the girl. I may never see 'em again."

"May be you worn't a werry good father to 'em," said Meg. "May be Jesus let 'em run away so as to show yer how to be a better father to 'em. There is some as beats their children, and some as neglec's 'em. I dunno wot is best. May be Jesus seen as you neglec'ed yer little children."

Warden felt the lines tightening round his mouth at these words. It was broad daylight, it was true, and Meg was only a poor, ragged child, but her face was so solemn, and her big eyes shone with so intense a light, and she was so absolutely fearless before him, that he felt impressed, even just a trifle afraid—something as he would have felt had he been looking at an accusing angel.

"You may have neglec'ed yer little children," she repeated.

When she did so, Warden nodded his head.

"It is true," he said. "It is very true, God forgive me; but I never meant it. I fear I was a very hard man."

"Then you jest tell Jesus that," said Meg, rising. "You tell Him as you believes in Him, as you loves Him, as yer real sorry you spoke so dreffle bitter. It wor awful the way as you *did* speak; but wot's so wonderful beautiful in Him is how He furgives. You tell Him as yer determined to neglec' yer children never no more, and I'm sure as He'll let yer have 'm back again."

"Little girl," said Warden, "tell me the truth as you profess to love God. Do you know anything, anything at all, of my little son, my little, lost son, Roy?"

"No," answered Meg. "I wishes as I did. I don't know nothink; but I means to pray to Jesus, and Jesus 'ull help me to find him. I feel as he'll be found, fur Jesus do love him so werry much."

Meg went away, and Warden, unlocking the door, saw her ragged figure disappearing down the stairs. He sighed when he saw the last of her. Then, relocking his door, he returned to his seat by the table. As he seated himself he remembered that he had neither asked her name nor where she lived. It would be impossible, then, for him if he wanted her again to find her.

He sat on perfectly motionless, recalling every word of the strange and passionate scene just enacted before him. At last his thoughts centered round one sentence, which began to burn into his heart like fire.

"May be Jesus seen as you neglec'ed yer little children."

He thought and thought, and more and more intolerable each moment became his feelings. At last he found that there was only one position in which he could bear them. He slid down from the chair to his knees. There he remained for some hours.

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT very same Sunday evening, while Warden remained upon his knees, and the Recording Angel, looking down at him, could declare for the first time, "Behold, he prayeth," Hannah Searles was very miserable. There was no longer any doubt, even to so untrained and ignorant a woman as she was, that little Roy was very ill. During the greater part of the past week he had been taking more or less of the fatal drops. A few in the day, more at night, had Hannah given him. They always seemed to her inexperience to have a most beneficial effect on him. His fretfulness ceased, his blue eyes closed, and he slept; but though sleep was always supposed to be so very good for children, Hannah could never discover that little Roy awoke refreshed or the better for his sleep. More fretful each time was the little voice, more dull and clouded the eyes. On Sunday he absolutely refused all food; but he was already intelligent enough to see that the bottle which held the drops gave him present relief, and he pointed to it and asked for more repeatedly. On Sunday, however, Hannah only gave him one small dose, for even to her obtuse mind the thought had occurred that it might not be doing him so much good as she had hoped.

After this dose he lay in her arms for long hours in heavy slumber. It was a foggy day, and very little light came into the cellar; but what fitful rays did penetrate the gloom fell upon a very white and sunken little face. Yes; there was no doubt at last, no doubt at all, that Roy looked as bad as Davie had looked; nay, more, that he looked worse

than Davie had ever looked, except—— Oh! good God! was Roy going to die, too? Hannah felt herself trembling all over as this thought occurred to her. Was she a second time to lose her all; was a second time her one heart's treasure to be torn from her arms and from her love?

"And I promised God as I'd try hard to be good ef He'd leave me this yere young 'un as I found lost in the street," she said. In her sore despair she felt angry against God. What right had He not to take her at her word, and allow her to be good in her own way? It had never yet entered into her poor, untaught mind that in keeping little Roy she was keeping what was not her own.

It was evening when little Roy awoke, and Hannah perceived with fresh terror that there was another change in him. He looked at her without a shade or gleam of recognition; he no longer called her red face pretty; he screamed at the sight of it, and cried often and wildly for Faith, whom Hannah hoped he had forgotten.

"Fate, Fate, come to 'Oy. 'Oy want 'oo vevy much, vevy much."

Hannah was at her wit's end. She no longer feared discovery. She laid the child on the bed, and, pulling out the box which was hidden underneath, she took out again his little blue frock, his pretty shoes, and white pinafore. These she dressed him in, and he was pleased for the minute, and stroked the white pinafore, and called it "Pitty, pitty."

There came a knock at the door as she fastened the button into the last little shoe.

"Dat's Fate knocking," said little Roy, raising his eyes solemnly to her face.

Hannah felt it might be, but she had become indifferent. She got up, and, with the child in her arms, went to open the door. It was not Faith, however, but the woman from over the way—the woman from whom she had received the drops.

"I can't stay a minute, neighbour," she said; "but I thought it but right to tellyer as them drops they ha' done fur my babby—least way I'm feared as they ha' done fur her. She wor tuk wid convulsions last evening, and when the doctor come he said it wor the drops. He smelled to 'em and tasted 'em, and he said as there wor poison in 'em; and he threw 'em, bottle and h'all, out of winder. He said as it wor well the 'ooman as sold 'em had made off to 'Mericy, fur she had done wot might transport her. He may save my babby, but he ain't sure. I jest come h'over to ask yer to go and tell the other mother."

"This yere's the other mother, and this yere's the child," said Hannah, pushing Roy forward where what light there was might fall upon his white face. "So you ere the one as ha' killed my lad. Ay, but I'll be even wid yer, see ef I ain't."

"I meant no harm indeed, neighbour. I did it fur the best," said the poor woman, shrinking from Hannah's wild and angry eyes. "I'm main sorry fur yer. I never guessed as you had a child of yer h'own. I thought you had only that wee Davie wot died last spring. But, howsomedever, that ere young 'un don't look so bad as mine. Take him to a doctor at once. I'm real, real sorry as I did him an injury."

"Wot doctor?" said Hannah eagerly. "I'll furgive yer, neighbour, ef yer'll help me to save him. Wot's the name o' the doctor?"

"The doctor wot is saving mine is called Slade, he lives in Turnmill Street, half a mile away; go to him at once, he may be to home now."

The woman went away, and Hannah lost not an instant in acting on the advice given to her. She wrapped her old shawl round little Roy, and forgetting even to close her cellar door, went out. The fog was less thick, and the gas made the place far brighter than it had been by day. Hannah walked briskly, for little Roy had laid his heavy head on her shoulder, and he felt cold in her arms. But she walked with hope going before and by her side. If the neighbour's baby, who was so much worse than Roy, might yet recover, why surely he might. Her heart danced at the thought. Yes, God was not going to snatch this second treasure away. How very good she would be in future for such a loving mercy as this! She reached the doctor's door, saw the name on the plate, and pulled the bell. In a moment a little maid opened it. But alas! the doctor was not at home, he was out at church, and so was the missus; he would be back in about an hour, would the woman call again in an hour? Hannah's heart sank within her, the night had turned very chilly, and little Roy, sleeping heavily in her arms, seemed to grow colder and colder; dare she keep him in the winter streets for a whole hour?

"Look yere, my lass," she said suddenly, "ef I may come in and rest anywhere in the house wid this little sickly young 'un I don't mind how long it be. He's werry sick I'm feared, and I'm main terrified to have him out in this east wind. May we wait inside, my little maid?"

The little servant girl had to refuse, how-

ever, though she did so with tears in her eyes. She was left in sole charge of the house. It was more than her place was worth to let any one in while master and missus were at church!

Hannah did not abuse her, but she turned away, with a feeling as though her feet were weighted with lead. What should she do with little Roy? she dare not keep him for a whole hour in the cold, cold street. Ah! there was one refuge and it was close—a public-house shed its cheerful light upon the scene. There, in a place so warm and snug, both she and the child might wait in shelter, in warmth, and safety, and she had sixpence in her pocket, and she might spend twopence in gin. If little Roy were spared to her she meant never to drink again, but to-night she must have one little dram, for her heart was very low.

CHAPTER XIV.

MEG, after her interview with Warden, went straight back to what home she possessed. Her violent anger, her passion of tears, had left behind them a kind of calm, nay more, a very deep calm; it was as though a thunder-cloud had rolled across a very blue sky, leaving it when past bluer and brighter than before. Meg, though tired in body and a little faint, for she had eaten no food that day, felt as though she was being carried home in the arms of Jesus. She looked up at the sky and behind all its London gloom and fog she seemed to see the smile of Jesus shining through directly upon her. She ran down the ladder to her cellar with almost gay steps, and she found Faith there, still very depressed and miserable. She told her of her interview with her father, by no means relating the whole scene, but simply that part which concerned little Roy. Faith listened and shook her head more dismally than ever.

"I seen mother in a dream last night," she said, "she come close to me and axed me what I had done wid Roy. I ought never to have left my little Roy wot mother give me to mind when she was dying; it's all my fault as little Roy is lost."

"Why that's som'ut like wot yer father said," answered Meg. "He said as he wor a hard man and it wor his fault. It seems to me that wot you ought both to do is to get down on yer bended knees and pray most bitter hard to Jesus to furgive yer; when He ha' furgiven yer He'll let you have little Roy back again."

Faith stared very hard at Meg but made no reply, and Meg having devoured a small piece of dry crust, which remained over from the little which she had put carefully by for Faith to eat while she was out, lay down on the bed and dropped asleep. She awoke in the dusk of the evening to find Faith kneeling by her bed. Faith had lit a little bit of fire, and its cheerful rays revealed a change in her thin face, her eyes had lost their hardness and were full of tears.

"Meg, Meg!" she said, "near h'all the time you ha' bin asleep I ha' bin praying, and I think, I do think as Jesus has quite forgiven me."

"Ah! 'tis jest wonderful how willin' He is to forgive," said Meg, "and wot cuts me h'up so is when folks know that, why they're allus a fretting of Him."

"Well, I'll try not to fret Him no more," said Faith.

"Faith," said Meg lying still, and gazing hard at Faith out of her big black eyes, "how long 'ud you say as gals like me, under-fed, under-clothed gals, 'ud be like to live?"

"I dunno," answered Faith in some surprise, "I suppose same as other folks."

"No they don't tho'," replied Meg, "it comforts me a deal to think on it, fur they most sartin don't. Ef they're wot's called lucky and don't catch no 'fection, and don't meet no h'accident, why then they may pull thro'; they lives then to be werry, werry skinny and ugly. Ugh! I shivers when I sees 'em; I says to myself, that's me when I'm old. But lor', Faith, the chances ere h'all agen gals like me living to be old; let the least bit o' fection come to a gal like me, or the werry smallest h'accident, so as I'd have ter be tuk to 'orspital, and then where am I? why, no where. You never, never seen a gal like me come h'out of 'orspital, Faithy."

"But Meg," said little Faith, "why do you say it comforts you to think that?"

"Well, and so it do! Why, Faith, I'm no use down yere, no one wants me, and I h'an't never a chance as far as this world goes, besides, besides——" and here Meg pressed her hand upon her beating heart, "besides, I ha' a real hankering to see Him. Oh! to see wid my h'own, h'own eyes the lovely, lovely face o' Jesus! and then perhaps arter a time He'd take a bit o' notice of me and say, 'Is that you, Meg? I know as you love me, Meg.'"

Faith was silent, too puzzled, too unlike Meg in her own frame of mind, to make any reply, and after a time the two little girls went out. As they went down the street which led from the court to the more open thoroughfares, Meg said something which comforted her little companion greatly.

"I think, Faith," she said, "as we'll werry, werry soon now see little Roy, I think may be as we'll find him to-night."

"Oh Meg! oh! where?" asked Faith.

"I dunno, only I feel it. Jest you wait and see."

As Meg said this the little girls turned a corner and came full upon the flaring light of one of the largest gin-palaces in the neighbourhood.

"Let's cross over to it," said Meg. "I allus do hanker fur light. Let's get inter the brightness of it."

She took Faith's hand as she spoke and ran across, hastening her steps, for the sound of wheels approaching rapidly were heard.

At this very instant, just as the little girls set their feet on the opposite pavement, a woman carrying a child in her arms came out of the public-house. She walked unsteadily and, unheeding probably not hearing the rapidly approaching carriage wheels, stepped into the street. As she did so her ragged shawl was caught by the wind and flung aside, revealing to view a little child's blue frock, and showing for an instant a golden head pressed heavily on her bosom. Faith saw nothing, but Meg did. The woman was Hannah Searles; the child, little lost Roy—she recognised him by his blue frock and golden head. She uttered a joyful cry, and was about to touch Faith, when the sound on her lips was changed to a scream of horror. The carriage and prancing horses were on the woman, who was too tipsy either to see them or to save herself. In an instant she and little Roy must have been killed. Quick, quicker than thought brave Meg rushed to the rescue. She flew in the faces of the excited horses and caught their reins. They swerved in their course, swerved sufficiently to enable woman and child to pass by unhurt, but they knocked Meg down and the carriage wheels went over her. * * *

Many hours later on this same Sunday evening a group of persons were gathered round one of the white and narrow beds in a large London hospital. On this bed lay a bruised and dying girl. The girl was Meg; the people who stood so close were Roy's father, holding Roy in his arms, Faith, and Hannah Searles. Faith and Hannah were sobbing, but Warden, with dry eyes, knelt close, and when Meg at last opened her eyes he placed the baby hand of his little son in hers.

"Meg—dear, dear, brave Meg," said Warden, "let me thank you. You have saved the little chap's life. Oh, Meg, if for no other deed of mercy, I must all the rest of my life believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

It was a public confession, wrung from a proud and hard man in the moment of his deep humiliation and thankfulness, and doubtless the angels in heaven recording it rejoiced. But the earthly ears for whom it was meant were deaf. Never again would Meg hear human voice of either love or kindness, there was no place for Meg down here, she was going to a place prepared for her long ago in heaven. Her eyes travelled past those who surrounded her and fixed themselves joyfully on a Presence unseen to any but her dying eyes.

"Its you, Lord Jesus Christ," she said, "its you. You ha' come your werry own self. I ain't to live to be old, I ain't to be ragged nor hungry no more. *You—ha'—come.*"

She tried to stretch out her arms, but they fell to her side, the breath ceased, and Meg was in Paradise. * * *

After all brave Meg was the only one to die. For long before the daisies came into blossom on her grave in the country cemetery to which Warden had her carried, the roses had come back to the bonnie cheeks of sweet baby Roy, and the health and brightness to his eyes. He had been rescued in time to save his little life. In that reunited home a new order of things was established. Faith and Roy had never to complain of a cold or hard father again. The great tribulation of those terrible eight days had done their work on the man's heart, and the death of Meg seemed to set the seal to it. Warden told Meg that he believed in Jesus Christ our Lord. It is enough to say of his future life, that he acted as only a man could act who carried that belief to its logical conclusion, and who very humbly and very prayerfully followed in the steps of the Master whom he loved. Faith and Roy were to grow up knowing the meaning of true fatherhood, both human and divine. And Hannah! God was very gracious to poor lost Hannah Searles. He gave her treasure back to his own, but He did not take him quite away from her. She still saw her baby boy, and as she grew steadier and more respectable day by day, and week by week, Warden gradually gave her more to do in his house, until finally she almost lived there.

"I said to the Lord that I'd be good ef He spared me the child," she was often heard to say, "and I'm a trying. I'm a rare and wicked woman, God h'Almighty knows that werry, werry well, but I'm a trying hard to be good."

THE END.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By S. G. PROUT, Author of "You're Me and I'm You."

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Around the throne of God in heaven." Lesson: John xvii. Concluding Hymn: "The day, O Lord, is spent."

I AM so pleased, dear children, to have been asked to meet you on three or four evenings. It is very nice to settle down for a talk with you, and I have a happy little hope that we shall not get tired of each other. The text of our small sermon this evening, is the one little word that comes again and again in that wonderful chapter we have just been reading, and holds in its five letters the fulness of our Saviour's "now," and of our "hereafter," if we are "His own" —"glory." The word promises, does it not? that it will not be a "dreadfully solemn sermon," this talk of ours. I don't say, mind, that there will not be solemn thoughts in it; very solemn things are often the most glorious. Sunset-glory, I think, is always solemn; and so is Bible-glory. But what we are, I hope, going to see is, that some of this glory may be ours here. St. Peter tells us it may, in the first chapter of his first Epistle. There are two verses in our lesson I am longing to get to; but now I want to give you a picture—just an idea of one, that is. We shall get from it, very likely, an illustration worth remembering — of "the glory that excelleth."

That picture must have been painted on the spot; there was so much air and light in it. The artist, I am pretty sure, had a long walk from his village quarters, paint-box and sketching-frame slung behind, and easel and camp-stool in hand, that early autumn morning, up the rugged valley road, striking off at the stepping-stones, on to the mountain, through fern and heather, in and out among the great grey boulders, with a sudden pull up now and then, to study how best he should get round a much too beautifully green place, or just to drink in the joy of it all; the backward view down the long, winding valley, with its folded woods and jutting rocks; across the broad vale, where its glancing stream met the filling river; and away beyond the misty mountain barrier, to the far, pale sands and golden sea; and all the wonderful scents and sounds, and the glorious quite-alone-feel one gets nowhere as on a mountain-side; then, setting off on "the double," to make up for cautious walking and idle standing, along the hard path, hit at last in the browning heather—it was full of teachings, that walk of his; till, with the last upward spring, he came upon the wide, still lake; that half in blue shadow, half in silver light, seemed but just awaking. And there it was in the picture! more than half asleep; vast filmy, grey mists, full of dreams of the mountain giants that looked through, veiling its farther shore, rippling into the life of day; and just where the artist must have set up his easel, leaping off with a glide and a gush over the mossy, dark slate rocks that ended his upward path. There was but one house in sight—hardly in sight, either; rather you found it out by the thin curl of blue peat-smoke that was wandering up to the pale sky—very straight at first, then wavy, as it met a little breeze from between the hills, that led it into the sunshine. An ancient grey-green home it was, belted with graceful birch and fir trees, between whose stems of ruddy bronze and pearl wound to the water-side a narrow, rock-hewn stairway, up which, pitcher in hand, climbed a child, with white bare feet and a tangle of warm brown hair; while, brightening out into the lake, stretched a long streak of light left by the foot of the water-hen, startled from her nest under the rocky step, brokenly reflected in the water. We were all looking at the picture; it was lovely, certainly, almost fancying ourselves in that far-away mountain solitude. Some one said, "Well, I do think nothing could go beyond this; isn't it light itself?" And quietly, slyly, a laughing beam of God's own living sunlight swept across the praised picture. "Oh, look!" We held our breath, as the grey haze where the dreams were hidden filled with strange light that might have shown us some of them, if it would only have stayed. And for an instant that wreath of smoke was something more lovely than I can tell. The old storm-beaten farm-house glowed with the presence, and the fairy child (one of us was "sure" she was singing!) went towards it. On the rippling lake lay such a gleam of glory, and its parting waters flashed into a very joy of life, to dance down the valley, and the little coot sped out into the far, blue shadow, along her quivering golden water-path. I'm very sure no pantomime ever came near that little ray's wonderful doing.

And it faded! We looked at one another: Oh, dear! that one living beam of light

had made our lovely picture mere paint. We did not just then get back to our admiration-talk. And yet it *was* a lovely picture. The artist bore a high name, and his work was worthy of him; it was almost with sadness we felt—we could not say it—"only paint, after all"—"By reason of the glory that excelleth."

Thus comes in our text, and it has a lesson for us, dears, but not I think one to pull down any bright little face among you. Let us see what we can make of its teachings. Not only was the picture beautiful, it was real, so far as it went, or could go. A few square inches of canvas might not indeed hold miles of lake and mountain, but it was real showing of their beauty and grandeur. Paint? Yes, but no sham for all that, only paint is not sunlight: no artists' colourman can get that into his tubes, and pans, and closely-stoppered bottles. And there is this particularly comforting thought. There must have been something in the picture to be brought out. That sunbeam falling on its handsome gilt frame, or upon the wall paper, would never have called forth "Oh, look!" There may be much of beauty hidden in very homely life-work—yours, little people, or ours; and for a time perhaps we must be content to have it hidden. It may get, as that painting did, all the praise it deserves, but if people don't find out its beauties, if even our picture never gets hung at all, to be looked at—never mind, it is none the less a good picture in the garret, and a loving little sunbeam will steal in through a chink. The being seen has nothing at all to do with the being beautiful. The glory would have rested those few moments on pictured mountain and lake, had there been no one near to be delighted by its magic.

Just a word or two about the work itself. Surely this life of ours is not pitiful and empty, because it goes only a little way on this side the river we all have to cross. We shall want to say something about that river and the city on its farther shore, and the going to it; but now, try to get hold of this truth, my young friends, that you may do much real and precious work on this side—true work "with the King," it may be, even as theirs, who serve Him within the pearl gates; but mind you keep, all of you, in the track of a beam, so that people shall not be able to help saying, "Oh, look!" A picture you know is something more than paint and canvas, *if it is sincere work*. Let us make sure of our "drawing," that there are no lines going down that ought to be going up; no impossible reflections and cast shadows; no prodigious figures and absurd little moons and mountains; nothing about which people ask, "What is it meant for?" no blackness for shadows, nor "Chinese white" for light; above all, no slovenly "brilliant execution;" and let us be satisfied that our colour is as pure as we can get it, and as transparent—*that* is a great thing both in paintings and people.—Then, our picture will be a good one, although there may be no such great talent in it. It will give pleasure, and that is doing good. And we may be sure of our *beam* on it—the work very likely could not bear *more* now—not a passing gleam, but a resting gladness. "Sure of our beam?" Yes. If with a prayer-wish in our hearts we say, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," it will be upon us, and upon "the work of our hands," just because of His own word. Glory-light on us means Jesus in us. We *must* have Him, dear children, whatever else we go without, and so if there is one thing we are more sure of from the Bible than anything besides, it is this,—that He never stays away, no, not for one lonely minute, from any one, young or old, who really wants Him. Any number of texts tell us that sweet, strong truth.

I'm afraid we lingered too long by that mountain lake: it shall give us our last thought, to make us some amends. If just a ray of the glory-light through the mists and shadows down here, can make our poor little life-painting lovely, what must not that light be in its full clear splendour, where it falls on no pictures, even of Heaven's own scenery, but is mirrored in the sea of crystal, and blazed back from the living gold and emerald and sapphire of angel crowns, and of the throne! "Will not *that* be the glory that excelleth?" We will not forget our hymn. The children *are* living, and singing there. These are all real things we have been talking about, and our texts that we are hoping to speak of, tell us that eternal fulness of glory and of the love is ours—if the ray is ours.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "One there is above all others." Lesson: John xiv. from 15th verse. Concluding Hymn: "The day, O Lord, is spent."

We are to have, you know, this evening a double text from our last lesson, the 17th chapter, you remember, verses 22 and 26, and their wonderful beauty. They seem almost *too* wonderful. "The glory which Thou gavest *Me*—The love wherewith Thou hast loved *Me*." Spoken to Peter, and John, and

James, and to the others who had lived with and loved Jesus, the words are amazing; they must have listened with wondering looks at each other. We surely may not believe they are said to *us?* Ah, but there are precious words here that we may listen to—that are all for us. They are part of the passage that holds the others, the 20th verse, and tell us quite plainly—that our Saviour's wonderful prayer is as much for us as it was for those disciples. The second of the two text-verses is very tempting, but we may not pass from the 22nd verse without a thought back to our first talk. In having the glory-ray, you remember, we have Jesus; and from this verse we see that in believing on Him, which is the same thing as having Him, we have given us His own glory. How perfectly the Bible fits into itself! All real work, we said, was made beautiful, whether people saw any beauty in it or not; but we will always bear in mind it is made so by a ray from "the glory that excelleth." There is a great deal to enjoy in this poor old world of ours after all—much that it is downright ingratitude not to enjoy. Just look into the 6th chapter of the First of Timothy, and read what is there said about it. "All things"! There is joy in school-tasks, and in holiday pleasures—with our Ray. We have said something about the work; and the play is worth a word too. We will not miss the gladness of sweet scenes, and merry games, and loving voices; but surely we shall not get less joy out of that precious ray of ours, that can make a glory-beam out of the dust of an attic, for knowing there is a whole Sun of the glory "over there," and thinking often of the things that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" (1 Cor. ii. 9), that have all their loveliness in Him who is the City's Light, and that He "hath prepared." Only think of God getting the most lovely things ready for us in heaven!—"for them that love Him." Now, we are to get some thoughts from the 26th verse, the best and sweetest of all. I'm pretty sure none of you would care to be made very great people of, and have to go without all the loving words, and looks, and hugs that make your lives happy. Any amount of grandeur, but not a bit of love. Those whose arms you are longing to feel round you, bowing and making fine speeches to you all the day through—going away from you to embrace one another and talk lovingly together; not even presuming to wish you "Good night." You would be glad enough to get out of it all for a walk and a talk with your own dear friend, wouldn't you? Children in a palace who love one another are no doubt just as happy as children in a cottage, but the splendid rooms and courtly addresses, and all the luxuries of their position, have little to do with the happiness of the grandchildren of our own dear Queen; they have always been used to these things. They are happy in each other's love, and in the love of their parents, I should think. I think, too, even the surpassing splendour of the palace of the great King could not make His children who live there, happy without its love. Our glory-verse would be almost terrible without our love-verse.

But it takes the love of two to make a friendship. Our talk has been of Christ's love to us, and if there is any love between us it must begin with Him—St. John tells us so in the fourth chapter of his First Epistle. Still, if there is to be any *joy*, there must be love on both sides. God's "prepared" things that we spoke of just now are, remember, "for them that love Him." He longs, indeed, to have every one of us with Him in His home; but He who is all wise will not get things ready for those who He knows never could enjoy them. Does any one of you believe there would be the very least happiness in having somebody living with you who loved you ever so much, but whom you did not love one bit? Not that you had any actual feeling of dislike; only, somehow, your heart would not go out to that person. Would not the love itself weary you? But you think of some one whom you long to have with you, all to yourself. To sit with that darling friend of yours, in the schoolroom, through a long summer afternoon, and talk the secrets no one else in the world might hear a word of, would be truer joy than the merriest game or the pleasantest ramble, with mere school companions. And God wants us to get up close to Him and tell Him all our secrets. He says, "Give me thine heart," and asks us to talk things over with Him. Let us for a minute or two look thoughtfully at a very remarkable word in the Revelation—"I will come in to him, and sup with him." Supper, you know, is an especially social, friendly meal. We invite people we don't care so much for, to a dinner-party, but our friend "drops in" to supper, and we have a cosy chat, all about home affairs, over the meal, till quite late;—we say very likely, "Oh! *can't* you stop the night?" Very reverently, dears, let us accept the surprising, beautiful thought of close, friend-like sitting together that is here so graciously brought to us. There is in the words that follow, "and

he with me," another thought that we will not miss. Our wonderful and gracious Guest brings with him delicacies we could never provide, to make the homely supper a feast. Only one who felt himself really a friend would do that. Now, let us ask ourselves, How should we receive such a Guest? The children sit up to that supper.

Do not, any of you, say, "Oh, I'm sure *I* don't love Jesus. I cannot feel that I *love* Him—not as I love my dear mother or brother—I only wish I did." Let us see whether our lesson (the 23rd verse) does not help us here: we may always be quite sure, if the Bible tells us to do something, it tells us too how to do that thing. You're not for ever trying to feel that you love your parents. You do something, because, "You see, Father *said* I was to do it"—that's love. Have you kept one of the "sayings" of Jesus, "Only believe," which, you remember, means "Only take"? If you *have*, then, however unworthily, even unconsciously, you are loving Him: His love will make up all that is wanting in yours; as some tiny runnel of water, hardly a rivulet, that meets the full river, is taken into its fulness, and is borne, a part of itself, on to the grand ocean. "I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one"—our 23rd verse—and the thought comes again in the 26th. How full of wonder this love-and-glory text of ours is! It does seem such poor little talking, all that we have been saying about it. The love "passeth" language as it does knowledge, yet we cannot keep it out of our talks any more than we may out of our lives—it would be, you know, leaving out Jesus!

There is not, I think, a verse in the Bible more full of a strange, tender awe than this, with its opening words of loving insistancy, "Father, I will"—Jesus "will" have His loved ones with Him in His home, that *He* may show them all His own lovely things, all His treasures of glory, eternally familiar to the Father and the Son—to Themselves alone! We may not thus late attempt to bring out that verse's vast hidden teachings; only, before we part, we will all silently pray that none of us, or of those dear to us, may miss our share in the precious, amazing privilege we get the thought of here—of adding to the Saviour's joy in His love.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "We are but strangers here." Lesson: Psalm xlviii.; Rev. xxi. 10 to 27. Concluding Hymn: "The day, O Lord, is spent."

In our first talk together we spoke, you remember, of a river that has to be crossed by all of us, and a City on its farther shore. Perhaps a little sketch from memory will help us in our thoughts about the crossing and the going in. It was indeed a wonderfully beautiful view we came upon, that dreamy May morning, at the foot of the mountain road which led from the rugged frontier village to the river shore. From the broken black rocks, fringed with amber oarweed, over which we stepped cautiously, we looked across broad sands, purple and brown and orange, threaded here and there with pale, changing green, and deeper blue, that stretched away for more than half a mile, to meet the creeping silver of the tide from "The Bay," just below the rocky cliff, along which clambered and hung bastions and towers of an old walled town. It rose up in the golden haze, many a strange-looking chimney and glistening pinnacle peering over the broken ramparts, crowned by a grey, stern fortress-church, storm and foe beaten, with burnished dome and bent, slender cross lifted against the "Chieftain" Mountain (I can't spell its Basque name), whose noble form was faintly outlined from the sunlight, and the blue mist of the far "Sierras."

I could have looked and looked for an hour; but my bright-faced, bare-legged boy-guide pointed to the widening silver under the distant walls, where the boat-specks were wavering now. So, across the hard, brown sand, plashing through shallow pools, and springing over deep rivulets, we made our way to the fast-filling river, that kept us backing foot by foot on the vanishing sands, as we waited for the slow, heavy ferry-boat to take us across to the guarded gate. "Your Pass?" The ready "Permitar" met the sentry's challenge—there would have been no getting into the stately, solemn old town full of stories in stone of long-past centuries, without that. And that, dear children, shall be our first thought about the City. "What is to be our text this evening?" The wise old "Preacher" shall give it—those words in the 10th chapter of Ecclesiastes, "The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the City."

All of us, children and grown-up people alike, want to go to Heaven! I am sure not one amongst us here would say, "I don't care about getting to Heaven." Well, suppose we ask ourselves, each of us, "Do I know 'how to go' there? If I do not, I am one of 'the foolish,' and I shall before very long be weary—too tired it may be, ever to get there at all!"

But we are going to speak of the Pass. "Ah!" some one says, "but *that* is only asked for when you are up at the gate, and our text is about the going: it's like beginning at the end of 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" Quite true about the text; but the first thing to be thought of, before ever you start upon your journey, is to get your pass—"Christian" got *his*, I know. That bit of paper, shown at the old town's sentry-guarded gate, was obtained more than a hundred miles away: it could not have been got out on the sands, nor upon the road, nor in the village. Without it, the swift train, and the pleasant, safe walk to the river-side, and the slow-coming ferry-boat would all have been for nothing. So mortifying to have been turned back at the very entrance to the town! We shall have something to say about the sands and the river; but you see we are really beginning at the beginning, in making sure of our pass for the City "whose builder and maker is God," and "her light like unto a stone most precious," the very first thing. There was a good deal of formality and inquiry and showing of other papers, and a fee, too, if I remember rightly, to be paid, before the "Permit" for that frontier fortress was granted. Anybody and everybody may have an admission for Heaven, to "Enter in through the gates into the City"—and none go in who have it not—without cost or question, for the asking. Here is the King's own word for it: "God, that giveth to all liberally, will be very gracious: Every one that asketh receiveth—life through His name."

The signature is everything in a pass: it is *the name*, and that only, that gives value to the bit of paper. "Let pass"—and the prince's or the general's signature—all the rest is form. Suppose the paper presented at the town gate had borne my own signature, what, think you, would the guard have had to say to it? So many, oh! so many think their own "foolish" scrawling will do for admission to the City. The name of Jesus, that is what we need, and *all* we need; our poor names, I think, will not be seen on our pass; the angel at the pearl gate will look only for "the Name that is above every name."

But there are the sands to be crossed; and there is the river to be passed over that washes the jasper walls, above which, "mansions" beyond "mansions," the gold and crystal of the City no fortress guards, nor temple crowns—that St. John has pictured for us in that wonderful chapter we read just now, rise into "the excellent glory." We may not make out the beauty of her palaces, their light is too dazzling; but even as we cross the sands, we may see a gleam of the far splendour. The river is deep, but we have a promise for the crossing. You will find it in the 43rd of Isaiah; and in our lesson (the last verse of the Psalm) we have another most precious promise. The pass in my pocket would not have helped me to cross the sands; it was of *all value* when I reached the gate, but I had to get there. "He will be our guide unto death." So many thoughts come, dear children, about the guidance; but we will now take only this one—that when we take our pass, we have our guide. We have just spoken of the name; isn't this a grand text, that we get in the 4th chapter of Micah, "They shall walk in the name of the Lord for ever and ever"? That takes us right through the river, and up into the City's eternal wonders. There will be no waiting by the creeping tide.

But remember, that before Christ gives us an admission for the City, He takes from us the sin that would keep us out. How else would He be "our Saviour"? what should we have been saved from? In all this we have but been putting into new thoughts and words, the old great truth, that we must have Jesus with us. There looks such a wide, pathless stretch of sand to walk across; but, you recollect, we have an all-through promise. Step by step the "narrow way" will be trodden out for us; and not only have we a guide who knows every inch of the journey, whom, if you follow carefully and boldly, you will be all right, but one who keeps ever by your side, and who, while His leading foot forms the next place for yours, is holding your right hand in His (Isaiah xli. 10, 13); ready and strong to aid where the sand is treacherous, or the leap across the dark water looks so wide: with a closer clasp as the twilight deepens, and a whispered telling of the City's light, and beauty, and song, and of all the lovely things He has ready for your own self there—all safely held, the soft small fingers and the work-hardened and wearied hand. "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee," what does that mean? Not, I think, that we shall always feel quite safe and step out bravely; but that if the mists come down over the sands, and the light from the joyous City is lost, and the wind gets up so that through the fierce gusts we cannot hear the voice by our side, we shall but take a closer grasp of the hand holding ours, that was "wounded for our transgressions," for yours, dear chil-

dren, and for mine, in saving us from them. Another hand will for ever be trying to get hold of yours, and the little fingers may be so numbed by the cold, clinging mist, and the biting wind, that they cannot feel the Guide's clasp. Never mind, that hand never lets go, "none is able to pluck" out of it.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Thine for ever, God of love." Lesson: Psalm cxvi. Concluding Hymn: "The day, O Lord, is spent."

Our lesson this evening shall furnish us with thoughts for our talk. Several of its verses bring to remembrance truths we have spoken about on the past three Sundays; and you must please not be impatient, dear children, if I say some things over again, just because they *are* truths that we have been talking of. I do so want you all to know Jesus Christ as your very own loving Saviour, not merely to know all about Him. A whole shelf-full of beautifully bound New Testament-History prizes are worth just nothing to you in themselves, or in the knowledge that gained them, if you have not *Himself*. You might be able to answer any number of questions respecting the precious metals, all about mines, and ductility, and malleability, and the Mint, and standards. What good would all that be to you, if you had not, and could not get, a sixpence to buy a loaf?

The first thing we have to notice in our text-verses (the 8th and 9th) is, that they record a distinct answer to a prayer for some of the things they mention. Will one of you who has a reference Bible find the other Psalm? Yes, that is it. The 56th. I wish you to look very carefully at the prayer; it gives so beautifully the right order of our petitions, in the Psalmist's assurance that the first all-important thing has been done and his confidence that therefore the other things will also be done. He asks, indeed, "Wilt Thou not?" but it is a question that might be put into the words, "Why, of course Thou wilt." He had his Pass, so was in no doubt whatever about the guiding. "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, wilt not Thou deliver my feet from falling?" Death is "the wages of sin" (Romans vi. 23). So if the Psalmist was delivered from death, he was saved from the sin that claimed those terrible wages. He had made sure of the Name, he tells us so in the 4th verse of our Lesson-Psalm; we will read the 4th and 8th verses together. Shall we look now at a verse in the New Testament (the 24th of Jude) which brings out the same idea of safe keeping that we got in our Psalm, with an added lovely thought that takes us back to one of our earlier talks. Here the Greek word translated "from falling," is something even better than that—"not stumbling." A stumble against a sharp rock may hurt us, though we do not fall. We need not fear that. Hand in hand with our Guide, we may walk on, looking up in His face—not losing one smile. But that is not the thought I had in mind. It is one we hinted at, I remember, on our second evening, which we get in the words that follow: "To present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." Only think! your wondering walk, still in the hand-clasp, through the welcoming light and gladness of heaven, till you stand in the full sight of the glory, one ray of which made the walk plain and the work beautiful here, will give your Saviour "exceeding joy!" May each of you resolve, with an earnest thought of prayer—"Yes, with His own loving, strong help, it shall."

But now, our text gives us something that we might not have looked for in answer to the prayer in that other Psalm. God always goes beyond our asking, and see here, not only are the feet to be kept, but the eyes too; their glad uplook shall not be dimmed by tears. I recollect a good, simple old Christian woman saying to me, when speaking of her deep trials and sorrows, and the comfort that Jesus had given her in them, "You see, my dear, I could hear Him say, 'There, don't 'ee cry, be a good child, I be coming to 'ee.'" Perhaps the tears of some of you little people may be "very near your eyes." If they are tears of real grief, that same Jesus is sorry with you; though "people" may wonder "what on earth there is to cry about." But if He Himself is by your side, the tears will not often gather.

To finish our text. "I will walk before the Lord," says the Psalmist, "in the land of the living." He had asked that he might walk "in the light." We have a command to do that (John xii. 35); and we are told, you recollect, that we have no light in ourselves. Now, he is sure of walking "in the land of the living." Is that "the land that is very far off," where they "see the King in his beauty"? It may be so—an answer again beyond the prayer; but anyhow, it is too, I think, this land we now are in.

But we may not forget, dear children, that "the land of the living" is the land too of the dying.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT DERBY.

DERBY was selected as the meeting place of the Church Congress of 1882, with the very practical object of giving a fresh impetus to the fund for endowing a new Bishopric of Southwell. The Diocese of Litchfield, as the president pointed out, is much too extensive for efficiency in organization and work, reaching as it does from Derby to the borders of Wales, and from Buxton to Birmingham; containing a million and a half of people, and more than a thousand clergy. For the present, however, subdivision is impossible, as only half of the £70,000 has been raised since the Act authorising the change was passed four years ago. In the proceedings of the Congress there were but few incidents of note. Disorder was not altogether absent, but happily there was no recurrence of the scandalous scenes which at one time threatened to exterminate such gatherings altogether. The Bishop of Liverpool, by his attendance at a Presbyterian Church in Scotland, had evidently provoked animosity, but was not quelled by it; and though Canon Lefroy was howled down by a noisy section of the assembly, Canon Hoare succeeded in dealing some incisive thrusts at Mr. C. L. Wood and the English Church Union. The very practical discussions on the attitude of the Church in relation to trade, politics, and private affairs will certainly prove helpful to many, and the Archbishop of York's denunciation of the very prevalent vice of gambling was most timely. Nor must we fail to mention the two meetings at which Miss Ellice Hopkins pleaded for "the tempted and unprotected children" of England. Talk such as this on the needs of the weak is good, for it will lead to much required action, and action will give the nation a purer morality and nobler laws.

THE MISSION TO THE WELSH IN LONDON.

The whole world sends citizens to London. In the great city there are now more than forty thousand men, women, and children, natives by birth of the little Principality of Wales, all speaking the Welsh tongue, and very many unable to express themselves in any other language. They worship in chapels of their own, eighteen in all, scattered over the metropolis; but not more than a quarter of the Welsh in London are to be found on the Sunday at any place of worship, whereas in Wales only one-fifth are habitual absentees. These wanderers have to be sought out, and by missionaries of their own race. For even to those who speak English, ours is an alien tongue, the language of trade and business, while in moments of excitement and emotion they fall back to the speech learned in childhood and never since entirely forgotten or disused; a language, moreover, not only familiar, but specially adapted to produce and to express religious conceptions and emotions. Three agents are employed in this useful work by the London City Mission. They visit their compatriots in their homes, and endeavour to reclaim those who have strayed from their earlier faith. The missionaries' work is rather to recall forgotten truths than to teach new; for the effects of the Sunday-school—the great institution of Wales—and of the lessons learned there are seldom utterly obliterated. Early instincts of youth remain beneath the surface, but the temptations of city life and of evil companionship too readily allure the social and impressionable nature of the Welsh, and cut them adrift from morality and faith. The work of visitation extends not only to the home but to the hospital, where many Welsh patients are found; and the agents often have to act as interpreters between the sufferers and those who attempt their cure. The great Barnet Fair, at which Welsh drovers gather in numbers, is another great field of work; and in many cases experience has shown that the books and tracts there distributed keep alive interest and affection for many months. So many of us are overwhelmed with the mass of literature, that we forget the thousands to whom books and papers are inaccessible and unintelligible unless in their own tongue; but it is by such agencies as the Welsh Mission that life and thought are kept alive in those who are wanderers with their cattle during a large part of the year, or are settled as strangers among a race of alien speech.

SELWYN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

A new institution, intended to commemorate Bishop Selwyn, of Lichfield, has recently been opened at Cambridge. Now that all religious restrictions have been removed in the national Universities, some members of the Established Church are afraid for their sons to enter a college containing men of all creeds, and of none. To meet such cases, this new college has been established. Its officers and its members must all be members of the Church of England, and while it promises a more strictly denominational education than is given elsewhere, economy also will be insured by a system of elaborate sumptuary laws similar to those enforced at Keble College, Oxford. At present, a sum of £33,000 has been raised, sufficient to provide accommodation for sixty students, thirty of whom have already come into residence; but large contributions will still be needed to build a chapel, a dining-hall, a lodge for the Warden, and another block of rooms. The project has not been received with universal favour even among the clerical members of the University, several of whom condemn a policy of artificial restriction. No constitution, moreover, however stringent, can insure the security desired; for parentage cannot guarantee personal religious faith. And unless the future students of the college are to be condemned to a life of isolation, they will encounter, when they mix in the society of the University, the very dangers from which it is sought to deliver them. Nor must it be

forgotten that the tests now abolished were a barrier to men of religious conviction and not to infidelity. The Nonconformist students whom the new system has admitted have in fact brought a new force to resist the Agnostic tendencies prevailing in University society; they are a defence and not a danger to religious faith. And while the services in the college chapels are those of the Church of England, it is difficult to see what advantage and security an institution of this kind can confer.

THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION AND PRISON REFORM.

In the Report of the Howard Association, one of the most useful societies in existence, the question of prison reform occupies a prominent place. Since the days of John Howard, countless improvements have been made; but still much remains to be done. A complete separation of prisoners is universally admitted to be essential, in the interests of discipline and morality, but both by day and night in some convict and local prisons this precaution is ignored. The system of gang-labour not only has this disadvantage, but also increases assault and facilitates escape. The dietary and labour of the prisoners is another point of importance, and it certainly is clear that the rations adapted to those who lead a sedentary life are inadequate for those engaged in severe field labour. The present system is too rigid and inflexible, even when it is not essentially bad in itself. Unfortunately Home Secretaries, however energetic and able, are almost powerless to effect any change. The Prisons Commissioners retain almost absolute authority, and ministers and local authorities are powerless alike against a permanent and persistent bureaucracy.

EFFORTS TO LIMIT THE SPREAD OF DISEASE.

Old questions constantly recur in a new form; and the world just now, or, at any rate, a portion of it, is inquiring with some earnestness, not "Who is my neighbour?" but "What is my duty towards him?" especially when life and health are concerned. At a Sectional Meeting of the Social Science Congress, and at other similar assemblies this autumn, the question of the compulsory notification of disease has been discussed always with energy, and sometimes with heat. Who is to report is the point at issue—the physician or the head of the house? Against the former of the alternatives it is alleged that an obligation of this kind would turn the doctor into a spy, and that distrust and secrecy would be the inevitable consequences; that sickness would be concealed, and in extremity recourse would be had to a low-class practitioner, ready to falsify a certificate or to hold his tongue for a fee. On the other hand, to compel a householder to declare his home the centre of infection would be, it is urged, an act of unwarrantable tyranny. Such a policy would create a new artificial crime, and the punishment of the delinquent would only excite popular sympathy for the sufferer. It is, however, quite clear that no man should be allowed to neglect any precaution by which the chances of disease and death may be diminished.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE END OF THE WAR.

In the national joy at the success of the English arms in Egypt we unreservedly share. Just because we are not of the number of those who "delight in war," the decisive nature of the engagement at Tel-el-Kebir is to us a matter for the deepest thankfulness. A blow of less severity would have left the war to linger on, with suffering protracted, death multiplied, and all its horrors intensified a hundredfold. Prudent strategy allowed the mischief to draw to a head, and then crushed it at once; we hope for ever. The absolute collapse of the enemy affords the clearest proof that it is not with a patriotic population in arms that we have had to deal, but with indifferent troops fighting under compulsion, and glad to return to the work of cultivating their patches of land at the first signs of defeat. At present there are two points of paramount importance. First, that the men who have embroiled Egypt in revolution and bloodshed should be so dealt with as to make a repetition of such conduct impossible: it is security, not revenge, that we ask for. Secondly, that Egypt should be delivered from the ravages of Europeans of the lowest class, who by insolence, extortion, and fraud are a fruitful cause of disorder and discontent. And now that we have delivered Egypt from the tyranny of an adventurer, what can we do to deliver it from the tyranny of ignorance and superstition?

THE OLD CATHOLICS IN SWITZERLAND.

It is now ten years since the struggle against the claims of Rome to infallibility and universal dominion first arose in Switzerland, and the movement has had time to develop its force and to show its permanent power. Its history has been subject to strange divergency. In the French parishes of the Jura its adherents confess an absolute failure; the solitary pastor left in the district has sent in his resignation; and, in the words of the Synodal Council, "the last ray of light in the Jura has gone out." Indifference, not Rome, seems to have been the most fatal foe to religious liberty and life. The French, moreover, as a correspondent of the *Guardian* points out, are notoriously incapable of fighting a defensive campaign; in religion, as in war, they can never hold their ground against odds. In German Switzerland, on the contrary, the prospect is most cheering. In the more important towns the Old Catholics muster in force, and at Berne they actually outnumber the Romanists, and hold the Cathedral. Forty-two communities now exist in connection with the Church, all firmly established, and many more will shortly be added to the number. Meanwhile their leaders appeal for aid to enable them to carry on their work in districts hitherto neglected. As a protest against the Papal power, and as an effort to reach freedom of faith, the Reformed Catholic Church deserves the sympathy and the prayers of all who care for the future welfare of Europe.

III.—MISSION JOTTINGS.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN INDIA.

The detachment of the "Salvation Army" recently sent out to India has landed and commenced operations, but at the very outset the civil authorities found it necessary to warn and then to arrest some contumacious members of the party, who by their policy threatened to excite a serious commotion among the populace. The action of these new evangelists is to be deeply deplored. Setting aside graver questions, it is a matter for serious doubt whether an organization and a system created to reach the brutalised classes in England can appeal with any genuine success to a nation with the habits and instinct of the East. The gospel in its original purity is as effective at Calcutta as in London, but a debased and materialised gospel will probably repel and disgust the subtle intelligence of the Hindoo. This new movement may seriously prejudice the work actually being carried on by missionaries in India. By quiet and patient effort these labourers have gained a substantial hold upon the country: they have, as a rule, worked together in harmony, and few have forgotten that the truth of Christ should be presented to the heathen with the courtesy, as well as the enthusiasm, of the Great Missionary to the Gentiles. But this is not the temper and spirit of the "Salvation Army." They court antagonism; tumult is the air they breathe; excitement, ostentation, and aggression are their characteristics. It is their right as English citizens to be protected against ruffianism at home, but they themselves are by that very fact bound to refrain from disturbing the public peace by parade or by active insult. If the fierce fanatics of India are roused by them, their processions and public harangues must be rigorously repressed. Those who are the ambassadors of the Gospel of Peace must not be the first to excite uproar and tumult. There is a license in religion as well as liberty.

THE THIRD JUBILEE OF MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

We know too little in England about the history and the labours of the Moravian Church of the United Brethren. Their Church was founded in the year 1457, as the outcome of the preaching of John Huss, and soon established itself in Moravia, Bohemia, and some districts of Poland. Expelled from their original home, and almost exterminated by persecution, the faithful survivors found a refuge in Saxony, on the estate of Count Zinzendorf, at Herrnhut, in 1722. The new settlement, before many years, witnessed an outbreak of fervent religious enthusiasm, and in the year 1732, two of the brethren set out for the island of St. Thomas, "taking with them the blessing of the little Church, a few shillings in their pockets, the clothes on their backs, and as 'instructions,' this one direction, that they were 'in all things to seek the guidance of God's holy Spirit.'" Before twenty years had passed, this little band of emigrants, not more than six hundred all told, had sent men filled with passionate zeal for the cause of Christ to the Arctic Regions, to Indians and Negroes in America and the West Indies, to Southern and Northern Africa, to Central Asia, China, and Ceylon; how sustained, how prospered in their work, God only knows. Thirty years before the inauguration of Wesleyan Missions, and more than half a century before the outburst of missionary enthusiasm which gave birth to the Baptist, the Church, and the London Missionary Societies, this little band of "United Brethren" set themselves to the work of carrying Christ's Gospel to the millions of the heathen world. This year these Moravian churches are commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the commencement of missionary work. How they have sped, a brief record will show. At their first Jubilee in 1782, they had 27 stations and 165 workers in the mission field. At the end of the eighteenth century, Dr. Christlieb has told us, out of 170 men sent out by Protestant Churches to the heathen, the Moravians claimed 100. By the Centenary Jubilee, the Mission "had grown to 41 stations, at which 209 brethren and sisters had the care of 40,000 souls." Another fifty years brings us to the present time; and now the number of stations has increased to 115; 312 missionaries are engaged in the work; but to this force we have to add a supplementary militia of 1,524 "occasional workers"—largely the result of the development of native agency; as fruits of their work, they can point to 76,000 souls in Church fellowship, 26,000 of whom are communicants. "We are apparently not specially adapted for working among the more highly cultivated heathen nations," they say; "we are sent to the lowest of the low, to wretched slaves, to despised Hottentots and coarse Kaffirs;" and regardless of a cautious economy in evangelistic strength, they are at work among the decaying remnants of nations that must ere long be extinct—the Eskimos, the Indians, and the Papoos. The story of this noble work is one to be read with care and thought; it teaches us the exaltation of humility and the triumph of weakness supported by faith.

IV.—MEMORIAL RECORD.

DR. PUSEY.

The death of Dr. Pusey closes a chapter in the history of the most remarkable religious movement of the nineteenth century; for although he was not one of the small band which originated the Tractarian movement, his accession to the party gave it at once a leader and a name. Keble had published his "Christian Year," and preached his famous *Assize Sermon* on National Apostacy; and John Henry Newman had begun to issue the famous tracts two years before Pusey openly allied himself to the cause. A distinguished career at Oxford culminating in his election to an Oriel fellowship; his connection with the Bouveries, the family of the Earls of Radnor; his university professorship, and the reputation for special learning acquired in Germany, combined with a natural talent for command to mark him out for leadership. The party which Newman had attracted was retained and controlled by Pusey. Circum-

stances increased the prominence of his position. He was suspended from his functions as university preacher on a charge of teaching false doctrine, gaining the credit of the first "martyr" for the cause. Where others wavered and vacillated he was firm, knowing neither doubts nor perplexities. Finally, when Newman, who was the genius of the movement though not its guide, at last decided upon secession to Rome in 1846, to be followed by Faber, Oakley, the Wilberforces, and Manning, a few years later, it was Pusey's influence that retained a large part of his followers in the Anglican Church, and preserved another portion from wild panic. At a meeting held in 1850, when excitement had reached its highest pitch, many members of the High Church party were anxious to shelter themselves by a formal repudiation of Romish doctrine. Pusey vehemently denounced such a policy. Years of labour and love, said he, were the best testimony of their loyalty to their Church, and such evidence was not to be strengthened by a mere negative. "If nothing else will convince men," he exclaimed, "Death in the bosom of the Church of England will." If this memorable sentence had not been realised in fact, and if Pusey had followed his friends in secession, the whole history of the High Church movement might have been changed. Their leader lost, the followers would have been scattered, some to follow him, others to fall away from a false position. As it was, he endeavoured to assimilate the Church of England to his ideal. Remaining within its pale, he taught the great doctrines which have always been associated with the Romish Church—Baptismal Regeneration, the Real Presence in the Eucharist, confession to and absolution by a priest, and the systematic observance of fasts. At the same time he was no Ritualist. About the mere externals and symbols of faith he cared little: candles and incense, vestments and millinery, postures and genuflections were all part of what he termed a "dilettante Catholicism." He spent his labour on the foundation, not on the superstructure. Great as was the influence of his public teaching from the pulpit and the professorial chair, he gained a wider power by his extraordinary readiness to give advice to all who sought him in perplexity. He was a general Father-Confessor, and in the service set aside all his theological and literary researches if he could relieve the hearts of men. The Rev. R. W. Randall has recorded how, on one occasion, Dr. Pusey having been summoned to visit a lady in extreme need, would take no apology for the intrusion on his studies. "I used often," he said, "to wish that God would let me have a parish, that I might minister to souls in it. He has denied me that, but He has given me a very large parish, for He has let me have the work of looking after the souls of people that want to be made good." Even those of us who feel that his teaching was unsound and pernicious, and ultimately destructive of a sound and intelligent Christian faith, may take a lesson from words illustrated and verified by his entire life; and while bearing in mind the evil results of the movement with which Dr. Pusey was for nearly half a century identified, it would be unjust to forget the state of things it found in the Church; how it has elevated the ideal of the clerical office, kindled new enthusiasm and generosity among the laity, ennobled the ritual and fabric of the churches, and carried light into the dark places of our land, and among thousands sunk deep in spiritual darkness and death. Judged by the work it has done, faulty as all human work at its best most surely is, the High Church party has been nobly unselfish and successful and has been in many respects a credit to the Church and a blessing to the nation it has sought to serve.

THE HON. AND VERY REV. GERALD WELLESLEY.

"The fierce light that beats upon a throne" often throws into shadow those who stand nearest to it; and the world has known but little of the love and honourable services rendered to Church and State by the late Dean of Windsor. He was one of the earliest friends of her Majesty the Queen; "a devoted, valuable, and dear friend, as well as a wise counsellor," are the words in which she deplores his loss. The late Dean was the nephew of the great Duke of Wellington, and possessed the same clear sense of duty and the same pure fidelity that characterized his uncle. Distinction and honour he never craved; he shunned preferment even when offered and pressed upon his acceptance. One of those familiar with his life-history has made known how he declined more than one mitre, the ecclesiastical headship of the army, and even the highest honour which the Church can bestow. With the rank he had, and with his opportunities for well-doing, he was content; for his ambition was true service, not brilliant reward: this was the secret of a life noteworthy in an age of ambition and emulous rivalry.

REV. THEOPHILUS DODDS.

The mission to the working classes of Paris has sustained a grievous loss in the melancholy death of the Rev. Theophilus Dodds, for the last five years Mr. McAll's principal assistant in his work. Mr. Dodds, while on a visit to the country with his family, was poisoned by eating fungus mistaken for mushrooms. Medical assistance was of no avail, and after several days of severe suffering the end came, cutting short a useful life devoted to noble service in the cause of Christ. The work to which Mr. Dodds had consecrated himself has been abundantly prosperous. In Central France, within the last few months, he conducted a most successful mission at Clermont Ferrand, by which a large number of working men and women were led to embrace the Gospel of Christ in its fulness and purity; most of them rescued from the despair of infidelity. In Paris the universal grief at the funeral gives evidence as to the genuineness of Mr. McAll's influence over those to whom he specially appeals. The sorrow of the French *ouvriers* will not fail to meet a responsive sympathy in England; especially as Mrs. Dodds, now left a widow, is a daughter of Dr. Bonar, of Edinburgh, a minister beloved and honoured wherever he is known.

[Frontispiece.]

[*Sunday Magazine*, 1882

SUNDAY MORNING.

By Robert Barnes.

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," etc.

CHAPTER LIV.—THE SICK ROOM.

AT Yrndale things went on in the same dull way, anger burrowing like a devil-mole in the bosom of the father, a dreary spiritual fog hanging over all the souls, and the mother wearying for some glimmer of a heavenly dawn. Hester felt as if she could not endure it much longer—as if the place were forgotten of God, and abandoned to chance. But there was one dayspring in the house yet—Mark's room, where the major sat by the bedside of the boy, now reading to him, now telling him stories, and now and then listening to him as he talked childlike wisdom in childish words. Saffy came and went, by no means so merry now that she was more with Corney. In Mark's room she would at times be her old self again, but nowhere else. Infected by Corney, she had begun to be afraid of her father, and like him watched to keep out of his way. What seemed to add to the misery, though in reality it operated the other way, was that the weather had again put on a wintry temper. Sleet and hail, and even snow fell, alternated with rain and wind, day after day for a week.

One afternoon the wind rose almost to a tempest. The rain drove in sheets, and came against the windows of Mark's room nearly at right angles. It was a cheerful room, though low-pitched and very old, with a great beam across the middle of it. There were coloured prints, mostly of Scripture-subjects, on the walls; and the beautiful fire burning in the bow-fronted grate shone on them. It was reflected also from the brown polished floor. The major sat by it in his easy-chair: he could endure hardship, but saved strength for work, nursing being none of the lightest. A bedroom had been prepared for him next to the boy's: Mark had a string close to his hand, whose slightest pull of it sufficed to ring a bell which woke the major as instantly as if it had been the opening of a cannonade.

This afternoon, with the rain-charged wind rushing in fierce gusts every now and then against the windows, and the twilight coming on the sooner because the world was wrapt in blanket upon blanket of wet cloud, the major was reading, by no means sure whether his patient waked or slept, and himself very sleepy, longing indeed for a little nap. A moment and he was far away, following an imaginary tiger, when the voice of Mark woke him with the question:

"What kind of thing do you like best in all the world, majie?—I mean *this* world, you know—and of course I don't mean God or any*body*, but things about you, I mean."

The major sat bolt upright, rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, but quietly that Mark might not know he had waked him, pulled down his waistcoat, gave a hem as if deeply pondering, instead of trying hard to gather wits enough to understand the question put to him, and when he thought his voice sufficiently a waking one not to betray him, answered,

"Well, Mark, I don't think we can beat this same—can we? What do you think?"

"Let's see what makes it so nice!" returned Mark. "First of all, you're there, majie!"

"And you're there, Markie," said the major.

"Yes, that's all right! Next there's my bed for me, and your easy-chair for you, and the fire for us both! And the sight of your chair is better to me than the feel of my bed! And the fire is *beautiful*, and though I can't *feel* that, because they're not my legs, I know it is making your legs so nice and warm! And then there are the shines of it all about the room! What a beautiful thing a shine is, majie! I wish you would put on your grand uniform, and let me see the fire shining on the gold lace and the buttons and the epaulettes and the hilt of your sword!"

"I will, Markie."

"I've seen your sword, you know, majie! and I think it is the beautifullest thing in the world. I wonder why a thing for killing should be so beautiful! Can you tell me, majie?"

The major had to think in order to answer that question, but thinking he hit upon something like the truth of the thing.

"It must be that it is not made for the sake of the killing, but for the sake of the right that would else be trodden down!" he said. "Whatever is on the side of the right ought to be beautiful."

"But ain't a pirate's sword beautiful? I've read of precious stones in the hilt of a pirate's sword! That's not for the right—is it now, majie?"

The boy was gradually educating the man without either of them knowing it—for the major had to *think* in order to give reasonable answers to not a few of Mark's questions.

The boy was an unconscious Socrates to the soldier; for there is a Teacher who, by fitting them right together, can use two ignorances for two teachings. Here the ostensible master, who was really the principal pupil, had to think hard.

"Anything," he said at last, "may be turned from its right use, and then it goes all wrong."

"But a sword looks all right—it shines—even when it is put to a wrong use!"

"For a while," answered the major. "It takes time for anything that has turned bad to lose its good looks."

"But, majie, how can a sword ever grow ugly?"

Again the major had to think.

"When people put things to a bad use, they are not good themselves," he said; "and when they are not good, they are lazy, and neglect things. When a soldier takes to drinking or cruelty, he neglects his weapons, and the rust begins to eat them, and at last will eat them up all."

"What is rust, majie?"

"It is the way a sword rots. A sword is a very strong thing, but not taken care of will not last so long as a silk handkerchief."

At this point the major began to fear Mark was about to lead him into depths and contradictions out of which he would hardly emerge:

"Sha'n't we go on with our reading?" he said.

Mark, however, had not lost sight of the subject they started with, and did not want to leave it yet.

"But, majie," he replied, "we haven't done with what we like best! We hadn't said anything about the thick walls round us—between us and the wide, with the warm fire-sun shining on their smooth side, while the rain is beating and the wind blowing on their rough side. Then there's the wind and the rain all about us, and can't come at us! I fancy sometimes, as I lie awake in the night, that the wind and the rain are huge packs of wolves howling in a Russian forest, but not able to get into the house to hurt us. Then I feel so safe! And that brings me to the best of all. It is in fancying danger that you know what it is to be safe."

"But, Mark, you know some people are really in danger!"

"Yes, I suppose so—I don't quite know! I know that I am not in danger, because there is the great Think between me and all the danger!"

"How do you know he is between you and *all* danger?" asked his friend, willing to draw him out, and with no fear of making him uneasy.

"I don't know how I know it; I only know that I'm not afraid," he answered. "I feel so safe! For you know if God were to go to sleep and forget his little Mark, then he would forget that he was God, and would not wake again; and that could not be! He can't forget me or you, majie, any more than one of the sparrows. Jesus said so. And what Jesus said, lasts for ever. His words never wear out, or need to be made over again.—Majie, I do wish everybody was as good as Jesus! He won't be pleased till we all are. Isn't it glad! That's why I feel so safe that I like to hear the wind roaring. If I did not know that he knows all about the wind, and that it is not the bad man's wind, but the good man's wind, I should be unhappy, for it might hurt somebody, and now it cannot. If I thought he did not care whether everybody was good or not, it would make me so miserable that I should like to die and never come to life again!—He will make Corney good—won't he, majie?"

"I hope so, Markie," returned the major.

"But don't you think we ought to do something to help to make Corney good? You help me to be good, majie—every day and all day long! I know mother teaches him, for he's her first-born! He's like Jesus—he's God's first-born! I'm so glad it was Jesus and not me!"

"Why, Mark?"

"Because if it had been me, I shouldn't have had any Jesus to love.—But I don't think we ought to leave Corney to mother all alone: she's not strong enough! it's too hard for her! Corney never was willing to be good! I can't make it out! Why shouldn't he like to be good? It's surely good to be good!"

"Yes, Mark; but some people like their own way when it's ever so nasty, better than God's way when it's ever so nice!"

"But God must be able to let them know what foolish creatures they are, majie!"

It was on the major's lips to say, 'He has sent you to teach it to me, Mark!' but he thought it better not to say it. And indeed it was better the child should not be set thinking about what he could do so much better by not thinking about it!

The major had grown quite knowing in what was lovely in a soul—could see the same thing lovely in the child and the Ancient of days. Some foolishly object that the Master taught what others had taught before him, as if he should not be the wise house-

holder with his old things as well as new: these recognize the old things—the new they do not understand, therefore do not consider. Who first taught that the mighty God, the Lord, the maker of heaven and earth, was like a child? Who first said, "Love one another as I have loved you"? Who first dared to say, "He that overcometh shall sit down with me on my throne even as I overcame and am set down with my father on his throne"?—taught men that the creature who would but be a true creature should share the glory of his creator, sitting with him upon his throne?

"You see, majie," Mark went on, "it won't do for you and me to be so safe from all the storm and wind, wrapped in God's cloak, and poor Corney out in the wind and rain, with the wolves howling after him! You may say it's his own fault—it's because he won't let God take him up and carry him: that's very true, but then that's just the pity of it!—It is so dreadful! I can't understand it!"

The boy could understand good, but was perplexed with evil.

While they talked thus in their nest of comfort, there was one out in the wind and rain, all but spent with their buffeting, who hastened with what poor remaining strength she had to the doing of His will. Amy, left at the station with an empty purse, had set out to walk through mire and darkness and storm, up hill and down dale, to find her husband—the man God had given her "to look after."

CHAPTER LV.—VENGEANCE IS MINE.

THAT same morning, Mr. Raymount had found it, or chosen to imagine it necessary—from the instinct, I believe, to oppose inner with outer storm, to start pretty early for the county-town, on something he called business, and was not expected home before the next day. Assuming heart in his absence, Cornelius went freely wandering about the house, many parts of which had not yet lost to him the interest of novelty, and lunched with his mother and Hester and Saffy like one of the family. His mother, wisely or not, did her best to prevent his feeling any difference from old times: where one half of the parental pair erred so much on the side of severity, perhaps it was well that the other should err on that of leniency—I do not know; I doubt if it was right; I think she ought, but am not sure, to have justified her husband's conduct, to the extent to which it would bear justification, by her own. But who shall be sure what would have been right for another, where so much was wrong and beyond her setting right! If what is done be done in faith, some good will come out of our mistakes even; only let no one mistake self-will for that perfect thing faith!

Their converse at table was neither very interesting nor very satisfactory. How could it be? As well might a child of Satan be happy in the house of Satan's maker, as the unrepentant Cornelius in the house of his mother, even in the absence of his father. Their talk was poor and intermittent. Well might the youth long for his garret and the company of the wife who had nothing for him but smiles and sweetest attentions!

After dinner he sat for a time at the table alone. He had been ordered wine during his recovery, and was already in some danger of adding a fondness for that to his other weaknesses. He was one of those slight natures to which wine may bring a miserable consolation. But the mother was wise, and, aware of the danger, kept in her own hands the administering of the medicine. To-day, however, called from the room by some accident, she had not put away the decanter, and Cornelius had several times filled his glass before she thought of her neglect. When she re-entered he sat as if he were only finishing the glass she had left him with. The decanter revealed what had taken place, but the mother, blaming herself, thought it better to say nothing.

Cornelius, leaving the room in a somewhat excited mood, but concealing it, sauntered into the library, and thence into the study, where was his father's own collection of books. Coming there upon a volume by a certain fashionable poet of the day, he lighted the lamp which no one used but his father, threw himself into his father's chair, and began to read. He never had been able to read long without weariness, and from the wine he had drunk and his weakness, was presently overcome with sleep. His mother came and went, and would not disturb him, vexed that she failed in her care over him. I fear, poor lady! her satisfaction in having him under her roof was beginning to wane in the continual trouble of a presence that showed no signs of growth any more than one of the dead. But her faith in the over-care of the father of all was strong, and she waited in hope.

The night now was very dark, "with hey, ho, the wind and the rain!" Up above, the major and the boy talked of sweet, heavenly things, and down below the youth lay snoring,

where, had his father been at home, he dared not have showed himself. The mother was in her own room, and Hester in the drawing-room—where never now, in the oppression of these latter times, did she open her piano. The house was quiet but for the noise of the wind and the rain, and those Cornelius did not hear.

He started awake and sat up in terror. A hand was on his shoulder, gripping him like a metal instrument, not a thing of flesh and blood. The face of his father was staring at him through the lingering vapours of his stupid sleep.

Mr. Raymount had started with a certain foolish pleasure in the prospect of getting wet through, and being generally ill used by the weather—which he called *atrocious*, and all manner of evil names, while not the less he preferred its accompaniment to his thoughts to the finest blue sky and sunshine a southern summer itself could have given him. Thinking to shorten the way he took a certain cut he knew, but found the road very bad. The mud drew off one of his horse's shoes, but he did not discover the loss for a long way, not until he came to a piece of newly mended road. There the poor animal fell suddenly lame. There was a roadside smithy a mile or two farther on, and dismounting he made for that. The smith, however, not having expected anything to do in such weather, and having been drinking hard the night before, was not easily persuaded to appear. Mr. Raymount, therefore, leaving his horse in the smithy, walked to an inn yet a mile or two farther on, and there dried his clothes and had some refreshment. By the time his horse was brought him and he was again mounted, the weather was worse than ever; he thought he had had enough of it; and it was so late besides that he could not have reached the town in time to do his business. He gave up his intended journey therefore, and turning aside to see a friend in the neighbourhood, resolved to go home again the same night.

His feelings when he saw his son asleep in his chair, were not like those of the father in that one story of all the world. He had been giving place to the devil for so long, that the devil was now able to do with him as he would—for a season at least. Nor would the possessed ever be able to recognize the presence of the devil, had he not a minute or two of his full will with them. Or is it that the miserable possessed goes farther than the devil means him to go? I doubt if he cares that we should murder; I fancy he is satisfied if only we hate well. Murder tends a little to repentance, and he does not want that. Anyhow, we cherish the devil like a spoiled child, till he gets too bad and we find him unendurable. Departing then, he takes a piece of the house with him, and the tenant is not so likely to mistake him when he comes again. Must I confess it of this man so much before the multitude of men, that he was annoyed, even angry, to see this unpleasant son of his asleep in *his* chair! "The sneak!" he said; "he dares not show his face when I'm at home, but the minute he thinks me safe, gets into my room, and lies in my chair! Drunk, too, by Jove!" he added, as a fume from the sleeper's breath reached the nostrils beginning to dilate with wrath. "What can that wife of mine be about, letting the rascal go on like this! She is faultless except in giving me such a son—and then helping him to fool me!" He forgot the old forger of a bygone century! His side of the house had, I should say, a good deal more to do with what was unsatisfactory in the lad's character than his wife's.

The devil saw his chance, sprang up, and mastered the father.

"The snoring idiot!" he growled, and seizing his boy by the shoulder and the neck, roughly shook him awake.

The father had been drinking, not what would have been by any of the neighbours thought too much, but enough to add to the fierceness of his wrath, and make him yet more capable of injustice. He had come into the study straight from the stable, and when the poor creature looked up half-awake, and saw his father standing over him with a heavy whip in his hand, he was filled with a terror that nearly paralyzed him. He sat and stared with white, trembling lips, red projecting eyes and a look that confirmed the belief of his father that he was drunk, whereas he had only been, like himself, drinking more than was good for him.

"Get out of there, you dog!" cried his father, and with one sweep of his powerful arm, half dragged, half hurled him from the chair. He fell on the floor, and in weakness mixed with cowardice lay where he fell. The devil—I am sorry to have to refer to the person so often, but he played a notable part in the affair, and I should be more sorry to leave him without his part in it duly acknowledged—the devil, I say, finding the house abandoned to him, rushed at once into brain and heart and limbs, and *possessed* them. When Raymount saw the creature who had turned his hitherto happy life into a shame and a misery lying at his feet thus abject, he

became instantly conscious of the whip in his hand, and without a moment's pause, a moment's thought, heaved his arm aloft, and brought it down with a fierce lash on the quivering flesh of his son. He richly deserved the punishment, but God would not have struck him that way. There was the poison of hate in the blow. He raised his arm again; but as it descended, the piercing shriek that broke from the youth startled even the possessing demon, and the violence of the blow was broken. But the lash of the whip found his face, and marked it for a time worse than the small-pox. What the unnatural father would have done next, I do not know. While the cry of his son yet sounded in his ears, another cry, like its echo from another world, rang ghastly through the storm like the cry of the banshee. From far away it seemed to come through the world of wet mist and howling wind. The next instant a spectral face flitted swift as a bird up to the window, and laid itself close to the glass. It was a French window, opening to the ground, and neither shutters nor curtains had been closed. It burst open with a great clang and clash and wild tinkle of shivering and scattering glass, and a small figure leaped into the room with a second cry that sounded like a curse in the ears of the father. She threw herself on the prostrate youth, and covered his body with hers, then turned her head and looked up at the father with indignant defiance in her flashing eye. Cowed with terror, and smarting with keenest pain, the youth took his wife in his arms and sobbed like the beaten thing he was. Amy's eye gleamed if possible more indignantly still. Protection grew fierce, and fanned the burning sense of wrong. The father stood over them like a fury rather than a fate—stood as the shock of Amy's cry, and her stormy entrance, like that of an avenging angel, had fixed him. But presently he began to recover his senses, and not unnaturally sprang to the conclusion that here was the cause of all his misery—some worthless girl that had drawn Cornelius into her toils, and ruined him and his family for ever! The thought set the geyser of his rage roaring and spouting in the face of heaven. He heaved his whip, and the devil having none of the respect of the ordinary well bred Englishman for even the least adorable of women, the blow fell. But instead of another and shriller shriek following the lash, came nothing but a shudder and a silence and the unquailing eye of the girl fixed like that of a spectre upon her assailant. He struck her again. Again came the shivering shudder, and the silence: the sense that the blows had not fallen upon Corney upheld the brave creature. Cry she would not, if he killed her! She once drew in her breath sharply, but never took her eyes from his face—lay expecting the blow that was to come next. Suddenly the light in them began to fade, and went quickly out; her head dropped like a stone upon the breast of her cowardly husband, and there was not even mute defiance more.

What if he had killed the woman! An inquest! A trial for murder!—In lowest depths Raymount saw a lower deep, and stood looking down on the pair with subsiding passion.

Amy had walked all the long distance from the station and more, for she had lost her way. Again and again she had all but lain down to die on the moorland waste on to which she had wandered, when the thought of Corney and his need of her roused her again. Wet through and through, buffeted by the wind so that she could hardly breathe, having had nothing but a roll to eat since the night before, but aware of the want of food only by its faintness, cold to the very heart, and almost unconscious of her numbed limbs, she struggled on. When at last she got to the lodge-gate, the woman in charge of it took her for a common beggar, and could hardly be persuaded to let her pass. She was just going up to the door when she heard her husband's cry. She saw the lighted window, flew to it, dashed it open, and entered. It was the last expiring effort of the poor remnant of her strength. She had not life enough left to resist the shock of her father-in-law's blows.

While still the father stood looking down on his children, the door softly opened, and the mother entered. She knew nothing, not even that her husband had returned, came merely to know how her unlovely but beloved child was faring in his heavy sleep. She stood arrested. She saw what looked like a murdered heap on the floor, and her husband standing over it like the murderer beginning to doubt whether the deed was as satisfactory as the doing of it. But behind her came Hester peeping over her shoulder. She understood at once. Almost she pushed her mother aside as she sprang to help. Her father would have prevented her. "No, father!" she said, "it is time to disobey." A pang as of death went through her at the thought that she had not spoken. All was clear! Amy had come, and died defending her husband from his

father! She put her strong arms round the dainty little figure, and lifted it like a seaweed hanging limp, its long wet hair continuing the hang of the body and helpless head. Hester gave a great sob. Was this what Amy's lovely, brave womanhood had brought her to! What creatures men were! As the thought passed through her, she saw on Amy's neck a frightful upswollen wale. She looked at her father. There was the whip in his hand! "Oh, papa!" she screamed, and dropped her eyes for shame: she could not look him in the face—not for his shame, but for her shame through him. And as she dropped them she saw the terrified face of Cornelius open its eyes.

"Oh, Corney!" said Hester, in the tone of an accusing angel, and ran with her from the room.

The mother darted to her son.

But the wrath of the father rose afresh at sight of her "infatuation."

"Let the hound lie!" he said and stepped between. "What right has he to walk the earth like a man! He is but fit to go on all fours!—Ha! ha!" he went on, laughing wildly, "I begin to believe in the transmigration of souls! I shall one day see that son of yours running about the place a mangy mongrel!"

"You've killed him, Gerald!—your own son!" said the mother, with a cold, still voice.

She saw the dread mark on his face,—felt herself like one of the dead, staggered, and would have fallen. But the arm that through her son had struck her heart, caught and supported her. The husband bore the wife once more to her chamber, and the foolish son, the heaviness of his mother, was left alone on the floor, smarting, ashamed, and full of fear for his wife, yet in ignorance that his father had hurt her.

A moment and he rose. But, lo, in that shameful time a marvel had been wrought! —The terror of his father which had filled him was gone. They had met; his father had put himself in the wrong; he was no more afraid of him. It was not hate that had cast out fear. I do not say that he felt no resentment: he is a noble creature who, deserving to be beaten, approves, and accepts: there are not a few such children: Cornelius was none of such; but it consoled him that he had been hardly used by his father. He had been accustomed to look vaguely up to his father as a sort of rigid but righteous divinity; and in a disobedient, self-indulgent, poverty-stricken nature like his, reverence could only take the form of fear; and now that he had seen his father in a rage, the feeling of reverence, such as it was, had begun to give way, and with it the fear: they were more upon a level. Then again his father's unmerciful use of the whip to him seemed a sort of settling of scores, thence, in a measure, a breaking down of the wall between them. He seemed thereby to have even some sort of claim upon his father: so cruelly beaten he seemed now near him. A weight as of a rock was lifted from his mind by this violent blowing up of the horrible negation that had been between them so long. He felt—as when punished in boyhood—as if the storm had passed, and the sun had begun to appear. Life seemed a trifle less uninteresting than before. He did not yet know to what a state his wife was brought. He knew she was safe with Hester.

He listened, and finding all quiet, stole, smarting and aching, yet cherishing his hurts like a possession, slowly to his room, there tumbled himself into bed, and longed for Amy to come to him. He was an invalid, and could not go about looking for her! it was her part to find him! In a few minutes he was fast asleep once more, and forgot everything in dreams of the garret with Amy.

When Mrs. Raymount came to herself, she looked up at her husband. He stood expecting such reproaches as never yet in their married life had she given him. But she stretched out her arms to him, and drew him to her bosom. Her pity for the misery which could have led him to behave so ill, joined to her sympathy in the distressing repentance which she did not doubt must have already begun, for she knew her husband, made her treat him much as she treated her wretched Corney. It went deep to the man's heart. In the deep sense of degradation that had seized him—not for striking his son, who, he said, and said over and over to himself, entirely deserved it, but for striking a woman, be she who she might —his wife's embrace was like balm to a smarting wound. But it was only when, through Hester's behaviour to her and the words that fell from her, he came to know who she was, that the iron, the beneficent spear-head of remorse, entered his soul. Strange that the mere fact of our knowing *who a person is*, should make such a difference in the way we think of and behave to that person! A person is a person just the same, whether one of the few of our acquaintance or not, and his claim on us for

all kinds of humanities just the same. Our knowledge of any one is a mere accident in the claim, and can at most only make us feel it more. But recognition of Amy showed his crime more heinous. It brought back to Mr. Raymount the vision of the bright girl he used to watch in her deft and cheerful service, and with that vision came the conviction that not she but Corney must be primarily to blame; he had twice struck the woman his son had grievously wronged! He must make to her whatever atonement was possible—first for having brought the villain into the world to do her such wrong, then for his own cruelty to her in her faithfulness! He pronounced himself the most despicable and wretched of men: he had lifted his hand against a woman that had been but in her right in following his son, and had shown herself ready to die in his defence! His wife's tenderness confirmed the predominance of these feelings, and he lay down in his dressing-room a humbler man than he had ever been in his life before.

CHAPTER LVI.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

Hester carried poor little Amy to her own room, laid her on her own bed, and did for her all one child of God could do for another. With hands tender as a mother's, and weeping as she had never wept before, she undressed her, put her in a warm bath, then got her into bed, and used every enticement and persuasion to induce her to take some nourishment—with poor success: the heart seemed to have gone out of her. But instinctively Amy asked for milk, and that brought her round better than anything else could have done. Still she lay like one dead, seeming to care for nothing. She scarcely answered Hester when she spoke, though she tried to smile to her: the most pitiful thing was that smile Hester had ever seen. Her very brain and blood were haunted with the presence of Corney's father. He seemed ever and always to be standing over her and Corney with that terrible whip. All her thought was how to get him away from the frightful place. Hester did her best to reassure her. She told her Corney was fast asleep and little the worse; did all she could to keep her quiet, and soothe her to sleep; and a little after midnight was successful. Then she lay down herself on the sofa beside her bed, sorely exhausted.

In the gray of the morning Mr. Raymount woke. He was aware of a great hush about him. He looked from the window, and saw in the east the first glimmer of a lovely spring-day. The stillness awed, almost frightened him. It was not around him only but in him; his very soul seemed hushed, as if in his sleep the Voice had said "Peace! be still." He felt like a naughty child, who, having slept, seems to have slept away his naughtiness. Yesterday seemed far away—only the shudder of it was left; but he knew if he began to think it would be back with its agony. Had some angel been by his bedside to soothe him? A demon had surely possessed him! Had it been but hinted as within the bounds of possibility that he should behave to a woman as he had behaved, he would have laughed the idea to scorn! He had always thought himself a chivalrous gentleman! This was the end of his faith in himself! His grand Hester would not feel herself safe from him! Truly a demon had possessed him: might not an angel have been by him as he slept?

What had become of the poor girl? But he needed not be anxious about her: neither his wife nor his daughter would have turned her out into the night! He would still be able to do something for her! He must make atonement for treating her so brutally! Hope dawned feebly on his murky horizon. He would be good to her as he would never have thought of had he not ill-used her so! There was something to be done for everybody—for himself and for poor Amy Amber! If she was gone he would spend every penny he had to find her! But Cornelius would know! He must see him! He would tell him he was sorry he had struck him!

In the yet dark gray of the morning he went to his son's room.

When he had all but reached the door, he saw it was a little open. The next instant he heard a soft voice within speaking persuadingly. He went close and listened. It was Amy's voice!—In his house! In his son's room! And after the lesson he had given them both but the night before! This was too bad!—He pushed the door and looked in! The dainty little figure that had haunted his dreams was half lying on the bed, with an arm thrown round his son. He could not see her face, but he could hear perfectly the words that came through the dusk.

"Corney darling!" she said, "you must get up. You must come away. Here I am to take you from them. I was sure they were not treating you well! That was what made

me come. I did not know how cruel they were, or I would have come long ago. But, Corney, you must have done something very wrong! I don't mean to me; I don't care what you do to me; I am your own. But you must have done something very wrong to make your father so angry with you! And you cannot have said you were sorry, or he would have forgiven you! He can't be a bad man—though he does hurt dreadfully!"

"He is a very good man!" muttered Corney from the pillow.

"But I'm afraid," continued Amy, "if he hasn't been able to make you sorry before, he will never be able now! To beat you as he did last night will not make you repent."

"Oh, he didn't hurt me much! You don't think a fellow would mind that sort of thing from his own father—when he was in a passion, don't you know! Besides, Amy—to you I will confess it—I only gave him too good reason."

"Come, come then. We will go somewhere. I want to make you think the right way about the thing; and when you are sorry, we will come back and tell him so. Then perhaps he will forgive me, and we shall be all happy again."

What was this he heard! The cunning creature! This was her trick to entice him from his home! And just as the poor boy was beginning to repent too! She knew her trade! She would fall in with his better mood and pretend goodness! She would help him to do what he ought! she would be his teacher in righteousness! Deep, deep she was—beyond anything he had dreamed possible! No doubt the fellow was just as bad as she, but not the less must he do what little he yet might for the redemption of his son!

But as he thought thus it smote him that Cornelius could not but prefer going with one who loved him, and talked to him like that, let her be what she might, to staying with a father who treated him as he had been doing ever since he came home! He would behave to him very differently after this! But he must interfere now, cost what it might! What else was he father for!

He pushed the door wide and went in.

Amy heard and raised herself from the bed, stood upright, and faced the comer. There was just light enough to see that it was the father. The horrid idea shot through her mind that it was his custom to come thus to his son's room in the night and lash him. She roused every fevered nerve to do battle with the strong man for his son. Clenching her little hands hard, she stood like a small David between the bed and the coming Goliath.

"Get out of this," he said, with the sternness of wrath suppressed.

"I came to take him away," said Amy, who had begun to tremble from head to foot. "It is my business to take care of him."

"Your business to take care of him from his own"—he hesitated, then said—"mother?" which certainly was the more fitting word.

"If," answered Amy, "a man is to leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, it's the least thing the wife can do to take care of him from his father!"

Mr. Raymount stood confounded: what could the hussey mean? Was she going to pretend she was married to him?

Indignation and rage began to rise afresh. But if he gave way what might he not be guilty of a second time! A rush of shame choked the words that crowded to his lips; and with the self-restraint came wholesome doubt: was it possible he had married her? Was it not possible? Would it not be just worthy of him to have done so and never told one of his family! At least there need be nothing incredible in it! This girl—yes—plainly she had both cunning and fascination enough to make him not only run after her but marry her! How was he to come at the truth of the thing? The coward would not have the courage to contradict her, but he would know if he were lying!

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that he has married you—without a word to his own father or mother?"

Then out at last spoke Cornelius, rising on his elbow in the bed:

"Yes, father," he said, with slow determination, "I have married her. It is all my fault, not one bit hers. I could never have persuaded her had I not made her believe you knew all about it and had no objection."

"Why did you not let us know then?" cried the father in a voice which ill suited the tameness of the question.

"Because I was a coward," answered Corney, speaking the truth with courage. "I knew you would not like it."

"Little *you* know of what I like or dislike!"

"You can soon prove him wrong, sir!" said Amy, clasping her hands, and looking up in his face through the growing light of the morning. "Forgive us, and take me too.

I was so happy to think I was going to belong to you all! I would never have married him, if I had known—without your consent, I mean. It was very wrong of Corney, but I will try to make him sorry for it."

"You never will!" said Corney, again burying his head in the pillow.

Now first the full horror of what he had done broke upon the mind of Mr. Raymount. He stood for a moment appalled.

"You will let me take him away then?" said Amy, thinking he hesitated to receive her.

Now whether it was from an impulse of honesty towards her, or of justification of himself, I cannot tell, but he instantly returned:

"Do you know that his money is stolen?"

"If he stole it," she replied, "he will never steal again."

"He will never get another chance. He cannot get a situation now."

"I can. I will work for both. It will only be me instead of him, and that's no difference; he belongs to me as much as I do to him. If he had only kept nothing from me, nothing of this would have happened.—Do come, Corney, while I am able to walk; I feel as if I were going to die."

"And this is the woman I was such a savage to last night!" said Mr. Raymount to himself.

"Forgive me, Amy!" he cried, stretching out his arms to her. "I have behaved like a brute! To strike my son's wife! I deserve to be hanged for it! I shall never forgive myself! But you must forgive me for Christ's sake."

Long ere he had ended, Amy was in his arms, clinging to him—he holding her fast to his bosom.

The strong man was now the weaker; the father and not the daughter wept. She drew back her head.

"Come, Corney," she cried; "come directly! Out of your bed and down on your knees to your own blessed father, and confess your sins. Tell him you're sorry for them, and you'll never do them again."

Corney obeyed: in some strange, lovely way she had got the mistress-ship of his conscience as well as his heart. He got out of bed at once, went straight down on his knees as she told him, and, though he did not speak, was presently weeping like a child. It was a strange group in the gray of the new morning—ah, indeed a new morning for them!—the girl in the arms of the elderly man, and the youth kneeling at their feet, both men weeping, and the girl radiant.

Gerald Raymount closed the door on his son and his son's wife, and hastened to his own to tell her all.

"I feel," he concluded, "as if her forgiveness had taken away my disgrace, which seemed eternal!"

"Then surely will the forgiveness of God and his father take away Corney's disgrace!" said the mother.

Forgiveness is life's one destructive power; no sin can stand before it. Love is the one devouring fire. He casts our sins behind his back, and there everything becomes nothing, less than nothing, and vanity.

That morning, the first time for many weeks, Mrs. Raymount got up immediately after breakfast, and in a few days seemed nearly well. When Corney came down, urged by his wife he went straight to the room where his father sat. He rose and received him with the air of one who had thrown the past away, but with the respect due to a guest rather than the affection that belonged to a son. The father was far from a perfect father yet: he received his son only for Amy's sake. But there was this fine thing in it—that he showed him *respect* in spite of his bygone faults because he belonged to a woman—a woman the father had himself injured: in virtue of her sufferings, she was the mediator between them. That in other circumstances he would have strongly resented the bringing of her into his family scarcely crossed his mind. She was not in the house a day before he felt as much as Hester that the lodging-house girl was immeasurably beyond Corney's deserts.

"She's a great deal too good for him," he said to her. "The rascal!"

"Except she be the means of changing him quite," returned Hester; "then she will only be *good enough* for him: he can't do with less."

"God alone is good enough for anybody," said the mother.

Father and mother and all began a rapid race of loving her. Corney, though delighted with, and not a little self-important because of her reception, looking on sometimes as if he had made, or at the very least discovered her, was occasionally more than a little jealous of the pleasure she showed in their affection, and her care to be worthy of it; he seemed to think her in danger of making less of his supreme and far more precious affection! But he could not be expected to make a great or sudden stride in goodness

after the kind of life he had hitherto led. It was enough for the present that he was somewhat changed from the old Corney. The wonder of it was that his acknowledgment of wrong and request for forgiveness which seemed the turning-point, were not of his own initiation but of his wife's. Two are better than one, and two may run marvellously into one.

The major was so much pleased with "the rascal's little wife," that he conceived a real affection for her; and was for her sake not merely civil but kind to "the rascal."

The arrival of this state of things was much favoured by the severe illness into which Amy fell immediately the strain was off her. She was brought almost to death's door. Corney in his turn became nurse, and improved not a little from his own anxiety, her sweetness, and the sympathy of everyone, his father included, with both of them. But such was her constitution that when she began to recover she recovered rapidly, and was soon ready for the share lovingly allotted her in the duties of the house.

CHAPTER LVII.—THE MESSAGE.

But the precious little Mark did not get better; and it soon became very clear to the major that, although months might elapse ere he left them, go he must before long. It was the sole cloud that now hung over the family. But the parting drew nigh so softly and with so little increase of suffering, also with such a changeless continuance of sweet loving ways, and mild but genuine enjoyment of existence, that of those who would most feel the loss of him he only was thoroughly aware that death was at the door. The rest said the summer would certainly restore him; but the major expected him to die in the first of the warm weather. The child himself believed he was going soon. His patience, resting upon entire satisfaction with what God pleased, was wonderful.

"Isn't it nice, majie," he said more than once, in differing forms, "that I have nothing to do with anything—that there is no preparation, no examination wanted for dying? It's all done for you! You have just to be lifted and taken—and that's so nice! I don't know what it will feel like, but when God is with you, you don't mind anything."

Another time he said,

"I was trying, while you were resting, majie, to tell Saffy a dream I had; and when I had told her, she said, 'But it's all nonsense, you know, Mark! It's only a dream!' —What do you think, majie?"

"Was it a dream, Mark?" asked the major.

"Yes, it was a dream; but do you think a dream is nothing at all? I think, if it is a good dream, it must be God's. For you know every good as well as every perfect gift is from the father of lights! He made the thing that dreams and the things that set it dreaming; so he must be the master of the dreams—at least when he pleases — and surely always of those who mind him!—The father of lights!" he repeated; "what a beautiful name! The father of all the bright things in the world! Hester's eyes, and your teeth, majie! and all the shines of the fire on the things in the room! and the sun and the far-away stars that I shall know more about by and by! and all the glad things that come and go in my mind, as I lie here and you are sitting quiet in your chair, majie! —and sometimes at night, oh, so many! when you think I am sleeping! Oh, I will love him, and be afraid of nothing! I know he is in it all, and the dark is only the box he keeps his bright things in! Oh, he is such a good father of lights! Do you know, majie, I used to think he came and talked to me in the window-seat when I was a child! What if he really did, and I should be going to be made sure that he did—up there, I mean, you know—I don't know where, but it's where Jesus went when he went back to his papa! Oh, how happy Jesus must have been when he got back to his papa!"

Here he began to cough, and could not talk more; but the major did not blame himself that he had not found the heart to stop him, though he knew it was not what is called *good* for him: the child when moved to talk must be happier talking, and what if he died a few minutes sooner for it!—was born again rather! thought the major to himself—and almost added, "I would that my time were come!" For the child's and the soldier's souls had got nearer to each other than were yet any two souls in that house in absolute love.

A great silent change, not the less a development, had been and was passing in the major. Mark not only was an influence on him altogether new, but had stirred up and brought alive in him a thousand influences besides, not merely of things hitherto dormant in him, but of memories never consciously operant—words of his mother; a certain Sunday-evening with her; her last blessing on his careless head; the verse of a well-known

hymn she had repeated as she was dying; old scraps of things she had taught him: dying little Mark gave life to these, and many other things. The major had never been properly a child, but now he lived his childness over again with Mark in a better fashion.

"I have had such a curious, such a beautiful dream, majie!" he said, waking in the middle of one night the major was sitting up with him: he was never left alone now.

"What was it, Markie?" the major asked.

"I should like Corney to hear it," returned Mark.

"I will call him, and you can then tell it us together."

"Oh, I don't think it would do to wake Corney up! He would not like that! He must hear it sometime—but it must be at the right time, else he would laugh at it, and I could not bear that. You know Corney always laughs, without thinking first whether the thing was made for laughing at!"

By this time Corney had been to see Mark often. He always spoke kindly to him now, but always as a little goose; and Mark, the least assuming of mortals, being always in earnest, did not like the things he wanted to go in at Corney's ears to be blown away by Corney's nose! For Corney had a foolish way of laughing through his nose, and it sounded so scornful, that the poor child would not expose to it what he loved. Hence he was not often ready to speak freely to Corney—or to another when he was within hearing distance.

"But I'll tell you what, majie," he went on, "—I'll tell *you* the dream, and then, if I should go away without having told him, you must tell it to Corney. He won't laugh then—at least I don't think he will. Do you promise to tell him, majie?"

"I will," answered the major, drawing himself up with a mental military salute, and ready to obey to the letter whatever Mark should require of him.

The child began without another word.

"I was somewhere," he said, "—I don't know where, and it don't matter where, for Jesus was there too. And Jesus gave a little laugh, such a beautiful little laugh, when he saw me! And he said, 'Ah, little one, now you see me! I have been getting your eyes open as fast as I could all the time! We're in our father's house together now! But, Markie, where's your brother Corney?' And I answered and said, 'Jesus, I'm very sorry, but I don't know. I know very well that I'm my brother's keeper, but I can't tell where he is.' Then Jesus smiled again, and said, 'Never mind, then. I didn't ask you because I didn't know myself. But we must have Corney here—only we can't get him till he sets himself to be good! You must tell Corney, only not just yet, that I want him. Tell him that he and I have got one father, and I couldn't bear to have him out in the cold, with all the horrid creatures that won't be good! Tell him I love him so that I will be very sharp with him if he don't make haste and come home. Our father is *so* good, and it is dreadful to me that Corney won't mind him! He is *so* patient with him, Markie!' 'I know that, Jesus,' I said; 'I know that he could easily take him to pieces again because he don't go well, but he would much rather make him go right!'—I suppose I was thinking of mamma's beautiful gold watch, with the wreath of different-coloured gold round the face of it: that wouldn't go right, and papa wanted to change it, but mamma liked the old one best. And I don't know what came next.—Now what am I to do, majie? You see I couldn't bear to have that dream laughed at. Yet I must tell it to Corney because there is a message in it for him!"

Whether the boy plainly believed that the Lord had been with him, and had given him a message to his brother, the major dared not inquire. "Let the boy think what he thinks!" he said to himself. "I dare not look as if I doubted." Therefore he did not speak, but looked at the child with his soul in his eyes.

"I do not think," Mark went on, "that he wanted me to tell Corney the minute I woke: he knows how sore it would make me to have him laugh at what *he* said! I think when the time comes he will let me know it is come. But if I found I was dying, you know, I would try and tell him, whether he laughed or not, rather than go without having done it. But if Corney knew I was going, I don't think he would laugh."

"I don't think he would," returned the major. "Corney is a better boy—a little—I do think, than he used to be. You will be able to speak to him by and by, I fancy."

A feeling had grown upon the household as if there were in the house a strange lovely spot whence was direct communication with heaven—a little piece cut out of the new paradise and set glowing in the heart of the old house of Yrndale—the room where Mark lay shining in his bed, a Christ-child, if ever child might bear the name. As often as the door opened, loving eyes would seek first the

spot where the sweet face, the treasure of the house, lay, reflecting already the light of the sunless kingdom.

That same afternoon, as the major, his custom always of an afternoon, dozed in his chair, the boy suddenly called out in a clear voice,

"Oh, majie, there was one bit of my dream I did not tell you! I've just remembered it now for the first time!—After what I told you,—do you remember?—"

"I do indeed," answered the major.

"—After that, Jesus looked at me for one minute—no, not a minute, for a minute—on mamma's watch at least—is much longer, but say perhaps for three seconds of a minute, and then said just one word,—'Our father, Markie!' and I could not see him any more. But it did not seem to matter the least tiny bit. There was a stone near me, and I sat down upon it, feeling as if I could sit there without moving to all eternity, so happy was I; and it was because Jesus's father was touching me everywhere; my head felt as if he were counting the hairs of it. And he was not only close to me, but far and far and farther away, and all between. Near and far there was the father! I neither saw nor felt nor heard him, and yet I saw and heard and felt him so near that I could neither see nor hear nor feel him. I am talking very like nonsense, majie, but I can't do it better. It was God, God everywhere, and there was no nowhere anywhere, but all was God, God, God; and my heart was nothing, knew nothing but him; and I felt I could sit there for ever, because I was right in the very middle of God's heart. That was what made everything look so all right that I was anxious about nothing and nobody."

Here he paused a little.

"He had a sleeping draught last night!" said the major to himself. "—But the sleeping draught was God's, and who can tell whether God may not have had it given to him just that he might talk to him! Some people may be better to talk to when they are asleep, and others when they are awake!"

"And then, after a while," the boy resumed, "I seemed to see a black speck somewhere in the all-blessed. And I could not understand it, and I did not like it; but always I kept seeing this black speck—only one; and it made me at last, in spite of my happiness, almost miserable. 'Only,' I said to myself, 'whatever the black speck may be, God will rub it white when he is ready!' for, you know, he couldn't go on for ever with a black speck going about in his heart! And when I said this, all at once I knew the black speck was Corney, and I gave a cry. But with that the black speck began to grow thin, and it grew thin and thin till all at once I could see it no more, and the same instant Corney stood beside me with a smile on his face, and the tears running down his cheeks. I stretched out my arms to him, and he caught me up in his, and then it was all right; I was Corney's keeper, and Corney was my keeper, and God was all of us's keeper. And it was then I woke, majie, not before."

The days went on. Every new day Mark said, "Now, majie, I do think to-day I shall tell Corney my dream and the message I have for him!" But the day grew old and passed, and the dream was not told. The next and the next and the next passed, and he seemed to the major not likely ever to have the strength to tell Corney. Still even his mother, who was now hardly out of his room during the day, though the major would never yield the active part of the nursing, did not perceive that his time was drawing nigh. Hester also was much with him now, and sometimes his father, occasionally Corney and Mrs. Corney, as Mark called her with a merry look—very pathetic on his almost transparent face; but none of them seemed to think his end quite near.

One of the marvellous things about the child was his utter lack of favouritism. He had got so used to the major's strong arms and systematic engineering way of doing things as to prefer his nursing to that of any one else; yet he never objected to the substitution of another when occasion might require. He took everything that came to him as in itself right and acceptable. He seemed in his illness to love everybody more than even while he was well. For every one he kept his or her own place. His mother was the queen; but he was nearly as happy with Hester as with her; and the major was great; but he never showed any discomfort, not to say unhappiness, when left alone for a while with Saffy—who was not always so reasonable as he would have liked her to be. When several were in the room, he would lie looking from one to another like a miser contemplating his riches—and well he might! for such riches neither moth nor rust corrupt, and they are the treasures of heaven also.

One evening most of the family were in the room: a vague sense had diffused itself that the end was not far off, and an uncon-

fessed instinct had gathered them. A lamp was burning but the fire-light was stronger.

Mark spoke. In a moment the major was bending over him.

"Majie," he said, "I want Corney. I want to tell him."

The major, on his way to Corney, told the father that the end was nigh. With sorely self-accusing heart, for the vision of the boy on the stone in the middle of the moor haunted him, he repaired to the anteroom of heaven.

Mark kept looking for Corney's coming, his eyes turning every other moment to the door. When his father entered he stretched out his arms to him. The strong man bending over him could not repress a sob. The boy pushed him gently away far enough to see his face, and looked at him as if he could not quite believe his eyes.

"Father," he said—he had never called him *father* before—"you must be glad, not sorry. I am going to your father and my father—to our great father."

Then seeing Corney come in, he stretched his arms towards him past his father, crying, "Corney! Corney!" just as he used to call him, when he was a mere child. Corney bent over him, but the outstretched arms did not close upon him; they fell.

But he was not yet ascended. With a strength seeming wonderful when they thought of it afterwards, he signed to the major.

"Majie," he whispered, with a look and expression into the meaning of which the major all his life long had never done inquiring, "Majie! Corney! you tell!"

Then he went.

I think it was the grief at the grave of Lazarus that made our Lord weep, not his death. One with eyes opening into both worlds could hardly weep over any law of the Father of Lights! I think it was the impossibility of getting them comforted over this thing death, which looked to him so different from what they thought it, that made the fearless weep, and give them in Lazarus a foretaste of his own resurrection.

The major alone did not weep. He stood with his arms folded, like a sentry relieved, and waiting the next order. Even Corney's eyes filled with tears, and he murmured, "Poor Markie!" It should have been "Poor Corney!" He stooped and kissed the insensate face, then drew back and gazed with the rest on the little pilgrim-cloak the small prophet had dropped as he rose to his immortality.

Saffy, who had been seated gazing into the fire, and had no idea of what had taken place, called out in a strange voice, "Markie! Markie!"

Hester turned to her at the cry, and saw her apparently following something with her eyes along the wall from the bed to the window. At the curtained window she gazed for a moment, and then her eyes fell, and she sat like one in a dream. A moment more and she sprang to her feet, and ran to the bed, crying again, "Markie! Markie!" Hester lifted her and held her to kiss the sweet white face. It seemed to content her; she went back to her stool by the fire; and there sat staring at the curtained window with the look of one gazing into regions unknown.

That same night, ere the solemn impression should pass, the major took Corney to his room, and recalling every individual expression he could of the little prophet-dreamer, executed, not without tears, the commission intrusted to him. And Corney did not laugh. He listened with a grave, even sad face; and when the major ceased, his eyes were full of tears.

"I shall not forget Markie's dream," he said.

Thus came everything in to help the youth who had begun to mend his ways.

And shall we think the boy found God not equal to his dream of him? He made our dreaming: shall it surpass in its making his mighty self? Shall man dream better than God? or God's love be inferior to man's imagination or his own?

CHAPTER LVIII.—A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

When Mark's little cloak was laid in the earth, for a while the house felt cold—as if the bit of Paradise had gone out of it, and the sun did not care to shine in any more at its windows. Mark's room was like a temple forsaken of its divinity. But it was not to be drifted up with the sand of forgetfulness! The major put in a petition that it might continue to be called Mark's, but should be considered the major's: he would like to put some of his things in it, and occupy it when he came! Every one was pleased with the idea. They would no longer feel so painfully that Mark was not there when his dear majie occupied the room!

To the major it was thenceforth chamber and chapel and monument. It should not be a tomb save as upon the fourth day the sepulchre in the garden! he would fill it with live memories of the risen child! Very different was his purpose from that sickly

haunting of the grave in which some loving hearts indulge! We are bound to be hopeful, nor wrong our great-hearted father.

Mark's books and pictures remained undisturbed. Then the major dusted them with his own hands. Every day he read in Mark's bible. He never took it away with him, but always when he returned, whatever part of the bible he might have read in the meantime, he resumed his reading where he had left off in it. The sword the boy used so to admire for its brightness that he had placed it unsheathed upon the wall for the firelight to play upon it, he left there, shining still. In Mark's bed the major slept, and to Mark's chamber he went always to shut to the door. In solitude there he learned a thousand things his busy life had prepared him for learning. The master had come to him in the child. In him was fulfilled a phase of the promise that whosoever receives a child in the name of Jesus receives Jesus and his father. Through ministering to the child he had come to know the child's elder brother and master. It was the presence of the master in the child that, without his knowing it, opened his heart to him, and he had thus entertained more than an angel.

Time passed, and their hearts began, not through any healing power in time, but under the holy influences of duty and love and hope, to cover with flowers their furrows of grief. Hester's birthday was at hand. The major went up to London to bring her a present. He was determined to make the occasion, if he could, a cheerful one.

He wrote to his cousin Helen asking if he might bring a friend with him. He did not think, he said, his host or hostess knew him, but Hester did: he was a young doctor, and his name was Christopher. He had met him amongst "Hester's friends," and was much taken with him. He would be a great acquisition to their party. He had been rather ailing for some time, and as there was much less sickness now, he had persuaded him to take a little relaxation.

Hester said for her part she would be most happy to see Mr. Christopher; she had the highest esteem for him; and therewith she told them something of his history. Mr. Raymount had known his grandfather a little in the way of business, and was the more interested in him.

I may mention here that Corney soon began to show a practical interest in the place—first in the look of it—its order and tidiness, and then in its yield, beginning to develop a faculty for looking after property. Next he took to measuring the land. Here the major could give him no end of help; and having thus found a point of common interest, they began to be drawn a little together, and to conceive a mild liking for each other's company: Corney saw by degrees that the major knew much more than he; and the major discovered that Corney had some brains.

Everything was now going on well at Yrndale—thanks to the stormy and sorrowful weather that had of late so troubled its spiritual atmosphere, and killed so many evil worms in its moral soil!

As soon as the distress caused by Corney's offences was soothed by reviving love for the youth and fresh hope in him, Hester informed her parents of the dissolution of her engagement to lord Gartley. The mother was troubled: it is the girl that suffers evil judgment in such a case, and she knew how the tongue of the world would wag. But those who despise the ways of the world need not fret that low minds attribute to them the things of which low minds are capable. The world and its judgments will pass; the poisonous tongue will one day become pure, and make ample apology for its evil speaking. The tongue is a fire, but there is a stronger fire than the tongue. Her father and the major cared little for this aspect of the matter, for they had both come to the conclusion that the public is only a sort of innocent, whose behaviour may be troublesome or pleasant, but whose opinion is worth considerably less than that of a wise hound. The world is a fine thing to save, but a wretch to worship. Neither did the father care much for lord Gartley, though he had liked him; the major, we know, both despised and detested him.

Hester herself was annoyed to find how soon the idea of his lordship came to be altogether a thing of her past, looking there in its natural place, a thing to trouble her no more. At his natural distance from her, she could not fail to see what a small creature her imagination, and the self that had mingled with her noblest feelings concerning him, had chosen as her companion and help in her schemes of good. But she was able to look on the whole blunder with calmness, and a thankfulness that kept growing as the sting of her fault lost its burning, lenified in the humility it brought.

There was nothing left her now, she said to herself, but the best of all—a maiden life devoted to the work of her master. She was

not willing any more to run the risk of losing her power to help the Lord's creatures, down-trodden of devils, *well-to-do* people, and their own miserable weaknesses and vices. Even remaining constant to duty, she must, in continuous disappointment and the mockery of a false unity, have lost the health and, worse, the spirits necessary to wholesome contact and such work as she was fain to do. In constant opposition to her husband, spending the best part of her strength in resistance ere it could reach the place where it ought to be applied entire, with strife consciously destroying her love and keeping her in a hopeless unrest, how could any light have shone from her upon those whose darkness made her miserable! Now she would hold herself free! What a blessed thing it was to be her own mistress and the slave of the Lord, eternally free! To be the slave of a husband was the worst of all slavery except self-slavery!

Nor was there in this her conclusion anything of chagrin, or pettish self-humiliation. St. Paul abstained from marriage that he might the better do the work given him by the Lord. For his perilous and laborious work it was better, he judged, that he should not be married. It was for the kingdom of heaven's sake.

Her spirits soon returned, more buoyant than before. Her health was better. She found she had been suffering from an oppression she had refused to recognize—already in no small measure yoked, and that unequally. Only a few weeks passed, and, in the prime of health and that glorious thing feminine strength, she looked a yet grander woman than before. There was greater freedom in her carriage, and she seemed to have grown. The humility that comes with the discovery of error had made her yet more dignified: true dignity comes only of humility. Pride is the ruin of dignity, for it is a worshipping of self, and that involves a continuous sinking. Humility, the worship of the Ideal—that is, of the man Christ Jesus, is the only lifter-up of the head.

Everybody felt her more lovable than before. Her mother began to feel an enchantment or peace in her presence. Her father sought her company more than ever in his walks, and not only talked to her about Corney, but talked about his own wrong feelings towards him, and how he had been punished for them by what they wrought in him. He had begun, he told her, to learn many things he had supposed he knew: he had only thought and written and talked about them! Father and daughter were therefore much to each other now. Even Corney perceived a change in her. For one thing, scarce a shadow remained of that "superiority" which used to irritate him so much, making him rebel against whatever she said. She became more and more Amy's ideal of womanhood; and by degrees she taught her husband to read more justly his beautiful sister. She pointed out to him how few would have tried to protect and deliver him as she had done, how few would have so generously taken herself, a poor uneducated girl, to a sister's heart. So altogether things were going well in the family: it was bidding fair to be a family for evermore.

Miss Dasomma came to spend a few days with Hester, and help celebrate her birthday: she was struck with improvement where she would have been loath to allow it either necessary or possible. Compelled to admit its presence, she loved her yet more—for the one a fact, the other was a necessity.

Her birthday was the sweetest of summer days, and she looked a perfect summer-born woman. She dressed herself in white, but not so much for her own birthday as for Mark's into the heavenly kingdom.

After breakfast all except the mother went out. Hester was little inclined to talk, and the major was in a thoughtful, brooding mood. Miss Dasomma and Mr. Raymount alone conversed. When the rest reached a certain spot whither Mr. Raymount had led them for the sake of the view, Hester had fallen a little behind, and Christopher went back to meet her.

"You are thinking of your brother," he said, in a tone that made her feel grateful.

"Yes," she answered.

"I knew by your eyes," he returned. "I wish I could talk to you about him. The right way of getting used to death is to go nearer the dead. Suppose you tell me something about him! Such children are rare! They are prophets to whose word we have to listen."

He went on like this, drawing her from sadness with gentle speech about children and death, and the look and reality of things; and so they wandered about the moor for a little while before joining the rest.

Mr. Raymount was much pleased with Christopher, and even Corney found himself drawn to his side, feeling, though he did not know it, a strength in him that offered protection.

The day went on in the simplest, pleasantest intercourse. After lunch, Hester

opened her piano, and asked Miss Dasomma, gifted in her art even to the pitch prophetic, to sit down and play—"upon *us*," she said. And in truth she did; for what the hammers were to the strings, such were the sounds she drew from them to the human chords stretched expectant before her. Vibrating souls responded in the music that is unheard. A rosy conscious silence pervaded the summer afternoon and the ancient drawing-room, in which the listeners were one here and one there, all apart—except Corney and "Mrs. Corney," as for love of Mark she liked to be called, on a sofa side by side, and Saffy playing with a white kitten, neither attending to the music, which may have been doing something for both notwithstanding. Mr. Raymount sat in a great soft chair with a book in his hand, listening more than reading; his wife lay on a couch, and soon passed into dreams of pleasant sounds; the major stood erect by Miss Dasomma, a little behind her, with his arms folded across his chest; and Christopher sat on a low window-seat in an oriel, where the balmiest of perfumed airs freely entered. Between him and all the rest hung the heavy folds of a curtain, which every now and then swelled out like the sail of Cleopatra's barge "upon the river of Cydnus." He sat with the tears rolling down his face, for the music to which he listened seemed such as he had only dreamed of before. It was the music of climes where sorrow is but the memory of that which has been turned into joy. He thought no one saw him, and no one would have seen him but for the traitor wind seeming only to play with the curtain but every now and then blowing it wide out, as if the sheet of the sail had been let go, and revealing him to Hester where she sat on a stool beside her mother and held her sleeping hand. It was to her the revelation of a heart, and she saw with reverence. Lord Gartley could sing, lord Gartley could play, lord Gartley understood the technicalities of music; Christopher could neither play nor sing—at least anything more than a common psalm-tune to lead the groans of his poor—and understood nothing of music; but there was in him a whole sea of musical delight, to be set in motion by the enchantress who knew the spell! Such an enchantress might float in the bark of her own will across the heaving waves of that sea, moon and wind of its tides and currents! When the music ceased she saw him go softly from the room.

After an early dinner, early that they might have room for a walk in the twilight, the major proposed the health of his cousin Hester, and made a little speech in her honour and praise. Nor did his praise make Hester feel awkward, for praise which is the odour of love neither fevers nor sickens.

"And now, cousin Hester," concluded the major, "you know that I love you like a child of my own! It is a good thing you are not, for if you were then you would not be half so good, or so beautiful, or so wise, or so accomplished as you are! Will you oblige me by accepting this foolscap, which, I hope will serve to make this blessed day yet a trifle more pleasant to look back upon when Mark has got his old majie again. It represents a sort of nut, itself too bulky for a railway truck. If my Hester choose to call it an empty nut, I don't mind: the good of it to her will be in the filling of it with many kernels."

With this enigmatical peroration, the major made Hester a low bow, and handed her a sheet of foolscap, twice folded, and tied with a bit of white ribbon. She took it with a sweetly radiant curiosity. It was the title-deed of the house in Addison square. She gave a cry of joy, got up, threw her arms round Majie's neck, and kissed him.

"Aha!" said the major; "if I had been a young man now, I should not have had that! But I will not be conceited; I know what she means it for: it is the kiss collective of all the dirty men and women in her dear slums, glorified into that of an angel of God!"

Hester was not a young lady given to weeping, but she did here break down and cry. Her long-cherished dream come true! She had no money, but that did not trouble her: there was always a way of doing when one was willing to begin small!

This is indeed a divine law! There shall be no success to the man who is not willing to begin small. Small is strong, for it only can grow strong. Big at the outset is but bloated and weak. There are thousands willing to do great things for one willing to do a small thing; but there never was any truly great thing that did not begin small.

In her delight Hester, having read the endorsement, handed the paper, without opening it, to Christopher, who sat next her, with the unconscious conviction that he would understand the delight it gave her. He took it and, with a look asking if he might, opened it.

The major had known for some time that Mr. Raymount wanted to sell the house, and

(*Continued on page* 790.)

GRACE.

THERE is grace in the leaves of the unfolding rose,
In the calm of the floating swan,
In the bend of a river that swiftly flows,
And the bridge of a single span.

There is grace in the sweep of a midnight sky,
In the bounds of a wild gazelle,
In the measures of music rolling by,
And the tale which the poets tell.

There is grace in the round of that baby's arm,
In the form that is bending to kiss;
There is grace in all ways that quietly charm
And that silently waken bliss.

But the grace which most deeply enamours my heart
Is the bearing of Jesus to me;
—How quietly He with all riches could part,
A man and a Saviour to be.

In Him is more fulness of all I call grace,
Than the eye or the heart e'er possessed.
His knowledge is heaven, wherever the place;
His beauty, my quietest rest.

B. W.

believed from the way Hester spent herself in London, he could not rejoice her better than by purchasing it for her; so, just as it was, with everything as it stood in it, he made it his birthday-gift to her.

"There is more here than you know," said Christopher, handing her back the paper. She opened it and saw something about a thousand pounds, for which again she gave joyous and loving thanks. But before the evening was over she learned that it was not a thousand pounds the dear majie had given her, but the thousand a year he had offered her if she would give up lord Gartley. Thus a new paradise of God-labour opened on the delighted eyes of Hester.

In the evening, when the sun was down, they went for another walk. I suspect the major, but am not sure:—anyhow, in the middle of a fir-wood, Hester found herself alone with Christopher. The wood rose towards the moor, growing thinner and thinner as it ascended. They were climbing westward full in face of the sunset, which was barred across the trees in gold, blue, rosy pink, and a lovely indescribable green, such as is not able to live except in the after-sunset. The west lay like the beautiful dead not yet faded into the brown dark of mother-earth. The fir-trees and bars of sunset made a glorious gate before them.

"Oh, Hester!" said Christopher—he had been hearing her called *Hester* on all sides all day long, and it not only came of itself, but stayed unnoticed of either—"if that were the gate of heaven, and we climbing to it now, to go in and see all the dear people!"

"That would be joy!" responded Hester.

"Come, then: let us imagine it a while. There is no harm in dreaming."

"Sometimes when Mark would tell me one of his dreams, I could not help thinking," said Hester, "how much more of reality there was in it than in most so-called realities."

Then came a silence.

"Suppose," began Christopher again, "one claiming to be a prophet appeared, saying that in the life to come we were to go on living just such a life as here with the one difference that we should be no longer deluded with the idea of something better; that all our energies would then be, and ought now to be spent in making the best of what we had without any foolish indulgence in hope or aspiration:—what would you say to that?"

"I would say," answered Hester, "he must have had his revelation either from God, from a demon, or from his own heart: it could not be from God, because it made the idea of a God an impossibility; it must come from a demon or from himself, and in neither case was worth paying attention to.—I think," she went on, "my own feeling or imagination must be better worth my own heeding than that of another. The essential delight of this world seems to me to lie in the expectation of a better."

They emerged from the wood, the bare moor spread on all sides before them, and lo, the sunset was countless miles away! Hills, fields, rivers, mountains, lay between!

Christopher stopped, and turning, looked at Hester.

"Is this the reality?" he said. "We catch sight of the gate of heaven, and set out for it. It comes nearer and nearer. All at once a something they call a reality of life comes between, and the shining gate is millions of miles away! Then cry some of its pilgrims, 'Alas, we are fooled! There is no such thing as the gate of heaven! Let us eat and drink and do what good we can, for to-morrow we die!' But is there no gate because we find none on the edge of the wood where it seemed to lie? There it is, before us yet, though a long way farther back! What has space or time to do with being? Can distance destroy fact? What if one day the chain of gravity were to break, and, starting from the edge of the pine-wood, we fared or flew farther and farther towards the bars of gold and rose and green! And what if even then we found them recede and recede as we advanced, until heart was gone out of us, and we could follow no longer, but sitting down on some wayside cloud, fell a thinking! Should we not say—'Justly are we punished, and our punishment was to follow the vain thing we took for heaven-gate!' Heaven-gate is too grand a goal to be reached by foot or wing. High above us it yet opens inside us; and when it opens down comes the gate of amber and rose, and we step through both at once!"

He was silent. They were on the top of the ridge. A little beyond stood the dusky group of their companions. And the world lay beneath them.

"Who would live in London who might live here?" said the major.

"No one," answered Hester and Christopher together.

The major turned and looked at them almost in alarm.

"But I *may not*," Hester said. "God chooses that I live in London."

Said Christopher,—

"Christ would surely have liked better to go on living in his father's house than go where so many did not know either him or his father! But he could not go on enjoying his heaven while those many lived only a death in life. He must go and start them for home! Who, in any measure seeing what Christ sees and feeling as Christ feels, would rest in the enjoyment of beauty while so many are unable to desire it! We are not real human beings until we are of the same mind with Christ. There are many who would save the pathetic and interesting, and let the ugly and provoking take care of themselves! Not so Christ, nor those who have learned of him!"

Christopher spoke so quietly there seemed even a contrast between his manner and the fervour of his words.

"I would take as many in with me," he said, turning to Hester, "as I might, should it be after a thousand years I went in at the gate of the sunset—the sunrise rather, of which the sunset is a leaf of the folding door! It would be sorrow to go in alone. My people, my own, my own humans, my men, my women, my little ones, must go in with me!"

Hester laboured, and Christopher laboured. And if one was the heart and the other the head, the major was the right hand. But what they did and how they did it, would require a book, and no small one, to itself.

It is no matter that here I cannot tell their story. No man ever did the best work who copied another. Let every man work out the thing that is in him! Who, according to the means he has, great or small, does the work given him to do, stands by the side of the Saviour, is a fellow-worker with him. Be a brother after thy own fashion, only see it be a brother thou art. The one who, weighed, is found wanting the most, is the one whose tongue and whose life do not match—who says, "Lord! Lord!" and does not the things the Lord says; the deacon who finds a good seat for the man in goodly apparel, and lets the poor widow stand in the aisle unheeded; the preacher who descants on the love of God in the pulpit, and looks out for a rich wife in his flock; the missionary who would save the heathen, but gives his own soul to merchandize; the woman who spends her strength on the poor, and makes discord at home.

THE END.

AN ANCIENT CHRISTMAS HYMN.

(*NUNC DIMITTIS.*)

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen."—ST. LUKE ii. 29.

CHRISTMAS DAY and every Sabbath Day in companionship with sweet music, is brought to sight this beautiful hymn of sunset—the sunset of the life of a good man, which may also be truly called a hymn of sunrise, for there may be seen in it both the closing of a life and the beginning of a new one. Death is referred to in it, not as the flowing of twilight into darkness, but as a departure. The words have in them a deep meaning of rest and peace, eternal Sabbath and eternal Christmas, the treasure in heaven which remains for the people of God.

The hymn is a thanksgiving for spiritual blessings, for a divine light which had been planted by God in the soul, come to its meridian after much patience and long waiting. Beautiful thoughts, bearing fruit in beautiful words, rise in the midst of this noontide.

God had sown this thought or impression in Simeon, in his old age, when he had begun to walk through the valley of the shadow of death. "It was revealed unto him that he should not taste of death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." Thus he waited for "the consolation of Israel." We know by experience how some favourite thought or idea in us may become like a living companion, go with us in our walks, and be with us in our occupations, even in our sleep. So was this divine impression with Simeon. It was like a companion to him; it went with him everywhere. It was a much-loved guest, a

much-honoured guest. Our gifts for their value much depend on the giver. This gift was from God, therefore was exceedingly valuable. We can imagine how its presence within him was angelic. Christmas is a season of gifts. This Christmas Day the post has brought almost every one in the land a gift of some sort. Which of these can be compared to Simeon's? It says to us what gold, frankincense, and myrrh a good thought or impression is. This one was more than good, divine; yet it says to us indirectly, what a precious thing a good thought is, and what it may possibly do for us if we nurse it, nourish, and cherish it! This divine communication was to Simeon a rod and staff in the valley of the shadow of death. Is it possible for us to have a gift of this kind? Yes. God is continually giving his children hallowed thoughts and impressions. Often, the answer to our prayers is the gift of a good thought. The experience of all prayerful persons will confirm this. Often when our prayer has not in any way changed outward circumstances of pain, it has brought us a new view of them, or thought, or idea about them, equal in effect to the lessening of these circumstances. Simeon's case may say this to us: "Hold the good thoughts which come into you through prayer and other means of grace." "Keep that good which is committed unto thee." If we do this they will certainly bring us peace and consolation.

The inventive faculty in the mind moves more quickly than usual as Christmas approaches to devise some new kind of gift to our friends. What is needed in respect of God's gifts to us is *recognition*. We do not nurse the good thoughts which He gives us as Simeon did his divine inspiration.

Again, we ask, is it possible for us to have an experience at all similar to his? Yes. It may be revealed to us that we shall see Christ before we see death through the form of an assurance of eternal salvation in us, that blessed hope of everlasting life of which the Prayer-book collect speaks, or that which in another part is referred to as the peace of God which passeth all understanding. Surely this may be called a similar gift to that given Simeon, or a gift of a similar class. To us now, to see the Lord's Christ is to see Him in our hearts, to feel His salvation in us, and to acknowledge Him in all our ways. The tide of Christmas brings with it many inward visions. This one of the Lord's Christ is the best of all.

E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

AN AUTUMN PASTORAL.

By HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.,
Author of "Bible Teachings in Nature."

IF the snowdrop may be called the morning star that ushers in the dawn of the floral year, the crocus may be said to be its sunrise. No vernal sight is more charming than the yellow yolks of this flower appearing in clusters above the naked soil in the desolate garden borders. And when the closed petals open their warm hearts to the sun, the golden cups are filled to the brim with beauty, and have a jewel-like brilliancy in the transfiguring light that reminds us of the splendour of sunset clouds, or of the fine gold of the New Jerusalem "like unto transparent glass." The first-born of the children of the sun, it is the beginning of his excellency and strength. Before the glory of its full-orbed radiance, the later children, the primrose, dandelion, and buttercup, pale their ineffectual fires. No other cups of beauty do we need at Flora's feast save those which this lovely Hebe presents. It seems as if nature's wondrous alchemy had changed all vegetable life at this season into the crocus-gold; at the sight of which our heart leaps up as the poet's did when he saw the rainbow. But besides this beautiful species, whose perfection leaves nothing to be altered or added, there is another spring crocus whose original purple and white blossom has sported into a great number of varieties under cultivation. It is the crocus of the Alps, where its flowers actually pierce the lingering snows in June, and form with them a more harmonious picture than with the purplish-brown of the naked earth out of which in our gardens the emerge. Its broad sheets of lilac bloom

growing wild in the Nottingham meadows have a fine effect when, out of the early grass just beginning to be tinted with the first vivid green, they unfold the graceful curves of their petals to the fitful sunshine of the quiet March afternoon.

So much is the crocus associated with the showers and the sunbeams of April, that it requires a special mental effort, even when the fact is known, to realise that it also blooms in the fading light and amid the withering foliage of September. There are well-known species of crocus that flower only during the autumnal months. In the same meadows of Nottingham where the purple crocus of spring flowers so abundantly, may be seen side by side with them dark green flowerless patches of the pale purple autumn crocus ; and the curious thing is, that the flowers of the spring crocus appear before the leaves, which attain their full vigour and luxuriance when the blossoms have disappeared; whereas, on the other hand, the flowers of the autumn crocus appear after its leaves, that have grown all winter and summer have withered. In Switzerland the sandy meadows along the banks of the Alpine streams are covered with myriads of autumn crocuses, whose exquisitely pure and delicate amethystine hue in the glowing sunshine is a feast of colour of which the eye never wearies. And every one is familiar with the pale violet saffron crocus, once largely cultivated in this country for the production of saffron from its rich orange style, which blooms according to soil and position from the end of September to the beginning of November. If the yellow spring crocus is the golden sunrise of the floral year, the lilac autumn crocus is its sunset, when the mountains in the west have a rich purple bloom upon them, and the radiant amber clouds that lie over them seem like the stamens and petals of some gigantic blossom.

It is strange to think of this beautiful familiar flower being associated alike with a season in which nature is renewing her youth, and with a season when upon everything has settled down a long Sabbath of decay. It is not the only flower that has this peculiarity. The cyclamen is a spring flower, blossoming from April to the end of May, the leaves rising before the flowers ; but there is a species whose flowers begin to appear at the end of August, continuing until October, the leaves rising after the blossoms and lasting through the whole winter and early spring. It covers every sheltered copse and mossy bank with profuse blooms, which look like the spectres of the spring flowers. Colourless and in a large measure scentless, it haunts the woods till the fall of the year, when it vanishes to reappear again in its representative species in spring. The snowflake is a resuscitated snowdrop, only of larger size and less delicately fashioned. It stands in the same relation to the summer that the snowdrop does to the spring. It is simply a snowdrop striving to emulate the lily by its taller stems and leaves, its wider bell-shaped blossom composed of petals all white and similar, only touched on their tips with a faint yellowish green, and affording ample room for the play of the orange stamens. And I have frequently seen in different places in Southern Europe a little flower called the Acis autumnalis, which looks like an autumnal snowdrop ; the pure snowy blossom of the spring flower being in its autumn representative tinted with a delicate pink blush. We thus find that Nature loves to repeat her forms, and to cast the productions of different seasons into the same mould, with characteristic differences which may serve to distinguish them.

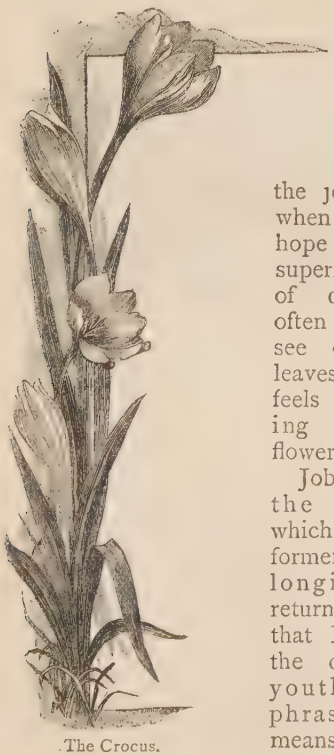
The autumn crocus is a type of one of the most interesting phenomena of nature and of human life. . In many departments there are numerous instances of the recurrence at a later period of something that belongs to an earlier time. The crimson and gold of the sunrise is repeated in the splendour of sunset. The common light of day has the same chromatic border at both its edges. The curtain of night at both its ends is finished off with fringes of rainbow loveliness, betraying by its selvage the rich variety of the threads that compose it. The morning star that heralds the dawn of day appears again in the evening, and announces the magic hour once sacred to God's presence, when His voice was heard among the trees of the garden, and still keeping itself calm and pure from the touch of evil—the holiest hour of earth. The weather of September has many of the characteristics of the weather of April ; the same rapid alternation of cloud and sunshine, of calm blue sky and dark storm-change. The woodland foliage of October departs with the same bright hues upon it with which it burst forth in May. In the late autumn the exquisite days of the Indian or St. Martin's summer come like a mockery of June, when there is such a universal harmony of earth and heaven that worship rises from the heart like a spring ; and God gives us, ere stern winter closes the farewell scene, a

"Having done their work in ripening the grain."

Sabbath of the year, in which the sunbeams having done their work in ripening the grain and the fruit, are now radiating their glory all around for pure enjoyment—a Sabbath which we do not have to make but only to keep holy. And whose heart is not touched to the core by the plaintive little song of the robin, heard in the quiet hush of the fading year in the aged apple-tree of the garden, from whose boughs ripened fruit and withered leaf have alike fallen? All the other birds are silent; but this tiny, wavering, uncertain trill is an echo at the far-off end of the year of the gush of song with which the fair young creation of spring was ushered in. The first authentic notification of spring is the song of the robin, and the last lamentation over the declining autumn is a plaintive repetition of it. Thus we find that wherever nature sets she has an after-glow that reminds us of the beauty and freshness of her prime.

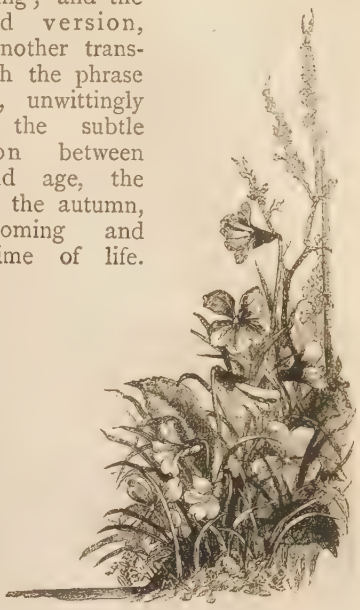
The older one grows the more pathetic does the tender grace of each spring become. So much of what we loved and lost never comes back, that the beauty of the spring touches us like the brightness of a perfect day, when the grave is closing over dear eyes that shall never more behold it. Why should the inferior things of nature return, and those for whose use they were all made lie unconscious in the dust? The youthful heart feels itself in sympathy with spring. The universal freshness is as much a part of human youth as of the youthfulness of the herbs of the field. All the sights, sounds, and impulses of the bright season have feelings

and thoughts in the young bosom corresponding to them. Hope springs up with the sprouting grass, and love opens with the unfolding blossoms, and all life is vernal with the vernal landscape. But the aged heart has no part in the bright renewal. It is outside of all the music and bloom. It has outlived the fresh sympathies which the season could kindle into gladness, and can no more enter into the pleasures of hope. The aged live in the springs of the past; and their life goes forward to another and brighter spring in the eternal world, of which the springs of earth are only fleeting types and shadows. But though the bright flame of their spring crocus has burnt down to the socket, and only the green monotonous melancholy leaves remain behind, is there no re-kindling in the withered plot of their life of the autumn crocus, whose more sober hue befits the sadder character of the season? Yes! man's life, too, has its Indian summer and its autumn crocus. The season of decay brings to him also reminiscences of the bright season of renewal. As on the woodland paths in spring, beneath the withered leaves of last year, when the south wind sweeps them away, the fairest flowers are seen growing: so on the beaten tracks of the aged life, strewn with the wrecks of the past, are still seen flourishing the joys of youth, when a breeze of hope removes the superficial tokens of decay. And often when men see only withered leaves, the heart feels the springing of vernal flowers.



The Crocus.

Job, describing the happiness which he had in former years, and longing for its return, says, "O that I were as in the days of my youth!" This phrase literally means the vintage season, the time of fruit-gathering; and the authorised version, adopting another translation which the phrase also bears, unwittingly expresses the subtle connection between youth and age, the spring and the autumn, the blossoming and the fruit-time of life. The true days of Job's youth were the period when his life became young again through the maturity of his powers and the consummation of his hopes. It was in the autumn of his life that he enjoyed all those blessings of prosperity whose loss he deplores; and in calling it by a term which may be rendered either "days of youth," or "time of gathering in fruits," a striking example is given of the legitimate symbolic use of autumn as the season not of decay but of ripeness—fulness of power. That there are days and signs of youth in the time of the harvest and vintage of life every one can testify. The autumn fields are "happy" with the flowers that tell of spring, with the remembrance of days that are no more; and the laureate's beautiful words touch with a tender power the chord with which memory faithfully knits together the opening and the closing of human life. True, indeed, the autumn crocus is not the same flower as the spring crocus. It has hues deeper and more intense. It speaks of change and decay. Nature never goes back altogether to the point from which she started; and she renews only some of the features of her dead past. So the joys of our early life which we retain in our memory are not the same as when they stirred our young blood; we colour them with the deeper and tenderer hues of our own spirit. The past seems to us so lovely because the present reflects upon it its own matured beauty and mournful intensity; just as the level light of the afternoon



Violets.

transfigures with a warmer glow the trees and flowers that stood forth clear and distinct in the morning rays. But the golden harvest, and the bright autumnal foliage, and the red fire of sunset burning low, are nearer the eternal fruition and the everlasting renewal than the field of the sower, and the April woodland, and the dewy sunrise. The gold of the withered leaf is that of the streets of the New Jerusalem!

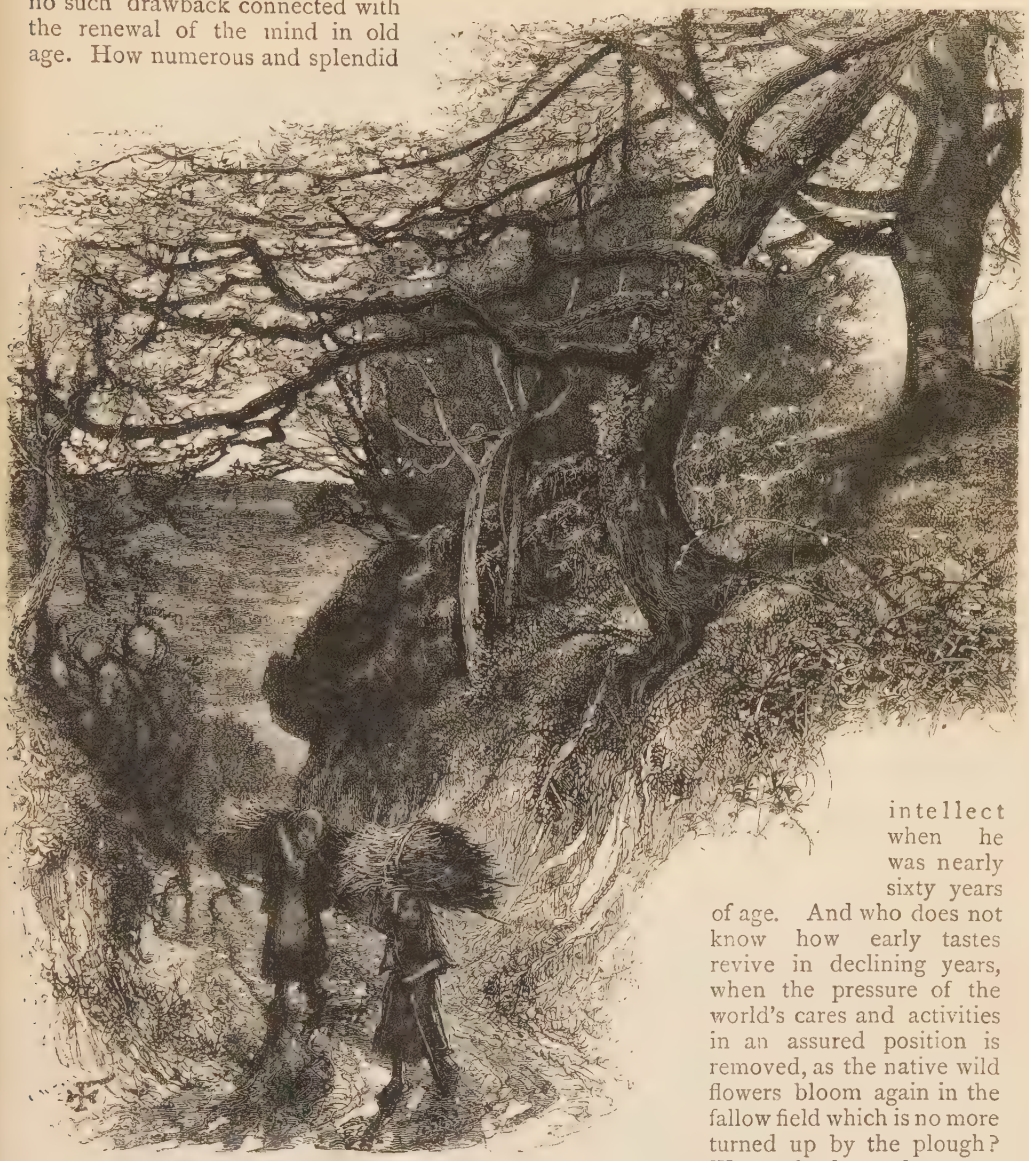
In the physical sphere of man there are numerous instances of the spring crocus blooming again in the autumn. The cutting of new teeth and the growth of young hair in old age are by no means so infrequent as we might suppose. The eagle's power of self-renewal has been manifested by many an aged form. And the wonderful rejuvenescence of Abraham and Sarah when a century old, shows to us that the human body has the same capabilities which the bird possesses in the annual renewing of its plumage, and the tree in the annual renewing of its leaves and flowers. What a beautiful autumn crocus was the coming of Isaac—the "laughter" of spring into the aged worn-out life of

"The level light of the afternoon."

Abraham! The venerable patriarch grew young again in the childhood of his son. A whole new world of beautiful emotions and first affections was called into existence by the presence of that child in his home. Every one has observed that as life nears its close it returns to the days of its youth, and brings back again much that marked its beginning. The old man becomes a little child ere he enters the kingdom of heaven. Second childhood plants its vernal flowers amid the sere and yellow leaves of nature's decadence. And the grandfather has more sympathy with, and more that is akin to, the little grandchild, who reminds him of what he himself once was, than with his own busy careworn son who has left his childhood so far behind him.

In the mental sphere the growth of the autumn crocus is much more common than in the physical, and much more precious and beautiful. The physical signs of growth in the midst of old age strike us as a painful incongruity. It is a pathetic and pitiful sight; for the bloom of youth comes back in such a case without its strength and hope, and the vigour of the child without its unconscious innocence and fresh beauty. But there is

no such drawback connected with the renewal of the mind in old age. How numerous and splendid



"The woodland foliage of October."

are the examples of intellect disclosing its fullest powers at the very close of life! Goethe was fourscore years old when he completed the second part of *Faust*. Jussieu between his eighty-third and eighty-eighth year occupied himself with dictating a new edition of his famous "Introduction to Botany," not in his mother tongue, but in the most elegant Latin. Mason, on his seventy-second birthday, wrote one of the most beautiful sonnets in our language; and Milton produced the grandest work of his wonderful intellect when he was nearly sixty years of age. And who does not know how early tastes revive in declining years, when the pressure of the world's cares and activities in an assured position is removed, as the native wild flowers bloom again in the fallow field which is no more turned up by the plough? We go back to the poets who first showed us the beauty of the world, and to the philosophers who first taught us the power of thought, with fresh interest and new enjoyment, acquired by our own wider experience. Literary men have often recorded the peculiar delight with which in their later years they have returned to the studies of their youth. What is genius but a return of the mind from exhausted ways and methods to the freedom, simplicity, and ever-fresh novelty of nature? The highest genius is that in which manhood's trained power of

expression is combined with an eternal element of childhood. There is a spontaneity and an unconsciousness in its art, an instinctiveness in its revelations, which belong essentially to youth, and which, appearing amid the matured experiences of after life, has the charm of a September day which reminds us of April. The higher we climb the hill of knowledge—the nobler and more elevated the thoughts we make our own—the more do we bring back the joyous, fearless mind of childhood, which we believe is fresh from the hand of God, and still bears upon it traces of its likeness to the Uncreated Light; just as the Alpine traveller sees, on the very edge of the glacier on the mountain height, the same kind of exquisitely pure and lovely flowers which in March and April in the valleys skirted the edge of winter.

The love of nature is a sentiment in which we carry our youth along with us through all the dreary wastes of middle age, and it revives with peculiar force at the close of life. Sated with the possessions and experiences of life, we come back in the end of our days, with the old freshness of feeling to the simple familiar objects that once formed all our joy. The gold of the vernal crocus yields us more wealth of pleasure than all the gold of the banks that we have accumulated; and the purple bloom of its autumn relation is more precious than all the purple and fine linen in which we have succeeded in clothing ourselves.

The heart never grows really old if it brings with it from childhood a lively interest in the varied objects of nature. These objects soothe and ennoble, not by their own intrinsic charms only, but by their immediate connection with that spiritual world, whose outward and visible representatives they are; that world which is ever near to us, but especially so in the solitudes of nature where we are face to face with the unsullied works of God. That world never grows old, and the objects of nature which reveal it to our senses are permanently young. The foliage that springs from an old withered tree, for instance, is as perfect as that which grew on its first shoot; the grass grows as green now as a thousand years ago; the streams are as fresh and the sunshine as bright.

And therefore the heart that communes with the spiritual through the medium of these natural things, according to the Divine sacramental law by which spiritual blessings and their influences on the heart are best enjoyed in the presence of their material representatives, shares in the perpetual youth of nature. It will have a perennial well of gladness springing up in it—an artesian well gladdening the desert of old age, whose waters come from the far-off hills of childhood; and under the snows that have whitened the mountain-tops of life, there will be preserved many a bright nook, green with all the spring freshness of thought and feeling.

But it is in the sphere of the soul that the autumn crocus blooms most beautifully. The rejuvenescence of the mental faculties, the renewal of the intellect, belongs only to the exceptionally great and gifted. It is only men of rare faculty and genius who become young again in their minds; whose intellectual life acts more vitally and intensely when decay has touched all their physical life. But the rejuvenescence of the soul, the renewal of the spiritual life, may be the experience of all. This youthful victoriousness—the inward man being renewed more and more while the outward man is decaying—is the glory of every true Christian's old age.

Only the fire that comes down from Heaven can preserve the youth of the spirit amid all the changes and sorrows of life. Religion really lived keeps the heart always young, always tender. Its truths belong to a world which knows no change, no succession of time; and therefore the soul that cherishes them, and is moulded by their power, partakes of their unchanging freshness.

Our blessed religion teaches us that nothing beautiful or good once possessed is wholly lost to us; that there is a deeper truth in the words, "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," than even its poet knew. That thing of beauty goes away as our Saviour went away, only to come again, dearer and closer—to be with us always even unto the end of the world. Our religion engages to give to him that overcometh the besetting sins that lay waste the life and make the heart old—to eat of those fruits of the tree of life, that once in the garden of innocence hung within reach of infant humility and helplessness. And out of the sunset and the after glow, when the glory and the dream of life have vanished, comes the grandest and sweetest of all its promises, "I will give him the morning star." And He who is the resurrection and the life—the Alpha and the Omega,—will make the outgoings of the fair, innocent morning of the world's childhood—with its fresh poetic visions, so dear even to remember

"The streams are as fresh and the sunshine as bright."

in this weary, worn-out, prosaic world—to rejoice for all who live and believe in Him; and the hour of splendour in the grass and glory in the flower will come back again—

Youth's joys, to cheer life's autumn gloom,
Fond memory back will bring;
As in September fields will bloom,
The crocus of the spring.

So may we live, that all our past
May light our future track;
And all our best for us at last,
In higher form come back.

TWO VIEWS OF LIFE.

A Meditation for the Close of the Year.

BY THE LATE REV. THOMAS JONES.

"And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage."

"AND Joseph brought in Jacob his father and set him before Pharaoh." Joseph had riches, position, and power; he was "ruler over all the land of Egypt," and "only in the throne was the king greater than he." Jacob was a shepherd, as his fathers had been. In their external circumstances Jacob and Joseph were distant from each other, but their hearts were near as ever. The son loved and honoured his aged father, and rejoiced to present him to the king. The world was then young, and had not discovered that honest poverty and daily toil were a degradation. The Bible has no sympathy with the false views of modern civilisation. Man is not despised in this book because he is poor; it honours true manhood wherever it is found. According to its teaching God "hath made of one blood all nations of men," and the industrious husbandman and the skilful artificer are inspired by Him as well as the priest and the prophet. The father of the human race was put into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it; and "the second man, the Lord from heaven," had not where to lay His head. "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

"And Jacob blessed Pharaoh." This was not a mere form of words, but an expression of gratitude to the king as the benefactor of Jacob and his family, and the only recom-

pense the aged stranger could offer. Rightly considered it is the highest; you can expect no greater reward in this world than the love and blessing of the people you have served. One of the chief elements in Job's happiness during the days of his prosperity was that "the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him." As the light is reflected by the objects upon which it falls, so good works return to the doer of them in the respect, love, and gratitude of the persons whom he has helped. This is one reason why "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou?" He was struck with the venerable appearance of the aged man, and treated him with becoming respect. It is a common question, but arising from a right feeling, and spoken in tones of tenderness, it manifested the regard and reverence of the king towards the patriarch, the father of his great and faithful minister. One of the commands given to Israel was, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man." In describing the misery which the people would bring upon themselves, Isaiah said that the judge, the prophet, the counsellor, the eloquent orator, and the *ancient* man should be taken away from Jerusalem; and in speaking of their prosperity he prophesied that "old men and old women should dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for very age." The teaching of the Bible is wise, the aged are a blessing to society: in the family, the Church, and the State they have an influence for good. Realise the idea of the world without "the hoary head," an immense community of young people only! What daring experiments would they not make? What wild changes would they not attempt? And what rushing into confusion would they not exhibit? The wisdom, experience, and conservatism of old people are the ballast that keeps the vessel steady in the water.

Jacob said, in reply to the king, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." His words suggest two remarks.

There is a sense in which life may be regarded as evil.

It appears so when we consider the disparity between the good it affords and the good we desire. "The earth hath He given to the children of men," and it is a goodly inheritance. Its sights and sounds are dear to our hearts, we love it as our first home—the only home we have hitherto known. But, like Jacob and his fathers when they sojourned in the promised land, we seek a better country; this world, with all its beauty, glory, and grandeur, does not satisfy our hearts. Our spiritual instincts make it impossible for us to find here perfect rest; they point us to the future, and are a prophecy of the world that shall be revealed.

In early youth we have in our minds an ideal existence. Imagination spreads the canvas, and paints the life that is to be; but in a few years we discover that it was an illusion; we stand face to face with the stern realities of life as it is, and are disenchanted for ever—the vision we beheld first fades and then disappears, like the golden colours of a landscape when the sun departs.

We are at a banquet. The mansion is magnificent, the tables are richly spread, the wine sparkles, the guests are many, and they endeavour to appear satisfied, and even to make themselves and each other believe that they are so; but all in vain, for they know that they are not. Happiness is far from them. Amid all the enjoyments this world can yield, we are ever longing for something higher and better. Translated into words, the feelings of our hearts would read thus: Life is not good, but evil—evil, because it is imperfect, illusive, shadowy, tantalizing, and does not satisfy.

Life may appear evil when we compare what it is with what, in many cases, it might be. Jacob persuaded the careless and open-hearted Esau to sell him his birthright: and by personating him before his father, whose "eyes were dim, so that he could not see," he also took away his blessing. He thus wronged those whom he should have loved and protected, and went forth into the world with a black falsehood lying on his conscience. He obtained his object, and had to suffer the consequences. He cast the seed into the ground, and thought little of it at the time; but it grew, as most things do in this world, and became a tree, and he had to eat its bitter fruit. He was obliged to leave his father's house with shame and guilt weighing upon his heart, and the hatred of his enraged brother following his footsteps. As he had deceived others, he also had himself to suffer from deceit in a foreign land. When returning home, after an absence of many long years, that old falsehood cast its terrible shadow upon his path wherever he came. The history of his wrestling with the angel is a revelation of his state of mind. The whole night before he met the man

he had so wickedly injured was a long and fearful struggle—the crisis was come, and in sorrow and bitterness of heart he cried for help.

How different might the life of Jacob have been had he been true and honest. He made his life evil, and was the author of his own sorrow. The spectre that followed and frightened him for so many years was raised by the waving of his own wand. He poisoned the stream of his life at the fountain, and it had to flow far before it was again made pure. The lesson is plain enough—men spoil their own lives, and then complain that life is evil; they mar and rend the picture, and murmur because its beauty has disappeared; they run the ship upon the rocks, and weep to find her a wreck; they crush the flower with a rude hand, and are disappointed because it withers.

We are possessed with the same feeling when we contemplate the shortness of life. Very graphic are the descriptions of human life given by the sacred writers. "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been. My days are swifter than a post. They flee away, they see no good, they are passed away as the swift ships, as the eagle that hasteth to the prey. Man cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not. What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." A swift ship driven before the wind; a flower that withers in a day; a shadow, fleeting phantom-like across the plain; a vapour, bright, beautiful, and transparent, floating in the atmosphere for a little time and then fading, vanishing, disappearing from the sight—such is the life of man in this world.

When we think of this, the first impulse of the heart is to regard it as evil. We love life, and would enjoy it long; but this is not to be, and in the midst of it we are in death. When our experience has qualified us for our work; when we have learned to live and to love wisely; when life is beginning to be a reality, and we are able in some degree to enter into its meaning, then are we called away. While we are raising the cup to our lips it is dashed from our hand; while we are listening to the sweetest melody, and our hearts are moved with unspeakable delight, a loud discordant noise is made, and the music is lost in confusion; or when the world is bright and joyous around us, and we rejoice, the shadows begin to fall, faster and thicker they come, until we, our life, our work, our memory, and our name disappear in the darkness.

> "What is this passing life?
> A peevish April day;
> A little sun, a little rain,
> And then night sweeps along the plain,
> And all things fade away."

But the words of Jacob do not exhaust the subject; in the highest, truest sense life is good and not evil.

It is the gift of God. He thought it right, and wise, and kind that we should be. Our existence appeared to Him a good and desirable thing; and what is good in His sight is and must be so in reality, for He sees things as they are, and not as they seem. When He had created the world, planted Paradise, and placed man therein, He saw His work, and "behold it was very good." He knew then what would follow, for the future is to Him as the present. It was the bright morning of creation; not a cloud darkened the heavens; no sigh disturbed the air; sin was not, death was not; the earth had not one human grave. But He looked beyond, and saw what was to come; the entrance of moral evil, and all the wild confusion that would result therefrom. And yet He said, "My work is very good." He knew that the whole creation should groan and travail together in pain, and still He judged it desirable that it should exist. And what is true of the world as a whole is true of the life He has given us individually. He thought it right that we should be brought into this wonderful existence; that the spirit should be united to a frail material frame; that the mind should be for a season a prisoner in this bondage-house of clay, looking with longing eyes through the grated windows, and yearning for the glorious liberty of the children of God. It appeared good in His sight that we should be tried and tempted, know sorrow as well as joy, and taste death as well as life. And what He calls good we should not name evil.

Our life is under His control. We must recognise the influence of our own freedom; we choose this rather than that; we *will* one course of action in preference to another; we follow Christ in the narrow, sacred, and safe path of obedience, or we walk in the other way which leadeth to destruction, according to our own desire. We are conscious of this, and therefore sure. You may prove that we live under an unbroken system of laws, that things must be what they are and as they are, and that we are the natural result of causes which cannot be altered; and your theory may be perfectly correct and logical,

with no link wanting; but it matters not, we *know* that we are free, and ten thousand theories cannot destroy that fact.

But, on the other hand, there is a Divine will and purpose in the life of man. Let this truth be stated as strongly as the other. The time and place of our coming into life were chosen, not by us, but by our Creator. We had no voice in the selection of the persons and circumstances which first influenced our minds and characters. The faculties with which we are endued are the gifts of God. Not only did He choose all these things for us, but He also exerts an influence upon us. In Him we live and move and have our being. He worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure. He sends His blessed light into the mind, sheds His love abroad in our hearts, and in some way unknown to us He touches the hidden springs of the will. He has ordained the works that we are to do, and He disposes our minds to the doing of them. Moreover, He has determined the number of our days, and at the appointed time He will take us to our eternal home.

What I have stated may appear paradoxical; man is free, God controls his life—these two propositions seem to contradict each other; but both are true, and therefore there can be no real contradiction. We must attribute the apparent inconsistency to the imperfection of our knowledge. The eyes of our understanding are diseased, and do not present well-defined and single objects to the mind; truth appears dim and confused, we see double. If our knowledge were perfect, and we could see things as God sees them, we should perceive that our freedom and His control are two sides of the same truth.

Knowing, then, that our life is in His hand, we will not call it evil; rather we will regard it as good, and trust His perfect love. Seeing that He is with us in the ship, we will not fear the voyage, stormy though it be. Think what things become in His hand. "Consider the flowers of the field;" in themselves they are only a few particles of dust; but He has given them life, and caused them to grow, and formed their leaves, and sent His light to shine upon them; "And I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The worlds we see in the firmament of heaven are masses of matter, nothing more; but how bright and grand and glorious His hand has made them! Our life is in His hand; let it be there. "Thy will be done." Yield yourselves to His influence, and all shall be well with you. Your life, when His purpose is accomplished, shall be fragrant as the flower and beautiful as "the stars of light."

Our present life is connected with an endless future. If this life were our all, and death were annihilation, then might we be justified in saying, "Few and evil are our days." That was a great day for us when He called us from our former nothingness to behold the wondrous vision of His creation, this earth and yonder heavens; to have fellowship with these human beings who are our other selves, and to give us the power of thinking, loving, desiring, and longing for a good yet to be; this was a gift worthy of God. But if after a few years it is all to disappear, if death will rob us, not only of the great vision itself, but also of the remembrance of having seen it, then, indeed, life cannot be called good. If this be all, the bitter words of Solomon are true—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

But this is not so. Jacob died, and Joseph buried him in the cave of Machpelah. Scepticism standing by the cave after the burial would have mused, and doubted, and spoken thus: "He came here from the Unknown, he had sorrow and joy in the time of his pilgrimage, and he has passed again into the darkness. What has become of him? does he live in another state? or has he gone down into nothingness? It is a mystery." Infidelity in the same situation would have been positive as usual: "He was born, lived a few years in sorrow and trial, he died, and that is the *end*. He sleeps here in the sepulchre of his fathers, never to awake."

How blessed is the revelation given by the Saviour; He told His disciples that Jacob, with Abraham and Isaac, was in the kingdom of God. He was not in the cave of Machpelah at all. What they buried there was not the patriarch Jacob; he, the mind, the spirit, the MAN, was still living—living when thousands of years had elapsed after his death.

In the light of this revelation our present life is a transcendent gift. Christ has obtained for us eternal redemption from death; therefore we will not use the words of Jacob, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been," but rather we will say, "Our days on earth are few" and *good*—good because they are the beginning of an endless existence and a preparation for perfect bliss.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Stepping Stones," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—"COME, MY HEART, IT IS TIME TO GO."

THE revelation that had so shaken and distressed Lucian and his step-mother had been received by Myra with a curious quietness. Startling events always brought out that real strength of character which lay hidden under her waywardness; and although she was not less astonished than the others, she showed herself capable of perfect self-possession.

As to Harper, the very mischief that she had dreaded and vaguely predicted had actually come to pass, and her grief was embittered by acute self-reproach. She felt that much of this trouble might have been avoided if she had confided in Mrs. Jervaux.

After the painful interview with Lucian, Rosa had gone straight up-stairs to the nursery, and startled nurse with that cold white face of hers. Essie, fortunately absorbed in the beauties of the doll-bride, was less observing than usual, and did not notice the quick, imperative gesture that summoned Harper out of the room.

"The truth has come out," said Rosa, when she had closed her chamber door. "It has been forced from me, nurse, by a dreadful thing—a thing I never reckoned on, nor dreamed of! Lucian Jervaux——"

"Oh yes, ma'am, I can guess! It was what I feared from the first. It was so unusual to see him take an interest in any one."

"I only wish that I had foreseen it. Oh, Harper, how blind and wicked I have been! It is best to be true; true at all hazards and at all costs. But the mischief is done now, and I will not remain here a moment longer than is necessary. I cannot sleep another night under this roof."

"But, ma'am——"

"I must take my own way, nurse; do not try to stop me. Begin to pack my portmanteau, and I will send a telegram to Mr. Powell. I must be at Deanwood to-night. I can't think—I can't collect myself—till I get once more to Deanwood!"

As Harper looked at the speaker she realised that it would be wisest not to thwart her intentions. The fever-flush now burning again on the fair cheeks, the unnatural lustre in the blue eyes, all warned her that Mrs. Rose's nerves had been strained too far.

"And my mistress, does she know yet?" the old woman asked after a pause.

"Not yet. And there is Myra to be told."

"I heard Miss Myra singing in her room a few minutes ago, ma'am. She must be up and dressed. Would it not be well for you to go to her?"

"Yes, I will go," said Rosa, moving quickly towards the door. And in another minute she had traversed the corridor, and was knocking for admittance. Myra's voice cheerfully bade her come in; and she entered, nerving herself to face the ordeal of this second confession.

Myra met her with eyes that were fairly sparkling with good-humour. All her jealousy was now entirely gone; Malcolm Ramsay's quiet influence and frank attentions had healed those slight wounds that had been innocently inflicted on her vanity. She had even begun to wonder why she had ever thought Major Lothian so very attractive; and was candid enough, moreover, to confess to herself that she had been far more in love with the hero than with the man.

"What is the matter?" cried the girl, scared by the feverish beauty of Mrs. Rose's face. "You are not looking a bit like yourself; your eyes shine so that they frighten me! Speak quickly if you can."

And Rosa did speak quickly, as if she feared that her courage would forsake her before the story was told. Her words poured out fast; but they were not incoherent words; and Myra stood and listened with resolute composure.

It was not until Rosa came to the library scene that her hearer's calmness gave way. A look of utter surprise, almost of incredulity, swept across Myra's face.

"Lucian in love!" she cried. "Lucian proposing to anybody! The idea seems almost too absurd; it is like a dream."

"I wish it were indeed a dream," Rosa answered bitterly. "But it is too true, and I can never forgive myself for causing so much misery. Oh, Myra, you will keep his secret?"

"Of course it will be kept," rejoined Myra almost sternly. "A nice family tale to get abroad! But only mamma and Harper will ever know it beside ourselves. If Lucian had been like other brothers he would have given me a hint of his intentions, and I

should have assured him that he hadn't the least chance of success."

Rosa had sunk down into a chair, already almost exhausted by the excitement that she had gone through. Myra's closing words seemed to drive the feverish colour out of her face, and soften the light in her eyes. She remembered that there was another who must hear her story, and her heart sank at the thought that it might cost her his love.

"And you are really Henry's widow," said Myra, contemplating her with a strange, new interest. "It will be an awkward business to explain everything to everybody; but it will have to be done. After all, it seems that we have chiefly got to thank Lucian for bringing about this muddle."

Rosa looked up in surprise.

"Yes," Myra continued, "he managed everything, as he always does. He had never even taken the trouble to see you, and yet he must needs declare solemnly that you were utterly and hopelessly unpresentable. Old Harper was the only person who displayed any common sense. After she went to Deanwood she never ceased to say that poor Master Henry's wife would have been no discredit to the family."

With these words Myra left the room to go in search of her step-mother. But Harper was already closeted with her mistress, and the first pain and shock of the explanation had been got over.

In reply to all persuasions and arguments Rosa urged her intense desire to fly to Deanwood. It was, after all, little more than a three hours' journey, and her feverish eagerness to depart was only strengthened by opposition.

"Let me go," she pleaded, almost passionately, "let me go at once, and find my old self in the old cottage. Afterwards, after I have had time to rest and think, I will do my best to earn your forgiveness. I meant to have come to you, Mrs. Jervaux, and confessed everything. I meant to have asked you to let Essie go with me to Deanwood and spend some time in the home where she was born. Oh, if I had not waited so long before I told the truth!"

"Essie and Harper shall go with you," Mrs. Jervaux answered with tears. "There will be much to arrange and think over. It is likely that Lucian may travel; he has often spoken of spending a winter in Rome. And when he meets you again, this morning will seem only like a dream to you both. He will have schooled himself to receive you as a sister."

So the preparations for immediate departure went on, and so well did the heads of the household act their part that the servants had no suspicion of the truth. That Mrs. Rose had received a hasty summons was the general impression; and Essie's delight at the idea of the sudden journey was amusing to witness.

"I wouldn't have let her go without me!" she said, with much spirit. "And grandma says that she meant to send me away to a beautiful country place in the hot weather. It's a most lovely village that we are going to. I hope we shall stay a long time."

The packing was accomplished with all speed, and early in the afternoon the travellers were ready for their journey.

With her veil drawn over her face Mrs. Rose descended the stairs, and found Mrs. Jervaux and her step-son awaiting her in the hall. The house door was open; the carriage waited, and the horses were impatient of delay. There were no last words to be said then and there; but Mrs. Jervaux kissed Rosa affectionately, and it was observed that the old lady's eyes were full of tears.

With a face of resolute calm, Lucian attended the departing guest to the carriage. Harper and Essie took their places on the opposite seat; Myra entered last, and stationed herself by Mrs. Rose's side.

The short drive to the railway station was enlivened only by Essie's merry chatter; her elders were perfectly silent. But as they drew near the railway gates Myra suddenly put out her hand and clasped Rosa's fingers in her own.

Then came the usual business of taking tickets, and when that was done, it was found that there were yet ten minutes before the train came up. Rosa felt herself taken firmly by the arm, and Myra drew her to a quiet spot on the platform.

"Rosa, we are sisters now," the girl said simply. "And I will confess to you that I know of Major Lothian's intentions; the Ramsays are his friends, and they have told me everything."

"Yes," murmured Rosa, keeping back a sigh.

"He will have to hear the whole truth," Myra went on. "You may trust me to tell it. And, Rosa, you must have suffered so much sorrow that it will be hard if he does not make you happy yet."

"I don't think I shall ever have that kind of happiness," Rosa answered softly. "I shall go back to the old spot where Henry and I first loved each other, and then my heart will grow calm and quiet again. Calm-

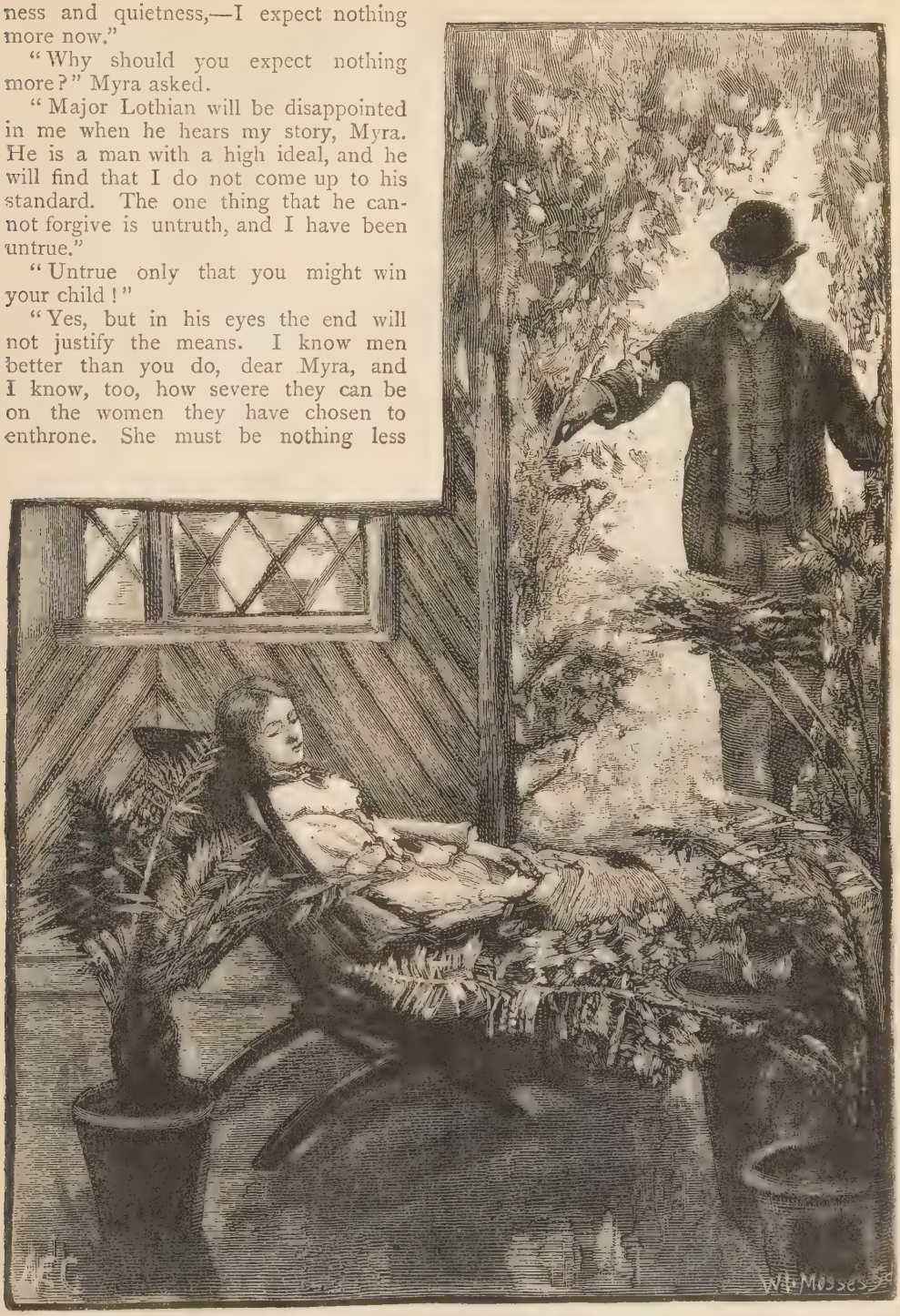
ness and quietness,—I expect nothing more now."

"Why should you expect nothing more?" Myra asked.

"Major Lothian will be disappointed in me when he hears my story, Myra. He is a man with a high ideal, and he will find that I do not come up to his standard. The one thing that he cannot forgive is untruth, and I have been untrue."

"Untrue only that you might win your child!"

"Yes, but in his eyes the end will not justify the means. I know men better than you do, dear Myra, and I know, too, how severe they can be on the women they have chosen to enthrone. She must be nothing less



"Among the phantoms of dreamland."

than royal; her foot must never touch the level of common earth. Major Lothian will not realise the heart-hunger of a mother deprived of her child, and he will just class

me with the common herd of feminine deceivers."

She spoke quietly, but Myra saw tears glittering through her veil, and her heart warmed to this newly discovered sister-in-law. Perhaps she liked Mrs. Rose all the better because she was convicted of womanly weakness. They were quits now, Myra thought; she should no longer blush for that foolish talk in the twilight. Rosa was in love, and somewhat in doubt of her lover.

Then the train came up, and Myra was suddenly overwhelmed with the thought of parting. Her self-control broke down all at once, and she threw her arms round Rosa's neck and sobbed out a farewell.

CHAPTER XVIII.—"THERE WAS SOMETHING THE SEASON WANTED."

THE few last days of May went by in flower and song, and June set in.

Essie, in a state of perpetual delight, spent most of her time in playing in the old garden. Rosa's disclosure to her little daughter had been received with an intense childish rapture that had, at first, made the mother forget everything but her motherhood. But when the freshness of that joy was past, she found another yearning waking up again.

Harper, quietly observant, saw how eagerly her mistress watched for the postman's coming. Often she would stand at the gate in the early morning, and listen for the well-known tramping footstep in the lane. The letter-carrier, a sturdy, sunburnt youth, always looked glad when there was anything in his bag for the beautiful lady; but how was he to know that he had not brought her the very thing that she most desired?

The time of roses had fully come; they covered the old cottage walls with soft masses of bloom, and climbed as high as the golden thatch. Swallows chattered about their nests under the broad eaves; from the woods came the old familiar love-note of the dove. It was the most perfect period of summer, and Rosa recalled many a leafy June as fair as this; but never one that had seemed so incomplete.

The vicarage was not more than half a mile from the cottage; and often, when the evening was closing in, Mr. Powell traversed the quiet lanes that led to Rosa's old home.

She had told him everything that had passed at the Bushes; and at last, as they sat in the twilight, the story of Major Lothian's love came out too.

"When shall I get too old to be a dreamer?" thought Mr. Powell, as he walked sadly homeward. "I find that I have been raising one of my castles in the air again; picturing the old cottage enlarged and beautified, and Rosa living in it always with her child."

A pair of lovers strolled slowly past him in the dusk, walking with linked arms, and heads close together. And the vicar gave an involuntary sigh.

"I am a fool," he soliloquised. "I was forgetting how brief a spell of happiness she has known. How could I suppose that a woman so young and beautiful would live devoted to the memory of the dead? And it would not be right nor natural. She needs a husband's protection, and by-and-by Essie will require a father's care. But this man—this soldier—God grant that he may be worthy of her."

He fell to thinking of Henry, his old pupil and favourite, and recalling all the traits of that sweet nature which had so endeared Henry Jervaux to those who knew him best. And yet, if Henry had lived, would he ever have been an efficient protector and guide? Would he not have gone on from year to year as his wife's spoiled darling, never thinking nor acting for himself? The time might have come, perhaps, when Rosa, well as she loved him, would have longed for a stronger spirit than his.

He would never have known that she sighed for the help he could not give; possibly she would never have acknowledged it to herself. She would have patiently plodded on, carrying the whole weight of the matrimonial burdens without a murmur; but the load would have been too heavy for that slight frame and sensitive spirit. And yet if she had sunk beneath it there would have been no reproaches, scarcely any regrets. A woman, if she have a true heart, is slow to lay the blame of her suffering on the lover and husband of her youth.

And then, in his dreamy fashion, he began to ponder over those mysteries of separation which puzzle all thinkers from time to time. These sweet harmless lives that have a premature ending—these strong active lives that are so suddenly cut short—what is the reason? Is it possible that the sweet harmlessness might have degenerated into an indolence which would clog those nearest and dearest, and drag them to the ground? And that strong activity so widely missed, would it ever have developed into a tyranny that might have crushed the souls it sought to help and save?

Thus musing, William Powell gained the gate of that large old-fashioned house which was now his home. Prosperity had done much to improve his bachelor ways; and his housekeeper, as great a tyrant as Mrs. Jake, but far softer-mannered, kept a strict watch over any divergence from established rules. The vicar did not sit up so late in his study as the curate had done. He was now constantly reminded of "his precious health" if he ventured to burn the midnight oil. To neglect his meals was to draw forth such bitter lamentations that he had fallen unawares into habits of regularity.

He was exceedingly comfortable in this new state of things; but, not being in the habit of ruminating much over anything that closely concerned himself, he could hardly have told why life had grown so pleasant. He felt like a poor plant which, after long shivering in an unsheltered spot, has been suddenly removed to a congenial atmosphere, and tended with the utmost care and skill. It was a great surprise to find his shabby old clothes too tight for him, and to feel quite free from the headache and weariness which had been such frequent experiences in his curate days.

Although it was now warm weather there was a morsel of bright fire burning in the study—"just enough fire," as Mrs. Warner said, "to keep the books from getting damp." The lamp had been lighted; the arm-chair stood in its accustomed place; every article in the room seemed to speak mutely of welcome and repose.

Presently Mrs. Warner's gentle knock was heard upon the study door. She entered, ostensibly, to deliver a message from a poor parishioner, veritably to see if his interview with the beautiful widow had wrought any change in her master's face. If there was a cloud on Mrs. Warner's peaceful sky, it was the dread of a mistress. She had found a situation that suited her perfectly, and she wanted to remain in it all the days of her life.

"How did you find Mrs. Jervaux, sir?" she ventured to inquire. "Very dull, I suppose?"

"Not very dull, Warner; but full of thought, and grave. She is glad to be at the old cottage."

"I hope everything is comfortable, sir; I gave Mrs. Jake a great many directions. But it must seem a poor place to Mrs. Jervaux."

"She is delighted with it. However, I hardly think she will stay there long."

"Indeed, sir?" said the housekeeper in an uneasy tone.

"She has many friends," the vicar went on. "And she is young, and rich, and beautiful; they will be winning her back to their world very soon."

"Quite right, sir," remarked Mrs. Warner briskly. "A lovely young creature oughtn't to bury herself in a tumbledown place like that! And it would be very dreary for the little girl."

"They are not going to be buried there. They will go back to society," replied Mr. Powell in a tone of conviction. And Mrs. Warner withdrew with her sweetest smile, feeling herself perfectly secure, and entertaining none but the kindest feelings towards Mrs. Jervaux.

After a good-night visit to Essie, and a little talk with Harper, Rosa went up the old stairs to the room that had been hers long ago.

It was the room in which her husband had drawn his last breath—the room in which she had lain afterwards for long weeks, waiting for the summons to join him in another home. Its aspect had been little changed since that time; the old furniture, left under Mrs. Jake's care, was arranged as simply as ever; even the dimity hangings, patched and darned, were just the same. A quaint old toilet-glass, which the first Rosa had brought to James Farlow's cottage, was standing on the little dressing-table; and Rosa smiled to think how often her own girlish face had been reflected there. That ancient glass, in its oval frame, had confirmed Henry's assurance that she was beautiful, and she remembered her first half-tremulous delight when the fact of that beauty was firmly established in her own mind.

She set down her candle on the table and confronted the dim image of herself. As she did so the old girl-gladness came back upon her heart like a flood. She was fairer now than she had ever been in those young days, and there was one for whose sake she was glad to be fair.

Later on she sat still dreaming before the old mirror, all her wealth of bright hair unbound and falling over her shoulders, and the brush hanging idly in her hand. Was it wonderful that her thoughts had strayed away from the dead, and gone out to meet the living? She had suffered so much, and she was still so young.

The next day was warm and sweet as the other days that had gone before it, and in the afternoon hours Rosa strolled out into

the shade of the orchard. Just as of old, the bright-winged insects hovered over the large daisies, and the light came slipping through the latticed boughs in shafts of gold. Presently Essie's voice called her, and the graceful little figure came bounding through the grass, catching gleams of sunshine upon the dainty frock and flowing hair.

Rosa moved forward to meet her, and at the sight of the child a thrill of mother-joy went through her heart. She had won the daughter she had lost and yearned for; what more did she want in this world?

Half-breathless Essie gained her side, and took Rosa's hand caressingly in her little fingers.

"Mamma," she said, "after tea Mrs. Jake is going to take me to Oak Farm. We want some fresh butter, she says, and Harper will stay here with you."

"Mrs. Jake makes quite a pet of you," Rosa answered with a smile. "Yes, dear, you may go."

The little girl lingered for a few moments, and then went bounding off in chase of a butterfly. In the next minute Harper appeared at the back-door of the cottage, and Essie, catching sight of her, announced that it was tea-time.

An hour later Rosa stood at the gate, and watched the figures of Essie and Mrs. Jake as they disappeared in the shadows of the lane. As she turned away she saw Harper standing in the porch, looking at her with inquiring eyes.

Harper went in-doors, and Rosa wandered idly into the garden, where the light still lay broad and warm upon the flowers. Clove pinks were sending up their richest odours; bees were humming round the stiff old-fashioned gilliflowers and snapdragons; and the great velvety pansies, in which James Farlow had taken much pride, were now spreading out their purple and golden petals in royal state. The church clock had struck five a quarter of an hour ago; the sweetest time of the day was setting in, and Rosa felt little disposed to spend it in the cottage. She strolled along the paths until she came to that little rustic bower where she and Henry had been wont to dream sweet hours away. It was now so thickly covered with ivy that no glint of sunlight could shine through the strong fibres and abundant leaves that had overgrown the twig-work, and the shrubs around it had become hardy little trees. A brier-rose stretched its tendrils over one side of the bower, and the dark masses of green were relieved by the delicate shell-pink of its flowers. On the other side grew a honeysuckle, filling the air with overpowering sweetness, and swinging its blossoms into the interior of the little arbour.

Rosa sat down on the old seat, and began to muse again about the old time and the new.

How drowsily the bees droned on all day to the flowers! How monotonously sweet was the note of the dove, still cooing, cooing from the depths of the old woods! The long, straying branches of the honeysuckle touched her face with cool blossoms, rich with ungathered honey; it was like a caress from fairy fingers, and it soothed her to repose.

She slept a deep sweet sleep beneath the ivied roof. Now and then a butterfly flitted into her bower, or a humble-bee buzzed in like a heavy humming-top on wings; but nothing disturbed her slumber.

Meanwhile the shadows of the orchard boughs crept farther and farther across the grass. The light grew lower and lower, till the heads of wild clover and the great daisies seemed to be tangled in a golden maze. But the doves cooed on, and the cuckoo put in his two notes now and again, as if all the wood-birds had entered into a combination to keep up the lullaby.

Rosa never knew how it was that she woke at last, a little suddenly, yet with no start, and with a curious feeling of being watched over and guarded.

A figure was standing at the entrance of the bower, standing so still, and regarding her so intently, that she wondered whether she was yet among the phantoms of dream-land. She lifted her head, and passed her hands across her eyes; and then the vision spoke in a well-remembered tone.

"I have startled you," said Major Lothian. "Forgive me, I was so glad to find you."

"Is any one with you?" Rosa asked, still confused. "Mrs. Jervaux and Myra—have they come?"

"No, they have not come, but they directed me here. Don't you remember that I told you, at parting, that I had much to say?"

"Yes, I do remember," she answered, and her sweet flushed face grew a shade paler.

"Well, I have come to say it all, but I have made an awkward beginning. You are trembling. I have frightened you, poor child!"

As he spoke he drew nearer, and laid a cool firm hand on hers.

"Let me talk to you here," he said, sitting down by her side in Henry's old seat. "I love you, dear, and I want to take care of you and Essie. Won't you speak to me? Won't you tell me that you want me?"

"I do want you," she sighed out, and her lips quivered like a child's. "But I thought that when you knew I had withheld my real name——"

"I have heard the whole story, I can guess all that you suffered. But, Rosa, you are going to be happy now?"

He drew her gently into his arms, and took a murmured answer from lips that were close to his own. This was not the Snow Queen, fair and cold as ice; that vision had passed away, and in its stead had come a warm living woman, with her share of a woman's faults, and a heart full of unspeakable love.

Did he want his glittering icy goddess back again? With that soft cheek pressed to his, and those loosened tresses falling over his shoulder, he would have laughed at such a question. And yet, not long ago, he had been in love with a chill ideal; and the Rosa in his arms was quite unlike the white enchantress who had caught his fancy before she won his heart.

"I love you," he said, again and again.

There was nothing new to say; the love-words and the bird-notes all partook of the sweet sameness. It was a time of blissful monotony, undisturbed by the chatter of society and the jargon of fashionable life. If the humble-bee came clumsily buzzing in again, they were none the worse for his intrusion, and the honeysuckle told no tales. In this rustic solitude they were as safe and blest as the first pair in their Paradise.

At last a child's voice, clear as a bell, came thrilling through the leafage that shut them in. And Rosa freed herself from his clasp.

"Essie has come back," she said.

A little bashfully she stepped out of the old bower and saw her daughter coming along the garden paths. The child was full of the delights of Oak Farm, and had a hundred things to tell.

"Harper says I must go early to bed to-night, because I have had a long walk," she cried. "I think I shall very soon be sleepy; but I want you to sit with me, dear mother."

Very lazily, and perfectly at ease, Angus Lothian followed in Rosa's footsteps, and Essie gave a small shout of surprise.

"Why, there's Major Lothian!" she exclaimed. "How did he come here?"

"First in the train and then in a fly," replied that person with languid good-humour. "Never be astonished at anything, Essie; it is bad form to show amazement under any circumstances."

"Oh, you needn't tell me those things. I know quite well how to behave," responded Essie with dignity.

Major Lothian drew the child towards him, and kissed her gravely as he whispered a few words into her ear.

She went her way back to the cottage, walking soberly, and never indulging in a single skip until she reached the porch, where Harper was quietly standing, waiting for her under the roses.

"Oh, Harper," she said, laying hold of the old woman's apron, a trick of hers when she had anything important to say: "Mrs. Rose is my mother, my own dear mother; and she will never be anything else. But Major Lothian is to be my father, and live with us always."

"Thank God!" said the nurse fervently. "Everything is just as it should be, my precious pet; and we shall all have happy days."

The pair in the garden sauntered slowly back to their seat in the bower, and spent a few more golden minutes there. And then Rosa led her lover into the cottage, and waited on him as she had waited on her young husband in the years gone by.

Mrs. Jake did her part with a right good-will; a spotless cloth was spread on the table, and all the homely dainties of the larder were laid before the traveller. And while Rosa busied herself in ministering to his wants, he thought of Prince Geraint, waited on by Enid, the "sweet and serviceable," and reflected that it is a good thing to have a wife who is not too fine to be a housewife.

Then, too, he recalled that brilliant face, with the diamond dark eyes, that had illumined his early manhood with a false light. How soon the glory had died out, leaving a dense darkness to settle on his path; and how blindly he had groped his way into the day again! Even when that terrible night had cleared away, it had seemed but a dim sunshine that lit up the world in which he had to live. And then came the fiery flashes from the cannon's mouth, and the reckless bravery that made him a name.

When he rose to depart, the sun had gone down behind the old woods, and the doves had cooed themselves to rest. In the country village love found nothing to destroy its poetry; roses sighed and rustled over their

good-night kisses; stars shone tremulously through the dusk upon a blissful parting. Envy and malice were far away with Mrs. Grundy and her throng; and there were no foes to fear in this "cool sequestered vale of life."

The next day was Sunday; the first rural Sunday that Major Lothian had ever known since his boyhood.

He had taken up his quarters at the little inn, and strolled off to the cottage after breakfast. Rosa and Essie were waiting for him at the gate, and they walked slowly through the green lanes together, while the chime of bells filled the still air. To Rosa, sitting by her husband's bedside, those bells had often seemed a summons to the world of souls; but to-day they spoke only of the common associations of prayer and praise, and mingled with "the most living words of life."

The church, venerable and well-cared for, sheltered a large family of headstones under its wing. The simple cross that marked Henry's resting-place was wreathed with immortelles, and the mound was bordered with flowers. The vicar's loving hands had been busy there, doing all that the absent widow had longed to do, and that grave was the brightest spot in the whole churchyard. The name upon the cross arrested Angus Lothian, and he paused, and stood quietly looking at the inscription. "There are dead loves buried in the world, and vanished loves hidden in heaven," he said gently, as they moved on towards the porch.

And Rosa understood him perfectly. Mabel Heath, living her false, heartless life, was dead indeed to him. But Henry, on "that quiet shore," was not lost, nor unloved, nor ever forgotten.

There were no "great people" in Deanwood; the pews were filled with well-to-do farmers and their families, and with labourers, old and young, wearing the clean smocks which had been the Sunday garb of their forefathers. It was an unpretending service, but if the music lacked melody, the birds outside made up for the rough human voices within the church; and the sweet scent of the fields came drifting through the open door. Rosa's heart was at peace; more thoroughly at peace, perhaps, than it had ever been when she worshipped here in her early girlhood and wifehood. All the good gifts that she had longed and prayed for in those young days had come to her, in full measure, at last.

Mr. Powell joined them in the churchyard when service was over, and Major Lothian was easily persuaded to be his guest at the vicarage.

And so a few bright summer weeks sped away; and then Myra came to the cottage, full of her own happiness, but ready to rejoice with her sister-in-law. And then came a quiet wedding one morning, quite early, and the newly married couple departed from Deanwood.

On the evening of the wedding-day Myra returned to the Bushes with Essie and Harper; and Mrs. Jervaux received them all with much quiet satisfaction. Lucian had started off on his travels, and his absence was felt by all to be a relief.

They were free to rejoice in the happy ending of the painful family story—and free, too, to inspect all the arrangements that Harold Clive and his wife were making for the Lothians. A furnished villa in Marksbury had been taken for a year, and the pair were to begin their wedded life among the oldest and best friends of Major Lothian.

The beginning of September found Angus and his bride settled in their temporary home, and the world welcomed them back with the smile it always bestows on wealth and beauty. Society had scarcely had time to talk over Mrs. Henry Jervaux before she became Mrs. Lothian. And then, too, Mrs. Mornington hastened to establish herself in winter quarters near her young friend, and she was found to be a valuable acquisition. The Marksbury circle enjoyed her quaint tales of Rosa's earlier conquests, and the descriptions of the wandering life that the two widows had led together.

The winter had passed away, and the spring was well advanced, before Lucian Jervaux and Mrs. Lothian met again.

He came back, looking browner and stouter, and those who knew him best said that much of his old reserve was gone. It is easy to turn the key of a heart that has once been unlocked; and Lucian had lost many of his stiff bachelor ways. He did not shun the Lothians; but it was evident to everybody that his chief interests were now centred in his sister and her own particular friends.

Myra and her affianced Malcolm exchange meaning glances when they see Janet Ramsay and Lucian sauntering on the terrace together. And Myra whispers that many a love has been caught in its rebound, and declares that Lucian has looked upon womankind in a new light since he first beheld Mrs. Rose.

THE END.

MY ACQUAINTANCE.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.*

I OFTEN think of him, and this is how we met:

It had been very hot in the school that August afternoon in 1876. The sun beat down on the slated roof, and gleamed on the white-washed walls, and both morning and afternoon the room had been full. Then had come the grateful pause of tea-time, and yet the church hour had not arrived. One of the men had placed some bricks under two pieces of timber, and thus formed us seats on the grass, which sloped away from the school-room door towards the river.

I went out and found as I expected a group of the bigger boys, and a few girls nursing little brothers and sisters, waiting for me. Soon they were listening attentively as I read aloud one of John Ashworth's tracts. Sometimes I glanced from the well-known page to the beautiful scene around us. To the north swept the lofty moorlands already purpling with the autumn tints; to the south rose green hills crowned by the grey old church, and the village half hidden amongst trees. Before us, stretching away to the west, was the soft valley with its gleaming river and oaks, beneath whose shade the resting cattle stood.

Presently I was conscious of some one behind me, and glancing backwards saw a tall navvy in his soiled working dress listening. Moving a little farther from my nearest neighbour I said, "There's plenty of room," and motioned him to sit down, but he remained standing. Pausing again after a time in my reading I repeated the words, "There's plenty of room," but still the man did not reply nor accept the invitation. The bells began to ring, and finishing the story, I closed the book and went away, completely forgetting the little circumstance.

Six months passed, and one fitful day, the following March, I walked down a muddy hill-side road upon another Works. At the bottom of the descent rushed the broad stream which supplies the now completed reservoir with water; it was spanned by a rough wooden temporary bridge, and on its other side the road again rose steeply and, climbing the opposite ascent, led to the huts and the hills beyond. A man was walking slowly down the road, and as I came alongside he looked at me and touched his cap.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, Mrs. Garnett."

"You seem to know me, though I do not remember you."

"'There's plenty of room,'" he replied with a smile.

Puzzling where I had heard the words before, I stood still and regarded him. His clothes were poor, and he had the worn, depressed air of an unsuccessful man.

"Don't you remember last summer at Swinsley, reading outside the huts, and saying to a chap on tramp, 'There's plenty of room'?"

"Yes! and you are that man?"

"I am."

"Well, friend, there *is* 'plenty of room.' Are *you* in Christ's kingdom?"

We had reached the bridge and were leaning on the railings. The man's intelligent face was turned looking down at me.

"I'm not worse than other folks, not so bad as many. I never hurt woman or child in all my life, and my old mother wanted for nothing so long as she lived."

He spoke with a northern accent I noticed.

"Are you a Scotchman?"

"Not I; but not so far from the borders. I'm a Northumberland man."

"And you think you have as good a chance as most?"

"Yes; I'm an honest man, I never cheated anybody of sixpence, and if I've gone wrong now and again I've been nobody's enemy but my own."

"Listen! I will tell you a tale. Once there was a king, he had one son, and he made a great feast in his honour, and asked all the country-side to it; and he not only provided good things to eat but he gave the guests good clothes to come in, all alike, so that no one could tell if, outside the doors, they were high up or low down, rich or poor. The king, when the guests were all seated, came round to look at them; and there was one man who liked his own things so well that he—"

"Had not on a wedding garment," the navvy exclaimed.

"Yes; your mother taught you that long ago, didn't she?"

"Ay, that she did; she was a good old lady."

"Then tell me what *is* the wedding garment we must all have to get in there?"

* By an oversight a note was omitted in our September part from Mrs. Garnett's paper on "Billy Bray," to the effect that its facts were largely taken from a charming little book, "The King's Son, or a Memoir of Billy Bray." By F. W. Bourne. Bible Christian Book Room, 26, Paternoster Row, London.

"Christ's righteousness."

"Have you got it?"

He hung his head and looked at me with sad eyes.

"No," he said solemnly.

"I know why; you said you were no one's enemy but your own; it is the drink?"

"Yes, that's about it. Last year, as I was coming up to Swinsley, I met Mr. Bower; he was driving up in his trap to look at Lindley Reservoir. Him and me worked together on the Glasgow job. He knew me again, and gave me two shillings. I'd as good a chance as he had once, but I thought that day there was a strange difference now."

"And yet what did you do with that two shillings?"

"Left it at the Spite and Malice" (two rival beer-shops on the road-side).

And then, as we stood there, he told me his life's history. His name was John M——, and he had from boyhood been an excavator. He was one of Miss Marsh's men, and worked at the Beckenham line (that seemed the brightest little bit of his wanderings). Then he joined the Army Corps and went out to the Crimea, where he remained working for four years. Miss Marsh had arranged to act as banker for some of her old friends, and this man was one of those who availed himself of the privilege. Part of his wages were stopped and paid into her hands. Through many dangers God preserved his life, and his splendid strength carried him unharmed through the terrible strain on his constitution, not only of heavy work in a foreign climate, but of damp housing and unsuitable food; and at length he returned to England.

He went to see Miss Marsh on his return. The accumulated savings in her hands, added to the earnings and reward money he brought home with him, reached the sum of £212. Miss Marsh asked him where he was going, and he told her to see his friends in Sunderland. She urged him to allow her to transmit the money to a banker's care there, but nothing would satisfy him but to have it all paid into his own keeping. He made a leathern belt, and, sewing the money in it, tied it round his waist, and then set off on his journey northwards.

Here John's narrative came to an abrupt termination, and he seemed disposed to say no more.

"Well, John, how far did you get?"

"To black Barnsley."

"How long did you stay there?"

"A month."

"How much did you bring away with you?"

"I'd rather not say."

"Ah, but that is not fair! When you have of your own accord told me so much, you should tell me the end."

"Nay, Mrs. Garnett, don't be so hard on a chap."

"Come, give me the straight tip."

"A shilling!"

Then we had an earnest talk. John no longer vaunted his own righteousness, but he owned, what in truth he had always felt, that in himself was no strength, that he had neither freedom nor peace, but knew both were to be had in Christ, and that he could not rise to the liberty of a son of God till he threw aside the heavy chain of sinful habit which bound him down. I urged upon him the sympathy and brotherhood of the Redeemer, and he wrung my hand at parting and promised to turn to Him for help. So we parted, and I did not see John M—— again, having only gone to those Works for the day.

Summer came and went and returned again. Fifteen months had nearly passed since John M—— had told me his life's story. Again one Sunday afternoon I was seated at the end of some huts reading aloud; once more a tall man came and stood beside me, and again I heard the words spoken with that Northumbrian accent, "There's plenty of room." I started and glanced upwards. There stood my friend; his dress was worn and poor as ever, and in the eyes bent on mine I read the old restless expression.

"John! Have you got the new clothes we were talking of?"

"*Not yet*," he said sadly, as he turned away. There were many witnesses and I could not stop him. I have never seen him since.

Ah! John M——, if by chance this book ever comes in your way, let a friend who has never forgotten you beg you earnestly to delay no longer, but take God's gift and in return give yourself soul and body to Christ the Lord.

And fellow Christians let me say to you, "See how weak such a man is, remember his wandering life, his constant surroundings of temptation; but oh, if your help assists him even to *stumble* into the kingdom of God, if even scarred and disfigured he comes off victor at last, will you not be glad?"

In a Temple Court.

JAPAN AT HOME AND AT CHURCH.

By RALLI STENNING.

SECOND PAPER.

NOW let us glance at a typical Japanese *peoples'* temple; for Japan has its ancient, State religion and its religion of the common people. The popular Japanese temple, by the way, is not Japanese, but Chinese. The Japanese deity Shinto, that supported by the State, is not popular with anybody. The Japanese are a nation of heathen dissenters, and their temples are "supported by voluntary contributions." But whilst the enshrined deity is foreign, its sacred edifice is home. The Japanese have an architecture of their own, and they give to their true temples, as to their dwellings, their characteristic style. They are chiefly constructed of timber, and their effect is ponderous in consequence of a profusion of roof which, in a less exaggerated degree, characterizes also their dwellings. But let us enter. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission, and if there were any, money would surely overcome it. You may get all kinds of things done for you by an ordinary Japanese, and he looks for nothing. It is the only place in the world where the practice of robbing foreigners seems unknown; this will probably soon be set right when the people are "civilised." The most bumptious Briton is sometimes ashamed as he remembers his own land in Japan. But priests are marked off from men here as elsewhere. A man will carry a load for you for nothing, but a priest won't save your soul for that. The sanctimonious-looking fellow is, in his way, a keen man of business. If you want praying for, you can have the prayer for money. If you want to pray for yourself, he has a little sanctum, a sort of private audience-chamber with his most high, and you can have that for money. He *must*

have money. Whether you pray or he prays, that is no matter; the way to God has its money and its price. Priests everywhere seem to live on a dead god. When people have a living God vaster than self, but like it, they have some natural notion of how to pray; their own spirit teaches them about His. But what to do with a god who is dead to them, *that* people must go to college to learn; only priests can know. And you see plenty of dead gods in Japan, not even decently buried, rotting by the roadside. But these are not worshipped. The worshipped gods are as dead, but they are kept agoing by the priests, or rather by the pence, like the crimson satin dolls in the glass cases at children's exhibitions, which dance for their penny. Eyes have they, but they see not; feet have they, but they run not; hands have they, but — yes — they handle the money.

I wonder why Christianity does not make more rapid way. The upper ten here tell us there are no Christians in England, the English are Darwin's and Huxley's and Spencer's disciples, not Christ's! So, at least, say their young men who have been to England and returned home again. "You are drunken, you murder, you thieve, you swindle, you build big gaols! Your churches quarrel! we read," they exclaim in triumph; "and among your poor, what does Christian signify?" Ask them from whom their girls run away? From men who come from Christian England! They say from whence came delirium tremens? from Christian England! Whose shameless shoddy clothes are a by-word for dishonesty? Christian England's! Who sent back to them their own young men, young fops, with a fool's eye-glass and silver-mounted walking stick, to strut about, telling them there is no God at all, and that prayer is an old-fashioned blunder? Christian England! Who taught their Government to tax them more, to build more terrible men-of-war and heavy guns, and use dynamite, that could kill as many enemies in a day as their savagest fathers had ever hoped to kill in a life-time? Christian England! Rightly or wrongly, so they think, and so they accordingly have a vague sort of fear and dread of England. Just in proportion as they have a vestige of natural religion our "national conscience" looks a foul thing to them. So where is the surprise of the uphill work of the missionary, and his slow progress!

But let us leave notions and enter a substantial temple, say the celebrated temple of Asakusa, dedicated to the Buddhist goddess of Mercy. The long path from the gate to the temple is an avenue of booths and stalls, gay with a perpetual fair. Between these lines we advanced to the grand porch in the boundary which surrounds the temple court, where we jostle a throng of people, linen-bloused little men and women and children: children wee and sweet-faced, with heads bald; boyish-looking men with dyed hemp-like hair in mop and pigtails, and kindly, cadaverous, worn-out women with hair smooth and greasy-looking, tightly drawn back from their high brows into chignons, each having two little loose clogs that softly clatter, all with a half-charming, half-melancholy, dreamy, lost look in those curiously-set little eyes, with the gait of a somnambulist. The crowd, we are told, ceaselessly flows through, day by day, year by year. If they are all going with the pence for the prayers, no wonder that "great is Diana of the Ephesians."

We reach the porch and push our way through, catching a glance as we do so of two gigantic figures, which the learned in such things tell us are representatives of Japanese philosophy. We do not know whether they are exhibited as Thorley exhibits his horses in his advertisements, to show the excellence of the food which they have been living on; but if so, it is clear Japanese philosophy does not agree with them. Two more unhappy wretches one could not conceive, save, perhaps, two English aldermen after a meal on exclusively Japanese food. They express all the contortions and writhings which can be produced in the body and face of man by sudden and violent pain mixed with every mental mood which is natural to horror, alarm, dismay, and disgust. It is the general belief of Japan that small prints of these hideous, writhing forms hung over the house door frighten burglars. We are not surprised to hear it.

Passing this second gate, we find ourselves in the central or temple court, filled with rows of stone lumps, images of the heavenly dogs, and stone tombs, and face the temple itself, a curious wooden Japanese tea-tray, red building or buildings clustered together and piled up and covered over with an enormous sweeping iron-grey roof, quaintly grand, standing in the centre. Passing up and through a steep-stepped porch with numerous circular pillars, we find ourselves in the holy place and are at once struck dumb with surprise at the deafening din. A huge confusion of sounds of clogs, pigeons,

tongues, priest, gossips, gongs, drums, bells, all quarcking, clattering, clanging, booming, droning, flapping at once, a motley crowd of jostling noises and a mazy scene of moving men and women, on which falls a dim light from the roof. We push our way gently, lest we should knock down these feeble folk, though there is little need of care on that account, as there is no room to fall. Not a single square foot of space is unoccupied; and in spite of the advantage of being head and shoulders above your diminutive neighbours it is with difficulty you see what is going on.

At length we come upon a man who by common consent has a little space given. He is ill or his child is ill, for he is engaged with the Giver of Health, a god fenced round with a wire screen, who evidently gives all his health away, judged by his own apparent condition. We stop and stand aside to observe the man's devotions, and see him push small pieces of paper into his mouth, which he chews to pulp, then turns them with his tongue into pellets and spits them deftly through the wires of the screen. He has so many chances for his money, and his effort is to hit with a pellet the god who sits through the wires there. If he hits, he wins the mercy; if he misses, he goes down to his house as he came up. Farther on we see a cripple casting his pence into the treasury to move the penny-loving god who sits above it, like a Matthew at the receipt of heavenly custom. Again, here is a woman bowed to the ground holding to her breast a little bundle, which might be a child, and praying to a fat, well-to-do image, with the look of the unjust judge in Millais's picture of the parable; but, poor soul, this learing authority does not look likely ever to be weary of her broken-hearted importunity. Here is a more hopeful case. A poor rheumatic is engaged rubbing first the well-rounded knee of a calm, amiable-looking deity, and then his own poor swollen knee. Faith without works might be fruitless, but it is not unlikely that the unfortunate limb will derive decided benefit from this reasonable process.

The business of the place moves with a swing, everywhere is busy, crowded as a hive. Every now and then your feet become unwittingly entangled in a little pair of cross-legs, which prove to be the property of a religious ware-monger squatting on the floor. You wander about, foreigner and heathen though you are, without sign of either contempt or surprise, almost unobserved. The place is dim, dirty, noisy, odorous with odours *not* the fumes of incense. Meanwhile your eyes are accustomed to the light, and you discern that the walls of the place are hung with pictures, men's queues, women's braids, and incomprehensible trophy-like groupings, thank-offerings to the gods and memorials of mercies, we are told, mixed with splendid carvings and frescoes of winged angels, and moving above, all in the timbered roof, clouds of more real wings of pigeons, which afford a disgusting explanation of the occasional dabs upon one's head that seemed at first the drippings of a leaky roof in a shower, and the slippery, greasy feeling of the floor beneath one's feet, and the odours not priestly; for the enormous roof is a lofty bottomless dovecot.

Now that we have taken in the place, we see that at the entrance to the temple is an old hag feeding an incense burner receiving pence from those who are going in to invoke the gods. Then there is the place of the crowd of common worshippers, and in the centre a screened-off holy of holies, which may be entered by anybody for money, and where you may say prayers on your own behalf and where, for more money, they may be said for you before the high altar, among shrines and gigantic candlesticks, and lacquered litanies and dim hanging lamps, and tinkling bells, by shaven muttering priests in stole and chasuble. Such is a chief temple dedicated to Mercy, the Japanese popular deity. What it signifies, of what importance it is to the people's private life, we must have far more than the knowledge of a passing acquaintance to understand. Whatever lovely virtues it does or does not foster, whatever hideous vices it does or does not restrain, one thing is certain, it finds a living for the priests. A temple where a poor anguished soul's spitting paper pellets wrongly is praying amiss, may at least fatten a den of thieves.

Mercy is not the only deity this little people adores. The fox god is considered, when in health and busy with the cultivation of rice-fields, as worthy of honour. Fox gods are regarded as the agents of the discoverer of cultivation and the inventor of rice, named Uga. Young children and infants are dedicated to this lucky deity, and their offerings are made to him of rice and little sugar images of himself. Curious avenues of gorgeously lacquered arches frequently lead up to the shrine. There is, too, a lord of hell, a certain Yemma, whose agents have temples but little frequented. These monsters of Heaven's justice are goggled-eyed, open-mouthed, fanged, and clawed monsters, and the little devils they are tormenting

A Fox Temple.

for their sins seem poor innocent, helpless things. The sin of these foolish, blue, pink, and green little sinners turns the god's messengers into seeming fiends. This is an unpopular god evidently. This lord of hell is not a favourite with Japanese worshippers; perhaps they fear their sympathies would go with the poor little sufferer rather than with the hideous fury in the god. Punishment in hell is portrayed in its most gross form in pictures of red-hot carts, the axles in a blaze, and wheels of fire, and skulls being split open; but these terrors are chiefly used to deter robbers, and as a rule robbers do not visit them, for the Japanese are an honest little people.

From their religion let us turn to the people's food and habits.

The horrible decoctions known as Japanese food is intolerable to any other than a Japanese stomach. One day's round of meals will be remembered for ever. To sit down, hungry and innocent, at your first native hotel, with no other preparation than native dishes but once, and be you the most absent and thoughtless of men, accustomed to eat always what is set before you, your cure is complete. One taste! indeed before you can be said to have had one, the palate rebels—not at the flavour, it is all flavourless; but it is foul, and no manners in the world can prevent the disgusted mouth spitting it out, as tasteless powders we took as children. Indeed, we are taking that dose again, but, as adults should, with the jam, and all the heavings and contortions of countenance which the original produced are reproduced by this insipid imitation. Food! No wonder the unhappy people who live on these dishes are skin and bone, shrivelled and yellow, shrunken and feeble. One mouthful makes us feel as if we were already becoming the same. Or perhaps they cannot eat them, and that is the reason why they look so yellow and hungry. We understand it all.

The morals, however, of the people must bear a large share of their weary, diseased look. Innocence of childhood is a foreign idiom to the Japanese. From earliest years, conversation, sights, and practices, are unsuitable, and destroy the bare possibility of what is the joy and charm of true childhood. Privacy is a luxury not even known. We fancy the word can have no equivalent in their tongue. Evening baths are taken by the returning labourer on the front verandah of his house. Both sexes share the same

public baths. Partitions between sleeping rooms in the best houses are often of the most nominal character. Seven per cent. of the entire rice crop of Japan is turned into *saké*, the beer of Japan, which it is everybody's business to drink. Fidelity among married men is not expected. Some sort of loyalty to purity is shown in very rigid codes for wives. Marriage seems to be accepted as a social necessity, a part of the dull routine of life. Though children are loved and their little ways are a wall to the home, for the most part they are pitiable physical victims of unchaste parentage, and the whole land is enfeebled by "the iniquities of the fathers." Divorce is as easy as marriage, and may be effected by the men on almost any ground whatever. Wives live in the family of their husbands with their mothers-in-law! and it is taken for granted that only a broken spirit is able to endure the relationship. Suicide of wives and women generally is common. In many districts the supply of water is rendered totally unfit for use, wells being generally resorted to for the wretched deed. Women especially, but all the people alike, reject the Christian doctrine of eternal life. This, they say, is more than enough. Whether the miserable relation of wife and husband, and the consequent broken hearts and self-destroyed lives, explains the fact that in Japan men remarkably preponderate, it would be impossible to say; but the excess of males over females in the whole empire is no less than half a million.

Japanese marriage is very properly only a *civil* contract. Woman is not regarded as the gift of God. The dear old story of Eden would be the last absurdity to them; so wedded life is not a sacred mystery. Religion—which has to do with rice-fields and ailments—has nothing to say to marriage, and stands by. Men must do the best they can with that, and get used to it. The nearest approach to religion a bridal makes is in the use of tiny images of the god of luck in the wedding day's wine cup, and, perhaps, that the bridal veil is kept to be one day the wife's shroud. The one want of Japan is the first chapter of Genesis, and the God who is its theme. When Jesus Christ and His glory of God shines into the hearts and minds of Japanese fathers, Japan will have begun the change which is at once her first want and at present her special lack.

Dedicating a child to the Fox god.

NATIVES AMONG THEIR BRETHREN.

A Story of South Sea Converts.

By C. F. GORDON CUMMING, Author of "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War."

WHEN—eighteen hundred years ago—one who had been healed prayed Jesus that he might abide with Him, the Master's bidding was, "Go, tell thy brethren," and this behest was so well obeyed that when He returned all the people came out to meet Him. When His personal ministry on earth was ended, his last charge to His sorrowing disciples was, "Go ye into all the earth, and preach the gospel to every creature." So from that day forth the Church of Christ has been emphatically a missionary Church, and a zeal for Home *and* Foreign Missions has ever been noted as the surest test of the spiritual life of every branch of Him who said, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches."

In the history of these missions in the Pacific Isles, at which we have recently glanced, this great truth comes very prominently forward. The white teachers sent forth were very few, and the most zealous could never have reached one millionth part of those on whom they longed to bestow the light. Then came the command, "Go, tell thy brethren." Each newly kindled lamp of light became a centre, giving light to all around—nay, rather a living agency for the kindling of many another lamp, till the deep gloom which had overspread the beautiful isles was all dispelled.

No sooner had the Light of the Gospel shone on Tahiti (for instance) than Tahitian teachers went forth to neighbouring isles, to carry its rays to other "people who sat in darkness;" and so steady and reliable did these teachers prove, that very soon there was not one of the many isles in those groups in which idolatry was not abolished, and replaced by most simple and earnest Christian worship.

From the neighbouring isle of Raiatea Mr. Williams took faithful native teachers when he started on his hazardous voyage in search of the then almost unknown Samoan Isles; and when at length he discovered them, he established these men wherever he found it possible, and so in the face of dangers and difficulties they worked steadily for years, till Samoans in their turn became not only teachers in their own isles, but zealous foreign missionaries.

The fierce cannibals of Fiji owed their first impressions of a holy faith and life to the bold energetic islanders of Tonga—a powerful race both bodily and mentally. When these men received the foreigners, whose words brought them a new revelation of life, their own strong conviction of the truth seems to have impelled them to proclaim it everywhere. They were then, as they are still, a race of fearless sailors, finding their way to many distant isles.

Thenceforth, wherever they travelled, they preached the new religion, and expounded the Scriptures to all who would listen. Moreover, their own entirely changed lives spoke volumes. In place of the wild orgies of olden days, the arrival of a Tongan boat was now marked by frequent meetings for prayer, by the singing of sweet unknown hymns, very different from their wild licentious heathen songs; and the people listened in wonder, and many believed.

The bold, fearless energy of the Tongans had always secured to them great influence amongst the neighbouring races, notably amongst the Fijians, and a strong Tongan colony had established itself on one of the Fijian Isles—a colony of the very wildest spirits of Tonga, who here found an atmosphere of more unbridled licence than Tonga could endure even in heathen days. So desperately bad were the lives of these men, that even their cruel cannibal hosts were afraid of them, and spoke with awe of their evil deeds.

When the Great Light had dawned on Tonga she bethought her of her sons at Lakemba (in Fiji), and soon canoes sailed thither, on which each sailor was a preacher of righteousness. These men told their brethren of the changes wrought in Tonga, and a conviction of the truth came home so forcibly to these prodigals, that many arose and returned to their own land, while others (repenting of the evil they had done in the far country) not only reformed their own lives, but went about explaining to their

Fijian friends and neighbours the reason of their doing so.

From all I can gather, I think these Tongans were imbued with the fire of Mahomet's disciples. What they believed they would compel all men to believe, even if their arguments must be backed by force. However, Christian teaching soon toned down these Sons of Thunder, and they became most useful and powerful missionaries,* preparing the way for those brave white men, who (not knowing of this beginning of good) sailed for Fiji with the full knowledge of the terrible dangers they would certainly have to face, in isles where every man's hand was against his neighbour, where most cruel inter-tribal wars raged incessantly, where all prisoners of war were offered to blood-thirsty gods and then consigned to cannibal ovens, and where even defenceless and peaceful neighbours were often surprised at their work and brutally murdered, solely to furnish their captors with flesh.

This was the fearful condition of Fiji thirty, nay, twenty years ago, and these were the scenes which for a considerable period continued to form the incidents of daily life, and in the midst of which the preachers of righteousness dwelt, in seeing and hearing scenes far more awful than ever vexed the soul of righteous Lot.

Yet here, too, the leaven worked—slowly at first, as it seemed to the labourers, but surely. And not many years elapsed before a mighty change occurred. It was a hardly contested battle-field, for nowhere did the Powers of Evil appear to be more firmly established and more determined to abide. Most noble were the efforts made, both by the white missionaries and their wives, and also by ordained ministers of the Tongan Church.

While living in Fiji, I had the privilege of knowing several of these brave pioneers—most true apostles—several of whom have since then passed from their labours here, to receive the welcome promised to "good and faithful servants." They were grand men, physically and mentally, and an artist beholding them would have chosen them as meet representatives of the patriarchs.

Through the preaching of these men, many of the most reckless Fijians—men foremost in evil—were arrested, took heed, and became foremost in good. Many became teachers. The good influence spread—each convert became a missionary, till at length all the idol altars were overthrown, and in 1876 the very last of the cannibal mountain tribes were arrested in their last human festival by the Christian tribes from the coast.

Now not a trace of the old evils remains, and I consider the Fijians to be the most simple and practical Christian people of whom I have any knowledge. Their fourteen hundred schools and their nine hundred churches are alike well attended. They were built by the people themselves, who undertake to support their own native teachers and pastors. Throughout the isles there is probably not a man or woman who cannot read and write, nor a cottage in which family prayer, morning and evening, is not an unvarying practice.

The Fijian Church has in its turn become a missionary body, and the first effort to Christianize the savage natives of New Britain and New Ireland is being made by a party of brave Fijian teachers, who, well knowing the dangers they would have to face, volunteered to accompany the Rev. — Brown when he sailed on this very difficult mission. Nine earnest men (seven of whom were married, and their wives, true helpmates in this great work) announced their wish to go.

The English Consul deemed it his duty to summon them, and repeat in strongest terms what dangers awaited them, and the horrors of their almost inevitable fate at the hands of barbarous cannibals. They replied that they had counted the cost, and were all of one mind; that they were perfectly aware of the dangers, but had determined of their own free will to go, because of the great longing they felt to teach those poor savages the holy faith which had so entirely changed their own country. So in 1875 they sailed. Mr. Brown left his wife and children in New Zealand, and I think two years elapsed ere any chance of communication presented itself. While we were living in Fiji, in 1877, he returned thither, to report that the infant mission was fairly established, and to ask for more workers. His difficulty was, not to obtain them, but to select only a few from the many willing volunteers.

A few months more elapsed, and tidings reached Fiji that four of these native teachers had been treacherously murdered and eaten by the cannibal people of the Duke of York Island, on which they, with their wives and their little ones, had settled, in the hope of forming a separate mission. This terrible news reached Fiji just as a fresh detachment

* For a multitude of interesting incidents in these South Sea Missions, see "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man of War;" also, "At Home in Fiji." C. F. Gordon Cumming.

of teachers was about to start for New Britain. Their determination was no whit shaken. One of the wives was asked whether she still intended to accompany her husband to a scene of so great danger. She replied, "I am like the outrigger of a canoe,* where the canoe goes, there you will surely find the outrigger.'"

Considering the difficulties and dangers which have hitherto made the colonization of New Guinea impossible, even to men thirsting for gold, these humble but most sure attacks upon its outworks must be a matter of deep interest, even to such as only view the matter in its most mercantile phase; for wherever the pioneer missionary has cleared the way, white traders follow as a matter of course. And there is this notable difference to be observed: where the traders are the first to occupy a new island, they generally employ all their influence to prevent the establishment of a Christian mission. On the other hand, where the missionaries are first to occupy the field, they teach the natives to be kind and courteous to all comers.

I can here only touch on one more most notable instance of "the working of the leaven," in the case of the foreign missions of the Hawaiian Church. As I mentioned in a recent paper, at the time of the death of King Kamehameha the Great, in 1819, the Sandwich Isles were still wholly given to idolatry, and when the great king tried to learn something of Christianity from the white traders and other settlers, not one could or would teach him anything.

Within fifty years from that date, the isles were so entirely Christianized, that Hawaii was no longer reckoned as a mission-field, but as an essentially Christian nation, giving the best possible proof of vigorous life by its zeal for foreign missions to the isles still lying in darkness. Actually, one-fourth of the total number of Hawaiians who have been ordained to the ministry are now working as missionaries in various parts of Micronesia and in the Marquesas. Only thirty years elapsed from the day when the first American missionary set foot in Hawaii, ere a "Society for Promoting Foreign Missions" was formed at Honolulu by the very men who had themselves so recently offered loathsome sacrifices on idol altars, and now each congregation throughout the isles makes its monthly collection in support of the said missions.

Hardly had the society been formed, when a Marquesan chief came to the Sandwich Isles (a voyage of about two thousand miles) to request that teachers might be sent to his people. All that was known of the Marquesas was that the inhabitants of these lovely isles were the fiercest race of cannibals in the South Seas. Representatives of the London Mission had striven to establish a footing on these isles at the close of last century, but had been driven from the field. About forty years later the American Mission repeated the attempt, with equal lack of success. Now the invitation of a Marquesan chief seemed to open a great door. Two ordained pastors, the Rev. Samuel Kauwealoha, and the Rev. James Kekela, with two deacons, were selected from among the volunteers, and an English layman, Mr. Bicknell, and Mr. Parker, an American, accompanied this little band to aid them in beginning their work.

The natural beauty of the isles exceeded all their dreams. High volcanic mountains, of every conceivable form, towered heavenwards, clothed almost to the summit with lovely tropical verdure. In deep cool ravines the wild banana and stately bread-fruit offered abundant stores of food to all comers, while exquisite streams poured in crystal waterfalls from their sources in the mountains, and flowed through most fertile green valleys, where beneath the shade of cocoa-palms, orange-trees, candle-nut, South Sea chestnut, hibiscus, and a multitude of other beautiful flowering and fruit-bearing trees, nestled the thatched houses of the wild islanders, whose very light raiment was supplemented by most elaborate tattooing — a decoration which showed to great advantage on their very clear brown skins. The Marquesans are probably the fairest race in the Pacific, and are noted for their beauty. Such clothing as they possessed consisted of a sort of cloth made from the bark of the paper-mulberry.

But neither the beauty of the isles nor of the people could here make a Paradise, for the isles were torn by internal wars, and every tribe was at bitter enmity with all its neighbours. In each valley the inhabitants lived in dread of those who were separated from them only by a mountain ridge, never knowing at what moment a deadly arrow might reach them from some ambushed foe upon the mountain-side; and no man dared to stray a mile from his own village without incurring the danger of being seized and carried off to the cannibal ovens, perhaps to be first offered as living sacrifices upon the altar of their enemy's war gods.

* The balancing-float.

The mission band landed on the isle Fatuiva, and established themselves in the fertile and beautiful valley of Omoa, a green Eden, traversed by a beautiful river, overshadowed by magnificent trees. Here for awhile they concentrated their work, and succeeded in obtaining some influence with the people. But it was uphill work, for the heathen priests were powerful and virulently opposed the teaching of the strangers.

Nevertheless some converts were made, and a considerable number of the young people attended school, and some even mastered the mysteries of reading and writing.

When this central mission station seemed fairly established, and some additional recruits had arrived from Hawaii, it was deemed advisable to commence

work at different points of the isles. This, however, proved no easy task. Some of the most lovely valleys were actually peopled by two distinct hostile clans, one inhabiting the upper part of the valley, the other guarding the sea-coast, and for ever watching one another's movements with tiger-like vigilance. In one such valley the Hawaiian missionary Kauwealoha settled, with his devoted wife, resolved to devote their lives to the effort of taming and reclaiming these wild savages. Their hopes, however, were in vain. For awhile they were suffered to teach, and the hostile tribes seemed inclined to accept their message, but in an evil hour some cause of quarrel between the tribes arose, and in the fight that ensued the Hawaiians were compelled to fly for their lives.

But when forced to abandon one village, they began work in another, and so by degrees the good seed was scattered in many a dark place, and here and there it fell on fertile soil, and sprang up, and multiplied. From time to time reinforcements of teachers, male and female, arrived from Hawaii, and by degrees, notwithstanding all opposition from heathen chiefs and French Catholic priests (jealous of seeing others succeed where they have made but little progress), ten flourishing mission stations were established, and at each of these centres a large number of the Marquesans became attentive hearers, and there is good reason to hope that many are true converts.

Sad to say, however, the mission so well begun is now languishing for lack of labourers. The population of Hawaii seems, alas, to be melting from the face of the earth, like snow in spring time. Where, a hundred years ago, each valley in the Sandwich Isles reckoned its people by thousands, there are now barely hundreds. Naturally this decrease of the people leads to a decrease in the number of teachers who are available for foreign service. The sad result is that of the ten stations so well established in the Marquesan Isles, only three are now occupied; and though these three teachers and their wives do all in their power to tend the feeble churches, and though many of the converts themselves have proved faithful workers, nevertheless they have a heavy task, and sorely crave help in their work.

It would seem as if the natural source from which help should be sent to them were the Society Isles (Tahiti and its neighbours), in which the London Mission has long been established, and which have recently been annexed by France. The Tahitians being thus French subjects, could claim a status in the Marquesan Isles which the jealous policy of the French Government would certainly deny to foreigners. Moreover, the language has so much in common with their own, that they could acquire it more easily than any other missionaries could do. In short, every reason seems to combine to point to Tahiti as the source whence her sister isles should receive the aid of which they now stand so greatly in need.

But while the Hawaiian vine was throwing out this healthy branch, extending far to the south, it showed equally vigorous life in its north-westerly extensions, where parties of Hawaiian teachers, in each case under the guidance of American missionaries, contrived to establish themselves on a multitude of isles, distant several thousand miles from their homes. Some of these (such as Ponape, or Ascension Isle) are indeed beautiful and fertile, though most isolated; while others are miserable low coral isles, where there is the greatest scarcity of food, a very inferior kind of taro being the only vegetable, except cocoa-nuts and the very unpalatable screw-pine, from the fruit of which is made a coarse flour like sawdust.

These missions the Hawaiian Church continues to maintain, and year by year her little mission-ship, the *Morning Star*, goes from isle to isle visiting her stations throughout Micronesia. No wonder that so small a mother Church has not strength also to sustain the great work she commenced so bravely in the Marquesas.

In the uninviting field of Micronesia, under the burning sun of the equator, the Hawaiian teachers have for thirty years been working steadily. In the sixteen isles which compose the Kingsmill or Gilbert group, in the thirty Marshall Isles, in the Carolines, and in various others, they labour incessantly, often enduring extreme hardships and cruel persecutions, yet diligently strivir_ by any means to win some of these poor savages, and to teach them the blessedness of Christian peace and purity. So the leaven is working —slowly it may be, but surely. And there is good reason to hope that, ere long, the same grand power which has transformed the savages of the Eastern Pacific into such orderly and religious communities, will likewise triumph in all the Western Isles.

BREAKFAST WITH THE HOMELESS.

By the Rev. A. R. BUCKLAND, B.A.

IT is Sunday morning when we set out, and from many steeples the early bells are flinging out a flood of bright music on the world below. The morning is still young, and upon this spring day there is a freshness in the air inexperienced and unenjoyed by the late risers in London. As yet the streets are comparatively empty. Our boots ring on the pavement and our voices sound in the air with startling distinctness as we go. Here and there a confident sparrow hops across our path, and one or two pigeons sweep down the street with the quiet sunlight gleaming on their burnished wings.

Leaving the main thoroughfare of Bishopsgate we diverge into Spital Square, a quiet spot rich in old associations. Once upon a time the old Spital Cross stood here on a portion of the Hospital yard, now covered by the square and contiguous streets. In olden days there came to it in Easter week the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and representatives of the great City companies to hear the Spital sermons. When the silk trade of this locality was at its best, Spital Square was a place of importance. But with the troubles which began in 1829 its glory waned. The Spitalfields weaver who can earn a living at that trade is becoming daily rarer, and seems likely soon to be as great a curiosity as the extinct dodo.

Spital Square leads us into a mass of by-streets, and on every side we soon begin to hear the jarring rattle of sewing-machines, and the tap of shoe-makers' hammers. We are now in the midst of a Jewish colony. Their Sabbath is over, and has been kept with all care. Now that the first day has dawned, they are commencing again those sixteen hours of labour regarded by them as a day's work.

All around us in this district the Jewish element is steadily displacing the Christian. Streets in which some few years ago a Jewish inhabitant was unknown, can now scarce claim a single Gentile for their own. House after house is being absorbed into the Jewish community. The Israelite has ready money. He can pay a premium for the key. He will offer a shilling per week more rent than the Gentile, and so the rooms go to the highest bidder. Comparatively few of them have been born and bred in England. They come from many lands and speak many tongues. An acquaintance with three or four languages is necessary to perfect ease in communicating with them.

In the meantime we have reached a small mission hall. Around the door throng Jewish children; some, even at this early hour, gaily dressed, others undeniably ill-clad and exceedingly dirty. They are all intruding inquisitive heads as far within the doorway as the custodian's vigilance will permit. We enter, and they look wistfully after.

The room—not a large one—is crowded by some hundred and fifty men, women, and young people. They sit packed together on broad forms and on chairs, casting wistful eyes upon the piles of food stacked upon the platform. There are no late comers to find seats for. All have presented themselves with remarkable punctuality.

A clergyman now asks a blessing. Then willing hands fall upon the stacks, and distribute their component parts amongst the crowd. Other helpers pass around mugs of steaming coffee, the aroma of which contends unsuccessfully with the conflicting odours proceeding from the guests.

A word of caution to the helpers. Be careful how you distribute the huge sandwiches. Two have been provided for each visitor. But unless you are, in their words, "up to every move and down to every dodge," some will conceal their helping about their tattered garments, and presently cry, with a doleful air, "You forgot me, sir, please!"

All are now provided with food, and it rapidly vanishes. Monstrous gaps are disclosed in the sandwiches, and too eager drinkers scald their tongues by premature sips at the steaming coffee.

Now is our time to take stock of the company.

Old men are here, some very old, with matted beards long since grey, faces crossed with furrows and stamped with vice, lack-lustre eyes of unsettled habits, and feeble limbs. There are old women also; but, what is yet more sad, there are young ones too; yes, young girls from mere children of sixteen to those just past their teens—a woeful sight. There is an *assumption* of vice on the countenance of so many—a look which tries to say, "You pity me, and think me young and

miserable; but I'm not. I like it, and mean to keep at it." But often that look lies; and then sometimes the truth will steal out from behind the mask, and the poor, sin-marked face can no longer hide the inner yearning for something purer and higher. What tales they could tell of ruined hopes, of broken hearts, of grey hairs brought in sorrow to the grave, of foul deception and heartless cruelty! Ay, and of childhoods spent where virtue was unknown, and where no helping hand was stretched out to save!

There are young men here too; some in coats that were fashionable before the wearer fell to this depth. The clever rogues in the company are probably few in number; and that for two reasons. In the first place such people are rarely reduced so low as to need a charity breakfast. When "trade" has been so bad that their finances are at a low ebb, a "friendly lead" instituted among their companions soon sets them upon their feet again. In the next place, the tickets had been distributed by experienced hands.

It was done in this wise. The night before, at about the hour when public-houses close, a small band of workers set out to scour the streets. They knew where to go for what they wanted. The "lurks," where those, who cannot find the fourpence for a common lodging-house bed, resort, were all known to them. They visited these in turn: dry arches, much patronised in rainy weather; yards, where carts and vans were lodged for the night; a row of tumble-down tenements, the front doors of which stand always open from a constitutional infirmity of the hinges; narrow alleys, with snug, dry corners; all these and many besides, into which the average member of the British public would not venture in broad daylight for a considerable bribe.

They had their "finds," of course. Here and there a homeless girl, sleeping alone, with no extra covering, in some cart or corner, some young lads who had known home comforts, and many more seasoned sleepers out. Some were invited as they walked the open street. An experienced person can tell in a moment the tread of a man or woman who is walking the streets for the night. It is not merely the palpable fact that they have no particular destination in view; there is, besides this, a peculiar walk, a mere shuffle, indicating that the tired muscles refuse to raise the feet clear of the ground, which is observable by the ear no less than the eye.

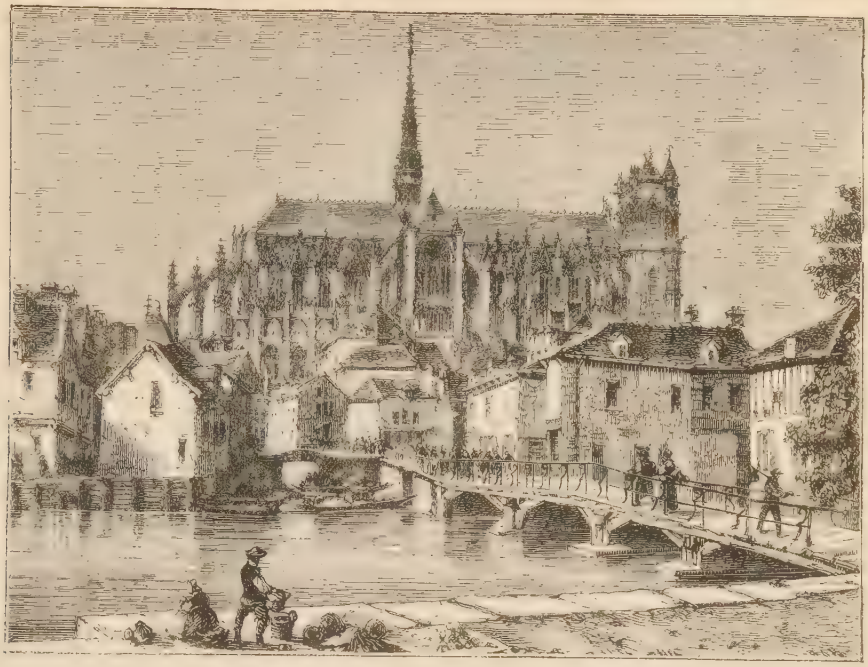
In Bishopsgate, they said, the saddest case was met. She was a young woman, apparently about twenty, neatly dressed, but haggard and homeless. They spoke to her, and offered her a ticket. She put it scornfully aside. Then, as one reminded her of Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy-laden, and suggested that some friends might be praying that she might hear it, the girl suddenly broke down. Leaning against a lamp-post, she sobbed as though her heart would break, crying awhile, in agonized tones, "My mother! my mother!" They spoke of God's love and mercy; of agencies ready and glad to take her by the hand. But she seemed to hear nothing, and continued in uncontrollable weeping, with just the one cry—"My mother!" They stayed long by her side, but were at last obliged to leave with a prayer for her future rescue.

In Commercial Street they found plenty of wanderers, the neighbourhood being full of common lodging-houses. Sometimes they were sitting in twos and threes upon some door-step or low window-ledge, or shuffling singly along the streets from one corner to another.

"Is there anything to eat on the back ov 'em?" was a frequent inquiry on first seeing the tickets. Finding that, besides the texts on the front, the other side bore an invitation to breakfast, they accepted the card with all eagerness.

But we must return to the meeting. The meal is now over, and they have been singing a hymn. A clergyman stands up to speak, and most of the company listen attentively. On some faces there is a positive eagerness to hear, which makes the workers hopeful. But on others there is a look of absolute indifference and dull despair which seems to say, "This may be all very well for *some*, but *I*'m past all hopes of it." Another hymn, and then a short address from a layman, brief and pointed, speaking straight to their hearts. A short prayer follows, and then all are free to go.

A good many of the younger ones stay behind to be spoken with. Their stories are sad in every case. But sadder still is it to see young women going out again to their daily lives of sin and sickening misery amongst the lowest of our race. A few remain for good, to be sent to one institution or another; there, it is hoped, to begin new lives, testing the truth of the Saviour's promise, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." And so, leaving them in the hands of their new-found friends, we quit the room and seek the streets once more.



The Cathedral of Amiens

LEGENDS CONNECTED WITH TOURISTS' CATHEDRALS.

By E. NEVILLE JOHNS.

NO. II.

THE worship of the Virgin is not confined to one place and one nation, and the apostles and fathers of the Church are honoured everywhere, but there are also some saints who belong more especially to certain districts, and whose legends are therefore generally associated with the neighbourhoods in which they lived, and the churches and cathedrals they founded. It is of these saints we are about to speak.

The worshipping of saints—for what is it but worship?—has its origin on the one hand in some of the best feelings of human nature, and on the other in the idea of a hard unfeeling God, at least towards those who are not saints. It is certainly good to love and reverence those whose moral excellence lifts them above the multitude, and the nation that can hear unmoved of the death of a truly great man must be either blinded by party spirit or be on its way to decline.

But this admiration for greatness of character, which all persons who have any nobleness of their own must feel, is liable, if human greatness be the greatest greatness they know, to be turned into error. Without the love of God, the natural feelings which prompt men to pause in silence at the grave of a hero or martyr, and read with respect the records of those who have lived for others, will grow into superstitious worship.

Perhaps the most famous saint in France was St. Dionysius, or St. Denis. From him a celebrated cathedral in Paris, as well as the town of St. Denis itself, takes its name; but as the popular tradition concerning him is the result of the mixing up of the legends of two different men, Dionysius, the Areopagite, and St. Denis, Bishop of Paris, both of whom lived in different centuries, the curious anachronisms of the story are not surprising.

Probably it was these very anachronisms which rendered it most interesting to the people of France.

There lived during the time when our Saviour was upon the earth an Athenian philosopher called Dionysius, who was much given to the study of the stars. While staying at Heliopolis he saw the great darkness which overspread the earth at the time of the Saviour's crucifixion, and not knowing the reason thereof, he was constantly wondering what this might signify. Therefore

when St. Paul went to Athens and preached there concerning the unknown God, Dionysius listened eagerly, and afterwards sought him out, and asked him many questions concerning the being about whom he spoke.

So from St. Paul, Dionysius learnt and believed the great truths of Christianity, and after he had been baptized he became the first bishop of Athens.

Dionysius travelled to Jerusalem in order to pay his devotion to the mother of our Lord, and there it was said "that he was struck with admiration and wonder to behold the glory which shone around her, and dazzled by the glorious company of angels which continually attended her."

Dionysius stayed at Jerusalem until the Virgin's death, and afterwards went to Rome and was present at the martyrdom of St. Paul. He was then sent by Pope Clement, who succeeded St. Peter, to preach the gospel in France, and he made his way to the capital of that kingdom, a great and beautiful city, which appeared to him like another Athens. And there he settled and preached the gospel, sending missionaries to all the districts round, and working so zealously in the cause of Christianity that the anger of the heathens was stirred up against him, and they accused him to the Emperor of Rome. Then the Emperor sent orders that Dionysius, or St. Denis, as the French called him, with his two friends, Rusticus and Eleutherius, should be imprisoned and compelled to sacrifice to the Roman gods. But as they steadfastly refused to worship idols, the three men were brought to the place of execution and there beheaded, after which their bodies were left lying on the ground for the beasts to devour. And now a great wonder occurred, for St. Denis, although dead, rose up and stood on his feet, and taking his head in his hand walked to a spot about two miles away, now called Mont Martre (the Mount of Martyrs), and as he went he was followed by a great company of angels singing hymns.

When the people saw this great miracle many of them believed, and the bodies of the saints were buried on Mont Martre, and in after years St. Geneviève, a holy French maiden, built, with the aid of the people of Paris, a church on the spot.

But, after this, King Dagobert built a new abbey and church in the town which now bears the name of St. Denis, and thither he caused the relics of the saint to be moved in the year 636. On the night of the 24th of February, which preceded the day of the consecration of the building, it happened that a poor leper was left, through an oversight, shut up in the church. While he was there he beheld a strange marvel, for the Saviour himself, wishing to do honour to St. Denis, came down, and with a numerous company of angels consecrated the sacred edifice. Thus the French felt they could not do better than choose St. Denis as the patron saint of their country, and the banner consecrated at his tomb was always afterwards used by them in battle, and God and St. Denis became their national war-cry.

When King Dagobert himself came to die, Satan, who wished to possess his soul, sent his demons to carry it away. But St. Denis, with two other saints, St. Martin and St. Maurice, flew to the rescue of the King, and for the sake of the great offerings he had made to the church saved him from the power of these wicked ones.

Thus runs the popular tradition of St. Denis. Probably, that which made him so popular a saint with the French people was the idea that he had himself learnt his faith from the Apostle. That one who had heard St. Paul preach, and stood by the death-bed of the Virgin Mary, should first bring the gospel to the city of Paris, was doubtless very gratifying to their feelings. For such a saint no honour could be too great, nor for the abbey which had been consecrated by the Lord himself were any offerings too costly. These are at least beautiful testimonies to the honours which were originally paid by the early Christians to apostolic gospel truth and to the glory of Christ.

The worship paid to St. Denis is a good example of the errors into which blind devotion for good men may lead mankind, but the growth of this worship may be more easily traced in the story of the cathedral of Amiens.

Although this cathedral is dedicated to the Virgin, its whole history is so mingled with legends of the saints that it finds its way naturally into this paper. The first and greatest of these saints is St. Firmin, bishop and martyr.

St. Firmin lived, it is said, in the second century, and was a native of Pampeluna, in Spain. He, with all his family, was converted to Christianity by a young man named Honestus. While meditating on the Divine books he was much struck by this passage—

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Filled, therefore, with missionary zeal, St. Firmin went to Gaul, and there preached in divers places the Christian faith. At Amiens many persons were through his means converted to Christ, and he became the first bishop of that town. His behaviour, however, roused the anger of the Pagan governor of Amiens and, as he feared that if St. Firmin were executed openly there would be an uproar among the people, he gave orders that he should be taken captive and secretly put to death in prison. The governor's orders were obeyed, and St. Firmin was soon afterwards beheaded.

So far there is nothing incredible in the story of St. Firmin, and it is not until after his death that we read of signs and wonders connected with him. The church of Notre-Dame des Martres, which was the first cathedral of Amiens, was built over his tomb, and here also it was said were laid two of his companions and another St. Firmin—the Confessor. But at length the exact spot of their graves was forgotten, and it was not until the days of St. Salve, Bishop of Amiens, that they were again discovered.

This St. Salve was born of a rich and distinguished family who lived near Amiens, and from his earliest years he gave himself to the study of holy books and the practice of good works. A portion of his fortune he consecrated to the building of a little monastery on Montreuil-sur-Mer, which he dedicated to "Notre-Dame et St. Pierre." Into this monastery he himself retired and became in due time abbot.

When the Bishop of Amiens, St. Honoré, died, St. Salve saw his body borne to heaven by a choir of angels, and, as the clergy were holding a solemn fast and seeking with earnest prayer for enlightenment on the choice of his successor, a voice from heaven cried, "Know that Salve has been chosen by me to become your bishop." On entering the duties of his new diocese, St. Salve found that Notre-Dame des Martres was too far from Amiens, and as there was no church within the walls of the town, he caused a new cathedral to be erected, and dedicated it to St. Peter and St. Paul. Later on it became the Church of Notre-Dame de St. Firmin, but after being many times burnt, it was at length destroyed by lightning in 1218. The north transept of the present cathedral now replaces the ancient sanctuary.

When St. Salve had built his new church he felt that it ought to be enriched by the relics of the first martyr of Amiens, but as he did not know the whereabouts of his tomb he felt in some difficulty.

After he had spent many days in earnest prayer, beseeching the Lord to make known to him this favoured spot, he at length prescribed a fast for three days, and on the fourth day, during the celebration of the holy mysteries in the Church of Notre-Dame des Martres, St. Salve saw, on raising his eyes to heaven, a ray of light which shot from the Divine Throne and terminated in one portion of the court in front of the church. The bishop did not doubt that there rested the body of St. Firmin the Martyr, and having finished the Divine sacrifice he dug up the earth, and from it emanated such a sweet odour that it was believed the body was embalmed with the most precious perfumes.

These perfumes penetrated all the surrounding neighbourhood, even to the outskirts of Touraine, Beauvais, Cambrai Noyau and even Beaugency, where they miraculously cured the lord of the country. When they smelt this odour, the bishops, priests, and laymen of neighbouring dioceses ran eagerly to Amiens, singing psalms and carrying palms and wax tapers.

Though it was winter, the temperature became of a burning heat, and the trees, laden with leaves, bent their branches as if to salute the first bishop of Amiens. Roses and lilies bloomed in the meadows, and fruit ripened in the gardens. The faithful spread their garments before the triumphant procession and showered blessings on the saint for the cures he wrought on the road.

The precious relics were then deposited in the crypt under the choir of the new cathedral, and there also were placed the bodies of some other saints. St. Salve himself died in 615, and was buried in the church of Notre-Dame des Martres.

Thus, superstition preserves the early belief in the power of prayer and the spiritual enlightenment of mind which is its true result, though changed by grosser minds into material and miraculous forms. In the same way "the sweet memory" of the good is turned into scent of lilies, lavender water, and eau de Cologne.

From this time the relics of St. Firmin received no doubtful honour, and some centuries later, Geoffrey, Bishop of Amiens, gave a fresh impetus to the devotion of the people for the saint.

"One day," it is said, "while preaching in the Cathedral of Amiens, Geoffrey turned his eyes towards the modest shrine which

contained these relics and exclaimed, 'Oh, my dear children, let us consider what we owe to the saints and martyrs who shelter us from the perils of this life, and whose sufferings opened to us the gate of heaven! Let us invoke them frequently in order that they may be our intercessors before God! This is why our ancestors erected churches in their honour, and ornamented their monuments with gold, silver, and precious stones. Will you not imitate them, when you see the condition of the relics of your holy patron, and consecrate your riches in giving them a more worthy asylum?'"

These words of the bishop had so great an effect that many persons brought money and jewels, and some even undertook long voyages in order to find something very precious with which to construct a richer shrine than the one which had for five centuries held the remains of St. Firmin.

And when the new shrine was finished, Geoffrey made the translation before a great crowd of the faithful, exhorting them to redouble their confidence in the remains of the sacred martyr, and to put themselves and their families under his protection.

Not long after, so thick a fog overspread the city of Amiens that the rays of the sun were completely hidden. When the feast of All Saints arrived the people, overcome with fear, went to the cathedral. "There the bishop, dressed in his pontifical robes, his feet bare, drew from their shrine the relics of St. Firmin, and lifting them aloft, cried aloud, 'Here are the bones of the sacred martyr, St. Firmin, who is our protector!'"

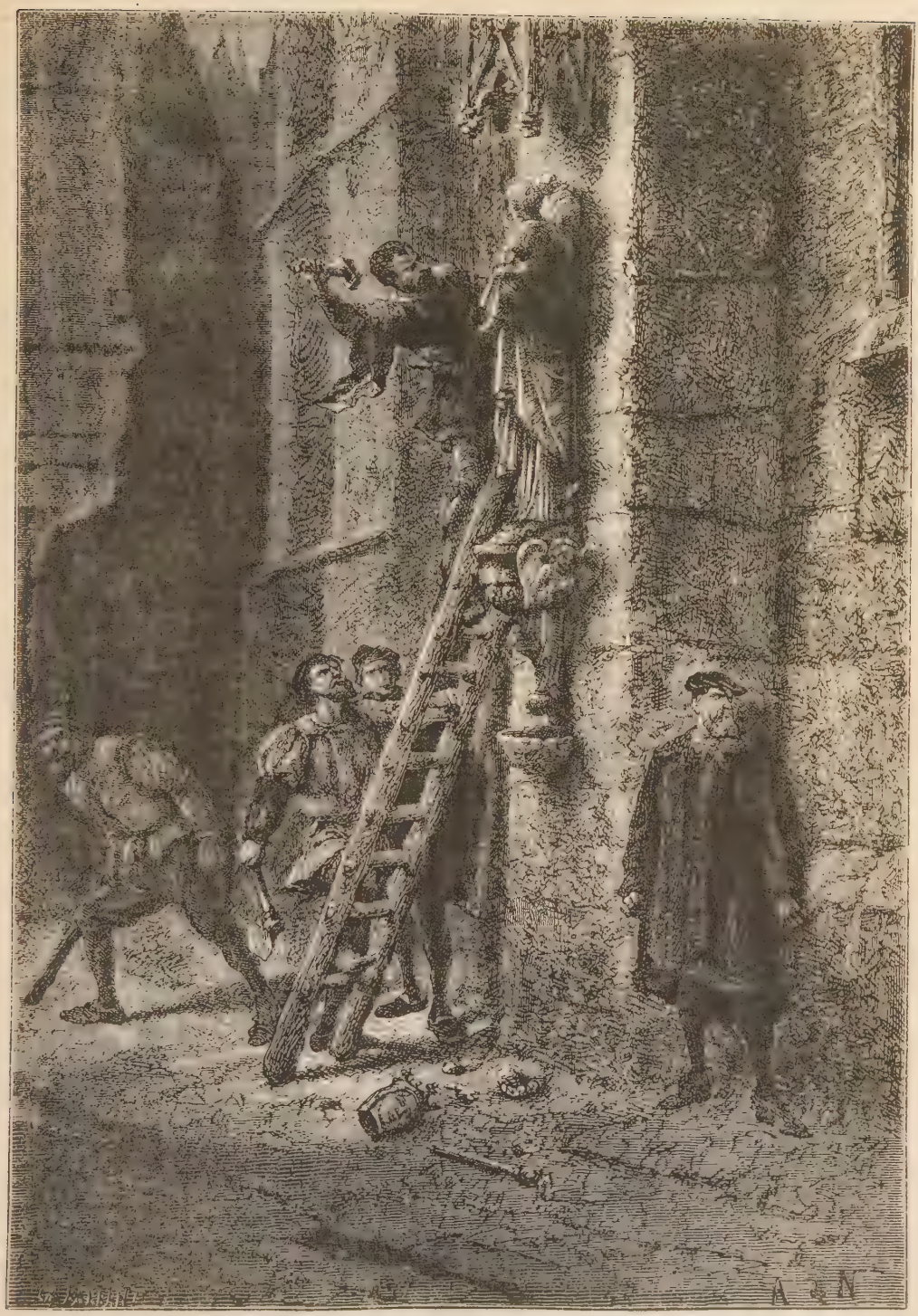
The sun at once shone forth in all its full power, and shed floods of light into the sacred enclosure.

What more natural than that those gloomy days which fell on the Church should have been cheered by the recollection of godly souls who had gone before, and how easily would dull minds literalise this gloom and sunshine of the soul into mere atmospheric fog and daylight.

A saint honoured at Amiens almost equally with St. Firmin was St. Honoré.

In times of drought or sickness the shrine of St. Honoré would be taken down and borne through the town, sometimes even outside its walls. Thus on May 12th, 1659, when the earth was extremely dry and threatened by a general drought, recourse was had to prayer, "and the shrine of St. Honoré was taken down and carried in general procession, all the monks and nuns, as well as the people, assisting with great devotion. And although the wind, being northerly, was quite contrary to rain, nevertheless, at the moment the shrine was raised from the large altar of the Church of Notre-Dame, it began to rain, and continued for two days, falling so softly that it seemed as if the good God did not wish them to lose one drop of this moisture so much desired, and obtained by the intercession of the great saint."

This scene might be contrasted with one which, exactly one century before, was taking place in another town. The people of Perth, in the month of May, 1559, are not carrying round their town the remains of a dead bishop, but listening to the living Knox, whose wrath has waxed so hot against idolatry that, as he tells the people how the command, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me," is broken by them every day, they, in the heat of their enthusiasm, all rise up, and an unwonted scene occurs. The churches are sacked, their rich ornaments destroyed, and every statue of saint or martyr that might be looked upon as a "graven image" smashed to atoms. Whereupon a storm of execration has arisen from most lovers of art, and the whitewashed walls and broken remnants of statues in English and Scotch churches and cathedrals are pointed out as the work of religious fanaticism. But such judgment, however just it might be if passed on like actions to-day, altogether ignores the dreadful tyranny these images had exerted, and in weak moments might still exert over the minds and worship of the people, who in the first year of their conversion utterly destroyed and made an end of them. Empty niches of the saints may point the lesson that when reverence for any human being becomes worship it will have, sooner or later, to be taken away. Better, certainly, for this to be done by the followers of a Knox, jealous for the honour of a jealous God, than amid scenes like those of the French Revolution. Then the mob rushed to the town of St. Denis, and having opened the tombs there, went through the streets of Paris, "drunk with the brandy they had swallowed out of chalices, eating mackerel on the patenas, mounted on asses which were housed with priests' cloaks; they reined them with priests' stoles, and held, clutched with the same hand, communion cup and sacred wafer." In the followers of Knox the work of destruction of graven images seemed to be solemnly demanded, as they would give account on the judgment day.



"The followers of Knox."

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

FIRST EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "And is it true, as I am told?" Lesson: Matt. vii. 1—17. Concluding Hymn: "Now, the day is over."

ALL children enjoy stories of adventure and danger in storms at sea. You like the wild triumph of the waves, the fearless struggle of the ship, the heroism of the crew, the daring of the boy who mounts the mast to reef the sail, the coolness of the captain, the hairbreadth escapes; how they lose their boats; the ready wit which contrives and makes a raft, leaves the ship, and thus beating the storm, all escape safely to land. You call such stories glorious, and say, when they are finished, "Now tell me another." Yes, and I will tell you a better; glorious from none of these events, yet is it glorious, for it stirs our feelings in the grandest way, and does us pleasing and lasting good.

It is the story of a shipwreck, a scene of misery and woe, yet we lose sight of the misery—almost thank God for it—because of the lovely deed to which it inspired one of the sufferers.

A few years ago a sailing ship left Australia for England. One of the passengers was a gentleman who had recently gone out to Australia for his health, but the place had not suited him; his bad health at once became worse. So he immediately took his passage back, and was now returning. The ship had made more than half her homeward voyage when she was caught in a storm, which lasted day after day and night after night in greatest fury. Winds fell upon her, tore her sails away, and snapped off and blew overboard her masts. Waves leaped upon the deck, tore coverings from over the stair-ways and ladders leading into the hold and cabins, and poured themselves down in tons of water until the cook's fires were put out, the berths and cabins were flooded, and all the miserable passengers were driven up to the deck, which, you may imagine, was a scene of danger and confusion. The ship was now sail-less, mast-less, and full of water, and rolling helplessly. All hands worked the pumps, but the water gained on them, and the ship sank deeper and deeper into the sea, and, long before the storm had abated, it became quite clear that it must be abandoned if a single life was to be saved. So the captain gave orders to launch the boats which had not yet been swept overboard by the sea. These were only two, not half enough for the number of souls on board. The brave sailors obeyed as best they could, and while the boats were being got ready the captain ordered that lots be cast as to who should go in the boats. The people gathered under the shelter of some of the ruins of the masts. It was a deeply solemn time. Only one half at most could be saved, the rest in a few hours, perhaps moments, must be drowned in the swirl of the ship going down; they all stood in the presence of death. Each name was written on a separate slip of paper, then the papers were mixed up in a box; the captain inserted his hand, drew out a name, and read it aloud. It was a dreadful moment to many of them as one by one they had heard the names read, yet still theirs had not come. And now, the last is being drawn. The captain lifts it to the flickering light of his lantern and reads. The very storm seems silent. The name is read, the suspense is over, and all know their fate. "Range yourselves in line," cried the captain to the fortunate ones, "and move one by one to the boats." And they filed off as ordered, while the doomed ones gathered in lines on either side to watch them go. The dark day had settled into darker night; the air was black. The vessel rolled terribly, and the little boats, now lowered to the water, leaped and plunged in the blackness below. A lantern swung at the point where the men were to leave the ship, to light them down. One by one the procession disappeared over the gunwale, hung on to the ship's side till the boat was thrown near, and then leaped into it. The young man I have named was one of the procession; for his name had been among the names drawn. At length he was the next man to go. As he waited till the man before him had leaped, suddenly his eyes fell upon a pale, wan face close to him. He remembered it, and its story flashed upon him. He had talked with that young man in sunny days, and learnt from him that three years ago, with but a small chance of life, he had left behind him in England his wife, a child, and a child since born, and now, full of health, he was on his way home again. Three years had they been parted, and there he stood among the doomed. He thought of the wife's hopes, the children's bright talk about him, and after all he was to be lost! He could not bear it. In an instant, and

without a word, he seized the man, forced him over the gunwale, and stepped aside into the man's place. It was the work of a second; there was no chance to demur. In a few moments more all was over. The ship had gone down, carrying with it a heart lost to itself, even to the value of life, in the thought of the miseries of others.

Some glorious deeds move us to clap our hands and shout. This moves us to tears and silence. It was the act of the utmost tenderness and beauty; and such a heart is like Christ's. Christ cannot bear to see human misery; He would rather have it Himself. That brave man, as he went down through the sea, bore away an awful load from hearts in a little home in England. He could not bear that it should be there; he could better bear it on his own heart; and at the price of his life took it away. So was it with Jesus in His hour of woe. He could not bear that misery should fall upon us. He could better bear it on His own heart. Sins were bringing misery to us like that shipwreck to that wife and those children. It must not be. His tenderness will not, cannot let it. At the price of His life He will save us. He takes our place and goes down in death.

All lovely deeds and lovely hearts are precious in themselves, but most of all are they precious as they help us to understand the solemn, yes, the sad glory of redemption and the simple cause of it, the infinite tenderness of the heart of Christ.

SECOND EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Little drops of water." Lesson: Luke x. 25—37. Concluding Hymn: "Now, the day is over."

You know what lightning is, and have perhaps seen lightning in the night. You have looked out of your window, when all was blackness and darkness outside and not a thing could be seen, because you were expecting to see another flash. You were perhaps by the sea, and you had just seen the sea with its rolling waves, and a boat with a mast riding at anchor not far away, and a ship with all sails set out at sea, and the sky and the big clouds; you had seen all just as if it were day. But it was only for a single second. It lightened. Then you saw. But the sight was no sooner here than it was gone again, and all was blackness and darkness just as before. But that one second was like day; like *all* the seconds of day and all its minutes and all its hours. Dark as was the night, that brief flash shone as the day. I have reminded you about the lightning because I want to talk to you again of that tenderness of heart which shares other people's troubles. We have known men who generally live dull and hard and selfish lives, who yet for one moment have been softened and melted and have become tender, beautiful, noble; lovingly bearing another's burdens. In that moment they were like Christ, like Him just as a flash in the night is like day. Their charming exception is His rule. What their lives were for that brief moment, His life is always. His disposition is constantly beautiful, everywhere and to all people—"The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

I have read the story of a stooping, tottering old man whose faithful dog had been taken from him, a dog he loved and which tenderly loved him. They had lived together many years; and he could not get it again without paying a fine altogether beyond his small means; and there he stood near his dog's prison, his two hands resting on his stick, his eyes filling with tears, dumb, almost dying, with pain. "It will be shot," he was saying to himself, "I cannot pay." And the shrivelled, old, brown face crumpled up still more, and he wept in the quiet way of a broken-down old man. He could not pay; he had no money, only some children and a bedridden wife. And he loved the rough thing; they all loved it. He was the picture of helpless misery. And people near looked at him. First one and then another saw him, came nearer and stood and spoke to him till a little crowd had gathered, all full of pity for the pitiable old man. Then one mite of a child went up to him and thrust a farthing into his hand saying, as she looked into his face, "Now can you pay?" For one moment the crowd laughed, but in the next they were feeling into their pockets and handing out coppers and silver, till the old man had enough to redeem his dog. Now that child and that crowd bore that old man's burden. They took an interest in his sorrow and did for him what they would have all done for themselves, if they had had the power—they *got rid of it*. They felt his misery, it weighed on them too, till it was gone, and then they were all happy. Now Christ is like them, as the full, long shining day is like a quick flash in the night.

Here is another. One frosty noon in winter, just after the clock had struck twelve, a thin, ill-looking, ragged girl of ten years old, with a timid, feeble step, descended the steepest hill in a Yorkshire town, carrying in her hand a basin tied in a handkerchief—her father's dinner. The sloping

path was slippery, and the little maid fell, and with her fall came great misery; not that she had injured her poor, bony limbs, nor altogether because she had sadly dirtied her scanty garments; but that the basin was broken, and the dinner spilt into the wet mud. She gathered herself up, looked on the fragments of crockery and potatoes with a helpless dread, and began to cry bitter, scalding tears. The fact is she was afraid of punishment. The poor, ill child trembled to go either forward to her father or back to her mother. A passer-by, touched by her look, stopped, and learnt the truth. He felt the girl must have brutal parents, and he had the feeling of this thin child being struck by them, and he could not bear it, he was miserable; so he took her with him in search of a cook's-shop, bought a basin, and ordered it to be filled with steaming, savoury food, and could not resist the temptation to give the half-famished child a bowl of soup to drink while the parcel was being got ready, and, having paid, sent her on her way rejoicing. That man's feelings were another flash in the night, another sweet gleam of the infinite goodness of the heart of The Burden Bearer.

Here is still another. I chanced to see one day in London an ill-looking woman and two weary little boys dragging at her torn, thin gown, coming down a busy street on a burning summer day, and a lemon-drink seller, with his bright tin stand, its yellow lemon at one end and its drinking-glass at the other, go across the road to them and say, "Here," as he handed a full glass of his lemon-water to the least child and then to the rest; and then go back to his place. He had a weary weight at his heart as he saw the weary look of suffering on theirs, and he took it away both from himself and from them by giving them a drink. That wee deed made the man a wee bit like Christ. It was a little flash in the night.

When any heart swells with sympathy, and is sad with tenderness for somebody else's pains and sorrows and woes, and has strong longings to help, then it feels as Christ feels. This is called "the law of Christ," which means the custom, the *habit*, the constant disposition of Christ.

And I want you to try to imitate Him. In a thousand little useful things you can bear burdens. In the nursery, the playground, the schoolroom, in the commonest daily events, keep a kindly heart, cherish the habit of looking at others' needs, bearing weights that weigh on other hearts, and so you yourself will grow into the sweet habit of Christ.

THIRD EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Was there ever kindest shepherd?" Lesson: Mark v. 1—15. Concluding Hymn: "Now, the day is over."

Few animals so attract the sympathy of children, indeed of everybody, and none awaken such warm personal feeling towards it, as a "dear old dog." Yet—and it seems almost impossible to believe it—a common sewer rat sitting up upon our hearthrug would scarcely awaken in us feelings more horrible than those with which a dog used to be regarded in Bible days, and is even still regarded in Bible lands.

I want to talk to you about dogs; not that I care just now that you should understand about them, but I want you to see what love and training have done for dogs, and to understand what a powerful, wonderful thing love is; how ugly characters can be made beautiful by it. That is, I want you to understand what redemption is, and how God, just because He is Love and very patient too, can redeem the most abominable and make the ugliest characters lovely, changing His enemies into His fast and faithful friends, and so make a new heaven and a new earth where everybody is good and glad and lovely as the angels.

So let us begin at the beginning. Dogs, you remember, are often mentioned in the Bible and always with contempt, and they deserved their ill-name. They had dirty coats, villainous faces, filthy habits, and were generally heartless, faithless, and abominable. When Paul wanted to say as many bad things about certain men as he could in one single word he called them dogs. "Beware of dogs!" is a warning against men whose characters were too abominable to be named. Yet to-day the dog is our most faithful servant and friend—the pet of our childhood, the companion of our old age. Dogs now seem capable of deep human love, often rivalling the love of kith and kin. They have shown constancy and tenderness to their dead masters, like Rachel to her dead children, refusing to be comforted because they are not. It is true—they have sometimes died of a broken heart. But let me tell you a story which happened in a famous mountain pass between Piedmont and Valois—and stories like it often happen there—a story about dogs and a dying man. This man is a traveller across the mountain. He is climbing up its rough, steep road; before nightfall, if all goes well, he will have reached a place to sleep. The

sky becomes grey and threatening, and a little snow begins to fall. He looks at the clouds and pushes rapidly on. The snow continues, and before the twilight the road has become invisible, and at every step walking becomes more difficult and wearying. The twilight falls, and the dark day becomes darker night. Long after the house he is seeking should have been in sight, he can see nothing; the air is black, and his feet sink in soft banks of drifted snow. He becomes low-spirited, bewildered, and miserable. In a blinding storm, he wearily wanders on and misses his way. And now the poor fellow is exhausted, and stands a moment to wipe cold sweat from his brow. Then he shouts in hope of being heard; but, shout as he will, his voice dies against the thick-falling snow about his head. He has no means of even guessing where he is. As he stands, snow is rising higher and higher against his limbs. He tries to move, but grows feebler and more bewildered at every step. A great dread falls upon him. He is lost in the snow! He thinks of his children and his wife, and the tears roll down his frozen cheeks. What can he do? He is helpless. So with a silent cry to God, he wraps his cloak more closely about him, and stands where he is, with the faint hope that the snow may cease, and that after all he may live till morning, and the terrible snow still falls. In a little while he is buried deep beneath it, and swoons away.

At the house that he is seeking the idea of travellers arriving on such a night has long been given up; bars and bolts have been fastened, and the shutters shut. Mounds of snow have risen high against doors and windows, and the people in it are now preparing to go to bed. Suddenly they start and listen. There is a sound of voices outside. They listen again. The sound is repeated. It is the deep, low bay of their dogs crying for help. They have been crying for an hour, but the thick wool curtain of the falling snow had killed the sound. Now the snow has ceased, the people inside hear distinctly. Instantly one of them lights his horn lantern, seizes on a bottle of cordial, unbolts the door, and goes out into the black night, across the freezing snow. Again the dogs' long, plaintive voices sound through the night like the cries of big, broken hearts in prayer to God. The man well knows their meaning—they have found a human being in the snow, lost and dying. With his lantern he follows the sound. The dogs look out on the approaching light glimmering up towards the dark sky, and they know what that means—help is coming; and they bay again to assist their master to find his way.

The plaintive cries which cried to the one to get a lantern and a bottle and come out, cried to the others in the house to make up a warm fire, prepare hot blankets, throw open all the shutters, and put lights at each casement to help the searcher to find his homeward way.

All are busy. The dogs are busy too. Between their cries they clear away the snow from the unconscious man, pull the cloak from off his face, lick his frozen hands and cheeks with their rough, warm tongues, breathe their warm breath upon him, and do all that thoughtful, tender anxiety can suggest.

When the searcher reaches the dogs, he finds the motionless body of a man with eyes closed as in death. He pours the cordial into him, raises him up, and carries him home, the dogs the while watching with deepest interest, in hope that help has not come too late. He is carried to the inn, and warmed and rubbed. Death is very near to him, widowhood to his wife, and orphanage to his little children; but the dogs—yes, the dogs have saved them all! For now, as he lies in the warmth of the hospice's hearth, with the firelight there comes back into his pale lips their rosy colour, and his eyelids slowly unclose on two curly-coated anxious watchers. His feeble hand goes out to touch their noble heads. Feeble tears brim into his eyes. But for them, he should have been now dead in the snow! The dogs lick the pale hands that touch them, and in response kindly lay their heads on the reviving man's breast, and seem quietly happy.

In a day or two the snow has gone. It is a cloudless morning, and the dogs are standing on the step at the door, watching the figure of a man disappearing down the hill. They watch till it is out of sight, and then they go in and lie down under the kitchen-table. These are *dogs*, the dogs of St. Bernard.

So, what *was* the fit emblem of all that is false, and faithless, and filthy has become man's serious, sensible, and faithful friend. And how? It is all of love—the gentle, mighty influence of love. Love has penetrated their hearts. Human souls have touched their souls and humanised them. Yes, they have been loved and trained into what they are. Patience, long-suffering, and mercy, through many years—these have, in the long run, changed and redeemed the hated and hateful into the beloved and beautiful. That is redemption.

And God's redemption is like that. It is to be loved and trained, trained and loved into higher, nobler life. That is the power which is to change us until we are God's enemies no longer, but His faithful and affectionate friends.

FOURTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "Jesus, high in glory." Lesson: Matt. v. 38—48. Concluding Hymn: "Now, the day is over."

Come with me, my children, across seas and fields and strange cities, many miles away, to those big hills, the mountains of Switzerland, whose peaks are so high up that they seem almost to touch the deep blue heaven, and are always covered with white snows—snow now in winter and in the burning summer when you and these children that play at their feet are wiping big drops of perspiration from your brows, and are glad to sit down in the shade. Down below the snows, torrents of foaming waters tumble and leap into the valleys, making rivers and lakes among the villages where the children live.

I want you to go with me half way up, between where the villages are and the white snows that touch the sky, to the rugged valleys and slopes of broken rocks, to see one of the freest, wildest, loveliest, little animals—the chamois. Its home is there. It has a little nut-brown hairy body, graceful as a deer, with large bright round eyes, slender limbs, nimble little feet, brave fearless heart, and the surest foot; skipping along narrow jagged ledges, leaping chasms, bounding away up the heights, the very embodiment of joyous life. Happy as a flying bird, free as the fetterless winds, bright as a spring sunbeam is this little creature. It will climb anywhere, leap almost any chasm, and alight safely on a peak of a needle point.

I want you to see the chamois with its young. See, there is one tiny mite of a thing, the very image of its big mother, save that its little curved horns have not come upon its head yet. Still it knows nothing, has been nowhere, can do nothing, save feebly bleat and suckle. Did you ever think what a wonderful thing it is to be a child—only a child—a chamois' child, or eagle's child, any creature's child, with the parents' blood throbbing in its veins, swelling in its heart—a child, nothing but a child? That wee bit of a baby monkey, with its eyes scarcely big enough to open yet, we know will one day leap and laugh and twist, hang by its hands and swing by its tail, and scream for very joy away among the branches of the big trees, just as its comical old mother does now; for it is a monkey's child. It is asleep now, and when it wakes it will open its tiny round mouth for milk, and then go to sleep again. The helpless thing cannot do any more now but just that.

That little fluffy eagle, too, the majestic eagle's child, will some day spread its wide wings and sail abroad in air and sky, high over the highest mountains, higher than the clouds, and gaze with undimmed eye on the glory of the bare noon sun. It will swoop down on its prey, smite with its huge wings, tear with its sharp talons, and make the valleys echo with the cries of its mighty voice. What a queer little bit of a thing it does seem, to be sure; and to do all that! It is only just out of its shell, a mere woolly little ball that can't stand up. Even to stretch out its two little crumpled-up legs is utterly beyond its power. The utmost it can do is just to lie still and open its wide yellow mouth. Yet this helpless little mite is an eagle's child. Eagle's blood runs in its young veins, eagle's powers lie in its limbs, and it *will* do what eagles do, one day. The children of pigeons, or hens, or ducks can never be children of the eagle. They can hop about the stable yard, or sail on a pond. The tiniest baby among them all has power to become a perfect pigeon, or hen, or duck, perfect as its parent. And the young eagle has done no more when he at length wheels and whirls in the upper air and plays above the mackerel scales of the sky. And the little chamois, only a few short days in the world, has the same power to become perfect as its parent chamois is perfect. But look at it now. Mother and child are seeking cooler air and sweeter, more luscious grass, away yonder up nearer the white snow. The near, straight way is right along narrow steep ledges, but they will be too narrow for those two tiny shaky little legs; and across rough stones, over which the mother could easily bound, but they are far, far too big for such feebleness. She too could clear the wide, deep chasms which yawn that way. Now watch the mother. She goes quite out of that way, chooses smoother little paths that rise by easier slopes, where the leaps are but an inch or two at most. She goes just as the baby that follows her can go. She is touched with the feeling of its infirmities; her tenderness empties her of all the grand things that belong to herself. She willingly takes a baby's way and walks at a baby's paces. While others are leaping crags and bounding abysses in the full strength and joy of their powers, she makes herself of no reputation, is found in

fashion as her child. No one laughs at the tiny steps she takes, the number of times she stops, while her unpractised little charge breathes and bleats. Those bounding creatures would all gladly do the same had God given them a tiny kid to train. All love, my child, however rich, because it is love, for its loved ones becomes poor, because its loved ones are dearer far than its riches. Itself is nothing, they are everything. It is so with all parents. They are all alike, the humblest and the greatest, just because they are all more or less like God.

Now look again and watch that little creature of God. She has jumped a tiny chasm, and is now looking back to see those four little limbs that she loves follow. The leap is made, then she licks the little cheek with her rough tongue. The kid gains confidence and takes heart, still following close upon its mother's heels. At length it learns that there are no ledges too wide, no depths to fear, no task to shun where a mother leads. Day after day they practise, line upon line, here a little and there a little; the mother leads, the child follows; each lesson is suited to growing strength till the baby kid is youth, and youth, full-grown, laughs at danger and bounds like the wind. He is perfect as his parent is perfect.

Now listen to the entreaty of Paul, "Be ye followers of God as dear children." God was in Jesus; and His first lesson to His little ones God sets in Jesus, who was obedient and lovely at home, and had the kindly thought of His neighbours. These are God's early lessons for His tiny child. They are but little things, but you must be faithful in little to be faithful in much. You must *begin* to be perfect. Jesus followed the little leadings of God in the house at Nazareth, first. Afterwards, as He grew in strength, He grew in the brightness of His Father's glory. Be ye therefore followers of God, and remember that Christ was following Him when, in the little duties and behaviours of common daily life, He was a "dear child" to His parents on earth, a "dear child" to His neighbours and companions. Be you therefore *dear children* and you will be like Jesus as a child, and like Him, too, you will please your Father who is in heaven.

FIFTH EVENING.

Opening Hymn: "I love to hear the story." Lesson: John i. 1—18. Concluding Hymn: "Now, the day is over."

You know, my dear children, what is the difference between the names of things and the things themselves; for instance, you know the difference between the name (and only the name) a box of figs, and a box of figs itself—a real box and real figs. You can think the words in you mind, can't you? or say them with your tongue for people to hear, or write them on paper or on a slate so that they can be seen and read; but, after all that, what have you got? Words, words, not figs, not even a bit of the dust off their soft, mealy skins, nor one grit from their sweet seedy hearts. Words, words, nothing but words. But now fancy that we have a box of figs amongst us, which we can touch and prise open, and that we have actually drawn the nails, and are scrambling for a share of the good things in it. Now the name has become things; the words are changed into delicious fruit.

But we must turn our backs on figs and things to eat, for I want you to understand the difference between "words" and "words made flesh," that you may catch the meaning of one of the brightest, happiest sentences in all the Bible—"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld His glory." Perhaps you do not think that there is anything in your own common experience which can help you to understand and enjoy such a saying as this. But I think there is. Come, let us see if we cannot find it. What word shall we choose? Let us say the word canary. Now fancy you have a friend who often talks to you about a canary. He is so clearly fond of talking about it, and is so undoubtedly joyous in its possession, that you begin to feel as he talks that canaries must be enjoyable things; you feel you should like to have one; you catch fire with your friend's glowing enthusiasm, and when your birthday comes round and you are asked to choose a present, you at once name a canary. You would like a canary above everything, and your father consents. He loves little live things himself, and loves more to see children learning lessons of care and thought and love. The canary is ordered. At length the bell rings; he has come; the man is with him at the door. There is a rush to the hall; the door opens. Yes, there he is, all yellow and gold, in a lovely painted cage. You fill his glass with seed, and look; he is actually eating what you your very self have given him. He stands on his perch; how knowing he looks! He sings and sings, as though he would sing his little heart away, looking about, drooping his wings and quivering with delight. Then he pertly sets his little saucy head on

one side to listen to what you are saying, and positively seems to know it all! Then he flits about among the perches and swings in his ring. It is quite wonderful. Joy throbs and leaps within you; you dance and clap your hands at his bright and lovely ways. "Canary," that was only a word. Now it is a word no longer. The word is made flesh, and dwells among you, and you behold its glory. Yes, you use John's very word, "glorious!" You shout it; for all dulness has gone out of your soul, it is all alive with delight, and that is what we mean when we say "glorious."

I want you to be clear in your idea of words and words made flesh; so let us have another illustration. I knew a boy who had heard about the wild animal of the African deserts, the gazelle; what lovely ways it had, and how it could become the fondest of playmates; until his little heart, itself full of graceful things, was full of love for a gazelle, and great longings to have one for himself. And the wish was gratified. An uncle, to whom he had confided it, chanced to have an opportunity of buying a charming little fellow, already tamed, and with the fondling tender ways of a family pet. You can imagine how its new little master felt when he saw it, and knew that it was for him—his very own. Now look at them.

At first the gazelle and the boy stand and look into each other's wondering eyes. It is their hearts that are looking, and they feel at once, "We shall be friends." Then the boy half-timidly clasps the gazelle round the neck with his arms, and the gazelle half-timidly rubs its cheek against his, softly, and bleats. They are growing fast friends. Now he feeds it with bread from his hand, and it eats, and the boy's heart almost breaks with joy. It skips across the lawn and bounds round and looks perfectly lovely. The child's eyes gleam with delight, and he laughs merrily. Then it follows him into the house, lies with him on the nursery hearth, and the two young, happy souls drink the sweet influences of each other.

Now do you not think that child's heart knew the difference between words and things? The name, once only a name, heard with his ears, had become a life in his house, a tumult of joy in his heart. In that family the word gazelle was made flesh, and dwelt among them, and they beheld its glory.

But still better for our purpose is the case of an orphan child. Fancy the eldest girl of a little family who has heard the name mother, and read it too; but she does not now know one. She hears the word on the happy lips of her school companions, reads of it in her Bible, comforting sorrow and brightening the days of childhood. She observes that it is a tower of strength to which little folks flee and are safe. It is merciful, long-suffering, and slow to anger. It is a very present help in times of trouble. It is light and gladness. It is all sorts of little useful, nameless heart-riches. But only to others. To her it is a name, a sorrowful name; *her* mother is dead. Years have passed since, gathered around her knee, her little ones felt the sweet charm of the soft voice, the look, the touch we call a mother's. She remembers the night before the death and the farewell. Long dreary years have they been since then. Nothing fills the void, nothing *can* fill it. But now suppose that some day, a day when her father seems angry, and the weeping child loses confidence in her management of things, and the children are all cross, and everything goes wrong, that just then heaven should open and her mother—the old familiar mother—come back and clasp the bewildered, brokendown girl in her strong kind arms, looking pity and wiping her tears, and lifting off life's load of cares, that then she gathered all the little folks around her knee, and they all lived again in the sweet light of her dear face; and that she had come to stop with them. What a change it would be! Regrets and sorrows would all be turned into gratitude and delight. The dear word mother, which had been a word, only a word, and nothing more, would again be made flesh and dwell among them, and they would behold its glory.

And so, my child, God and His character was once a name. His goodness, His mercy, His patience, His loving ways—these were all revealed in the Old Testament, but only in *word;* God was a dear word. But in Jesus, words are changed into things, we *see* the sweetness of His character and *feel* its charm. The God of Paradise is in fact brought down to earth; "The Word is made flesh and dwells among us, and we behold His glory."

And the glory began at Bethlehem, where Jesus was born, in the meekness and lowliness of a little babe. And it ended on Calvary, where Jesus died, in the patience and mercy which have made Calvary the hope of the world. And this is the reason why it is all so glorious: "God was in Christ."

OUR ANNUAL SURVEY.

THE year 1882 is rapidly nearing its close. Our annual voyage is all but over. We are in sight of port; and once more the season has come round to review, in its characteristic features and prominent incidents, the history of the past twelve months.

The year opened in anxiety and unrest. The terrors and the tragedies of 1881 left a sombre shadow behind them, and Europe seemed almost on the verge of possible ruin and wreck. Happily, the more gloomy forebodings have remained unrealised; and if we have seen calamity, we have been exempt from catastrophe. Germany has enjoyed comparative quiet, though the steady flow of emigration to the West, attributable to the oppression of a vast military system, has continued without a check. France has seen yet another political crisis, and M. Duclerc has succeeded to power, though his tenure is temporary and insecure. Abroad, the disastrous campaign in Tunis, at once inglorious and corrupt, gave a sharp warning to restless ambition; and save for attempts at aggrandisement in remote islands, due to the vanity of individuals rather than to a definite policy, the nation has refrained from schemes of aggressive ambition. At home, however, religious intolerance and social disorders have seriously disturbed the public peace. A resolute attempt on the part of the Government to secularise the common schools of the country gave rise to a desperate struggle. On the one side, the scheme encountered the vehement antagonism of the clerical party, which put forth its entire strength to defeat the project; on the other hand, the Government found enlisted on its side friends more dangerous than foes—ardent champions of any cause which promised to strike at the power of the priest. With popular feeling in a high state of tension, only slight provocation was needed to insure scenes of lamentable violence and outrage; and the disturbances at Montceau-les-Mines, and elsewhere, afford clear proof that the party of anarchy possesses a force which, both in its intensity and its extent, constitutes a serious menace to the cause of law and order. The evidence adduced at the trial of the rioters established the existence of a widely spread conspiracy, directed not only against religion, but subversive of the very foundations of social authority.

In Russia the Government still combats on most unequal terms the most gigantic conspiracy of modern times. The men and women who assert their claims to reform the Constitution and to regenerate society, have as yet shown no readiness to reform themselves. Dynamite and the dagger still serve as instruments in the cause of justice, truth, and righteousness, and the same merciless vengeance is still dealt out to those who are the slaves, not the originators, of a corrupt and tyrannous system. At the same time the courage, the loyalty, and the devotion manifested by the partisans of Nihilism compel our reluctant admiration, and constrain us to desire that such heroic virtues were unsullied by vice and cruelty, and were exhibited in a purer cause. But the tragedy which has above all others stained this year in the annals of Russia, has been a persecution which can hardly be paralleled in modern times. In city after city the population rose and attacked their Jewish neighbours with a brutal ferocity which spared neither age nor sex. The cry of the Crusaders was heard again; and those victims who had been saved from murder and lust were left homeless and helpless in poverty and misery. The voice of the English people spoke out once more in the cause of the oppressed, and the Russian Government was induced to suppress a movement which the local authorities in many instances had ignored if not encouraged; while by the generosity of our countrymen large numbers of Russian Jews were enabled to seek safety in a voluntary exile. The debt which we in common with all Christendom owe to the Jewish nation, makes us rejoice that when the opportunity for service came it was not suffered to pass by.

For our own nation the year has been full of event and excitement. Last January the most experienced and far-sighted observer would not have ventured to predict that before the close of the year we should have been engaged in a serious war; and indeed the actual commencement of hostilities in July fell as a sudden shock on England and Europe alike. The military rebellion, headed by Arabi Pasha, compromised, not only the authority of the Khedive, but the credit of the European Powers pledged to his support; and acting alone, though in reality carrying out the mandate of Europe, the English Government undertook the task of suppressing revolution and restoring order. The war was brief and decisive. The English fleet bombarded the fortifications of Alexandria, demolishing them with complete success; though unfortunately the enemy's troops before retiring were able to wreck and plunder the town, besides massacring a large number of European inhabitants. A few weeks later our land forces, by a sudden and secret movement, established themselves on the Suez Canal, and finally routed the enemy in a decisive battle at Tel-el-Kebir, after which the cavalry, pressing on to Cairo, saved the town from destruction and secured the leader of the rebellion. The war was happily as brief as it was effective, and the loss of life on our side was comparatively small; the climate proving more dangerous than sword or shell. At present we are confronted with the graver problem of restoring order amid the mass of corruption and confusion accumulated during centuries of wanton misrule, and we have to deal not only with the prejudices and ignorance of the natives, but with the fraudulent rapacity of foreigners of the basest sort who prey upon the life and strength of the country. France, having stood aloof from the labour, seems now to be agitated in some degree by national jealousy; but it is satisfactory that the European Powers are generally content to trust in the purity of our motives and to acquit us of all ambitious and self-seeking aims. But while nothing could be farther from our

desire than a permanent occupation of the country, it would be an act of fatal folly to withdraw our forces until the authority of the Khedive has been firmly re-established, and our highway to India permanently secured against the chances of future molestation.

A new chapter has been added to the story of Irish discontent. The year began in gloom; outrage was rife; and though the prisons were full of suspected criminals, it was an impossibility to obtain conviction, or in fact evidence. As months wore on, and at the moment when there seemed a prospect of a brighter future, the brutal murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phœnix Park, at Dublin, proved that the national government had to deal not only with individuals who had suffered from unjust laws, but with secret societies in conspiracy against national unity. That atrocious crime called forth an almost universal expression of indignation throughout the land, in which the most prominent leaders of the Irish party unreservedly joined; and though as yet the actual perpetrators have not been brought to justice, there can be no doubt but that an act of such flagrant enormity dismayed and deterred many who had embarked in perilous and unpatriotic courses. It is, however, to be feared that many of those who joined in the cry of execration have not kept their hands clean; for many victims, of humbler rank, and so less prominent in their sufferings, have met with a similar fate; while others, escaping with their lives, have been mutilated and maimed. Just now it would seem as if the Acts intended to satisfy just grievances and to repress intimidation and violence are bearing some fruit. Outrages are less frequent, although the perilous season of long nights is far advanced. No prisoners are now confined in gaol on suspicion of political offences; and in more than one case of the highest importance evidence has been forthcoming and conviction and punishment secured. The Land League is extinct, and the efforts which have recently been made to found similar organizations have not met with any considerable success. Looking back upon the great tragedy of the year, it is impossible not to notice with admiration and deep thankfulness the calmness and self-restraint of the nation in a moment of extreme peril. Indignation uncurbed might well have burst into a paroxysm of passion fatal alike to the unity and the liberty of the British empire.

In incident and excitement our commercial life has not matched our political experience. The spell of inclement seasons and the succession of bad harvests seem to have been broken, and agricultural returns, though not lavish, are not disheartening. Indeed, throughout the country, except in the northern districts, where the harvest is ingathered late in the autumn, the crops have come up to the average yield, and have been safely housed. Of course, the reverses of previous years have still left a heavy load of debt and poverty behind which can only be removed by care and patience. At the same time, with increased skill and improved methods of cultivation—above all with increased economy and less extravagance and ostentation in the home—there is no cause to despair for the future of English agriculture. In the manufacturing towns trade is still in many cases at a low ebb. Many mills are silent, many furnaces dark and cold; and when there is work, it is too often scarce and precarious. With a revival of agriculture, trade will necessarily revive also, and meanwhile there is every cause for satisfaction in the evidences of increasing thrift which may be observed on every side. The revenue derived from the manufacture and consumption of spirituous liquors has suffered a marked diminution during the past year, and though there are some economists who account for the change by the stress of poverty, a large number of those specially interested in the traffic declare that the falling off is to be attributed to the effect of temperance organizations and institutions, among which the "Blue Ribbon Army" must claim a prominent place. The increase of savings-bank deposits affords an additional proof that habits of thrift are being gradually developed among the people, and that they are learning to be free and industrious as well as sober. New movements to provide against sickness and poverty are constantly being pressed upon the attention of the vast masses of our fellow-countrymen, and when the new generation, trained to habits of intelligence and industry by a system of national education, comes to the front, it will be proved that the self-denial and devotion of thousands of struggling families have not been thrown away.

There are, however, darker features in our national life which it would be foolish and criminal to ignore. In our great towns, and in the metropolis especially, immorality seems to become more gross and glaring every year; and in spite of the persistent efforts of devoted workers, the great cause of social purity was never in sorer need. Recent experience has proved that this terrible vice is developing new phases, and that drastic legislation is needed to rescue even the children of the country from lives of cruel and irrevocable shame. Meanwhile, in default of penal law, it is a solemn duty of every Christian man and woman, overcoming a natural reluctance, to maintain the cause of those who are perishing by the sin of others, and above all to maintain the equal obligation to purity of life which rests upon either sex. Until the moral law is appreciated and recognised in its fullest extent, a pure morality must be and remain a dream and a vision. When men have once learnt their duty, then a permanent reformation is possible: the shame and the censure must be shared as well as the guilt.

Violence and vice—as often happens—have gone together; and a great wave of lawlessness has swept over the land, assuming various forms, but almost universal in extent. The slightest provocation has been sufficient to give rise to riot and outrage; religious feuds, trade disputes, and the antipathy of evildoers to moral reform, have each and all kindled a flame, too often suffered, by the prejudice and incompetency of local authorities, to break out into a blaze.

This hostility has been specially pronounced in the

case of the "Salvation Army." It was during the year 1881 that this movement first gave promise of its future importance, though even then it would have been impossible to forecast the magnitude which it has since attained. By an elaborate organization, controlled by autocratic power, and by methods clearly adapted to catch the popular ear, the "Salvation Army" has taken a firm hold upon great masses of the people hitherto cut off from all religious influences. What it has done for its recruits it would be more difficult to say. It has in all probability rescued many from lives of irreligion and crime, and by enlisting the converts without any intermediate probation, in religious work, and by keeping them in a state of intense and vehement excitement, it has kept many from falling back to their former vices. But the irreverence—to use no stronger term—which characterizes the entire system and the absence of any solid religious foundation create fear lest, when the heart cools and the converts return to the ordinary round of duty, the new faith which they have received should give way through the need of substantial and sound conviction. The Holy Spirit lives in "the depth and not the tumult of the soul."

But whatever may be the permanent value of its work, the Salvation Army has taught an important lesson to other Churches. An "amateur census," as it has not unfairly been called, has emphasised the fact, which most observers knew, though few had the courage to confess it—that the great bulk of the community is not to be found at any place of worship during the year. Setting aside the insignificant portion of those who cultivate the religious life in isolation, there still remains an appalling number living to all appearance without faith in or knowledge of God; loyal, it may be, to the code of conventional morality, but ignoring any divine law. How to reach these men has been the chief problem debated at every important religious assembly during the past autumn, and the almost unanimous verdict has been that a true appeal will not fail to meet a response; that it is not necessary—in winning men back to the love and fear of God—that as the first step they should be led to degrade their conceptions of His majesty, or that the Prince and Saviour of the world should be habitually addressed in terms of profane familiarity. For those who will not enter churches and chapels, public halls must be obtained; lay evangelists must address themselves to those who see mere mercenary officials in the clergy of all communions; and the stereotyped services must be made bright, cheerful, and hearty; and above all, that Divine help, which rises far above all methods and instruments of human devising, must be sought in a spirit of fresh trust and renewed consecration. Those who speak inspired by the Holy Spirit always speak with power.

Whatever may be the obstacles with which religious work in these times has to contend, lack of means cannot be included among the adverse forces; for even in a year suffering from agricultural distress and stagnation of trade, the generosity of the various Christian communities has suffered no diminution. In the Established Church, the fund for endowing the new bishopric of Newcastle has been raised to its full amount, and Canon Ernest Wilberforce has been raised to the rank which his father made illustrious. Large sums have also been contributed to carry out a similar project of subdivision in the diocese of Lichfield, which at present, from its extent and population, is an excessive burden for a single ruler. The Wesleyans have not been behindhand in corresponding enterprise. They have raised a Thanksgiving Fund, amounting to more than £260,000, which will be devoted to strengthening the educational resources and extending the mission-work of the Wesleyan Churches. The Jubilee Fund of the Congregationalists, at present reaching an aggregate of £200,000, will be mainly expended in relieving the weaker churches of the financial burdens which cripple the energy and vigour of too many, and in subsidising by a more permanent system those in need of continued help.

Ecclesiastical controversy is always an unpleasant and a dangerous subject; but it may safely be said that the release of the Rev. S. F. Green after his prolonged imprisonment in Lancaster Gaol will be welcomed with feelings of relief by all who are not infatuated with party rancour. Though in our view Mr. Green was both legally and morally in the wrong, yet it surely is a grave scandal that the ecclesiastical law of the land could only vindicate its authority against a contumacious clergyman by confining him within the four walls of a prison: to set the seal of martyrdom on misdemeanour is a serious blunder. Upon the circumstances of Mr. Green's release it would be idle to dwell; but it is deeply to be regretted that both at Miles Platting and at Bordesley, where the livings have been sequestrated by the bishops, a systematic resistance to the episcopal nominees should have been organized by the aggrieved party; such conduct will insure speedy retribution; it is both ungenerous and un-Christian.

Death has not stayed its hand during 1882, but our losses do not match those we suffered during the preceding year. Foremost, perhaps, among those who have influenced the thought of this generation stands Charles Darwin. Throughout the whole course of a long life he devoted a remarkable genius to scientific investigation; and even when his work had made him famous throughout the world he maintained a simplicity and modesty which deeply affected all who came in contact with him, either through books or social intercourse. With these characteristics an unguarded letter, incautiously written and disloyally published, impugning the verity of the Christian Revelation, stands in strange contrast. The fierce controversies provoked by Mr. Darwin's speculations on the origin of man have in some degree obscured the value of other elements in his biological studies; but the obloquy to which he has been exposed has been mainly due to the fanaticism of ardent disciples, who insisted upon remodelling at once the whole system of faith and morals in conformity with what, at best, is a plausible but unproved hypothesis. Even if the

theory of evolution be accepted it is certainly not incompatible with belief in a personal Creator, and in an immutable moral law.

The death of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was mourned not less in Britain than in America. On either side of the Atlantic, and, indeed, wherever English speech is heard, the purity and pathos of his poetry had endeared him to countless hearts. In verse of simple and tender beauty he sang of man's faith and hope and love—of the glory of this world, and of the immortal inheritance awaiting the soul on the other side of death. For young and old, for the sad and suffering, the strong and joyous alike, he had a message: his songs were dear to many who listened to no other singer; and when his voice grew still "it was like the ceasing of exquisite music." We are glad that some monument to him is likely to be erected in Westminster Abbey.

Emerson was not long in following his brother poet along the "last sad road." His empire was different in kind, and far less universal in range: yet he too was one of the kings of men. His soul was pure, and he had the vision of the seer. His belief in man's moral dignity, and in the final victory of truth and righteousness over the evil forces at work in the universe, was firm and unfaltering; nor did he ever shrink from rebuking public crime and national immorality. To many souls perplexed and irresolute in the darkness of the world, he spoke with a force possessed by no other teacher; and though ours seems to us a fuller and richer faith than his, we too may catch the inspiration of his steadfast loyalty to conscience, of his large-hearted sympathy with all mankind, and of his aspiration after heights of perfection at present revealed only in solemn dream and sacred vision.

Deaths like these are more than national bereavements, and it is impossible to think of poets and philosophers, speaking in our own tongue, for the inspiration and comfort of millions of our countrymen living and yet to be, as strangers and foreigners. Genius, we all know, has no country; and "the whole earth is the tomb of illustrious souls." Other losses, however, are, in a stricter sense, our own.

This autumn has seen another giant of the forest fall. The name of Edward Bouverie Pusey will for ever be associated with the great religious movement of modern times; a movement which seems to have for the time transformed the national Church, and has deeply influenced many other religious communities which resented and repudiated the claims and doctrines of the Anglican party. With some of his contemporaries and comrades in the struggle, Pusey can hardly bear comparison. In the magic of personal fascination and for the spell of genius, he cannot rank with John Henry Newman; in the charms of pure simplicity and of personal piety, John Keble stood without a peer; yet without the aid of Pusey, the Tractarian movement—the parent tree of Anglicanism—would have died almost at its birth. For Pusey led his followers with masterly strategy and commanding power. He was haunted by no doubts and hesitations as to the consistency of his own position; his fidelity to the Anglican communion never faltered; his implicit confidence in its authority never wavered; he knew no temptation to disloyalty and desertion, so that when the whole mass of the party seemed on the point of following a few illustrious leaders into the Roman Church, he had the power to hold them back. For the passion of new enthusiasm, loyalty, and devotion to the kingdom of Christ, which he and his followers have spread abroad in the land we cannot be too thankful, though regretting the elements of superstition, intolerance, and fanaticism which seem inseparable from the system.

The death of Bishop Steere, at Zanzibar, was an overwhelming blow to the mission cause in Africa. Irreparable as the bishop's loss is to the Universities' Mission with which he was specially connected, its effect will not be confined to the representatives of any one church or society. Those Christian workers, who owed him no allegiance, and differed from him on vital points of Christian doctrine, could not but feel the inspiring force of a man endowed with such noble powers and varied gifts, and whose whole being was consecrated to the work of preaching the gospel among the heathen. Nor has he fallen alone. Of his more immediate fellow-workers, Mr. Jansen and Mr. Wilson have succumbed beneath the strain of arduous work in a perilous climate; while the representatives of the London Missionary Society in Central Africa have experienced the same terrible scourge. Such losses enforce and emphasise the importance of native assistance in mission work: wanton sacrifice of valuable life is both cruel and senseless, and we rejoice that the number of native teachers trained to appeal to their countrymen is now growing from year to year.

We have suffered other losses at home. Sir Robert Lush was remarkable for natural goodness and for a deep and unbroken piety, which secured for him the affection and honour of all who knew him in private and public life. In the ranks of his profession no man stood higher in reputation for legal skill and unsullied integrity.

From such a list, incomplete as it must necessarily be, the name of George Edmund Street cannot be omitted. He has left memorials of his work and character in countless churches and buildings through the length and breadth of the land. Like Sir Robert Lush, he had shown us by his living example that the service of Christ is broad, and that the Divine Spirit may transfigure and ennoble any profession or calling in life, and that no region of human thought and action lies beyond the limit of the Divine Kingdom.

While we recall those who have passed away from us during the past year, we should remember the lives that have been spared. Once more our beloved Queen has escaped the attack of the assassin, to the joy of all her subjects. Death also has touched with its very wing the Archbishop of Canterbury, yet passed by. May Queen and Primate alike long be spared, the one to rule a loyal people, the other to direct a united Church.

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